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THE

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

AN

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(Inclusive)

(Including also the October-November, 1917, number, which is incorporated here, because it is the size of the old National.)

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PRIZES *for* Reading Your History

The suggestion came direct from the people. Several subscribers sent us some old books showing a record of the years and the important events that occurred during those years. Now, what has impressed me for many years is the futility of one man trying to make a book in which thousands or millions of people may be interested, so the idea was conceived to ask the people to assist in making a "Handbook of American History." The trend of the times is to have everything handy and convenient.

So we concluded to make a record of the events of every year since the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers. The three hundred years of American history will be divided in periods of twenty-five years, and a prize will be awarded in each division. The chronicle of each year must contain not over three hundred words.

An installment, covering twenty-five-year periods of the country's history, will appear each month in the NATIONAL MAGAZINE. The divisions will be made as follows: 1620 to 1645, 1645 to 1670, 1670 to 1695, 1695 to 1720, 1720 to 1745, 1745 to 1770, 1770 to 1795, 1795 to 1820, 1820 to 1845, 1845 to 1870, 1870 to 1895, 1895 to March, 1918.

Now is the time to look up your history, and see what you can do toward giving a succinct account of a period of our country's history, to become part of one of the most popular handbooks ever known. It is desired that every reader of the NATIONAL take part in this.

Prizes will be awarded each month. A complete set of "Heart Songs," "Heart Throbs," and the rest of the "books the people built," for the best; a year's subscription each to the next two, a copy of "Heart Throbs" to the next seven—ten prizes in all.

The material will be used each month in the NATIONAL MAGAZINE. Prizes will be awarded according to the verdict of the judges as to which is the most comprehensive and of best value for the particular years covered.

You remember in school the trouble you had in remembering dates, and how difficult it seemed. Here is something that all the boys and girls can help to prepare. This book will be especially appropriate for the celebration of the tercentenary of the Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth.

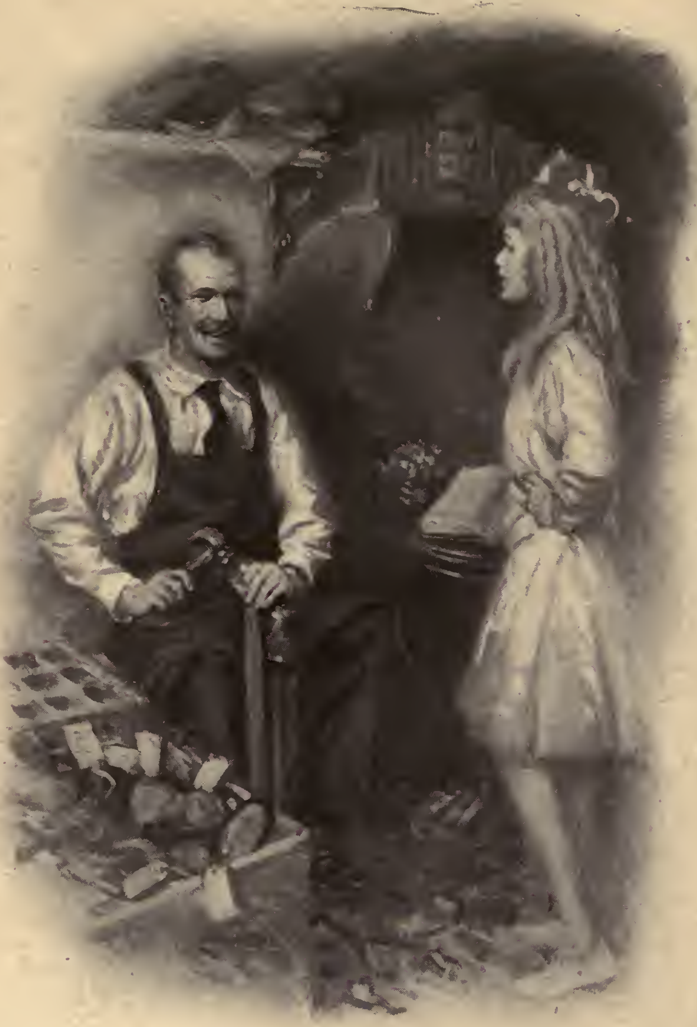
This handbook of history will contain a chronicle of events that not only have escaped your memory, but things that you never knew, no matter how thoro a student you may have been. This book will be a tabloid cyclopedia, as it were, as indispensable as a dictionary, containing every happening in the country's history, which every well-informed American ought to know. It will give an idea of the contemporaneous events of history, and show how the mental attitude of all nations seems much the same during different epochs.

Remember, it is not only the events chronicled, but the way in which the story is told that will count in awarding the prizes. To tell a story of twenty-five years with only three hundred words to the year, requires more ability than if you had volumes at your command to make some events stand out like beacon lights. On the other hand, it may require a vigorous search to find events in certain years that stand out from a historical point of view, for remember it is the selection of events, those things that are most important, that will count.

So let's have our history lesson for the coming year. Don't let it be said that you were too late; just begin right now to take that first twenty-five years and make it a matter of study. It will not only be valuable in the making of a book, but will be invaluable to yourself in making you a real student of our own American history.

Joe Mitchell Chapple

Editor National Magazine
Boston, Mass.



An interruption came with the entrance of his baby daughter Bessie. In her hand was a little bunch of sweet-scented violets, which she eagerly presented to him. "These are for you, dear daddy," said the child in a voice that vibrated with deep affection. "Our first spring violets. They are the prettiest I ever did see in all my life." "So you think these flowers are the prettiest ever?" continued the father smilingly, as he placed them on the reading stand.

—Illustrating "The Man Who Discovered Himself," page 29.

Public Library,

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON

BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

GUARDED closely, the President of the United States made his way to the Capitol, after Congress had been organized, with Speaker Clark re-elected, and there beneath the dome of the Capitol, aglow with the radiance of the searchlight which challenged the franchise of the skies held by the stars, he delivered his message of war. The Senators occupied the front rows with due dignity, and members of the Supreme Court were present to hear from the lips of Woodrow Wilson a calm and dispassionate recital of events that are stirring the nation to action. The Diplomatic Corps appeared in full evening dress—the first time the foreign envoys ever sat together, officially, in the House of Representatives. The members of the House carried or wore small American flags. While the wires were tingling with a description of this memorable scene, the spectators in the galleries and far remote corridors realized that they were witnessing the climax of a series of important world events.

ON the Avenue and outside the Capitol the crowds cheered lustily as the President arrived and departed. Every precaution was taken to protect the President, and the throngs, camped outside the building and parading in corridors, represented a "carefully inspected" audience. Even Congress suspended all rules, as cheer after cheer arose in an outburst of patriotic enthusiasm.

There was a little gathering in Speaker Clark's room before the President returned to the White House, in company with Colonel E. M. House and members of his family. As the President passed along the avenues in the glare of the lights, the people involuntarily saluted, feeling that this was the real inauguration of Woodrow Wilson as President of all these United States. A great act in the tingling drama of the times had been consummated.

THE message of a President of the United States has, for once, been read carefully, word for word, by millions. And why not? Is it not a matter of personal concern to every man, woman and child in the United States? One thing is certain, and all concede it—the President did not act hastily. It would seem paradoxical that a President elected on an issue of having kept the nation "out of war," should be the one to whom was given the responsibility to make this solemn declaration for war.

After the President's message, the brief war resolutions were presented to the Senate by Senator Martin, and to the House by Representative Flood, both from the President's birth state of Virginia. Opposition to passing those resolutions was made by a few, headed by Senator LaFollette of Wisconsin. Despite this, on the evening of the fourth of April the resolutions were passed by the Senate almost unanimously—eighty-two Senators voting for, with six against it. The resolutions are as follows:

WHEREAS, the recent acts of the imperial German government are acts of war against the government and people of the United States;

Resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the state of war between the United States and the imperial German government which has thus been thrust upon the United States, is hereby formally declared; and

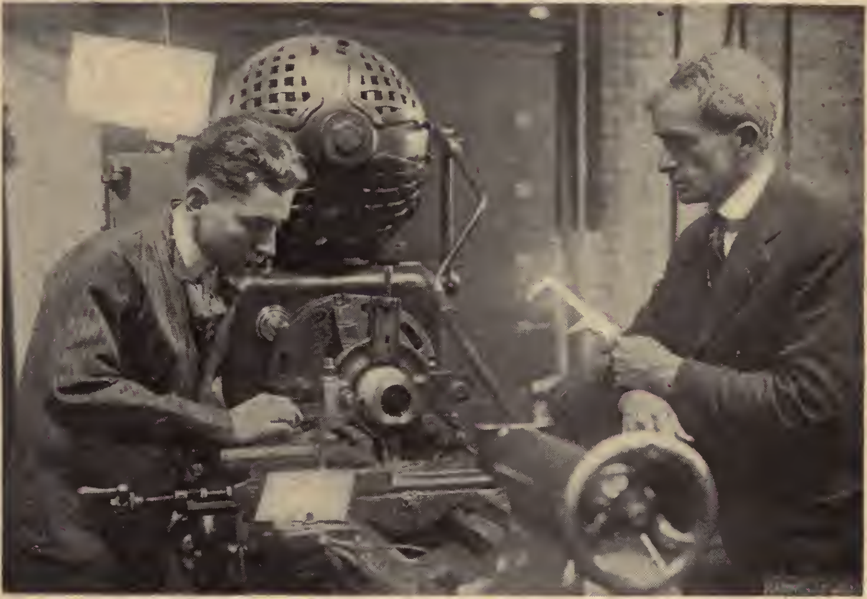
That the President be, and he is hereby authorized and directed to take immediately steps not only to put the country in a thoro state of defense, but also to exert all of its power and employ all its resources to carry on war against the imperial German government and to bring the conflict to a successful termination.

An interesting feature of this session was the prayer—the first ever delivered by a Senator on the Senate floor—offered by Senator Smoot, of Utah, just as the Senate voted to pass the war resolution. Rising in his place he said: "God bless and approve the action to be taken by the Senate this day. O Father, preserve our government and hasten the day when liberty will be enjoyed by all the people of the earth."

THE keynote of the President's address was the fight for democracy. "We shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts," he declared—"for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world at last free." The President read his address from sheets of note paper held in both hands. He commenced without looking up, and later glanced first to the right or left, as if to emphasize his points—making gestures with his head and eyes rather than with his hands.

As he continued, there was almost a breathless silence—and it was interesting to study the faces in the audience as the different climaxes were reached—one point striking home here and another there. The address, which occupied thirty-six minutes, ended at a few minutes past nine. When the last word had been spoken, the spectators in the galleries and members of Congress on the floor arose and waved flags—while Senator La Follette stood by, without flag or bunting, sardonically chewing gum. One of the first to congratulate the President upon the completion of his address was Senator Lodge, who said: "Mr. President, you have expressed in the loftiest manner possible the sentiments of the American people."

APRIL means "I open"—and was so christened by the Romans because during that month the gentle buds of spring begin to open. Significant in American history is April, for the American Revolution began at Lexington, April 19, 1775—a date now celebrated in New England as "Patriots' Day." Hostilities in the Black Hawk Indian War were begun on April 21, 1831, and April 24, 1846, marked the commencement of the Mexican War. On April 12, 1861, Fort Sumter was fired upon—igniting the blaze of the Civil War. And it was on April 9, 1865, that this great conflict terminated. The Revolution was also ended in April, on April 11, 1783. It was on April 24, 1898, that the Spanish-American War became a grim reality.



WASHINGTON HIGH-SCHOOL BOYS MAKE SHELLS FOR UNCLE SAM

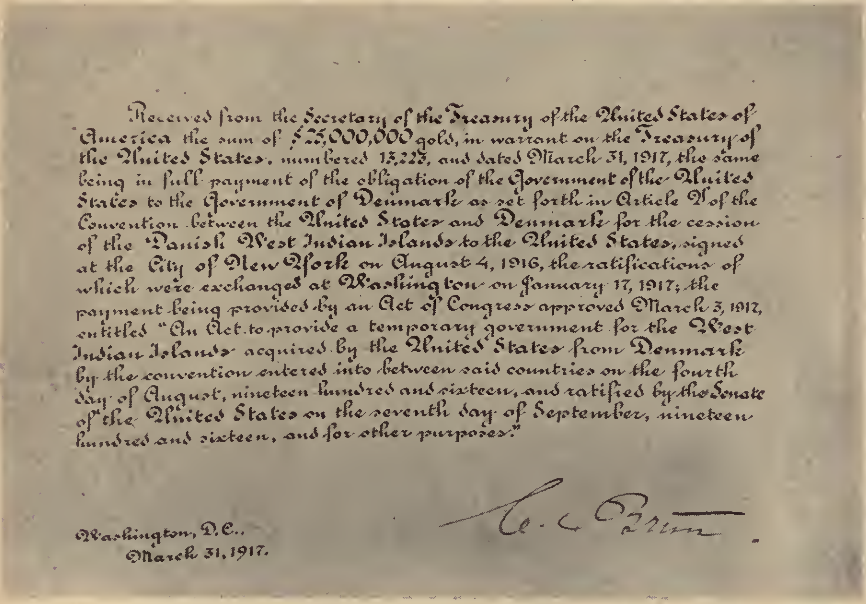
The manual training class of the Technical High School, a part of Washington's public school system, is learning to make shells for the navy. C. W. Hecox, shown at the right of the picture, for fifteen years in the Washington navy yard and now in charge of the school's machine shop, is teaching the class how to make its first shell. All the special machinery required was made in the school shop and two shells are in process of construction. The school is learning this branch of manufacturing to demonstrate the usefulness of the schools of the country to the navy in case of war. The Navy Department is co-operating in the experiment

The sixth of April found the United States at war with Germany.

These thoughts surged thru my mind as I approached the Capitol on the eventful night of April 2, 1917—when it seemed inevitable that war would be declared. The opening session of the Sixty-fifth Congress indicated tingling times. Tremors of war were felt from the Capitol to the White House—radiating in all directions. Wireless towers at Fort Myer were crashing their messages thru to far-off Hawaii and the Philippines, and to the Virgin Islands

—the grim advice "get ready." New Members of Congress were initiated during a tension that has not been known in Washington for many years.

Feeling ran high in the committee rooms, where pacifists gathered for a last stand. Here Senator Lodge proved he had a real war punch when assailed by the peace-lovers. Galleries crowded and corridors thronged—that's the way it usually reads in the press dispatches—but it was real fact this time. On this day, more flags were unfurled thruout the United States than has ever been known in its history—truly a day of demonstration. It was not so much standing by Woodrow Wilson as it was standing by the President of the United States. The same is true of the co-operation of all citizens with the War Department, where Newton D. Baker is meeting like problems in preparing for war as confronted Edwin M. Stanton. In the Navy Department, Secretary Daniels has a greater task before him than that which faced Gideon Wells in organizing the Navy in which Farragut fought.



Received from the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States of America the sum of $25,000,000 gold, in warrant on the Treasury of the United States, numbered 13,223, and dated March 31, 1917, the same being in full payment of the obligation of the Government of the United States to the Government of Denmark as set forth in Article V of the Convention between the United States and Denmark for the cession of the Danish West Indian Islands to the United States, signed at the City of New York on August 4, 1916, the ratifications of which were exchanged at Washington on January 17, 1917; the payment being provided by an Act of Congress approved March 3, 1917, entitled "An Act to provide a temporary government for the West Indian Islands acquired by the United States from Denmark by the convention entered into between said countries on the fourth day of August, nineteen hundred and sixteen, and ratified by the Senate of the United States on the seventh day of September, nineteen hundred and sixteen, and for other purposes."

Washington, D.C.,
March 31, 1917.

THE RECEIPT FOR THE DANISH WEST INDIAN ISLANDS

Bankers in New York and Boston provided millions without interest. Wealthy men offered their yachts—and as events progress, the feeling spreads that the United States flag may yet be unfurled in the trenches of Europe to become a decisive factor in the result.

WHEN it was announced that it cost only three hundred dollars to pay the total expenses of a boy for a year at the Lincoln Memorial University, Senator Robert L. Owen told me that it cost him just three hundred dollars a year for his college course. The first year he won a scholarship, and the next year a scholarship just dropped out of the sky when needed, from some kind friend he was never able to locate. The third year it looked like he would not be able to continue his college course. During the commencement exercises, he gave up his room to the brother of a classmate. When he left school, he received a letter from this brother, Miller Williams, saying that he had three hundred dollars for him, to provide for the next year's course, so that he might win his Master of Arts degree. When young Owen demurred, he insisted that an elderly lady had left him this money to give to some deserving student—whether it should be Owen or someone else.

It is quite possible that a United States Senator and an eminent citizen of Oklahoma, in whose veins flows the blood of the Cherokee Indians, was given to the nation because of the generous act of a chance friend and a kind woman who felt that it was quite as necessary to help the boys of the future as to build monuments of marble and brass that might crumble and tell only of the dead past. When it was realized that it required $25,000 of Uncle Sam's cash, difficult to collect in increased revenue and tax, to educate a boy at Annapolis, and only $1,200 to educate a boy at a school like the Lincoln Memorial University, where he is taught the first rudiments of how to earn and learn, it seems like a sad commentary on American institutions. Some of the best schools are those supported by voluntary contributions; they are not dependent upon political log-rolling. In such a school the individual is considered as an individual, rather than a mere unit of a continuous group to be ground thru a certain curriculum at so much per head of the people's money. A number of Rotary clubs are already subscribing three hundred dollars to pay the expenses of a mountain boy at Lincoln Memorial University for one year, a splendid tribute to the memory of Abraham Lincoln, and the living memorial to his name and fame. The Cleveland Club, of which International President Arch C. Klumph is a member, was the first to join in the good work.

Photo by Doty

SENATOR ROBERT L. OWEN OF OKLAHOMA
Counted one of the handsome men of the Senate, and one who is recognized as a profound student of economics. His work on the Federal Reserve bill and plans for prevention of panics, begun many years ago, has crystallized in his work in the Senate

---

SINCE his return from abroad, Ambassador Gerard has been kept busy addressing large audiences in many of the leading cities, giving a first-hand account of his experiences during the trying times. As the facts are becoming known, the wonder is that the patience of the Embassy did not wear out long before the break occurred, for with all that was disclosed in this country, the situation abroad is thought to have been the one thing that precipitated the break. It would seem that for many months Germany had made up her mind that it would be war with the United States, little realizing what war with this country meant.

The return of Count von Bernstorff apparently has had little effect in modifying the extreme views of the Tirpitz terrorists, whose original idea was to win the war with submarines and carry out the predictions of many a German writer on war subjects for years past—that it would be a simple matter to "starve out" England. The one thing that failed in the Napoleonic wars seems likely to fail again. Even with the tremendous toll of loss thru the submarine warfare—watched like a baseball score and hailed with glee in Germany—the tonnage of the Allies is holding its own.

The steamer St. Louis was the first armed American ship to pass thru the zone in safety. The charts of the barred zones, of the dangerous mines and routes of the submarines are becoming known, and the one thing that is up to American genius today is to perfect some ferret-like equipment that will effectively destroy the lurking submarine.

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HON. JAMES W. GERARD

Former American ambassador at Berlin, who reached Washington from Germany on the fourteenth of March. He reported that German officials apparently considered the effects and consequences of submarine warfare before proclaiming it. He said that food conditions in Germany were serious

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THE war fever is being felt in Washington, and the bell boys of the new Willard Hotel are devoting an hour a day to drilling on the roof, following the example set by the bell hops in a New York hotel. T. P. Jones, one of the employes of the Willard, and formerly a non-commissioned officer, is training the squad.

On every hand is an atmosphere of "preparing" such as has not been known in Washington since Spanish-American War days. In one room the National Advisory Committee on Aeronautics held a conference with thirty manufacturers of aerial craft and discussed plans to have five thousand airplanes for the government within a year if possible. It was found that machines rather than men are needed, for the council has a list of many thousands of volunteers for aviation work.

Among those present at the conference were a number of prominent manufacturers, who have made careful calculation of what they can do and deliver. Aircraft promise to play an important part in connection with the work of the navy. At nearly all hours of the day, machines may be seen in the air in and around Washington, training for scout work. In all the work of preparation, there has been emphasized the necessity for having a thoro knowledge of our own capacity to provide armament. Many of the states are planning to present airplanes to their own state militia, providing aviation fields also. This, together with the training on submarines, which is going on constantly, indicates that the departments are making an analytical study of every phase and form of armament and equipment, ready to meet the emergencies of war.

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PLANNING FLEET OF FIVE THOUSAND AIRCRAFT

Seven of the ten members of the council's executive committee appear in this group. They are (*seated, left to right*): Dr. S. W. Stratton, of the Bureau of Standards, secretary; Dr. Joseph S. Ames; Rear-Admiral David W. Taylor; Dr. Charles D. Walcott, of the Smithsonian Institute, chairman; and Dr. Michael I. Pupin. Standing just back of Admiral Taylor is Lieutenant J. H. Towers, U. S. N. Sidney D. Waldon, a member of the committee, is in the second row standing back of Dr. Ames. Among the prominent manufacturers are J. W. Scott, vice-president of the Curtiss Aeroplane Company (*in the back row of five, second from the right*); H. B. Mingle, president the Standard Aero Corporation (*standing just back of Dr. Walcott*) and Inglis M. Uppercue (*standing between Admiral Taylor and Dr. Walcott*)

AT the ripe age of fourscore and six years, Colonel John Boyd, one of the noted personages of Washington, suddenly passed away, soon after a visit to the Capitol, which was associated with many memories of his long and useful life. During the Lincoln administration, Colonel Boyd was assistant doorkeeper at the House of Representatives. He and his wife, who celebrated their golden wedding anniversary in 1907, used to sing in the Sunday services held in the House of Representatives, which Lincoln attended. Colonel Boyd numbered among his friends nearly all of the prominent men in Washington during the past fifty years. Many of the incidents related concerning Lincoln he personally knew about.

Colonel Boyd was the son of a miller, born at Middlebury, New York, thirty miles from Albany. His grandfather had served a term in Congress. Colonel Boyd went to Pike's Peak on a prairie schooner, but was in Iowa when the war broke out. He was a friend of Abraham Lincoln, and was addressed —as Lincoln always addressed his friends—as "John." He was assistant doorkeeper at the House of Representatives when Collis P. Huntington came there one day to see a Senator. The doorkeeper told Mr. Huntington, then unknown, that he ought to find a Senator in the other wing of the Capitol—not waiting for the explanation that the Senator was on the House side. Young

Boyd offered to find the Senator, and found him. That night Huntington called Boyd to the old Willard Hotel, and there began the confidential friendship which lasted over thirty-five years. It was a lesson in politeness that remains a classic in Capitol tradition.

The day after Colonel Boyd passed on, the Supreme Court handed down a decision on a case which he had followed for many years. The suit was brought by the Southern Pacific, who had bought in the stock of the Central Pacific, and paid the government what was due from the road. Later a suit was brought by the government to invalidate the sale. This has been a matter in the courts for many years, and the case was followed by Colonel Boyd to the smallest detail. It involved a long series of legislative acts and judicial decisions, and it seemed pathetic that Colonel Boyd could not have lived to have heard of the decision by the Supreme Court, which would have represented for him a great triumph of the principle involved.

Few men were more delightful in their reminiscences, and what a pity it is that the busy activities of such men are not recorded, for they often play a greater part in the real doing of things than men whose names are famous in historical annals.

LATE COLONEL JOHN BOYD
Friend of Abraham Lincoln, and active in the life of the Capital. One of the incorporators of the Norfolk & Washington Steamship Line, Colonel Boyd belonged to the builders and constructive geniuses, preeminent in his time and generation

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ASSUMING their most pleasant expressions, the members of the Council of the National Defense and its Advisory Board had a picture taken. Secretary Redfield and Samuel Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor, were conspicuous by their absence.

This council, with its civilian advisory board, has been working day and night to mobilize the naval and industrial resources of the country. Every manufacturer is receiving an avalanche of blanks, asking for information in detail as to what can be manufactured in an emergency.

These are busy days about the headquarters, and the blanks which are coming in are a revelation which even those familiar with the census reports never anticipated. The resources of the United States, mobilized, will astonish even the Germans, who, doubtless, have sought to make a thoro computation. In various factories there have been strangers dropping in to gain information thru observation, but the government is determined to have the first authentic record of the country's industrial resources.

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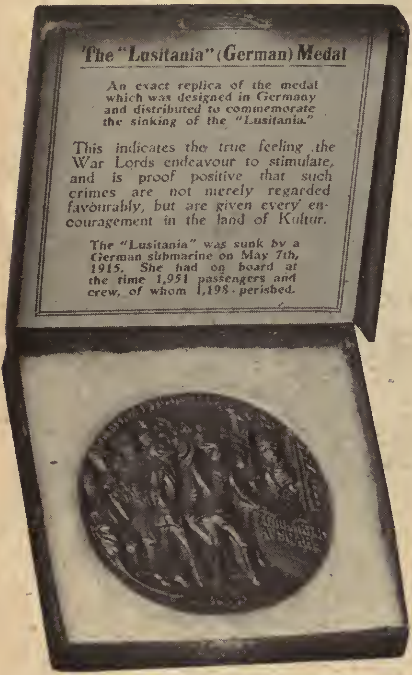
COUNCIL OF NATIONAL DEFENSE AND ITS ADVISORY BOARD

Seated in this group are: (*left to right*) Secretary of Agriculture David F. Houston, Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels, Secretary of War Newton D. Baker, Secretary of the Interior Franklin K. Lane, and Secretary of Labor William B. Wilson. Standing (*left to right*): Grosvenor B. Clarkson, secretary of the council; Julius Rosenwald, chairman of the committee on supplies; Bernard M. Baruch, in charge of raw materials; Daniel Willard, transportation; Dr. F. H. Martin, medicine and sanitation; Dr. Hollis Godfrey, science and research; Howard Coffin, munitions; and W. S. Gifford, director of the council

AGAIN the executive veto has met the literacy test included in the Immigration bill. For over twenty years this has been one question on which the majority of Congress have persistently differed with presidents of both political parties. Following President Taft's example, President Wilson again vetoed the bill, much to the disgust of Samuel Gompers, who believed its passage essential to protect American labor of the present time. Even tho the passing of laws over the President's veto has been the exception rather than the rule in late years, the literacy test recently passed both houses after it had been vetoed by President Wilson.

WHEN the war tremor was felt in this country, it was interesting to note the man, or men, to whom the people look in an emergency. There was first, the President of the United States, but he has his limitations. From the tiniest schoolboy to the elderly ladies, the country turned in the emergency to Thomas Alva Edison. They felt sure he would discover something in the event of war. If there ever was a man who enjoyed the implicit faith and ideal confidence of people, old and young, it is Thomas Edison. And why not? Every incandescent light that glows in darkest Africa, or even in ancient Palestine, all over the world, outdoing the sun itself in scope, is the work of Thomas Edison. He has brought his work so close to the common people that they have felt faith in him as they had in Lincoln when the Union was threatened.

It is indeed fortunate that he should be on the Naval Advisory Board in the ripe maturity of his years. Altho his genius has been chiefly directed towards the arts and pursuits of peace, it is felt that Edison would have something to offer that would meet and conquer the methods of modern warfare. Once let it be known over the world that Edison has something ready to offer, and can prove and demonstrate that it would be useless to fight longer against it, it would bring the greatest triumph of inventive genius ever known before in the world's history, making war useless and peace useful in preventing war.



The "Lusitania" (German) Medal

An exact replica of the medal which was designed in Germany and distributed to commemorate the sinking of the "Lusitania."

This indicates the true feeling the War Lords endeavour to stimulate, and is proof positive that such crimes are not merely regarded favourably, but are given every encouragement in the land of Kultur.

The "Lusitania" was sunk by a German submarine on May 7th, 1915. She had on board at the time 1,951 passengers and crew, of whom 1,198 perished.

LUSITANIA (GERMAN) MEDAL

Note the intending passengers bargaining with Death at the office of the Cunard line. The reverse side of medal represents the ship sinking into the sea, with the words, "*Keine Bannware*" (No Contraband); below, "*Der Grossdampfer Lusitania, durch ein deutsches Tauchboot versenkt 7 May 1915*"—(The Liner Lusitania sunk by a German U-boat May 7, 1915)

USUALLY there is a drowsiness in the Supreme Court proceedings at the Capitol that does not encourage visitors to remain long in the circular pews against the wall. There was a stir outside one day that aroused curiosity. An argument was being presented by Mr. P. F. Dunne of San Francisco, which, to the layman sitting in the rear seat, seemed as perfect as Cicero could have made—clear, concise, logical, and at times repressively eloquent. The auditors were as intent as tho witnessing a movie thriller. There was no nodding on the bench or on the side lines while Dunne was speaking. He was interrogated from one end of the bench to the other, and was always ready with a response that satisfied the auditors, at least. I thought at the time if young law students could have heard this speech they would have had, with one editorial observer I know of, a peep of an advocate making a plea according to popular notions of a court scene, showing how the divine spark of interest in proceedings is as essential as ever in absorbing popular interest.

Supreme Court decisions were coming thick and fast that week, decisions of portentous import, and the Adamson bill was formally pronounced legal progeny of the Sixty-third Congress, and a legitimate portion of federal law. Every time I have a glimpse of the Supreme Court, I am impressed afresh with the wisdom of our fathers in providing three co-ordinate branches of government. The Supreme Court of the United States is today what it has always been, one of the distinctive institutions of the country, safeguarding the interests of all the people and bringing them to a realization that, after all, the Constitution of the United States is a chart that may not be disregarded in the progress of events.

A TRIP that the visitor to Washington never tires of talking about is a sail on the Potomac. Taking one of the night boats to Norfolk and silently gliding down the river, past Wakefield, the deserted spot on which a modest monument marks the birthplace of George Washington, furnishes a historic thrill. In the morning, rounding the cape, Fortress Monroe looms up like a grim reminder of war-times. The smooth sea swelling, with the moon overhead, makes it seem like a witching glimpse of fairyland. Almost within the twinkling of an eye, all this lunar splendor is transformed into a sunrise of surpassing brilliancy. The Norfolk and Washington Steamboat Line runs on the schedule of a railroad. Day after day, night after night, these steamers ply with a punctuality that would be the envy of many a railroad system—bringing the South and the North within touch overnight.

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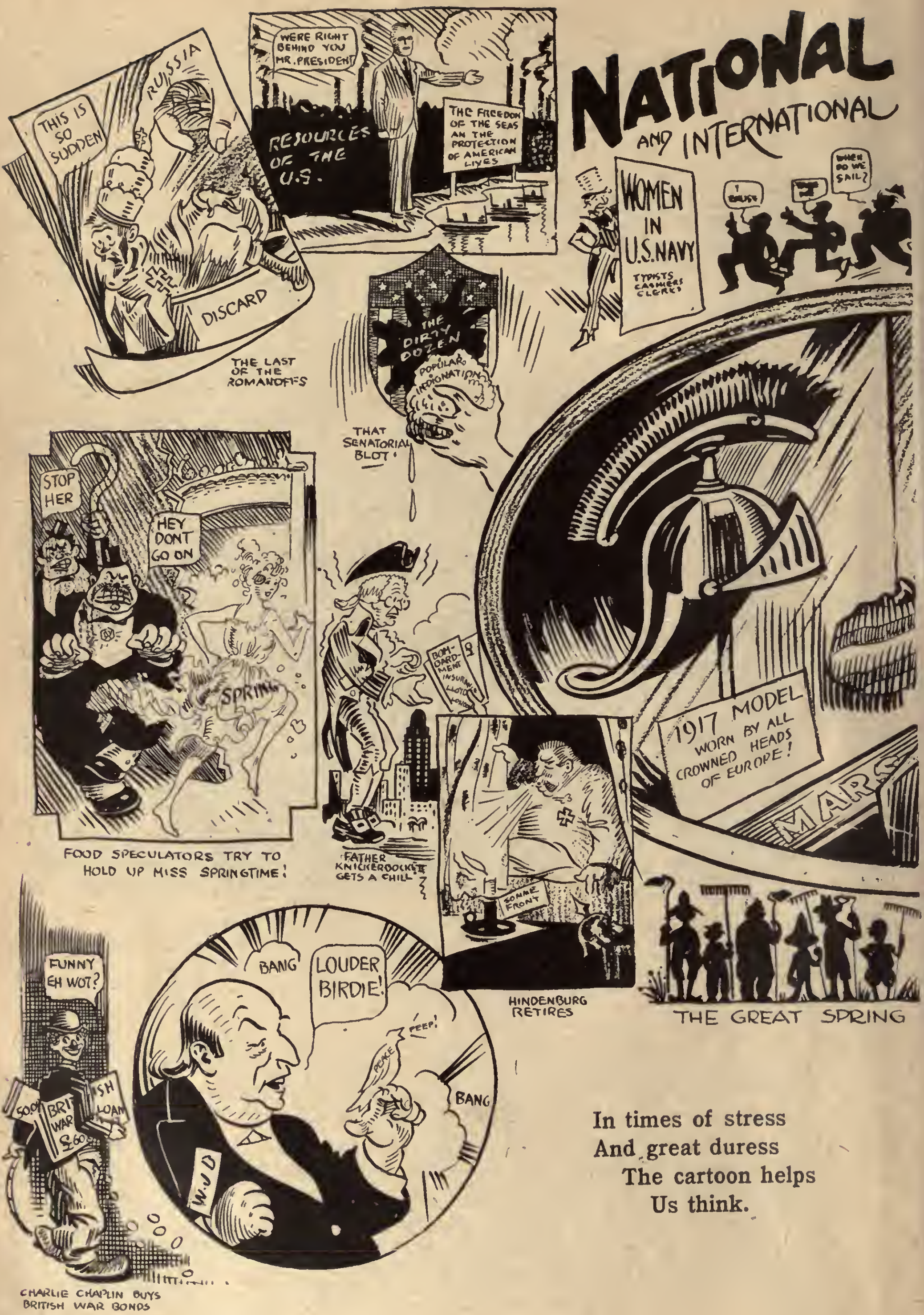
WASHINGTON BELL HOPS FOLLOW NEW YORK'S EXAMPLE

Fifty bell boys and other attendants in the Willard Hotel in Washington are devoting an hour a day to drilling on the hotel roof, following the example set by the bell hops in one of the New York hostelries. T. P. Jones (*shown at the left of the picture*), an employe of the hotel, was formerly a non-commissioned officer, and is training the squad

The story of this steamship line is an interesting chapter in history. It was Mr. Levi Woodbury—descendant of Hon. Levi Woodbury, Secretary of the Navy and Treasury, at one time candidate for the presidency, and associate member of the Supreme Court—who carried out the idea of a first-class

NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL


THIS IS SO SUDDEN
RUSSIA
DISCARD
WE'RE RIGHT BEHIND YOU MR. PRESIDENT
RESOURCES OF THE U.S.
THE FREEDOM OF THE SEAS AN THE PROTECTION OF AMERICAN LIVES
WOMEN IN U.S. NAVY
TYPISTS CASHIERS CLERKS
WHEN DO WE SAIL?
THE DIRTY DOZEN
POPULAR INDIGNATION
STOP HER
HEY DONT GO ON
SPRING
BOMBARDMENT INSURANCE
1917 MODEL WORN BY ALL CROWNED HEADS OF EUROPE!
MARS
SOMME FRONT
FUNNY EH WOT?
BRITISH WAR LOAN
£60
BANG
LOUDER BIRDIE!
PEEP!
PEACE
BANG
W.J.B.

THE LAST OF THE ROMANOFFS

THAT SENATORIAL BLOT

FOOD SPECULATORS TRY TO HOLD UP MISS SPRINGTIME!

FATHER KNICKERBOCKER GETS A CHILL

HINDENBURG RETIRES

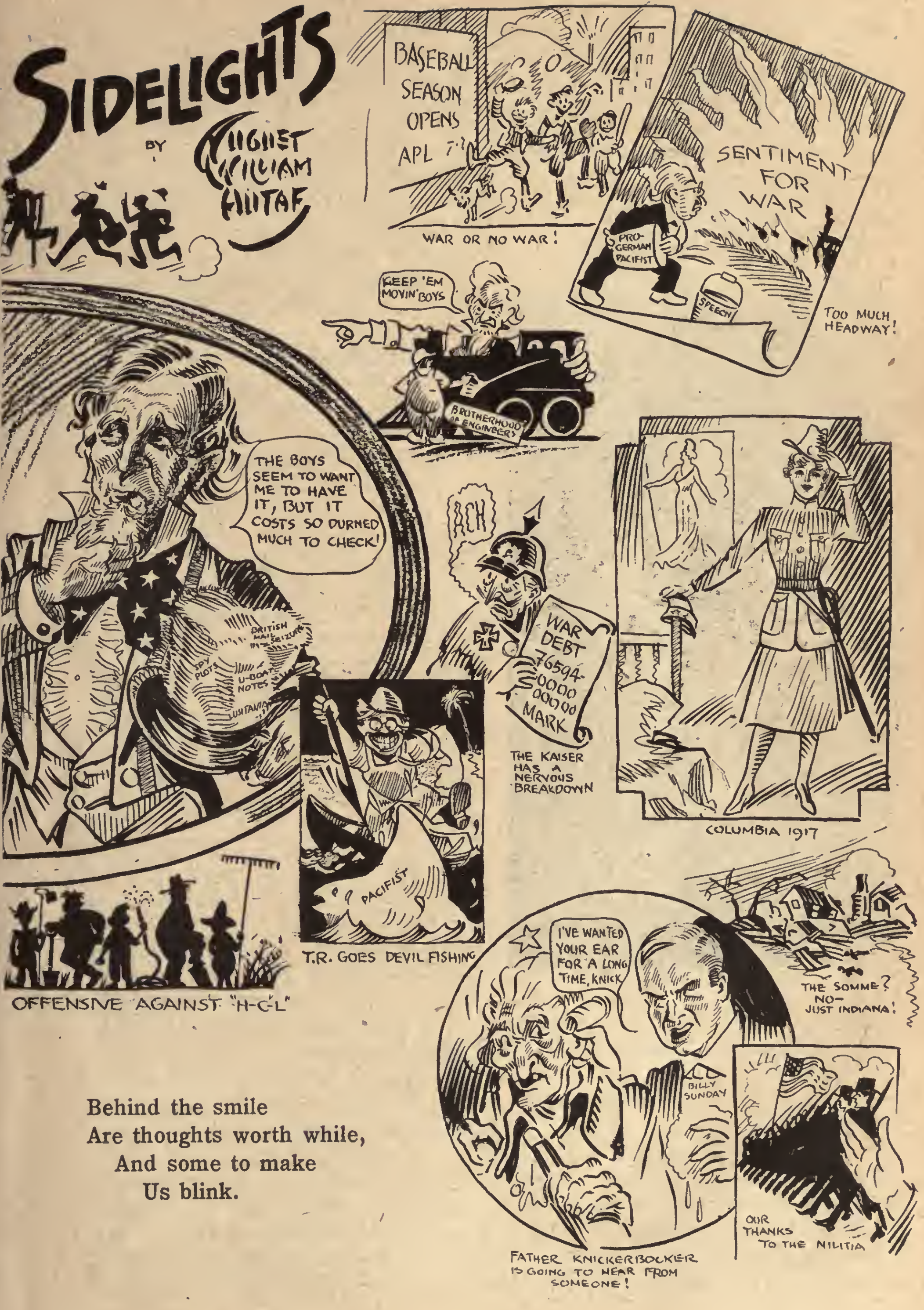
THE GREAT SPRING

CHARLIE CHAPLIN BUYS BRITISH WAR BONDS

In times of stress
And great duress
The cartoon helps
Us think.

SIDELIGHTS

BY AUGUST WILLIAM HUTAF


BASEBALL SEASON OPENS APL 7
WAR OR NO WAR!
SENTIMENT FOR WAR
PRO-GERMAN PACIFIST
SPEECH
TOO MUCH HEADWAY!
KEEP 'EM MOVIN' BOYS
BROTHERHOOD OF ENGINEERS
THE BOYS SEEM TO WANT ME TO HAVE IT, BUT IT COSTS SO DURNED MUCH TO CHECK!
BRITISH MAIL SEIZURE
SPY PLOTS
U-BOAT NOTES
LUSITANIA
ACH
WAR DEBT 76594-0000 00000 MARK
THE KAISER HAS A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN
COLUMBIA 1917
PACIFIST
T.R. GOES DEVIL FISHING
OFFENSIVE AGAINST "H-C-L"
THE SOMME? NO- JUST INDIANA!
I'VE WANTED YOUR EAR FOR A LONG TIME, KNICK
BILLY SUNDAY
FATHER KNICKERBOCKER IS GOING TO HEAR FROM SOMEONE!
OUR THANKS TO THE MILITIA

Behind the smile
Are thoughts worth while,
And some to make
Us blink.

steamship line between the North and the South. He and a friend, John Callahan, started in together, and, within fifteen days from the time it was mentioned, this line, which has proven one of the most popular in the country, was launched. A veritable fleet of vessels has been built since the first steamer "Washington."

Mr. Woodbury established the St. James Hotel at Washington, and has witnessed the transformation of Washington from a squalid, muddy city of magnificent distances, to the most beautiful capital in the world. The old Tiber creek on Pennsylvania Avenue, filled with cans and rubbish, was obliterated in the great revolution wrought by "Boss" Shepherd. In the span of his active and busy life, Mr. Woodbury has witnessed changes that could not have been comprehended in the wildest dreams, but the pride of his life is the Norfolk and Washington Steamboat Line, that has made a record unparalleled in the history of modern coastwise and inland-sea navigation.

LEVI WOODBURY
Who has been prominently identified with the business interests of Washington since he went there as a young man from his native New Hampshire town, where he had been a telegraph operator and station agent

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SOME conditions in Washington today suggest the tyrannical autocracy of Russia. When government officials spy on business of repute and integrity established by public confidence, to see that girls do not work one minute over the eight hours in the stores, or even complete a sale to a customer that might run overtime, and when these inspectors swoop down and make an arrest, one might think—"Is this the United States of America?" The excessive cost of an army of inquisitorial inspectors idling about explains in part the bulging budget and the taxes under which the people are groaning today, a direct cause of the high cost of living, which grows higher as the swarm of inspectors increases, and the standard of confidence in citizenship sinks lower.

As this cost soars, I sometimes wonder if the real moral standard of government is not being lowered. When Congress passes a law, the people of the District of Columbia must obey the edict. Why do the people of the District suffer conditions which our forefathers would not tolerate, in submitting to "taxation without representation?" Individual liberty, so called, is almost unknown in the District of Columbia, where the curse of bureaucracy is growing upon the nation under the guise of paternal protection of the people. Inspection expense would, in itself, make a sum excelling Russia's expenditure to maintain political exiles in Siberia. The result of this espionage has not been to help the worker—but in some instances to enslave him the more; to close the door to opportunity. Individual rights for "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" are proscribed. Some day there may be an awakening. The initiative purpose of the eight-hour day is right, but it is like many laws—the results desired are often defeated in bungling execution, even being used, sometimes, to further the ends of personal spite, spleen, and envy, rather than to serve the ends of justice.

YOU might know that he came from Chicago, because he has about him the bustling air of that midwest metropolis. His name is Fred A. Britten, and he insistently urged Congress to grant an immediate appropriation of $119,000,000 so that the one hundred and thirteen warships under course of construction for the United States might be completed in the shortest possible time. With many others on the Naval committee, Britten regards the incomplete preparations deplorable, and has fired some hot shots into the Navy Department on the delay in building and authorizing ships, and its lack of a business administration.

HON. FRED BRITTEN
Congressman from Chicago, Illinois, who is strong for preparedness, and wants double and triple shifts put on both government and private navy yards

Fred Britten has a smile that is winsome, and he has a regular "jolly sailor" way about him. In his talks to school boys, he calls attention to the fact that the United States provides a tip-top education for boys at Annapolis. Most of the Representatives, when absorbed in committee work do not feel like talking anything else but their own bills, and Fred Britten has been so fascinated in his work on the Naval committee that he wears navy socks, a navy necktie, and his friends expect yet to see him wearing the little round hat with the jaunty ribbons, so he can more effectively emphasize his loyal and sincere interest in the navy. When he was visiting an agricultural school, however, he drew the line at milking the cows, to prove that he was a friend of the farmers and told them about navy beans. There was no need of that, for his district in Chicago, which comprises four square miles of area, has a population of two hundred thousand.

WHEN the defensive movements were begun by the Allies along the western battle front, it constituted a living monument to Lord Kitchener of Khartum. He knew it had to be done with trained, seasoned, sturdy, valiant men. Mercilessly attacked on every hand, without winking an eye or looking to the right or left, Kitchener continued in his preparations.

After the failure in the Dardanelles, he saved the day and was on his way to Russia when he met his death in the icy waters off the Orkneys. Two weeks before his death, a story was told me by one who had just met Kitchener. This grim, tall, statuesque man, whom I had seen as one of the spectacular figures of the Coronation Parade of King Edward VII, received a delegation of wounded soldiers who had just returned from the trenches. What could Kitchener want of "Tommy Atkins, Kelly, Shea and Burke?" They hobbled, shuffled and staggered across the threshold; some blind, some crippled, some with their lungs gone from the deadly gas, and when they filed in the door was closed.

Kitchener of Khartum burst into tears as he greeted them. "My children," he said, "the wounded soldier is my tenderest care in life."

Yet this was the man misunderstood, misjudged, who has added to the glories of Khartum a fame as endless and enduring as British pluck.

This Kitchener story was told me by Dr. Horace Fletcher, who invented the word "Fletcherize," and as I sat with him while we masticated a single sandwich—which was as hunger-satisfying as a seven-course dinner—he told me of his experiences while in charge of the relief work in Belgium.

"If the average American could fully realize conditions as I saw them, he would feel it as imperative to put aside a tithe of every week's earnings for the sufferers in Europe. Families scattered; the streets and country roads filled with maimed, blind and wounded; graves everywhere; homes desolated—the ravages of war can never be described; they must be seen and felt.

* * *

THE genesis of a federal law is a most interesting study. Trace it back to the original bill and follow it through devious committees, conferences and roll calls, it becomes a labyrinth that would defy the genius of a Sherlock Holmes to discover the way out. The Smith-Hughes bill, which has just passed the Senate, I shall always remember as the Page bill, because I recall when it was first introduced some time ago, and the days, weeks and sessions which Senator Carroll S. Page of Vermont concentrated upon this bill. It passed the Senate in the Sixty-second Congress, but failed of passage in the House. The measure is a monument to the tireless and efficient work of Senator Page, for the Vocational Educational bill is a fitting successor to the Morrell bill, named for his distinguished predecessor.

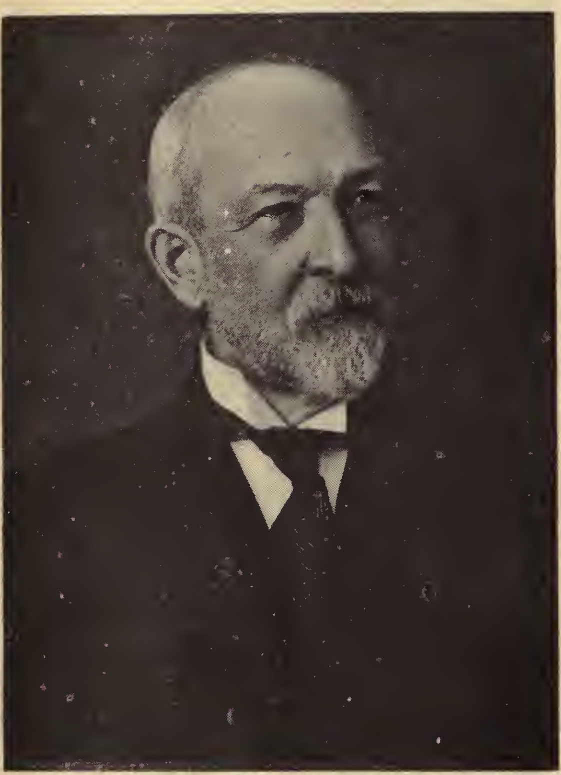
Federal aid in the preparation of instructors for vocational education is granted by the Vocational Educational bill. It passed at the last session, and was pronounced by President Woodrow Wilson as an educator, one of the most important before the American people at the time. It passed the Senate and House and the Committee on Conferences threshed out the differences between the two bodies in an expeditious way. One of the four pens used in signing the bill was presented to Senator Page, in recognition of his services in consummation of a great step forward in federal educational work.

Believing that it met an imperative situation in providing for vocational instruction in the various states, for over seven years Senator Page has concentrated his best efforts upon this bill. He insists that it will result in a more

THE LATE "KITCHENER OF KHARTUM"

Silent, steel-like, remorseless, cold, Kitchener began over two years ago to build the line of the Allies along the western battle front, that has driven back the German offensive. The tragedy of his death is still remembered, for he went down with the cruiser Hampshire off the Orkney Islands, on June 5, 1916 uniform system of instruction, opening still wider the doors of opportunity to the young people of today to choose and perfect themselves in the vocations or means of earning a livelihood, and becoming self-reliant.

Senator Page represents a type of business man in the Senate that knows how to construct and pass legislation even against great odds. He is a member of the Mayflower Society and nearly all of the Colonial Societies. There were forty-one men who signed the compact of Elder Brewster on the Mayflower, and only twenty of them left in the spring of the following year. Yet the descendants of this little band have produced five Presidents of the United States—John Adams, John Quincy Adams, Zachary Taylor, Ulysses S. Grant and William Howard Taft.


SENATOR CARROLL S. PAGE OF VERMONT

The career of Senator Page is an interesting chapter of Vermont history. In twenty-five years he built up the largest calfskin business in the world; twenty-five years later he had built up the largest bank in the world located in a country village. In Hyde Park, Vermont, with a population of 423, is the Lamoille County Savings & Trust Company, with $50,000 capital, $200,000 surplus; with deposits reaching nearly $3,000,000. This tells an eloquent story of the thrift of the people of Vermont, as well as of the financial genius of a Vermonter. In the United States are nearly 400,000 native-born Vermonters, but only 250,000 of them live in Vermont. Vermonters, scattered in every state in the Union, have left their indelible impress upon the progress of the nation. Eighty per cent of the population of Vermont today are native sons of native sons, perhaps the most purely American state in the Union—if such a thing can be conceived.

Few Senators are more conscientious in devotion to duty than Senator Page. There is scarcely a roll call or a committee meeting that he is not there attending to the interests of his constituents and the nation at large, with all the enthusiastic energy which he has given in building up his own business. Senator Page received a popular vote in Vermont, leading the vote on governor 6,000, and the presidential candidate 16,000—which indicates that Vermont believes in Carroll Smalley Page.

Our National Finance*

By

John W. Weeks

United States Senator from Massachusetts

THIS is a period of preparedness—military preparedness. We have appropriated, are appropriating this year, and will continue to appropriate large sums of money for this purpose. In order to raise the necessary revenue to pay for these unusual expenditures, unusual methods must be adopted; and the majority party, very largely at least, must be responsible for those methods. In the pending bill we find the possibility of raising revenue, but it is done at the expense of efficiency, of fairness, and is almost entirely a sectional measure.

This is the last period in our history when we should undertake any course which is going to penalize efficiency. The reports from Europe are unanimous that there has been an enormous increase in the industrial efficiency of those countries. Of course, it is impossible to determine this accurately. But we have evidence as to what is being done in Great Britain, and in some other sections of Europe. The substance of this evidence is that the increase in efficiency in Great Britain, for instance, has been sixty per cent since the beginning of the war, notwithstanding the fact that men have practically been eliminated from manufacturing establishments and their places taken by old men, boys, and women.

If an examination of the industrial conditions of Europe had not been made, we might have reached the conclusion—due partially to the fact that our exports are tremendous—that the manufacturing industries of Europe were much more seriously crippled than they are. As a matter of fact, there has not been any invasion of Great Britain. Her industries are intact; in fact, have greatly increased in volume of production since the beginning of the war.

There has been no enemy on German soil. Therefore, the same thing is undoubtedly true of Germany. Practically speaking, this is the situation in every manufacturing European country, with the exception of northern France, Belgium, and a very small area of Italy and Austria, and even in these invaded countries the greater part of their manufacturing interests are intact and have increased in efficiency and capacity. Although these nations are our important customers, they have always been our rivals and are going to be far more serious rivals in the future than they have been in the past.

* * *

England has produced and sold to the world during the twelve months of 1916 goods to the value of $2,465,107,140 as compared with $2,096,100,617 in 1914, a gain of $369,000,000. Of this enormous production and shipment, manufactured articles comprise practically two-thirds of the total. In 1916 her exports were valued at $1,915,795,570, an increase of $267,835,332 over those of 1914.

***From a notable address delivered in the United States Senate by Senator John W. Weeks on February 22, 1917—considered one of the greatest addresses on national finance ever delivered in the Senate.**

Of course, it is fair to state that the difference in the prices of these goods at the manufacturer's door partially makes up for the increase; and comparing the British foreign trade of 1916 with 1915, which shows a gain of £218,000,000, and reducing the cost to the 1915 price shows that in many articles the volume of production has not materially increased. Substantially speaking, however, production in England is now at its highest level, notwithstanding the handicap under which that country has been laboring in fitting itself for its military necessities.

* * *

Since the beginning of the European war we have demonstrated how easy it is to transfer American industrial establishments intended for manufacturing commercial products into plants for the manufacture of war munitions. The same development has taken place in all European countries, and at the termination of hostilities these war industries will be transferred to peace purposes with equal facility.

This, in fact, is the great question which Congress should be considering at this time, and it is especially important that Congress give serious consideration to this question when passing legislation to raise revenue. Instead of wasting time and energy in enacting makeshift legislation of a most haphazard character, intended to tide the Government over until another year, it should be working out a definite financial scheme to fit this country to cope with the commercial activities which will occur immediately hostilities cease.

Protectionists—and protectionists include a great majority of the people of this country, I believe—would prepare thru the adoption of a protective tariff to meet this emergency. Even if it were not paramount for us to follow such a course, what folly it is for us to adopt such an untried policy and one which is going to be a tax on efficiency and necessitate enormous proportional expenditures in collecting the revenue required.

What we should be doing is studying every phase of the European situation and determining the character of the protective policy we should adopt. There must be a restoration of many of the tariff rates which obtained in the past if we are going to have reasonable protection. Those rates must be determined somewhat by the conditions developing as a result of the European conflict and by the character of the commercial conflict which is to follow. No time should be lost in beginning a study of these problems.

We need not only to develop our efficiency and provide reasonable protection to enable us to meet the competition of our foreign commercial rivals at the end of the war, but we must prepare ourselves to face new conditions when this great European struggle is over. For example, we have several millions of men in the United States engaged in the manufacture of munitions. The minute the war is over their employment will cease and they will come into competition with the other workmen in the United States. It is probable that more than thirty million—possibly forty million—of men are in the armies of the European countries at war or engaged in the manufacture of munitions of war. They have been taken from their normal pursuits. As soon as the war is over they will return to their employments; they will find their places occupied to some degree by a new element in undustrial life, and this element will materially increase the competition for employment which will exist in those countries. As a result of this competition during the re-adjustment period it is almost certain that the average wage paid in European countries will be even lower than before the war.

Exactly the opposite condition obtains in the United States. Wages are abnormally high. A reduction in wage and adjustment to new conditions always means that some interest is pinched and that many difficulties must be met during the re-adjustment period.

* * *

Moreover, European countries are going to be poor. Poverty does not promote the purchase of products. You can only sell to those who have money to buy; and we should not for a moment be deceived by the specious story that European nations are going to need many of our products to rehabilitate themselves because of the destruction which has taken place. As I have suggested, this destruction has been confined to a very limited area. It will take a long time to replace it, but the replacement is going to be carried on by the people at home. In any event, they will not have the ready money to rehabilitate themselves immediately, and I predict that the purchasing power of Europe will be found to be materially lower than it was before the war.

We are going to find ourselves the great rich Nation of the world. We are going to be able to buy the products of others; they cannot buy ours, and unless we erect an artificial barrier to protect our interests we are going to face enormous importations of goods.

Then there is another phase of this question which we must not overlook. Whatever the final action taken may be, it is beyond question that the countries of Europe are seriously considering trade alliances which will make scraps of paper of our commercial treaties and will place a further handicap on our export trade to them.

* * *

Last year there was held in Paris what was known as the Paris Economic Conference. At this conference a scheme was proposed, seriously discussed, and reported to the allied nations which, in effect, substantially meant free trade between the allied countries, a rate of duty of considerable magnitude between the allies and countries which are now neutral, and a higher rate of duty imposed against the central powers. It has been reported that a similar arrangement was being considered by the central powers.

Moreover, the Scandinavian countries, including Holland and Denmark, have recently had a conference to consider this general question, and especially a proposal to protect the interests of the neutral powers after the war. It is worth noting that the United States was not invited to take part in the Paris economic conference. It was, however, invited to join the conference of the neutral powers. Whatever may be the final outcome of these proposed trade alliances, trade conditions after the war are going to differ from those of the past.

Our greatest export market has been in Great Britain. It has substantially been a free-trade market. There is no doubt about the adoption of a protective policy by Great Britain, to some degree at least, and this fact is demonstrated by instances, rather than settled action. Not long ago the trade-unions of Great Britain in an annual convention or conference of first importance voted practically unanimously in favor of the adoption of a protective policy, and that represents the sentiment of substantially two and a half millions trade-union laborers. There is also a very large element in Parliament favorable to this action.

The point I wish to particularly emphasize is that we are going to face unusual conditions after the war; the solution of the problems arising at that time will require the wisest statesmanship, and we should now be preparing ourselves to meet them. Notwithstanding these probabilities—almost certainties—no action has been taken by the Democratic party to indicate it has given the subject the slightest consideration. No tax levied or law proposed since the beginning of the European war would lead to the conclusion that those who compose the majority have any thought for this phase of the future.

On the other hand, just before the war, a law was enacted lowering the tariff to one-half the average rate imposed under the lowest tariff law we have ever had on our statute books, and under which nearly seventy per cent of our imports come in free. Few people stop to consider that we are enjoying at this time in the war the benefits of a protection as important in its operation as any law we have ever passed.

* * *

We are unable to obtain any importations from the central powers, or material importations from many other countries, and yet we are importing a larger volume of goods than ever before. People should not be deceived in the slightest degree by our large foreign trade, for the most cursory investigation shows that this trade is incident to the war and originates in those sections producing war materials. Of course these exports are not entirely confined to war materials; they include very many fabrics and articles used during war and for which there will be no demand when the war is over. Without going into detail, it is difficult to comprehend the enormous supplies of such articles as woolen blankets, material for uniforms, shoes, cotton fabrics, and incidentally almost every kind of manufacture in which our people are engaged, which go to make up the immense volume of exports we are now shipping abroad and which will cease when the war terminates.

On September 4, 1914, the President called the attention of Congress to the fact that the customs receipts for the month of August were ten millions less than the month of August, 1913, saying that the loss was almost entirely due to the war in Europe and not to a change in our tariff law. Customs receipts for August, 1914, were about $19,000,000. In August, 1913, under a Republican tariff law they had exceeded $30,000,000. This falling off in revenues commenced earlier in the year of 1914. In February, for example, the customs receipts were about $17,000,000, or $2,000,000 less than the month of August. For the eight months prior to the war customs receipts averaged $22,200,000 a month, while for the corresponding months in 1913 they averaged $30,934,000, or a difference of $8,700,000 a month. It is not denied that this falling off in customs receipts was due to the decrease in rates of duty and not to a lessening in the importations.

During the calendar year ending December 31, 1916, our imports aggregated $2,391,716,000. If the rates of duty which obtained under the Payne-Aldrich law had been in operation in 1916—during the life of that law the average *ad valorem* duty was nineteen one-half per cent—there would have been added to the treasury thru customs receipts $467,940,000 since the Underwood-Simmons law took effect, which would have practically paid for the extraordinary expenditures which have been made up to this time.

* * *

At this time if we would enact a reasonable protective-tariff law and issue bonds to provide for our military preparations, we could repeal the war-revenue tax, the income tax, the corporation tax, the inheritance tax, and not pass this proposed excess-profits tax, and still have sufficient revenue to meet the actual needs of Government, imposing such taxes as those to which I have just referred in time of unusual need and reserve them for that purpose. In the meantime we should leave to the States these means untrammeled in providing for their own revenue; in other words, if you ask how the Republican party would provide for this situation we would reply, we would impose a suitably protective tariff law and provide for unusual demands on the Government thru a bond issue, with stringent provisions for its elimination within a reasonable period of time.

This brief summary I have given of the probable situation which will confront us at the end of the war, it seems to me, is sufficient to show the desirability and necessity of adopting a permanent and systematic policy of taxation rather than levying special direct taxes.

There can be no difference of opinion as to the necessity of additional legislation to finance the Government. Notwithstanding the imposition of corporation taxes, income taxes, inheritance taxes, and war-revenue taxes, we find the ready resources of the Government at a lower ebb than they have ever been since the Civil War; in fact, if the condition of the treasury were fully appreciated and we were not in the midst of a period of business activity in many lines which has been reflected in most directions, it would produce a financial panic. This is due to ineffective tariff legislation, unusual appropriations for military purposes, and an accumulation of hare-brained schemes which the majority party have foisted on the country.

* * *

It should be a fundamental rule in governmental financial operations that all current expenses should be paid from the proceeds of the annual tax levy, and that if loans are issued their duration should be within the life of the object for which the appropriation is expended. The expenditures provided for in this bill are largely of a contrary character to ordinary expenses of government, and it is unfair to the taxpayer of today to require him to provide for improvements which are going to be equally beneficial to the taxpayers of future years. Therefore I have provided in the proposed bond issue I have introduced that it shall extend over a period of twenty years, which is quite within the life of most of the objects for which the expenditures are made. I do not wish it to be understood, that I at all approve all of these expenditures. I voted against most of them—the bill to establish a nitrate plant, the shipping bill, and others—but I assume that money is going to be appropriated to provide for the purposes for which legislation has been adopted, and therefore, if that is to be done, I want it done in this way.

The Alaskan Railway, with ordinary annual appropriations for maintenance of way, will be in quite as good condition twenty years from now as today. The life of any ship which may be purchased under the existing law will easily be from twenty to thirty years, and ships are now performing good service which are much older than the maximum limit I have suggested. Even battleships are kept on the rolls as first-class ships for a period of about twenty years. Therefore substantially all of the purposes for which we are making provision will be equally material to the people for at least twenty years, which is the life of the bonds I propose.

* * *

Having reached that conclusion, another important question is to determine the character of bond. The United States Government has never issued a serial bond. Its bonds issued after the Civil War were intended to be retired by sinking-fund provisions. For many years this policy was carried out by using surplus revenues for that purpose, and as early as 1890 the debt had been reduced from about two and a half billions to substantially a billion dollars. No appropriations for the sinking fund, however, have been made in recent years. I presume one reason for this has been that the estimated revenues were not sufficient to provide for these appropriations. Then another problem has entered into the question in recent years of enough importance to prevent the operations of the sinking fund. I refer to the necessity for bond-secured circulation issued by the national banks.

As time has gone on practically all of our national debt has been used as a basis for circulation and is being used for that purpose today. The passage of the Federal Reserve act has removed the necessity for the continuance of issuing that kind of circulation. There is no reason, therefore, in times of ample revenues, provided reasonable economy is used, why the entire national debt should not be paid, and I hope when the present difficulties have been passed that such a course will be consistently followed.

It is not an element of strength to a country to have a considerable outstanding indebtedness; it is an element of financial and physical weakness. A country without debt is in much better position to defend itself or wage active hostilities than a country which will be embarrassed by outstanding indebtedness, and in this respect alone the United States will be in a position of great strength as compared with other first-class nations at the end of the present war.

* * *

The finances of a municipality, a state, or a nation do not materially differ from those of the private citizen. No private citizen could acquire a good financial reputation if he constantly renewed his indebtedness when it matured. In other words, if the individual or co-partnership repeatedly renews indebtedness, it is taken as an indication that they have not sufficient capital to conduct their business operations and their credit is greatly impaired. The sound business concern is the one which borrows temporarily and goes out of debt at some time during its annual operations. The only indebtedness of a relatively permanent character, which is justifiable, is that required in the large extension of a plant, which might be covered by a mortgage, but that mortgage should be gradually liquidated. Even that kind of indebtedness is an embarrassment to corporations if they wish to go into the market to borrow for temporary purposes.

This argument is equally applicable to municipalities, states, or nations, and most local communities in recent years have recognized the necessity of extinguishing indebtedness by establishing sinking-fund provisions, which have generally operated to carry out this purpose; but, as in the case of our National Government, there have been frequent deliberate violations of sinking-fund requirements.

* * *

Public sinking funds, as I have stated, have proved to be too precarious for sound finances, notwithstanding the establishment of such funds in connection with our municipal, county, and State indebtedness in the United States. Scalings down and interest defaults are reported to have exceeded a billion dollars, and today eight states of the Union are in default, principal and interest, to the extent of more than seventy millions of dollars. Legislators have been dilatory and irresponsive to this subject, as is witnessed by the failure to take action by Congress itself. Thirty-one years elapsed in Massachusetts between the permissive and obligatory legislation relating to serial bonds, and only recently has the second state taken any action on this subject.

The sinking funds of New York State amount to more than $40,000,000; those of New York City to more than $370,000,000. Theoretically such funds are promptly and continuously invested to yield a rate of interest above the usual bank-deposit rates, but actually millions of dollars of New York City's sinking funds are uninvested, amounting recently to $25,969,761. The average uninvested amount of New York City's sinking funds during a year's time has been more than ten millions of dollars, which means a material loss of interest, and which, of course, subverts the sinking-fund principle.

One of the first recognitions of the desirability of serial payments is found in the famous codicil to Benjamin Franklin's will, in which he left to the cities of Boston and Philadelphia $5,000 each, contemplating the investment thereof for two centuries, the income in part to be loaned to young married artificers, who were to repay "with yearly interest one-tenth part of the principal," which is exactly the serial-bond method.

* * *

I have not had the time to figure the saving which might be made on the present outstanding Government indebtedness, if it were refunded into serial bonds. Indeed, I am not quite sure I could do this with accuracy, but I intend to have it done by experts so that there can be on record a complete demonstration of the desirability of changing our present indebtedness into serial form and gradually liquidating it. There is no reason why this should not be done, and from the standpoint of business prudence there is every reason why such action should be taken.

If that is true, what a piece of folly it would be to issue Panama Canal bonds or any other bonds on any other basis than as serials. As far as I know, this subject has not heretofore been given any consideration by Congress, but it will continue to appear from time to time until we have taken some action. At some later date I shall hope to submit to Congress a complete demonstration of what may be done with the national debt if such a policy is followed.

A somewhat careful investigation indicates that nearly every authority on the issuing of bonds prefers the serial to the sinking-fund method. M. Trinquat, a noted French writer on this subject, stated in 1899 the manifestly sane proposition that the only way of extinguishing debt, for a State, as for an individual, is to use the revenue above the expenses, and that when the public frees itself from its obligation to pay its debts at maturity it encourages the incurring of new debts.

That is exactly what we are doing. We are not paying any of our debts. We issue bonds from time to time under different forms, and when those bonds mature we refund them by issuing others. The debt will keep on accumulating, and if we do not take some steps to liquidate it as it matures, at least paying it by annual installments, as I think should be done, we are going to have piled up a great volume of indebtedness without any prospect of its payment.

* * *

The committee proposes to issue Panama Canal bonds without sinking-fund or serial provisions. Assuming that the only method the Government has ever used in issuing securities—namely, the sinking-fund method—were followed and the bonds were issued for a term of fifty years, as provided for in the act authorizing their issue, the cost to the taxpayers of the

United States on $1,000,000 of bonds would be $173,305 more than it would cost if serial bonds were issued. It is proposed in this bill to issue the remaining $222,000,000 of Panama Canal bonds. If the sinking-fund method is applied to the payment of this indebtedness—and of course some method must be provided for liquidating it at maturity or sometime during the life of the loan—the cost to the taxpayers of this country will be $38,473,710, an amount which justifies some hesitation in passing this legislation without giving serious attention to the form of bond to be issued and the manner of its payment at maturity.

It has been charged that the serial bond is unpopular, and that it requires a higher rate of interest than an issue of bonds which mature at one time, but if that condition existed heretofore, I believe it has entirely disappeared. There is now a great demand for Government bonds to use as a basis for postal savings deposits and for short-time loans to be held by the banks, Federal reserve as well as others. An issue of Government bonds having one-twentieth of its total amount maturing within a year would be eagerly picked up by a great many interests that have in the immediate future a disposal of some of their funds for a specific purpose, but want to keep them employed until that purpose has fully developed. In fact, there is no latitude to the method of liquidating an indebtedness issued under the serial plan. It is safe for the creditor and the debtor, and an immediate public exposure must be made if the debtor fails to make provision for its maturing obligations. Incidentally an indebtedness issued in this way becomes safer as it grows older, because each year a portion of it is liquidated.

I cannot emphasize too strongly the fact that the maintenance of a sinking fund is a source of a great deal of trouble, expense, and hazard. The volume of sinking funds now held by the sinking-fund commissions of the city of New York aggregate several hundred millions of dollars. Necessarily, as there must be some considerable parts of these funds uninvested, the possibility of errors and even of dishonest handling would be entirely removed if a serial form of bond were issued instead. Our Government should go out of debt, and provision should be made to refund all Government bonds on a serial basis, or, at least, re-establish a sinking fund, so that our bonds could be paid. As a financial action this should appeal to every Senator. There is no argument against it, and, from the standpoint of good finances, as well as good preparedness, there is no reason why we should not pay our indebtedness promptly and systematically. If that were done, there would be no trouble about our financing ourselves in times of greatest stress.

Finally, it is, perhaps, sufficient to say that sinking funds do not in theory amortize a debt; they simply offset it. The only true amortization is extinction. The only sensible method of extinguishing a debt is to pay it in approximately equal installments, which is exactly what the serial bond does.

ON RECEIVING A PICTURE OF SWANS

WITH pensive grace the melancholy Swan
Mourns o'er the tomb of luckless Phaeton.
On grassy banks the weeping poplars wave,
And guard with tender care the wat'ry grave.
Would that I might, should I too proudly claim
An heav'nly parent, or a god-like fame,
When flown too high, and dash'd to depths below,
Receive such tribute as a Cygnus' woe;
The faithful bird, that dumbly floats along,
Sighs all the deeper for this want of song!

—*H. P. Lovecraft.*

AUTHOR OF

"A VENDETTA OF THE HILLS"

WILLIS GEORGE EMERSON

Whose new novel, "A Vendetta of the Hills," is just coming from the press. Mr. Emerson is also author of "The Man Who Discovered Himself," which begins serially in this month's issue of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE

The Man
Who Discovered Himself

A Message to the Down-and-Outers

by Willis George Emerson

Author of "A Vendetta of the Hills," "The Treasure of Hidden Valley," "Buell Hampton," etc.

Illustrations by Arthur Hutchins

FOREWORD BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

WHILE the scenes of Willis George Emerson's latest story, "The Man Who Discovered Himself," are laid in the Far West, we have here a really great American novel dealing with a theme of nation-wide importance. As the sub-title tells, the book is "A Message to the Down-and-Outers," and unhappily this designation applies to a mighty host distributed thruout the entire length and breadth of the land. For the down-and-outers are with us everywhere—some of them real and apparently hopeless derelicts, others near-derelicts, making the last desperate struggle against being consigned to the scrap heap of worn-out humanity. For both these classes the Emerson novel comes as a golden message of hope, preaching the doctrine of "never despair," and proving by the life story of one heroic soul that it is never too late to make the effort to raise oneself from the slough of failure into the realms of success.

The author has thrown the conventions of fiction to the four winds. His hero is fifty years of age, a married man with two daughters, and a wife, also well advanced in years. This is a decided and welcome change from the novel that opens with the stereotyped young lovers and ends with the done-to-death ringing of wedding bells. But Marsh Gordon, the humble shoe-pegger, the man with weak lungs and stooping shoulders, gaunt and lean and almost dying, yet struggling on with the daily wage-earning grind so that he may provide for those dependent on him—this man stands forth as one of the truest and greatest heroes in American fiction. The character is sketched by a master-hand; it becomes a living personality.

So with that of Miriam Gordon, the selfish, self-centered woman who, while possessing some fine qualities, yet never can see and never can understand the tragic struggle of her husband's existence, the crushing handicap that has made him and keeps him a failure, a down-and-outer. She is blind to the noble unselfishness of his heart, and it is only when the bitter truth bursts upon him that the toiler takes to the desert hobo trail, in quest of health, of rest, of surcease from the daily toil for which he has no longer the physical strength, reaching out in a last desperate hope for the freedom that has never been his, for the chance to break the bonds of virtual slavery and achieve the success for which, all thru the long years, he has been hungering.

It is a wonderful story—how this man goes forth into the wilderness, poor in purse, but his family meanwhile provided for—broken in health, yet indomitable in his resolve to try even now, when almost an old man, for restored strength with its power to accomplish things. And he does accomplish things, mighty things, altho at the outset a cruel fate thrusts him to still lower depths, and leaves him stripped by soulless yeggmen of his meager reserve of ready money, his kit of tools, even the respectable garments in which he had started on his pilgrimage. It is only when the last ray of hope seems to have vanished that his rise begins, due at the outset to the aid and subtle understanding of a lovable boy, the agent at a desert railway station, an optimist with enthusiasm in his eyes and brotherly love in his heart. The friendship established between this youth, Ned Collier, and the man of matured years is one of the great features of the book—an outstanding picture and lesson for all humanity that would alone make the novel a memorable one.

But there is much to hold the reader besides—the strange happenings whereby the very identity of Marsh Gordon is lost, his name almost in spite of himself changed, his memory well-nigh forgotten, except by his little daughter Bessie who, alone in the family circle, had really loved her poor broken-down father with all her heart and soul. Bessie grows to be a beautiful character in the story, one of the most daintily portrayed, stalwart and loyal little heroines of fiction; a girl with whom every reader will fall in love. And the love story of Ned Collier and Bessie Gordon comes to be woven into the plot with deftest skill, full of surprises for the young lovers themselves, and for the readers as well.

And these are the four people that dominate the tale—Marsh Gordon and his wife Miriam, Ned Collier and his sweetheart, Bessie Gordon. There are just a few subsidiary characters as well—the other daughter, Bernice, and her husband, Burn Hopkins, a young attorney; the desert rancher Mike O'Meara, later a banker in an Arizona town; Francois Lavigne, a wool-grower, and his good wife Hortense; Ledgerwood Collier, Ned's father, an orator and politician. This pretty well completes the list—a small group of people indeed for the telling of such a big story—a story full of throbbing interest from beginning to end, and climbing from episode to episode to a climax of splendid dramatic power. For the erstwhile down-and-outer Marsh Gordon becomes a really great man—great not only in achievement, but in the development of his soul.

What happens to Miriam we must leave the reader to discover from the story itself, for the element of suspense in her case is one of the artistic triumphs of the novel. The author may be confidently congratulated on having produced a masterpiece that gives him an abiding place in the literature of America.

CHAPTER I

The Shoe-pegger of Venice

AWAY in the Far West it was evening—the evening of a lazy and balmy and sunshiny afternoon. Out across the broad Pacific the sun, big, red and round and thickly shrouded with haze, hung near the horizon. Crimson and violet and softer opalescent tints played on the outer semicircle of fleecy clouds, painting the sky with surpassing glory and loveliness. The white-sanded shore line of the ocean was peopled with many bathers. The inrolling wavelets with gentle swish were dreamily whispering their tales of mystery.

It was mid-May, and Venice-by-the-Sea was thronged with many visitors. The Speedway was crowded with gliding motor cars, every side street packed with other machines in waiting. Booths and shows and bazaars were doing a thriving business. Several little parties of friends were already turning their steps toward the Ship Hotel out on the pier, for it was nearing the dinner hour and the gentle sea breeze had given early zest to appetite. In the tiny plaza the great orchestra of fifty pieces was playing a selection from "Madame Butterfly." Just beyond, the clerks in stores and mercantile establishments were busily finishing their day's work, keen for the evening's rest and recreation. And touching everything with its rich, ruddy radiance, the mighty ball of the sun was sinking gradually and majestically toward the ocean sky line, yielding dominion for the night to the myriad lamps and Chinese lanterns that were already beginning to impart luminous tracery to domes and towers and the other bizarre architectural features of a transplanted Coney Island.

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In the main thorofare a beautiful little girl of perhaps twelve or thirteen years, with bright blue eyes and a wealth of golden curls descending to her shoulders, came tripping merrily along the sidewalk, and turned into a large shoe store in whose windows was displayed footwear in bewildering variety of colors, patterns, and materials calculated to woo the pocketbooks of both fancy and utility.

Little Bessie Gordon walked by the clerks, smiling and nodding to one and the other in a half-shy way, but hurried on and disappeared thru a door in the rear of the store.

"Who is that sweet, lovely child?" inquired a lady customer.

The assistant in a half-smiling way replied: "The shoe-pegger's daughter."

"Oh," said the lady with mild surprise as she went on examining the dainty slippers that had been submitted for her approval. Her interest in the little damsel had evidently evaporated with the knowledge of her humble station.

In the little back room Marsh Gordon, the cobbler, was busily pounding away with his hammer as he re-soled a tiny pair of well-worn shoes that might have been consigned to the discard by hands less skilled and resourceful. He was a tall man, with the stooping shoulders of his occupation. His figure was slim and lean almost to the point of emaciation—on the scales he would perhaps not have tipped a hundred pounds. But his head seemed out of proportion to his attenuated frame—it was big, high-domed, the expansive forehead fringed with scanty brown locks in which the pepper-gray was just beginning to show. The face was clean-shaven except for the upper lip, and from beneath heavy eyebrows the steel-blue eyes gleamed with almost preternatural brightness, showing that physical failure had not dimmed the fire of the soul within. Altogether an intellectual countenance, and, as is not infrequent in the shoemaking and shoe-mending trade, also a man of intellectual tastes, the observer might have added, as he ran an eye over the row of books on a narrow shelf behind the cobbler's bench, or glanced at the opened page of a volume on a reading stand close by, Prescott's "Conquest of Peru."

As he pegged with unseeing, yet mathematical certitude, the humble cobbler of Venice had his eyes on the printed page and his mind far away in the bygone days of the vanished Incas. The evening shadows were closing around him, but there was still just sufficient light for his task and for his reading.

* * *

An interruption came with the entrance of his baby daughter Bessie. In her hand was a little bunch of sweet-scented violets, which she eagerly presented to him.

"These are for you, dear daddy," said the child in a voice that vibrated with deep affection.

The shoe-pegger took the flowers between his waxed, blackened fingers, and into his cavernous eyes came the divine glow of fatherly love.

"And where did my sweet Bessie get the lovely violets?" he asked, sniffing their fragrance appreciatively as he beamed upon the child with royal good nature.

"Out of your own garden," she answered proudly. "Our first spring violets. And oh, papa, you ought to see some other new blooms that are just opening out. They are the prettiest I ever did see in all my life. They had nothing at Wellesley or any other place in Massachusetts half as pretty as these flowers of ours."

"Well, I never was at Wellesley, you know, my dear, but I am willing to take your judgment, Bessie. Whatever you tell me I'm sure is right."

Bessie nodded her wise little head and shook her curls over her shoulders as much as to say: "You may well take my word on the violet question."

"So you think these flowers are the prettiest ever?" continued the father smilingly, as he placed them on the reading stand.

"I'm positive. Besides, they are our very own—out of our own garden, daddy."

"Perhaps that is just why they are so very, very beautiful, sweetheart," remarked the father, tenderly, as he drew the little maid to him and let his fingers wander affectionately among her rippling tresses, "because they are your very own flowers, Bessie, and because you are beginning to fall in love with California."

"Beginning!" exclaimed the child. "I fell in love with it the very day our train came down the San Bernardino Valley. And I loved it more still when I found you waiting for us here in Venice, with our pretty new home, and no more partings again, daddy, for mamma, or sister, or you, or me, or any of us," she went on with delightful volubility and emphatic sincerity.

* * *

Bessie would have kissed her father, but he put her gently from him and turned his head away as, with finger tips raised to his lips, he gave utterance to a short, rasping cough.

"That bothersome cold," murmured Bessie sympathetically.

"Oh, it will soon be gone," he replied with a touch of sadness in his tone and an enigmatic look in his eyes as he nodded to his little daughter. Then with an alert movement he went on in brighter tone: "But I must get thru with this job, Bessie. You'll wait for me, won't you?"

He resumed his hammer, and the swift rhythmical pegging resounded once more thru the room.

"Of course, daddy. I came here to bring you home. I just love the walk along the sea-front with you every evening. And it must be almost six o'clock now. Mamma had started to get your supper ready before I left home. You know there is to be company tonight. Burn is coming—I mean Mr. Hopkins"—she corrected herself with a saucy little smile—"and Bernice is dolling herself up to beat the band. But why is it, daddy, that you never come into the house when there's company? You miss all sorts of fun."

She waited for a reply. He hesitated for a moment before making answer.

"Because I like the open air, and the quietness of my screened room."

"Oh, it must be just lovely to sleep in the open air, I know," replied Bessie. "But you needn't be away in the back yard all the time, papa."

He paused in his work and again coughed behind his hand.

"Your mother does not like my cough, Bessie, dear, and Bernice also objects because of her friends. And quite right, too," he added, resolutely and resignedly. "No infirm person should allow himself to become a kill-joy, eh, little girl? Besides, I have my books, remember, and I'm never so happy as when I am reading."

"But it must be awfully miserable—all the time all alone," protested the child, with a dubious shake of her curly head.

The shoe-pegger resumed his task after a glance at the little wooden clock upon the wall. "Five minutes to six, Bessie," he said, "and I'll be thru with this job on time."

The child no longer interrupted. Her glance wandered about the room. She counted the pairs of shoes already mended, ranged along a shelf, each with its identifying red tag-label. Then she looked, a little resentfully, at the big box containing a heaped-up assortment of more or less demoralizing footwear awaiting repair. Next the volume on the reading stand interested her enough for her to bend forward and decipher the title on the opened page. After the all-round survey, her eyes returned to the cobbler on the bench.

"My, how fast you peg," she murmured, as she watched the automatic, regular clap, clap, clap of the shoe hammer on the little wooden pegs deftly placed in position by the worker's left hand.

* * *

Just then the door was opened abruptly, and in walked one of the proprietors, saying:

"I say, Gordon, can you fix another pair of shoes tonight?"

He took no notice of Bessie, as the child sat in her corner with gathering brows and lips pressed tight in silent protest.

The cobbler stopped pegging, coughed apologetically behind his palm, then examined the latest pair of shoes that needed mending. His inspection completed, he said:

"Yes, Mr. Gray. But will after dinner do? I can come back, you know."

"They are wanted right away."

"Well, it's quite a job—half an hour at least."

"I'll find out. But I rather think you'll have to fix them now." And placing the shoes on a little table, he left the room to consult his customer.

When the door was again closed, Bessie's unvoiced protest changed to open resentment.

"What a shame!" she exclaimed, stamping her tiny foot. "And you so tired after your long day's work, daddy, dear! I don't like that man at all. I don't think he's nice 'cause he don't talk nice to you. He's just a mean old boss."

"Hush, my dear," murmured her father, with a half-timorous glance in the direction of the doorway. "Besides, we must be considerate," he went on in soothing apology for the brusque words and manner of his employer. "Perhaps he is irritated about other things. We can never tell just what the reason is that impels to seeming harshness."

"Well, I hope they can wait until tomorrow for their tiresome old shoes," pouted the child. "I want you to come home with me. And mamma made me promise I wouldn't wait one minute after six o'clock. She don't like me to be out after dark, you know, even with you, daddy, for she says the mists come up this time of the year and aren't good for little girls."

* * *

Gordon was busy again with his hammer, intent on completing the immediate task on hand. After a few taps, he stopped to inspect his work finally. Silence fell upon the room, broken only by the sounds outside.

"Oh, do you hear the car?" exclaimed little Bessie eagerly. "Swish! Bang! Gee! that's the scenic railway, daddie. I can hear it clear here. Goodness, how it rushes down one hill, then up another, then down again and round a corner. Such a lot of wonderful painted scenery! They call it 'A Trip thru the Clouds.' You know I've been on it, papa, with Bernice and Burn."

"Is that so?" inquired the father, as he chalked the cost of the job upon one of the soles. "Twenty-five cents, I reckon," he murmured, bestowing a glance at the clock, the hands of which had now passed the appointed hour for Bessie's return home.

He rose, straightened out his bent form, and placed the shoes, after rubbing them with a cloth, at the end of the row of regenerated footwear. Then he looked down with a kindly smile at the little girl.

"And when did my bonnie Bessie go riding on the scenic railway cars? I did not know you had been venturing anything more formidable than the merry-go-round."

"Oh, Burn—I mean Mr. Hopkins—took us both for a trip thru the clouds this afternoon. My, you should have heard Bernice scream. She held tight to Burn—closed on him like a clam."

* * *

The child was laughing now, her face lit up with the merriment of memory.

"This Mr. Hopkins must be a very nice man," remarked her father.

"He surely is," was her emphatic reply. "I like him awfully, and I feel certain he likes me, for he often brings me a box of candy."

"How could he help liking you, my dear?"

"Well, I don't care," continued the child, half pouting, and disregarding the compliment implied by her father's question. "When we got home Bernice was cross, and told me I had acted just like I was tagging along to get a ride. And I wasn't tagging at all. He asked me, and seemed pleased to have me, too, for he took hold of my hand at the worst places. But I never screeched like Bernice, nor put my arms around his neck. I just pretended not to see her do it. Wasn't that right, daddy, dear?"

"Quite right, sweetheart," was his reply, as he nodded and smiled down knowingly at the child.

"My, but we must be getting home," exclaimed Bessie, glancing at the clock, then jumping to her feet and shaking out the folds of her short skirt.

She had forgotten the proprietor, but at this very moment came a cruel reminder. The door half opened, and Mr. Gray's face was thrust in.

"I say, Gordon, you'll have to fix those shoes right away."

With this curt and unceremonious injunction the door was slammed shut again.

It was almost dark now. Marsh Gordon turned and switched on the electric light.

An incandescent glowed forth from just above his cobbler's bench. He looked a trifle sheepishly at his little daughter. He noticed the proud, defiant anger on her face, as again she stamped her foot impatiently and indignantly. He was conscious that the child must be counting him a good deal of a slave.

"I wouldn't stay, papa," she exclaimed determinedly. "Your supper will be all spoiled. I 'spise that horrible man worse than ever."

Gordon laid a gentle hand on her heaving shoulders.

"Well, well, Bessie, dear, it's all right. Work must always be attended to, my child. Some little boy has no shoes until he has these fixed, I expect, and so I'll hurry up and mend them, and then I'll come home. Tell your mamma to put my supper out in my room. It won't matter if it's cold. Make her mind easy that I won't disturb her or Bernice and their friends. Now trot off, my dear little girl, or she'll be scolding you for having lingered."

* * *

While speaking he took the shoes to be repaired in his hand, and again sat down on the leather-bottomed seat of the lowest bench.

"I know I must," replied Bessie regretfully, as she turned toward the side door. "But I'll beg hard to be allowed to come back for you in half an hour." She turned the handle and opened the door a few inches. "Oh, I'm not going to walk down thru that cruel man's store. I'm just going out by this side door here—the way you come and go, papa. And when I get back I'll come in this way, too."

"No, no, dear. You must not come back tonight."

A damp, misty gust of air swept into the little room. Gordon coughed; it was several moments before he could control the paroxysm. Bessie gazed at him pityingly.

"It's you who shouldn't be out in the night air," she said decisively. "Don't forget your top coat," she added, pointing at the garment in question hanging from a peg behind the door. "Well, good-bye, daddy, for the present, in case I don't get back." And she reached up and patted his cheek with her plump little hand.

"All right, daughter. I'll work as fast as I can on the shoes, and will surely be home within an hour. Bye, bye, until I see you again."

"Bye, bye, papa dear."

* * *

The door closed. But suddenly it opened a few inches again, and Bessie's curly head popped thru the narrow aperture.

"By the way, daddy, I believe Bernice is head over ears in love with Burn—I mean Mr. Hopkins. When she scolded me this evening, I told her she could just have Burn Hopkins for her sweetheart if she wanted him, so long as I had you for mine."

And a merry little laugh floated back to him as the child again closed the door.

For a few moments Marsh Gordon stood still. There was a sad, wistful smile on his face, the glint of tears in his eyes as he softly murmured:

"Sweet little dear! She at least loves her poor old father."

Then with a resolute effort, emotion was put aside. Gordon laid hold of the shoes that had brought so much disappointment for Bessie—and for himself as well—for he dearly loved those evening walks home, holding the child's hand in his own, listening to her joyous and innocent prattle.

But he was the cobbler once again as he seated himself on his bench, and threw his knee strap over one of the shoes preparatory to putting on a half sole. Before he started work, however, he reached forth a hand and closed the volume on the reading stand. That night the Incas had ceased to interest him.

Soon the swift, methodical rat, tat, tat, was once more resounding. Occasionally he would glance at the flowers which Bessie had brought him, and a smile would light up his haggard countenance.

"Yes," he murmured aloud, "a simple little bunch of violets can bring a gleam of sunshine into a workshop and a glow of pleasure to the heart even of an old shoepegger. So small a thing, perhaps, in itself, but what a miraculous transformation."

He hammered on and on. And now his eyes were half closed. He was not sleepy—just meditatively inclined—thinking over and passing in review the days of long ago.

CHAPTER II

Glimpses from the Past

Life is a long and slow journey, but memory can re-traverse its tracks with the swiftness of an aeroplane. During that half-hour of pegging and stitching the mind of Marsh Gordon surveyed the happenings of half a century. The thought had come to him that some big crisis was looming ahead—its indications as yet dark, mysterious, impalpable, yet none the less real, just like the vaguely-felt, oppressive atmospheric conditions that herald the thunderstorm. In preparing for possible events he was, so to speak, going thru a process of mental stock-taking.

Fifty years old and twenty-five years married—this was the summary of his chronological record. Both anniversaries, that of the half-century and that of the quarter century, would fall due in a few weeks' time. They were more than milestones; they were monuments that bade the traveler pause and ponder and cast an eye back along the road by which they had been attained.

And Marsh Gordon's contemplative gaze this night reached far away to boyhood days on the little farm in southwest Iowa where he had been born and reared. An only child, he had been early thrown into the companionship of books, and had acquired the habit of omnivorous reading that had remained with him all thru subsequent years. The paternal homestead of forty acres was located a few miles away from the county town of Creston, and it was here the boy had been educated, riding to and from school on a little pony, in all weathers, even when the rain poured down or the snow lay thick upon the ground.

Just across from the high school building was a little church which his people had attended for many years, and Marsh was brought up under their God-fearing Christian faith. "Most certainly," he now mused to himself, "it was the right life, and those old teachings cling to me yet; indeed, if we destroy a belief in the Bible or its teachings, we destroy the dynamics of progress and the genius of home, our very civilization itself."

Those were days of ruddy health and splendid character-building, and when Marsh left the farm for the lure of town life he was a stalwart young fellow, vigorous in mind and body, straight as a gun barrel, close on five feet eleven in his socks, square shouldered, muscled like an athlete. Added to these physical assets were the not-to-be despised attractions of rosy cheeks, clear steel-blue eyes, and a crown of curly fair hair. Yes, in those days Marsh Gordon had been a handsome chap, Creston society had proclaimed the fact, and Marsh himself, without setting undue store on good looks, enjoyed the satisfaction of being appreciated.

In his ruminations the shoe-pegger of Venice had recalled this youthful picture, not without a heart pang when he contrasted it now with his bent shoulders and emaciated frame. But he kept wielding his hammer, clap, clap, clap, as his mind roamed along.

* * *

Marsh Gordon coming to town to earn his own livelihood and carve out a career for himself, took the first job that fell to his hand. He was offered a salesman's position in the big shoe store of Keith & Sons, and accepted it at a weekly stipend that was small, yet looked pretty good to the country youth who was well contented, for a beginning, to be able to pay board and lodging. The daily routine of his work brought him into acquaintanceship with almost everyone worth knowing in Creston, and his bright smile, genial manners and invariable willingness to oblige speedily turned acquaintances into friends. His popularity was increased by the fact that he possessed not only a fine tenor voice, but the natural gift of singing, so that no musical church affair, or evening party of the young social set came to be complete without his presence, no town concert possible without his name being on the program.

"Changed days," murmured the cobbler, as he paused in his work to repress a fit of coughing. "I hardly think I could raise a whistle now," he added with grimly humorous smile, as he reached for a waxed end, already bristled, and proceeded to sew up a small rent in the shoe he had just re-soled.

But after the first stitch or two he

paused awhile. Yes, it was undoubtedly his singing ability that had won for him the hand of the fair Miriam Rex, the acknowledged belle of Creston in those days. It was not his voice that had attracted her—Marsh had soon come to know that Miriam, altho highly accomplished in other ways, had not one note of music in her soul, that music bored her, that she was incapable even of humming a simple tune correctly. Painting was in her line, and for this she possessed undoubted talent.

* * *

However, there is a natural attraction between votaries of art, even altho they may follow different paths, and Marsh, while most sincere in his admiration of Miriam's paintings, was just as incapable of executing these as was she of playing his accompaniments at the piano. Miriam might not have cared for his singing, but she certainly appreciated the applause, popularity, and social distinction it won for him. She was a truly beautiful girl, tall and willowy, with large languid black eyes, a wealth of deep brown tresses, the complexion of a pink rose, teeth of perfect regularity and pearly whiteness, her manner full of repose, yet capable of vivacity when the mood stirred.

"Gee! what a prize for an humble clerk in a shoe store!" mused Gordon, as he recalled this vision of youthful loveliness. "And even today she is hardly changed a bit. While look at me!" He coughed again, as he ruefully surveyed the wax-blackened palms of his long, lean hands.

Yes, Marsh had won the prize from many rivals, for Miriam, besides possessing rare physical and intellectual charms, was the daughter of a banker reputed to be among Creston's richest citizens. On young Gordon's side were health, tolerably good looks, high hopes and a happy disposition, popularity, the future rewards that such qualities might bring—but meanwhile only the meager salary of a clerk in a store. No doubt he was the destined heir of his father's farm and well-stocked acres, but that hardly counted, for Miriam made no effort to conceal how thoroly she despised country life and country people. However, it was a match all right; in these warm young days of impassioned love-making there was no thought of counting this or that; and amid the acclamations of the population-at-large, if with no great approval from Miriam's parents, the young people were duly wedded.

Oh, the happiness of those early married days! Young Gordon had by this time completed five years of service at the shoe store. His salary had been gradually raised by annual increments, but was still a very modest one indeed. Yet, by living a careful and steady life, he had succeeded in saving between two and three hundred dollars, and this sum now became available as first payment for the purchase of a pretty rose-embowered cottage, the subsequent payments to be made in the form of rent spread over a period of years. So the young people had entered proudly into the occupancy of "their own home."

Miriam had cheerfully decided to do her housework, but from the first she found her husband a willing, or rather an insistent helper. Before he set forth in the morning for the day's duties he had always done the main share in preparing the breakfast and tidying up the little home. In the evening he would never submit to Miriam washing the dishes; that was his job, he gaily declared, so annexed it, at first despite her protests, but eventually as the accepted order of things.

* * *

For in the second year of their married life a baby daughter had arrived upon the scene, and after a somewhat prolonged convalescence the young mother found her hands filled with multifarious new duties. In Miriam the maternal instinct was strong, and she lavished most devoted attentions on her child. And in these days there had come to Marsh Gordon just the first touch of the loneliness that so grievously oppressed him now.

Within a year after the birth of Bernice, as the child was named, Miriam's father died. By his death a financial bubble was pricked—the supposedly rich banker left nothing behind him; indeed his estate was badly in debt and a crowd of creditors was left sincerely to mourn his demise. Without consideration of financial consequences, Marsh offered a home to his mother-in-law. The offer was somewhat condescendingly accepted, and the bread-winner found himself not only still more alone in his own home, but also confronted with the urgent necessity of increasing his weekly earnings.

* * *

It had been far from Marsh Gordon's thoughts that he should permanently, or indeed for long, remain an humble and poorly-paid clerk in a shoe store. But man proposes while Fate disposes. He seemed to have dropped into a truly deadly routine from which circumstances now rendered it impossible to extricate himself. In the ardor of youth, and with the zealous thought of mastering every department of the shoe trade, he had spent many an off hour in the cobbler's stall at the rear of the store, and had tried his prentice hand in the art of repairing. Apt and determined to learn, after a year or so he found himself able to correct up a pair of shoes or put on a half sole or straighten the heel just as quickly and efficiently as the regular cobbler himself.

With a view to putting this acquired skill to practical account, he now volunteered for work at night in the cobbler's stall, and, with heavy accumulations of repairs on hand, his employers were only too glad to accept this additional service. So, unbeknown to all friends except his womenfolk at home, Marsh Gordon became a professional shoe-pegger, bending over his bench often until the small hours of the morning and thereby putting a few extra dollars each week into his pay envelope.

Yet even with these prolonged hours of toil he had never relaxed in his domestic helpfulness, and at home his self-assumed tasks were accepted now with complete complacency that was no doubt partly due to the presence of his mother-in-law in the family circle.

He noticed, too, another subtle change in his wife, Miriam. At the outset she had gladly accepted the responsibilities of motherhood. But, having suffered not a little over the birth of her first child, she now announced a firm determination that other children should come only when there was adequate assurance of their comfortable maintenance. Marsh toiled on, early and late, only dully conscious of the growing estrangement of the wife he had so devotedly, and still so devotedly, loved, and for whom he had made, and was still ready to make, unbounded sacrifices.

It was only after an interval of ten years that a second baby, another girl, somewhat unexpectedly put in an appearance. Miriam, altho at first bitterly resentful against her husband's indiscretion and improvidence, at last accepted the situation with due resignation. Two years previously her mother had died, but the new baby served to commemorate her memory, being christened after her, Elizabeth, a name that was subsequently dropped for its less austere equivalent, Bessie.

For Marsh, at all events, the baby was a ray of sunshine in the home. He loved to fondle and caress the tiny form. But this pleasure had to be surreptitiously indulged in, for long hours at night stooping over his cobbling work, had caused him to develop a sort of chronic cold—a hard, racking cough, that had caused the solicitous mother to drop more or less veiled hints about threatened tuberculosis. On one occasion, indeed, when snatching the baby from his arms, she had reminded him that both his parents had shown unmistakable signs of weak lungs, and had declared that *her* children, at all events, must be safeguarded from infection.

It had all been a terrible shock to Marsh Gordon. But he had borne it uncomplainingly—had accepted his cough and his bent shoulders and his loss of flesh as the price to be paid for the responsibilities of matrimony and paternity which he had willingly assumed. He was now further than ever from advancement or emancipation. He seemed to have become a regular fixture in the shoe store, during the day behind the counter, thru long night hours in the cobbler's stall. All ambitions, all hopes, sacrificed to the dull, unceasing grind of urgent necessity! The tragedy of many other lives besides his own!

* * *

Thus the years had dragged their slow length along. Instead of any words of gratitude on Miriam's part, there were only pointed little reminders—cruel reminders—how sorrily Marsh had failed to realize the expectations that had been formed of him. Remarks were made how the early friends of his youth had nearly all succeeded in life—one was a prosperous lawyer, another a rich contractor, a third a widely famous business man away in New York, and so on down the line. And the bitter suggestion was left that Miriam, had she so chosen, could have married any one of them in preference to the shoe-clerk and shoe-pegger, with whom unkind destiny had mated her.

* * *

Those friends and rivals of early days had thrived and accumulated wealth, while he, Marsh Gordon, had simply drudged and grown old, till now he was incapable of any new effort. But at this very thought the flickering spirit within him rose and asserted itself. "No, no," he murmured to himself fervently. "I know it is true that flowers perish, the rose withers, the perfume fades into imperceptible odor, and likewise I am afraid love loses its youthful fire. The keenness and zest of things become less compelling. But I refuse to believe that the world is less beautiful, because if I did I would know in truth that I am growing old. I don't want to grow old. I have so many things to do and as yet, seemingly, I have done nothing. But I will," he fairly shouted to himself, as he brought the hammer down with a final resounding thump on the sole of the shoe he was repairing. His face flushed for an instant and a spark of the divine flame seemed to snap from his eyes.

He paused awhile in his task, then, recovering from his momentary ebullition of passionate emotion, resumed the even tenor of his work and of his meditations. He was doing a little stitching now. It needed care, and his mind recovered the thread of placid reminiscence.

Miriam's hard words had been put out of mind, or, if they recurred, as was the case from time to time, they were ignored. Marsh was still devoted to his wife and to his children—still capable of further sacrifices. When Bernice was sixteen years of age, and the question of ways and means for completing her education in accordance with Miriam's high standards came to be discussed, a proposition had been made which, altho it had at first startled him, came to be accepted by the doting father and husband as a right and proper solution of the difficulty.

The little home, now fully paid for, was sold at a sacrifice, and on the proceeds Miriam departed for Massachusetts, where it had been decided that Bernice should take up a four years' curriculum at Wellesley College, while Bessie should enter a preparatory school. Meanwhile Marsh would hold on to his job and find quarters in a cheap boarding-house, or, as Miriam considerately suggested, it might be better for him to go West in quest of a warmer and drier climate, where there might be the chance of fighting the disease to which he had fallen a victim.

But for the next three years Marsh Gordon had remained in Creston, sticking to his job, working as assiduously as ever, and remitting East all his superfluous earnings. For Miriam had written that she herself was now taking art lessons, specializing in the painting of porcelain. To Marsh it seemed right and wise; Miriam had justified the heavy expenditure on the ground that in all probability she might have to earn the wherewithal to complete little Bessie's education and give her, like her elder sister, a fair start in life. Miriam was always right—far-sighted and right. Marsh had long since schooled himself to think submissively with her mind, and to him came no disturbing reflections of undue neglect of himself or disproportionate solicitude for others.

* * *

Three years of separation had passed; then Marsh Gordon's father, a widower by this time, had died, and the son had found himself in possession of the family farmhouse and acres. For a day or two Marsh hesitated—he had serious thoughts of retiring to the country and taking up the occupation of farming. But there were a number of deterring arguments—enfeebled and emaciated now, he was hardly strong enough for the work; then again, Miriam had despised farming, and all thru her married life had turned the coldest of cold shoulders toward his parents and other relatives, uncles and cousins, engaged in rustic pursuits; and finally, in her recent letters, she had been deploring the want of a few hundred extra dollars in a lump sum that would make all the difference for Bernice in her final year at college before graduation.

Marsh Gordon was still apologetic for his seeming failure in life—still eager to make all possible amends to those near and dear to him. So, after mature reflection, he decided to sell the farm he had so timeously inherited. It realized $5,000, just $125 per acre, altho the lawyer friend who put thru the deal had insisted that the land was worth fully $200 per acre. However, the purchaser, already a big landholder in the same neighborhood, was one of those close-fisted individuals who know that a good time to buy is when the other party requires to sell. So the transaction had gone thru, and Miriam signed the deed that was sent to her, receiving soon after the $500 that would relieve her immediate necessities. The balance of $4,500 was banked in the joint names of husband and wife.

* * *

Marsh Gordon now felt that the last stakes holding him to Creston and to Iowa had been pulled up and thrown aside. He gave up his position in the shoe store, and could hardly blind himself to the fact that his resignation had been willingly accepted. There is little desire to have consumptives around any place of business—such had been his sad reflection. So now he moved away to California, hoping almost against hope that its much-lauded climate might check the ravages of the disease to which, in accordance with doctors' dictum, he now acknowledged himself to be a victim.

There was one special possession, all his very own he counted it, which he carried away with him. From the very date of his marriage Marsh had made a secret resolve that he would save and secretly retain a sum of ten cents each day. He had cheerfully surrendered all the rest of his earnings for the common good of the home. But he had clung tenaciously to this slowly but steadily growing hoard, not from any selfish motive, but at first with the quiet thought that it might come in very usefully in some emergency, then latterly from mere force of habit and ingrained determination never to touch the money unless it should become a question of life or death to do so. Accordingly, when he had left for California, he had carried with him in his trunk sundry little money bags whose contents aggregated in value over $800—all in silver dimes, for a sort of superstition made him hold to the actual coins accumulated.

He stopped for a few days in Los Angeles, and, finding the country to be fairly interlaced with suburban car lines, was enabled to visit a score of towns and little villages scattered around in every direction. But what especially attracted him was the ocean. Having been born and raised in the interior, this new sight of a vast expanse of water proved for him a perpetual charm. He would sit for hours on the seashore, gazing far out over the blue deep and watching the incoming tide. And from among all the beach towns he fastened on Venice-by-the-Sea as likely to prove the most attractive, it being a center of bright life and gaiety, yet with quiet, pretty homes a few blocks back from the fashionable parade on the ocean front. For Miriam had promised to join him in California after Bernice's graduation.

That time had now come; wife and daughters were installed in the dainty little bungalow in which the family fund was invested; Miriam, Bernice, and Bessie had found many congenial friends; and here was Marsh Gordon once more cobbling shoes as the only available means, search how he might, of earning a maintenance for those dependent on him.

At this last thought he began humming in a low tone the refrain of an old revival hymn wafted back on the wings of memory from earliest childhood days:

On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for me.

He dropped his hands on the lap of his leather apron. He was recalling the lusty joy with which the congregation in the old home church had shouted out this hymn, making the very roof reverberate their perfervid belief in a glorious future emancipation from all earthly woes and tribulations. But for him the words and tune echoed now, not with joy—just with weary, saddened resignation.

"Are those shoes ready yet?"

It was the voice of his employer that had broken into his reveries.

"I think so," replied the shoe-pegger. For a moment he was confused and not quite sure, for he had been working almost mechanically while his mind had been far away.

Yes, the shoes were quite finished, the last peg had been driven, the little tear neatly sewn, even the blacking brush used and a bright polish given to the leather.

"You haven't marked the price on them."

"It is a forty-cent job, Mr. Gray," replied the cobbler, with a glance at the clock as he coughed apologetically behind his hand.

"Give me the chalk," said the owner of the store. "Sixty-five cents," he added decisively, as he chalked the figure on one of the soles. "This is overtime work. We can't keep the store open after hours for nothing."

Gordon coughed again, but ventured no reply. He knew that there was no overtime pay coming his way.

"All right, Gordon. Good-night. You'll lock the side door as usual."

The mended shoes were carried away, and the shoe-pegger was alone. He rose from his cobbler's bench, straightened himself painfully, laid away his tools, and removed his apron. Then he reached for his overcoat hanging against the door. It was a thin and threadbare garment, pathetically in keeping with his gaunt face and lean frame. He opened the door. A swirl of mist blew in, and he coughed a little. The swish of the waves on the not far distant beach could be heard.

"She didn't allow Bessie to come back," he murmured. "Quite right. The night is cold and clammy."

Then he turned off the light, locked the door behind him, and disappeared into the woolly billow of fog that filled the little courtyard.

CHAPTER III

The Lonely Breadwinner

Burn Hopkins, who had recently entered on the practice of law in Los Angeles, was the son of rich parents in the East and a graduate of Harvard University. He had had a sister at Wellesley College of the same year as Bernice Gordon, and in this way, when attending some class festivity, had made the acquaintance of Bernice and her mother. Their intention of coming to California had been duly intimated to him, and in point of fact, while Marsh Gordon was indulging the dream that it was Miriam's kindness of heart for himself, her sick husband, that had brought about the family reunion in the Far West, the real magnet of attraction had been Burn Hopkins, whose love and admiration for Bernice were unmistakable and whose eligibility as a son-in-law was in Miriam's eyes indubitable.

On arriving in California Miriam had been somewhat taken aback by the fact that Marsh had resumed his old calling of a shoe-pegger. She herself was now a painter of china, of undoubted skill and with at least a possible commercial demand for her artistic productions.

Bernice was a beautiful and accomplished young woman, a college graduate, bright, clever, and vivacious, and if possessing no marked proclivities along any particular line of endeavor, such as painting or music, a girl capable of taking a place of distinction in the highest society.

Little Bessie, while also inheriting the physical charms of her mother, showed the father's strain in her blood by her love of music. Already at twelve years of age she was almost a virtuoso on the piano, and she also sang in a sweet childish voice that not only gave promise of rich development, but also showed the true feeling that betokened the real artistic soul. Altho Marsh Gordon had long since ceased from vocal efforts, he, too, had the soul of music in him, and it was this kindred spirit that undoubtedly directed the affections of the little girl so strongly toward her unfortunate father, whose sufferings she pitied, whose sublime unselfishness she was beginning to glimpse, and against whose isolation her warm young heart was already at times in rebellion.

Miriam, Bernice, Bessie—three charming types of femininity—the mother with her youthful beauty so wonderfully preserved that she looked more like a sister of the young girls; all accomplished, dressed in the best and latest style, accustomed to mingle in refined and educated social circles—to mar such a trinity by the introduction of a cobbler for husband and father, a mere cobbler with the bent shoulders and wax-stained hands of his calling, was certainly, to say the least, both incongruous and regrettable. Marsh Gordon himself, with the humbleness of a broken spirit, recognized the point. But all the same he had justified himself by the unanswerable law of necessity.

"Whatever made you return to cobbling shoes?" protested Miriam, fine scorn as well as indignation vibrating in her voice. "I thought you came to California to make a complete change."

"A change of climate for my health's sake, dear," suggested Marsh, coughing apologetically thru his fingers.

"Well, you might have changed your avocation, too. You don't seem to have any longer the spirit of a mouse, Marsh. Why didn't you try for something else to do?"

"I did try—I tried so hard and so long that I had to quit trying or else begin to use up the little family capital. I was at the end of my slender resources, Miriam, before I accepted my present situation. I did not write about my taking it, but you have received your weekly remittances all the time."

"Oh, yes, the remittances came regularly. But I really fancied you had at last gone into some gentlemanly occupation—real estate, for example. Just look at the scores of real estate offices right here in Venice."

"Which precisely accounts for my having recognized the futility of trying such a game. To have rented and furnished an office would have meant the expenditure of capital with only the remote possibility of any returns. I preferred to put our remaining $4,500 into this new and pretty bungalow, which can be readily sold again a few years hence, perhaps at an increased price, when it will be time for our little Bessie to follow in her sister's footsteps at Wellesley."

"I am not disapproving of what you did in this matter," replied Miriam. "To have broken into that small family capital would have been little short of a crime."

"Well, you required money to live in the East, dear."

"Of course, of course."

"And altho my personal expenses have always been small, I, too, had to eat and have a place in which to sleep."

"Naturally."

"So, also naturally, I resumed the one trade in which I can gain an opening and earn steady wages. That is why I had to disappoint you, Miriam, by returning to my cobbler's bench. It was not from inclination, I can assure you. But for all your sakes the hard necessity had to be accepted and endured."

"I suppose it was inevitable, Marsh," replied Miriam thoughtfully. "Yes, inevitable. But, of course you will recognize that you will have to keep yourself discreetly in the background. It would be fatal to the dear girls' chances to have their father introduced to friends as a common cobbler—a shoe-pegger. You admit that yourself, don't you?"

"Surely, surely," concurred Marsh, humbly, and only too glad to end the controversy. "Nobody need know anything about what I do. I have no visitors at the store—no strangers come to my little room there—the shoes to be repaired are always brought to me by one of the assistants. So don't worry on my account, Miriam. I am just thankful and happy to be near you all again."

* * *

And with this he moved away toward the veranda at the rear of the house where, at his own request, his bed had been placed.

Miriam kept her seat and reflected. To punctuate her thoughts came the occasional coughing of her husband, who had now retired for the night.

Next day she sent for a carpenter, and the construction of a small, detached screened room at the extreme end of the back yard was commenced. Marsh accepted the new arrangement gratefully. Yes, he would be much more comfortable there. He could have all his books around him, and a portable oil stove for chilly evenings. And he freely and fully recognized how right it all was—that his cough should cause no one annoyance. He could go early in the morning to his work and return in the evening without disturbing anyone. And yes; he would prefer to have his supper in his pretty summer-house. It would be like old days for him to cook his own breakfast on the little gas stove Miriam had so kindly suggested—anyhow, a cup of coffee and a slice or two of toast was all he required.

Thus it had come about that Marsh Gordon, morning and evening, slipped out and in by the side entrance to the yard, that he rarely now entered the home proper, and that his perpetual absence came to be the recognized order of things for visitors to the family circle.

"My poor husband is an invalid," was Miriam's formula of reply when an inquiry had made some sort of an excuse unavoidable. "He is also a great reader of books, you know, so prefers not to be disturbed. Now, Bessie, my dear, bring Mr. Golightly another dish of ice-cream."

So the evening's entertainment would proceed, and the nominal head of the house be once again conveniently consigned to oblivion.

* * *

On the night when little Bessie had been disappointed of her walk home with her daddy and the shoe-pegger had been detained by work at the store, Burn Hopkins had arrived from Los Angeles to take dinner with Miriam and her daughters. As Marsh Gordon passed along the side alley with furtive footfall he could hear the clatter of dishes in the kitchen made by the Japanese boy hired for the occasion, and the murmur of happy voices from the dining-room beyond.

In his little screened room Gordon found a tray neatly set—a leg of chicken with a slice of ham, a couple of rolls, a pat of butter, a saucer of stewed fruit, a tumbler of milk—all cold. But he was accustomed now to cold collations, and professed to like them better than a hot meal. So he sat down gratefully at his lonely table, propped a book before him, and read as he ate. After about half an hour he threw open the door. He had heard the piano starting up; it was Bessie who was playing, and he loved to listen, even from afar, to her finely executed pieces, also to her singing at intervals during such a guest evening as the present one.

So long as the music continued, Marsh forgot his book. When it ended he resumed his reading. He had already cleared away his tray and set it on a little side table. It was close upon ten o'clock when Bessie stole into the room.

"Dear daddy, I just wanted to say good-night. What a shame you have been here all alone, and we so happy. And that chicken couldn't have been nice, all grown cold. But do you know, daddy," she went on vivaciously now and confidentially: "I'm sure Burn Hopkins is going to propose to Bernice tonight? Mother sent me off to bed, and she herself has gone to the dining-room to put back the silver in its case. So they're all alone in the front room, and Bernice is sitting with her eyes cast down, just like this." Demurely the little maid suited the action to her words, then broke again into merry, rippling laughter. "So we shall soon be having a wedding in the family, daddy, and I'll be all alone with mamma and you."

She would have kissed him, but he just patted her head affectionately.

"Well, off to bed, little dear. The night air is cold. And you played and sang very nicely this evening. That was specially fine, the Valkyrie music. Good-night, my bonnie Bessie."

She was gone, and Marsh Gordon was once more alone with his thoughts. "So Bernice is going to get married? And I haven't even been privileged to see the young man yet. But it's all right. And no doubt this Burn Hopkins is a fine young fellow. Dear, dear! how the years have flown! It seems only yesterday that Bernice was a tiny baby."

And as he dropped his chin on his breast and mused, he saw once again the happy little home of first married days—Miriam a tenderly loving wife, himself a stalwart young man with fearless courage in his eye and high hope pulsing thru his veins.

"After all," he murmured, "memory is an inheritance of riches, for by it we still possess many things that we might believe we had lost."

For between that time and this what a vista of toil, anxiety and disappointment!

Chapter IV

Tiger-lilies and Cowslips

A few days went past during which Marsh Gordon became painfully and increasingly conscious that he was a mighty sick man. It was a period of misty mornings and nights, and the chill moisture-laden atmosphere percolating thru the wire-mesh screens of his sleeping room, not only aggravated his cough, but set up a feverish cold as well. For fever there is only one remedy—rest. But the shoe-pegger toiled on. In the confined space of his little stall at the rear of the store he lost the glorious hours of sunshine that might have had a recuperating effect on his run-down condition.

No one knew better than Marsh that if a man holding his position comes to require a vacation he simply loses his job. Shoes for repair arrived in a steady flow of almost uniform regularity; the accumulation of two or three days of arrears meant complaints from the customers and arduous hours of overtime for the cobbler; a week of suspended activity would have so disarranged this department of the shoe store's business that substituted help would have been inevitable. Therefore the broken-down and enfeebled man clung to his task with desperate tenacity.

* * *

But at last there came a morning when Marsh Gordon found himself too weak to get out of bed at his accustomed early hour and prepare his own simple breakfast as he was accustomed to do. It chanced to be Saturday, and therefore a day on which little Bessie did not go to school. About nine o'clock, when she chanced to come into the yard, she was much surprised to hear the sound of her father's cough. In great anxiety and alarm she hastened to his room.

"Daddy!" she exclaimed, as she opened the door and stepped inside. In the one word were concentrated astonishment, dismay, and deep affection.

"Oh, don't worry about me, Bessie dear," replied her father. "But I have just resolved to take a day's rest, so have prepared a little note which I want you to deliver at the shoe store without delay. When you get back say to your mother that I'll be glad if she will allow you to come with me for an afternoon's outing. I see the mist has cleared off, and it is going to be a fine warm day. The open air will do me all the good in the world, and if you'll be my companion, Bessie, we'll take a street car and then go up into one of the little canyons among the Santa Monica hills. I'll show you one of the prettiest spots you ever set eyes on, where I went once or twice before I returned to daily work. We'll take a lunch along with us, and we'll gather wild flowers and watch the crested quail among the bushes, and hear the robins sing."

Bessie's face was already lighted up with a great joy, and in anticipation of the day's delight she clapped her hands.

"Give me the letter, papa. I'll be back in ten minutes. I'll run all the way." And without another word she was gone.

Gordon, revived somewhat by the very sunshine of her presence, got up and dressed. He was ready for her before she returned. With her came her mother.

"What's the matter now?" asked Miriam, standing at the doorway. "Bessie tells me you have not been feeling well enough to go to work this morning."

"That is so, my dear," faltered Marsh, apologetically. "My cough was very troublesome during the night."

"So I heard," remarked Miriam. "Really, Marsh, I'm beginning to be afraid lest some of the neighbors complain."

"Well, a day in the country will do me a heap of good. And I suppose Bessie has told you that I'll be glad of her companionship. Oh, I'll take good care of the child; you needn't be frightened, Miriam, on her account."

But Miriam did not need to be persuaded to give her assent.

"Well, it happens to suit our plans all right," she said complacently. "Burn is coming down with his motor—Mr. Hopkins, you know; you have doubtless heard his name—to take Bernice and me to a matinee in Los Angeles. So you'll take Bessie off my hands, and I've no doubt I'll be able to get together a lunch for you. I suppose you will want to start early—you won't require dinner at home."

"No, no; no dinner needed. We'll get away just as soon as the lunch basket is ready. Eh, Bessie, my dear?"

"I'll help mamma with the sandwiches," exclaimed the child, joyfully eager to expedite their departure. "But haven't you had your breakfast yet?" she added, casting a glance around the room.

"Oh, that's all right," replied her father. "I feel fine now, and will soon make myself a cup of coffee."

"We'll bring something out for you," said Miriam condescendingly. "Come along then, Bessie."

* * *

Mother and daughter departed. The father was too happy at the thought of a day among the hills with his little darling to feel snubbed or slighted. He took the tray from Bessie's hands, sent her back to assist her mother, and ate in solitude, but none the less gratefully. The warm coffee proved a stimulant; he began to feel himself again.

They took the street car and rode thru Venice, Ocean Park, and Santa Monica to the northern limits of the last-named town. Then on foot they wended their way toward the foothills, Bessie insisting on carrying the lunch basket swung on one arm, while with the other she linked herself to her father's elbow. They advanced along a pretty winding road, gradually ascending and several times spanning with rustic bridges the pebbly dried-up bed of a creek. Soon the last habitation was left behind, and they were in a narrow gorge thickly grown with underbrush and traversed by a mere trail that followed the course of the water channel.

After an hour's climb, the cleft in the hills widened, and there were occasional spaces where splendid sycamores had room to extend their twisted boughs, or an occasional live-oak stood in solitary grandeur. And now there was a tiny stream in the creek and the murmurous ripple of tumbling waters, the product of the melting snows on the Sierra high above, beginning to feel the first warm kiss of springtide.

Bessie was filled with animation and delight as she viewed each new beauty, jumped from stone to stone across the brook, or stooped to dip her hands in its ice-cold current. They sat down in a little sun-warmed glade and ate their luncheon—a really dainty meal, for, as Bessie announced with grave importance, she herself had devilled the eggs and prepared the chicken salad—under her mother's directions, of course, she added with conscientious respect for veracity. There was a thermos bottle with hot tea, and ripe, luscious oranges by way of dessert. Marsh Gordon imagined himself in a mountain Delmonico's. He had not partaken of a meal so heartily or with such zest of appetite for many a long year. And with a song of quiet joy in his heart he watched his little daughter as she tried to entice a flock of quail with scattered crumbs. But the timid birds scurried away into the dense brushwood, or nodded their plumes from a discreet distance.

Then Bessie sang to him, throwing her whole soul into songs which she had come to know he loved to hear her sing—"In the Gloaming" and "Silver Threads Among the Gold," old-time favorites which he had dug out of a frayed, but carefully-preserved volume, that he had been accustomed to use in the days of long ago, when he himself was a popular favorite in drawing-rooms and on concert platforms. These ancient songs awakened in him a flood of tender memories, and also a spirit of great thankfulness that, while Bessie had inherited the physical charms of her mother, from him she derived her love of music.

The bowed and feeble cobbler felt the glow of divine satisfaction that it is, after all, the qualities of mind that count for most in human heredity, and that in the bright little girl carolling joyfully to him and to the hills, to the trees and to the listening quail, something of the best in himself had been reincarnated—that his own soul, when he at last had become cold clay, would still go singing along. The immortality of biology—he began to understand the potency of the phrase.

* * *

To both father and daughter the afternoon was one of supreme delight, crowned by his discovering in a marshy spot a bed of golden cowslips, also in a little gulch above a cluster of nodding tiger-lilies. With trembling hands he gathered a bunch of the big orange-colored flowers spotted with velvety black. For these very tiger-lilies, also the cowslips which Bessie was delightedly making into another bouquet, were closely associated with the days when he had courted the child's mother.

They carried Marsh Gordon's mind back to one particular Sunday afternoon when Miriam and he had driven from Creston to Afton, had left their buggy to wander along the bonnie banks of Twelve-Mile Creek, and had plucked cowslips and tiger-lilies on their meandering way until their arms were laden with the flowery spoil. And it was in the gloaming of that memorable evening, to the murmur of the flowing stream, that Marsh had declared his love for Miriam and won her blushing consent to be his bride. God! how his heart had swelled with joy and gratitude and thankfulness.

* * *

Almost five and twenty years ago! And retrospect could be contrasted with prospect. But not all had been disappointment, mused Marsh, as his tear-bedimmed eyes rested on the sunshiny face of his little maid.

"Daddy, ain't they just beautiful? Tiger-lilies and cowslips! I'll decorate the parlor, and your room, too, papa dear."

When they got home, tired but happy, they found Burn Hopkins' automobile standing outside.

"I suppose he'll be staying for supper," exclaimed Bessie, half regretfully, "and they'll be wanting me to sing. But I love to sing to you best of all, daddy. You know that, don't you, dear?"

She had taken one of his hands in both her own as they stood in the side alley.

"Oh, but I am always listening when you sing, my pretty. Good night! God bless you! You have been a dear little chum for me today."

"And it has been the happiest day in my life, daddy," exclaimed the child fervently as she pressed her lips against his hand.

(*To be continued*)

THE AWAKENING OF UNCLE SAM

"OH, Uncle Sam," they said, "has grown fat and loves his ease,
And he lingers long at table and distends his growing girth;
The strong arm we used to know has grown sluggard-like and slow,
And they mock his smug indifference to the ends of all the earth.

"As his money bags grow heavy does his love of man grow small,
As his cushioned chair grows softer does his calloused heart grow hard;
He is careless of his fame and the glory of his name,
And the vision of the prophet and the rapture of the bard.

"And the tyrants in their anger lash their slaves before his eyes,
And he turns his sleepy features tow'rd their faces hot with tears,
And he sits between his seas in his soft, voluptuous ease,
And the voices of their torment smite his undiscerning ears."

Ah, the slander of the tongues that proclaimed his heart was cold!
Ah, the error of the dotage that believed his arm was weak!
Ah, the folly, mad and dire, that provoked the slow to ire,
And the pride that's in the careless, and the might that's in the meek!

He has risen from his feasting, the old look is on his face,
For the voices of the helpless and the dying throng his path,
For he sees at last their tears, and their groans are in his ears,
And his arm is clothed with thunder, and his heart is nerved with wrath!

We have wronged him, the forbearing, him the patient, slow to smite,
And we love him more than ever and are prouder of his fame;
And we weep the taunts we uttered and the whispered sneers we muttered—
For his guns before Manila silenced all the tongues of blame.

—Sam Walter Foss, in "Songs of War and Peace."

There is Something in You Like Something in Me

By L. W. BARTLETT

THERE is something in you like something in me:
Our hearts both leap when a man is brave,
And we bare our heads at the silent grave;
We both turn aside at an infant's cry;
We pause as the windlet's whispering sigh
Awakens the human chords within,
Like the minor tones of a violin.
It will always be;
For there is something in you like something in me.

There is something in me like something in you:
It is found in the calm beneath ripples and foam,
Midst the surgings of life, or in silence alone.
I pass, and I pluck from a violet bed,
And am cheered all day by the fragrance shed;
You pass, on your way, this bit of the sky,
And pluck you a violet, the same as I.
This violet blue
Speaks to something in me like something in you.

There is something in me like something in you:
'Tis the spirit that blooms at the ebb of the year;
'Tis the love that is kindled by tokens of cheer.
You send me a gift you have worked with awhile—
A poem, a picture, a flower, a smile;
I send you a message, of which I'm a part;
I send you a song that is breathed from my heart,—
A gift, it is true,
Of something in me like something in you.

There is something in you like something in me:
We give it no name—perchance we may call
It the fragrance of life, that beautifies all,
Or the whisperings of love, or the great Master Soul
That will surge thru the worlds as the eons may roll.
When all else is gone, this something will live.
We will sing, then, and love, and abundantly give
Of this that is free—
This something in you like something in me.

Kismet

(HAZEL WEST SERIES No. 4)

By

William Edward Ross

THERE was the usual hubbub and commotion contingent to a liner's departure. Excited chatter in many languages merged with the rumble of hand trucks and squeaking of the hoisting derricks, as the last pieces of late passengers' baggage were hoisted aboard. Busy stewards hurried back and forth, assigning compartments, deck hands added finishing touches to brass work which was already over-resplendent, and stokers worked busily in the engine room, keeping up a full head of steam so that at the sound of the bell the huge steamer would instantly be ready to slip her moorings.

The last warning whistle had sounded, last good-byes were being said, and the signal for hoisting the companionway had been given, when a large touring car dashed upon the pier, and two men and a woman hastily dismounted, made a run for the companionway, and leaped upon it just as it cleared the pier.

The trio was met at the head of the companionway by the purser, who bowed deferentially, and remarked, in a low tone:

"Your stateroom is ready, Mr. West; we were afraid that you were going to miss the steamer."

"And the others?" West queried.

"They are awaiting you in the Captain's private apartments."

"You may tell them that I will be with them as soon as I have my party settled in their staterooms."

"Very good," was the deferential reply, "this way, please."

When West entered the captain's apartment, some thirty minutes later, four men were seated at a long table in the center of the cabin, conversing earnestly together. At the entrance of West, they arose and bowed.

"We were afraid," a large man, evidently a Russian, remarked, "that you were not going to be with us."

"I had to take my chances and get aboard at the last minute," West replied quietly. "Your infernal spies are so everlastingly zealous that I had my work cut out for me to avoid them, and get on board unnoticed. Even as it was I am not sure that I succeeded."

A tall, thin man, wearing a monocle, laughed amusedly and observed:

"These are troublesome times, Mr. West, and precautions are necessary."

"So I perceive," West observed dryly.

"If we are to finish our business before we reach quarantine," the Russian remarked, "we have no time for pleasantries, but must proceed to business."

The others nodded affirmatively. West locked the door and seated himself at the head of the table. The others resumed their seats. It was a mixed assemblage: a Russian, a Frenchman, an Englishman, a German, and Richard West, American. The German was seated slightly apart from the others as if, even on neutral ground, he feared treachery.

Unlocking the small leather bag he

carried, West took out four papers and handed one to each of the men present.

"These, of course," he remarked, "are only copies of the original document. The original will be produced when you are ready to sign."

* * *

The room was silent save for the rustle of the papers as the men carefully read them, and the nervous drumming of West's pencil upon the table as he waited for the men to acquire their contents. The Frenchman was the first to finish reading the document. The German, the last. As he laid the paper upon the table before him, the latter gave a low, guttural gurgle of satisfaction.

"It is well," he said slowly, "it will please the Fatherland."

Three pairs of angry eyes glared at him, and the Frenchman half rose from his chair. West sensed the tension of the situation and remarked soothingly:

"Gentlemen, this is no time to review personal or racial animosities. Your respective countries have placed in your hands the settling, almost, of their destinies. You have read the papers, what have you to suggest?"

It was the Frenchman who spoke first.

"France," he declared, "is fighting for more than her existence, for more than a desire, for revenge, to acquire lost territory; she is fighting for the right of the children, the little fellows in the galaxy of European nations—to live their lives in their own way, assured that their larger brothers will not use their might to usurp the little nation's right. In a word, gentlemen, she is fighting for universal democracy.

"Your great country, Monsieur West, declares itself to be the great emblem of universal brotherhood. Perhaps it is, but we Frenchmen believe in fighting, not oral or written protestations. At a time like this it requires the sword to enforce respect, not the pen. We labored, like yourselves, to build up a tribunal of human liberty, to establish treaties, to insure arbitration, and the result"—the little man shrugged his shoulders dramatically—"the result is that the treaties we promulgated, and which our friends and present enemies alike signed, are worth no more than the rotting parchment upon which they were written. My people"—sadly—"love peace, but"—he added proudly—"they are not too proud to fight and we would rather die fighting, with our faces to the front, than to yield one iota in the battle for humanity, and the rights of the weak and the oppressed.

"Monsieur West, in your own struggle for independence, we aided you with men and guns; you come to us now with promises of moral support and ignominious overtures for peace. Moral support!" he ejaculated bitterly, "when we need men, and arms, and food for Europe's starving women and babies. Can you wonder that our people believe your nation to be a nation of money grubbers, moral cowards, who hide behind fine words your willingness to profit from Europe's woe? France is proud. France is independent, and until she can acquire peace with honor and gain that for which she is fighting, the inviolability of the sovereignty of every world power, no matter how small, there will be no peace until the last man in France has paid the forfeit with his life and the motherland of France is no more."

* * *

Overcome with emotion, the little man bowed his head, and wept. When he had conquered himself he continued:

"We are not cowards. France is no coward. She would rather fight on until her aims are accomplished, or suffer an ignoble end, than to yield now to an ignominious peace, give our enemy a chance to recuperate, and then be compelled to fight this war all over again."

The old man paused, a rapt expression illuminated his fine old face, then with an abrupt gesture of finality, he added softly but decisively:

"I am sorry, Monsieur West, but I cannot sign. The glory of France, and her duty to the world, will not permit me."

West nodded silently and glanced enquiringly at the others. Like one man, the Englishman and the Russian leaped to their feet. The Englishman was the first to speak.

"General Castigne has voiced my sentiments. England entered this struggle, not to preserve her own sovereignty, but to insure that of her weaker neighbors.

Until that purpose has been accomplished, I, also, cannot sign."

"Nor I," was the Russian's sole comment.

"And you?" West turned to the German, who had been a phlegmatic, but intense, listener to the Frenchman's dramatic speech. The latter rose slowly.

"My position," he said, carefully choosing his words, "is at the best an extremely unpleasant one. I am a stranger among my country's enemies, not that I fear any of those present would take advantage of the fact, but it renders my situation an extremely delicate one. I have listened to what has been said with the respect that is due an honorable enemy and were I in their position I might think likewise. I am, however, but the humble agent of my Emperor, and in that position I must follow out his wishes and sign the document."

* * *

The slight sneer which crossed the Englishman's face was not lost upon the German.

"I am not signing the document," he resumed, "because, as many seem to think, Germany has reached the highest point to which she can climb and desires to make peace ere her fortunes turn. The Fatherland, like France, is fighting for the principles dear to her heart, and she, also, will not desist until she has attained her object, or else becomes but a memory in the history of nations that were. I am signing, however, because my Emperor believes that enough blood has been shed and that the causes for which we are all fighting, according to our individual rights, can be obtained by peaceful means now, by arbitration and the appointment of a peace court."

"The findings of which would be only so much more rotten parchment to be discarded ere the ink on it was dry," General Castigne ejaculated bitterly.

"No," the German replied. "We are willing to agree to disarmament, if necessary. Gentlemen, the Fatherland has been most unjustly misconstrued, most bitterly arraigned in this struggle, and our purposes and aims have been so misunderstood that I shall attempt to tell you something of our side of the question.

"Germany is not fighting for aggrandizement, for the extension of her territory, but for her life. We are an island entirely surrounded by hereditary enemies. We love peace, the quietness of our home life, but until we can be assured that that peace will not be invaded, we cannot leave our land unprotected. So many and so powerful are our enemies that it has been necessary for us to build constantly toward this end ever since our last war. We have always believed that the only adequate defense is preparedness, and the fact that we have been able thus far to meet with some success speaks highly for our foresight. Without this preparedness we would today be but a name. On the other hand, we would rather that such a course is not necessary. It retards our advance. We would much rather devote the time to the furthering of those sciences, arts, and music, for which the Fatherland is famous. Until, however, we can do so adequately assured that our peace will be held sacred, we can do no less than we have done—remain eternally prepared."

"How about the rights of Belgium? Were their desires for peace held sacred, their country inviolate?" the Englishman asked.

"That," the German said slowly, "is a subject upon which much may be said on both sides. We have not the time here to discuss it, nor is it necessary. Time alone will show which of us was right on that subject. The only question we are here to consider is—Can we with justice to our individual countries agree to an armistice, and settle our differences in a peace court, or must we further resort to arms?

"Gentlemen"—the speaker's voice trembled—"upon us here today depends the destiny of millions of fighting men, of millions of faithful women. We have it in our power to take the lives of those brave men, and to break the hearts of those noble women, by continuing the war; or we can turn their powers into greater channels by making an effort for peace. Ours is no light position. We are to a great measure responsible for the futures of our respective countries. If we make a mistake, a mis-step, the blood of our countrymen will be on our own hands. Can we, in the name of humanity, agree to any less than to give our country's representatives a chance to get together and, if possible, find a middle line upon which they can all agree, and which will stop this frightful holocaust? The responsibility is too great for me. I shall sign. Herr West, the paper?"

* * *

West reached into his handbag, took out a small oilcloth packet, unrolled it, and laid an engrossed parchment upon the table in front of the German.

The German read the document carefully, assured himself that it was the same as the copy he had just read, and signed his name in a firm hand.

West turned to the others and said:

"My friends, it is the wish of the President, and my government that I make no attempt to influence your decision in this matter in any way. I have only been authorized to present our offer to act as your united counsel. My government wishes to preserve an entirely neutral and disinterested attitude and, while my entire country is praying for peace, Washington feels that it cannot attempt to influence you except in a general way, and in the service of humanity at large. In presenting to you this offer of ours to act as your united intermediary, I have done my duty. In bringing you together and extending to you this offer which may be the cornerstone upon which you can build a lasting peace structure, I have followed out my orders, and can do no more. While you have already declared yourselves I wish to give you time to reconsider. We will have five minutes before we reach quarantine, and separate. I will give you three minutes more. Gentlemen, the lives, the welfare, the destinies of your respective nations demand that you look at this matter impersonally and deliberate honestly. God help you to decide rightly."

West sat down and buried his face in his hands.

The tension in the room was nerve-straining. The very air seemed sur-charged with a high-power voltage which threatened to annihilate every one in the room if it were not broken. A minute passed. Two minutes. No one spoke. No one looked at his neighbors. Each grappled individually with the problem and weighed it carefully in his own mind.

Two pictures were presented to each of them. In one of them the lightning hand of memory sketched a land of happiness; a land of smiling women, happy children and successful men; a land of happy homes, economic success, fruitful dreams.

In the other picture they saw the same land, devastated, the glare of the cannon, the ruins of cities and homes, the wounded, death-marked men, and the gaunt-faced, broken-hearted women and children.

Thru the first picture happiness tripped gaily with her flower basket, distributing sweet-scented rosebuds to everyone—buds which promised to bloom into flowers of surpassing beauty. In the second picture famine, death, and destruction hovered above a devastated land—great buzzards at a filthy feast.

The strain became almost unendurable. The emotional Frenchman leaped to his feet.

"I cannot hold out," he cried. "I cannot be responsible for adding one atom to the destruction of my beloved France. My brothers, I have reconsidered. The responsibility is too great. I cannot deny humanity its right to be heard, its chance to rise above this pillage and reconstruct itself. The paper?"

The little man reached for the paper and affixed his signature. This done, he arose. Like one man the Englishman and the Russian rose and reached for the paper. As they did so, there was a mighty thud, the floor of the cabin seemed to rise and kiss the ceiling, and a great avalanche of water swept into the room. The last thing West heard, ere he was swept away, was the German's exclamation of horror:

"Mine Gott! Mine Gott! The torpedo! The torpedo! What a mistake! What a mistake!"

II

When West had seen Hazel and Weston to their staterooms, and departed on his secret mission, Hazel turned abruptly to Weston, and impulsively exclaimed:

"Ed, you may laugh if you so desire, but I cannot help feeling that we are in danger. It is only a presentiment, but I cannot get rid of it. I have tried to laugh it away, but it still persists. I'll be glad when we are back to New York."

"Nerves, Puss, nerves," Weston replied easily, playfully pinching her neck. "We've been living too strenuously lately, and now that it is almost over, the reaction has taken hold of you."

"I hope you're right," the girl replied thoughtfully, "but I doubt it. Let's go up on deck," she added abruptly.

* * *

Weston's reply was to abruptly open the door. The act resulted in the catapulting of a Chinaman into the cabin. Weston grabbed him roughly by the shoulder and jerked him to his feet.

"What do you mean?" Weston angrily demanded, "spying at that door!"

"Me no spy," was the Chinaman's bland reply. "Me John. Allee samee cabin boy. Bling 'em you ice wata."

And in fact there seemed to be truth in his reply, for a pitcher of ice water lay on the floor where it had been catapulted with the abrupt entrance of the Chinaman.

"All right," Weston replied, tossing the man a quarter, "but the next time you have any reason to come to this cabin, you knock at once, and don't loiter outside that door, or it may cause you a broken head."

The Chinaman made a wry face.

"No savvee bloken head. John allee samee cabin boy. You want him, you ling bell."

When the Chinaman had backed hurriedly out, Weston laughed.

"I must be acquiring nerves myself. I came near to breaking that Chink's head and talking to him afterwards."

"I cannot help believing that he was listening," Hazel replied. "Anyway, I have seen him before somewhere, but I cannot remember where it was."

"The deck for us" was Weston's grim reply. "I'm afraid that our imaginations are working overtime, and a little fresh air will do us both good."

They had circled the deck twice before they again saw the Chinaman. He was just dodging into the companionway leading to the staterooms. Hazel darted after him, with a breathless:

"Wait here for me."

Weston paced the deck for fifteen minutes, then, a little alarmed at Hazel's non-appearance, he went in search of her. Knocking at Hazel's door, and receiving no reply, he turned the knob. The door opened to his touch, and he stepped into the cabin. The cabin was empty. Weston returned at once to the deck, thinking it possible that he might have missed the girl, but a careful tour of the deck failed to reveal any trace of her. Now thoroly alarmed, the man again descended to the berth deck, and thoroly searched both staterooms. His efforts were fruitless. Hazel was not there. His next visit was to the purser's office.

"My alarm may be needless," he told that officer, "but we are here on rather delicate business, and it seems strange to me that Miss West should drop out of sight so completely; that is, intentionally, without saying something to me about it. I wish that you would institute a quiet search of the ship, advising as few as possible of her disappearance."

* * *

Weston was an active party in the quiet search that followed, but no trace of the missing girl could be found. He was returning to the staterooms when he came face to face with Baron Ogi, the Japanese emissary who had been such a nemesis in the life of the treasury agent. Weston stopped the Japanese's progress by the simple method of planting himself squarely in the latter's path.

"Good morning, Baron," Weston remarked casually, "I did not know that your name was on the passenger list."

"No," was the courteous retort, "nor I that you were homeward bound."

"What is it this time," Weston queried, "more intrigue, or just downright deviltry?"

An angry light gleamed for a moment in Ogi's eyes, but he answered suavely:

"My reasons for being here, are, of course, entirely my own bus'ness. We have nothing in common, so I beg the privilege of being allowed to pass."

"Have you seen Miss West?" Weston shot at him, roughly grabbing the man by the shoulders. Not a muscle moved, not a flicker of emotion passed across the Jap's face as he replied:

"I have more important things to engage my attention than keeping tabs on silly American girls."

Weston studied the little man a moment,

then abruptly stepped aside, permitting him to pass.

"Better tend to your own business this time, Ogi," he admonished. "It's a long ways to the bottom of the Atlantic."

The Baron's only reply was a sarcastic smile.

* * *

A hasty glance at Hazel's and his own staterooms assured Weston that the girl had not returned to them, and he entered the cabin allotted to West. He immediately saw that something was wrong; the room was in disorder, a violent odor assailed his nostrils, and he opened the door for fresh air. The additional light which the opening of the door supplied, shone on a white bundle thrown hastily under the berth. It had not been there the last time he was in the cabin, and Weston picked it up and unrolled it. It proved to be a white linen suit such as was worn by the Chinese cabin boys on board the steamer. A sudden light of comprehension illuminated Weston's consciousness, and he darted out of the cabin and up on deck in search of Ogi.

A deck steward furnished the information that he had seen a Jap answering the Baron's description, descending to the lower decks.

Weston had a pass permitting him to visit all parts of the steamer, and he hastily descended to the steerage, convinced that Ogi's sudden appearance, and Hazel's mysterious disappearance were in some way connected. Inquiry in the steerage elicited the information that the Jap had been seen going toward the engine rooms. Weston darted down the stairway leading to the bowels of the ship, and had just entered the semi-dark passage way when the door to the fire room opened, and, silhouetted in the doorway he saw Ogi. The Baron was carrying a small pasteboard shoe box. The next moment the door closed. Weston sped down the narrow passage and opened the door. He was just in time to see the Jap clambering down the ladder leading to the furnaces.

Weston yelled excitedly, but before anyone could stop Ogi the little man heaved the box he was carrying thru an open furnace door. There was a resounding explosion, the furnace belched forth its contents, the great ship seemed to break in two in the center and then slowly settled. Great banks of steam arose, caused by the water pouring over the hot fires, and the room became a seething inferno of hot, hissing death.

The shock of the explosion had thrown Weston out into the passage way, and he half staggered, half crawled his tortuous way into the steerage, up thru the second cabin, and to his own berth deck. His way led thru a panic-striken mob of passengers, and at times he had to fight his way thru them. He persisted, however, for some sixth sense warned him that Hazel had returned to their staterooms and needed his aid. He had reached the stateroom corridor, and was staggering thru water which reached to his knees when he almost tripped over an impediment on the floor. He reached down and was horror striken to feel the soft garments of a woman. Unmindful of the water which swirled about him, he picked up the unconscious form. One glance at the quiet face and he uttered a cry of anguish; the unconscious girl was Hazel West.

* * *

Why Hazel had darted after the Chinaman she could not have told you. She did not know herself. It was telepathy, sixth sense, intuition, or whatever else it is that endows women to see things entirely out of the ken of us poor males. Her decision was as impulsive as her actions. Without asking herself the reason, she slipped down the stairway after the Chinaman, and, keeping out of his sight, was rewarded by seeing him enter her father's stateroom.

Hazel slipped quietly up to the stateroom, quickly turned the key, which was on the outside of the door, and imprisoned the intruder. Then, hurrying to her own stateroom, she secured her little automatic, and returned to her father's cabin. Taking care that no tell-tale click revealed her presence, she unlocked the door and carefully opened it. The Chinaman was searching her father's trunk. The current of air which surged thru the open door caused him to glance up startled, and to look into the muzzle of the girl's automatic.

"Throw up your hands and back up

against that wall," Hazel commanded. The Chinaman obeyed.

"Now," Hazel said easily, "I want to know who you are and what you were doing in that trunk?"

The Chinaman smiled blandly.

"Missee allee samee smart chickee—catchem John. No shootee John, John tellem tluth. John lookem flo dlink."

Disgust was written all over Hazel's face as she raised her weapon threateningly.

"That is a fine story to tell me," she cried. "Who are you?"

"Me John," was the simple reply.

* * *

Something in the shifting glance of the man's almond eyes brought back vagrant memories, and, taking care to keep him well covered, Hazel approached to within a foot of where the man was backed up against the wall, and carefully scrutinized his face. She read nothing there save Oriental passivity. Suddenly something in her brain snapped, and, with a little cry, "I have it!" she grabbed at the Chink's queue. The queue, together with the wig to which it was fastened, proved a trophy for her intuition. Where the wig had been was a head of closely-cropped, coarse black hair. Hazel laughed triumphantly.

"I thought Ogi, that we had lost you, but you're like a counterfeit dollar, hard to get rid of. What's your plan this time? I'll give you just two minutes to tell me before I turn you over to the ship's officers to be locked up."

The Japanese, for he was a Chinaman no longer, smiled sarcastically, stared at a point behind her, a sudden light of triumph filled his eyes, and he ejaculated sharply: "Grab her, boys!"

Hazel instinctively turned her head. There was no one behind her, and she turned back to the Jap just in time to receive a face full of some noxious mixture discharged from an ammonia gun in the hands of the Japanese. She sank to the floor unconscious. Ogi, assuring himself that the coast was clear, picked up the girl, carried her to an empty linen closet, unceremoniously dumped her on the floor, and then, hearing footsteps, hastily locked the closet without taking time to get his wig and queue, which Hazel held tightly clasped in her hand.

When Hazel recovered consciousness, her head ached, and she was at a loss to understand where she was. Memory gradually returned, however, and she stumbled to her feet and tried the closet door; it was locked. Putting all her weight against the door, she shoved and shoved, and, as she did so, there was a dull rumble, the huge steamer rocked like some great human creature in agony, the door flew from its hinges, and Hazel was catapulted out on the corridor floor.

III

Two men and a woman stood leaning over the rail watching the white swirl of water that followed in the tramp steamer's wake. Everywhere, for as far as the eye could see, swept the green somberness of the Atlantic, its great expanse unmarred by another moving thing. A great peace pervaded the scene, and it seemed intolerable, almost unbelievable, that only two days' journey away a great continent was racked with the travail of a great war. It was thus the girl felt.

"Daddy," she said, and her voice was trembling, "I cannot believe that half of the world is at war, it is so peaceful and quiet here. Yet," she added, "it is true." The girl's eyes filled with tears and she turned her head away to hide her emotion.

West looked out across the water a moment before replying, and when he spoke there was a note of sadness in his voice that made Hazel long to take him in her arms and comfort him.

"I thought that we were on the verge of at least a temporary cessation of hostilities, and then, just when the envoys were willing to get together, this catastrophe happened. I am hoping and praying with all the fervor of my soul that we are not drawn into the war."

"If we are," Weston said soberly, "it will be because of a higher power than ours. Somehow, I believe that this experience was a warning for us not to interfere."

"Perhaps," West replied thoughtfully. "It *is* the voice of God warning us not to interfere in something we do not understand. Much as we desire peace, much as we abhor this bloodshed, He is the real ruler of the universe, and until He shows us how to act, we are but groping in the dark. After all, He may be working out some great scheme in His own way. It is only too truly said 'that He works in a mysterious way his wonders to perform.' "

* * *

The trio was interrupted by a petty officer in an ill-fitting uniform, who informed West that the Japanese wished to see him. Accompanied by Hazel and Weston, West went to the stuffy cabin where all that was left of Ogi was stretched out on a dirty bunk. The Japanese was a horrible sight to look at. The hair was completely burnt off his head and face, and the latter was scorched so badly that the flesh hung to it in great loose chunks. Hazel shuddered, and turned away her head. The Jap raised himself on his elbow and beckoned for West to come closer. West bent low over the dying man.

"West," the Japanese murmured, "altho you are my enemy, I know that you are an honorable man, and I am going to ask you to do one thing for me. There is no one else here whom I can ask. Cable"—his voice grew weaker—"my emperor and tell him that I did the best I could, that it is no fault of mine that our secret treaty was revocated." His voice sank away and the little group believed that his last earthly minute had arrived. With a supreme exertion of strength, Ogi rallied and raised himself to a sitting position.

"Also tell him," he clutched at his throat for air, the act seemed to relieve him, and his voice became strong, "that there can be no union of the white and yellow races, either socially or politically. Each must work out its destiny in its own way, independent of the other, and in a friendly spirit. I know."

The next instant he fell back lifeless on the bunk. West gently covered his face with a sheet, and, ere she left the cabin, Hazel laid her hand softly on the dead man's forehead and murmured:

"I do not know whether you can hear me or not, but I forgive you, for you acted according to your light."

It was a thoroly sober trio that resumed its place on the stern of the ship. Death, whether of friend or enemy, cannot help but arouse thoughts of the puniness of human effort.

"What in the world could have influenced him to blow up the ship?" Hazel asked finally.

"I will tell you," West replied. "It was England. Japan, at the beginning of the war, in return for her efforts to drive Germany from her Pacific possessions, was promised a voice in the peace program, whenever that time arrived. The Japanese had no sooner fulfilled their pledge on the Pacific than England ordered them to keep their noses out of the war. The Japanese took no offense at this, because they believed that it was only a strategic war move on the part of England, and that their rights would be preserved. It is one part of the Oriental nature to make sure about anything that vitally concerns them, and for this reason Ogi was sent to England to investigate. I do not know what he found out, but I do know that it was sufficient to warn him that Japan's secret treaty with England was to be revocated and that the little island was to be compelled to mind its own business. Ogi knew that the envoys were on board the steamer to arrange a temporary peace if possible, and that peace at this time would work to Japan's detriment; that, if the war continued, she might thru necessity, force England to live up to her agreement. For this reason he acted as he did. Do you know," he added, "I respect that little yellow man. He has caused me lots of trouble, and nearly cost me my life, but he died a man, doing his duty as he saw it."

* * *

The stars were twinkling like small jewels in a mighty crown and dotting the ocean with millions of tiny iridescent reflections when Hazel stole out on deck and snuggled herself in a deck chair on the leeward side of the steamer. It was a perfect night, and one that produced retrospection. In her mind's eye her thoughts flew back to the day she first met Weston in front of the Blackstone Hotel in Chicago, thru their adventures in the old insane asylum, and their dangerous exploit in Mexico, back to the present momentous trip. Never once had Weston failed her. A vivid blush suffused her cheeks as she thought of the explosion, and how, when she recovered consciousness in Weston's arms, she felt no fear, nothing save an overwhelming desire to snuggle up in his arms and lie there forever.

A little shudder convulsed the girl as the memory of their awful battle with death in the water flashed before her vision. She had nearly given up, and had it not been for Weston's nearness and aid would undoubtedly have done so. It seemed like ages from the time they hit the water until they were picked up by a small boat, which contained her father and other survivors. They had drifted about the ocean for a day and then been picked up by the tramp steamer, which was Boston bound. Thru some irony of fate, they found Ogi on the vessel when they arrived.

The past gone over, the girl's thoughts turned to the future. A great well of thankfulness and happiness surged thru her at the thought that this was her father's last official act, that he was now a private citizen, and that henceforth his life would be hers, and hers alone. Could she share her life with two men, and not slight either of them? She did not need to answer, the question, for her heart replied for her.

The night was warm, her reflections had brought mental rest, and the girl fell asleep. In her dreams she dreamt that a good fairy had come to her, fastened a pair of wings to her shoulders, and that she was gradually soaring upward to a new life, and *happiness*. She awakened to find that she was being lifted from her chair, the one who had lifted her seated himself therein, and she snuggled contentedly in the arms that circled her. For a moment she lay quiet, then she opened her eyes and found Weston's lips close to hers. With a little sigh of happiness, she yielded her own, her arms stole around his neck, and she drew his head down close to hers.

"Dearest," she whispered, "I just had a perfect dream. Help me to make it come true."

BELGIUM

A PLEA FOR WIDOWS AND ORPHANS

By CORNELIA F. WHITNEY

OVER Belgium's altars, her widows and orphans,
  Grim sorrow now broods that may linger thru time;
Its sob-waves on echoing shores are now breaking
  In dirgeful accordance with death's tolling chime.

Is not the great heart of humanity throbbing
  With tenderest pity for her tragic woes?
It opens its doors, and its coffers, invoking
  The God of all peace to subdue her armed foes.

Oh, men of this nation, whose flag waves for honor,
  For freedom and glorious fraternity,
Ere long the keen scythe of time's reaper will gather
  Us, too, in its harvest for eternity.

Then can we, or dare we refrain from responding
  To cries of distress from the lands o'er the sea?
Obeying Christ's mandate, we win His approval;
  "As ye do this for others, ye do it for Me."

On a New England Hilltop

A Bit of History for Those Who Know New England and Love Her for Her Traditions and Royal Worth

by Clyde E. Ordway

As tho typical of their adventurous spirits and bold enterprise, the pioneers of New England, with characteristic consistency, founded their settlements and built their villages on the tops of the hills. Their mills and shops were often in the valleys, but their farms and villages were on the hills. There was something in the early settlers, especially of northern New England, that seemed to fit in with the free air and wide view, the boldness and beauty of the hills, rather than with the seclusion and protection of the lower levels. It was only after the pioneer days and the coming of the railroads that the sturdy, plain and austere hill villages gave way to the smart and prosperous towns of the valleys.

And how much of the real manhood, the statesmanship, education, progress and prosperity of the nation's life had their origin in those old hill towns of New England is seldom realized today except by the careful historian or the thoughtful student of the deeper and more vital facts and traditions of the country. The stern necessity of constant toil, the severe discipline of thrift and responsibility, the plain living and sound thinking, the simple but high standard of morals, the keen sense of justice, the high regard for education and the uncompromising religious loyalty of those early days on the old hilltops bred men and women as rugged in character as the hills themselves, and their influence and achievement in those pioneer days have been of inestimable value in the national life, and are among the best inheritances of twentieth-century America.

Tho the villages on the hills are now decadent, sometimes deserted, and lie silent and all but forgotten of the world on their picturesque heights—driftwood from the shifting tides of prosperity, progress, and social life—they were the solid foundations of the nation's integrity and success, and still remain a force in its development.

* * *

Nearly a hundred years ago, early in the twenties of the last century, late one hot August afternoon, a young man alighted from the rattling old stage coach as it drew up in front of the plain, homely hostelry of one of these little New England hilltop towns, and with that unpretentious and common event began an unusual life career and an important period in the hilltop's history.

Brownington Hill, with its score or so of houses and its hundred or two inhabitants, was one of the sightliest and fairest villages in the fair and famous state of purple hills and green mountains, and in 1825 was an active, thrifty little hamlet, a farming and educational center of importance in the county. The village clustered on the brow of the hill, the little white church standing at the very top and a landmark to all the country round. Its main street was the county road, variously called the "turnpike" and the "old stage road," which wound its way "up hill and down dale" from the Canadian border to the larger river towns and commercial centers thirty and fifty miles to the south. Interspersed with the neat and substantial residences along either side of the street, with its wide grass margins and curving footpaths were the village hotel, postoffice, and general store.

The village was a stopping place on the stage line, and, in those early days, teemed with life of the quiet, rural kind. At the hotel, conspicuous because of its double-story piazza along the entire front, where boarders and "transients" tilted back in their chairs with their feet on the rail, and smoked an after-supper pipe and swapped stories, there stopped many important personages from distant towns, and occasionally from far-away cities—judges en route to the county or federal court, lawyers on their way to try cases, ministers and missionaries visiting scattered churches, cattlemen who every fall traversed the region buying live stock and driving it "over the road" to the famous Brighton market in Boston, and the freight teamers who drove their six and eight-horse teams to Boston and back, taking six weeks for the round trip. The stage stopped here for supper and for a change of horses and the sorting of the mail, making the last fifteen miles of its route during the evening, arriving at the border terminus in time for the inhabitants to get their mail and the passengers to get to bed at a seasonable hour. At the Academy, halfway down the village street, students assembled from the nearby farms and other towns in the county, and lent an air of gaiety and exuberance to the tranquil life of the village. At the store there was the endless round of barter and trade, from dispensing penny sweets to the children to the selling of calico, tea, and spices to the housewife in exchange for butter and eggs, and overalls and rubber boots to the farmer in exchange for some of his hard-earned and closely-hoarded cash.

"FATHER TWILIGHT"

On Sunday mornings the church bell rang out its summons to worship from its modest belfry, and, wafted from the bare brow of the hill upon the Sabbath stillness, its mellow tones were heard at the farms miles distant, and a motley throng filled the plain edifice and listened devoutly to the village choir and the solemn and severe sermon. Many of the worshippers brought their lunches with them and stayed over for the afternoon discourse, passing the two-hour interval in visiting on the church steps, or discussing crops, live stock, and village affairs, while standing around the horse sheds and hitching posts.

Beside the church and stretching down the broad slope, facing the street, was the typical rural burying ground, just such a churchyard as Gray's "Elegy" has immortalized, its grass-grown mounds and motley collection of headstones, the everlastings growing beside its paths, and the sumacs overhanging its rude fence making it a silent and picturesque "city of the dead" to arouse the most poetic and impressive reflections. The village was one of the oldest in the county and its beautiful prospect and commanding position on the hilltop, added to its educational and commercial prominence, made it a place of distinction in those days a hundred years ago.

It was to this village that the young college graduate, who alighted from the stage that August afternoon about 1822, had come to be the principal of the Academy. He had finished his studies the previous June at the little pioneer college of the state, having worked his way thru the course by teaching, and, more lately, preaching occasionally as a supply in the country churches, a license to preach having been granted him as well as his diploma.

As a stranger in the village he appeared quiet and reserved, the position he had come to fill was an ordinary one, the surroundings in which he was to serve were simple and commonplace, but in their midst he was destined to make a name and a career quite unusual, a dominating personality and native ability rising superior to conditions and surroundings.

The only unusual or striking thing about him as a newcomer was his name, which was Alexander Twilight, changing in the later years of his life to Father Twilight, and by which the memory and tradition of the hilltop still perpetuate him. The rarity or oddity of the name "Twilight" was a source of curiosity to the village folk for a time, and its mystery was never fully solved to them. He never spoke of himself or his family, and after a time a rumor arose, and then a tradition grew up, that he was abandoned by his parents when a baby and left on a doorstep just at dusk one night, and that the family which, perforce, became his adopted parents, gave him the name "Twilight," either to commemorate the method of his advent into their home, or because they were unable to decide upon any other, and were not willing to bestow their own upon him. This tradition clung in the minds of the people on the "hill" while he lived, but whether it was more than a tradition was never found out.

* * *

A few days after his arrival in the village, the fall term of the Academy opened, and from that time until his death, some fifty years later, his life and his work were continuously and inseparably associated with the educational, religious, and political life of the town and the county. Tho a rigid disciplinarian and of a positive character that sometimes made him enemies, he proved a teacher of unusual ability, a scholar and educator of rare quality in those times, and the Academy made rapid progress under his mastership, becoming, within a few years of his taking charge, one of the best known, most popular and most efficient schools in the state, having, for those days, a large number of pupils and a strong course of study.

A few months after taking charge of the academy, the village church being without a regular minister, the young principal was asked to supply the pulpit occasionally, and he did it so acceptably that he was settled as its pastor, a position he filled for many years, in addition to teaching and managing the thriving Academy. And while conspicuously successful in both these occupations, ordinarily considered sufficient for two capable men, he accomplished another work in the community that was destined to remain a visible, material memorial of his character, energy and ability for generations after his name and his other work, even the school which he made historic, had become only a village tradition. His strong character, his great ability and his positive personality made an impress upon the community that lasted for many years; but the great stone house which he built, alone and almost single-handed, as a dormitory for the Academy pupils, still stands today in magnificent plainness and dignity on the beautiful but silent and deserted hilltop, a landmark to the country for miles around and the wonder, and, when its story is known, the admiration of every passing tourist, summer guest and descendant of the generation in which its builder lived.

* * *

Principal Twilight had been but a short time in charge of the Academy when he became convinced that the best interests of the students and the continued prosperity of the school demanded a large boarding hall and dormitory, where he could live with the pupils and have full supervision of their lives while at school. Accordingly, he made known his plans to the board of trustees, and with their consent set about raising funds with which to carry out his ambitious dream. There was scant cash to be had from the frugal farmers and few villagers, and the public funds for the support of the school, including a small appropriation from the county, were so small that they barely paid running expenses. But this young apostle of education and promoter of the Christian life had a will not to be thwarted and an ideal not to be gainsaid, and so, after securing a few hundred dollars—perhaps three or four—and pledges of labor and material from the townsfolk, set to work to build his desired students' hall. He used all of his meager salary, as both principal and minister, for the purpose, except just enough to meet his immediate personal wants, and, working as a common laborer, personally supervised the work and even performed much of it alone. He worked at it Saturdays and after school hours until the summer closing, and then, with the united assistance of the men of the town, succeeded in completing the building in a couple of years.

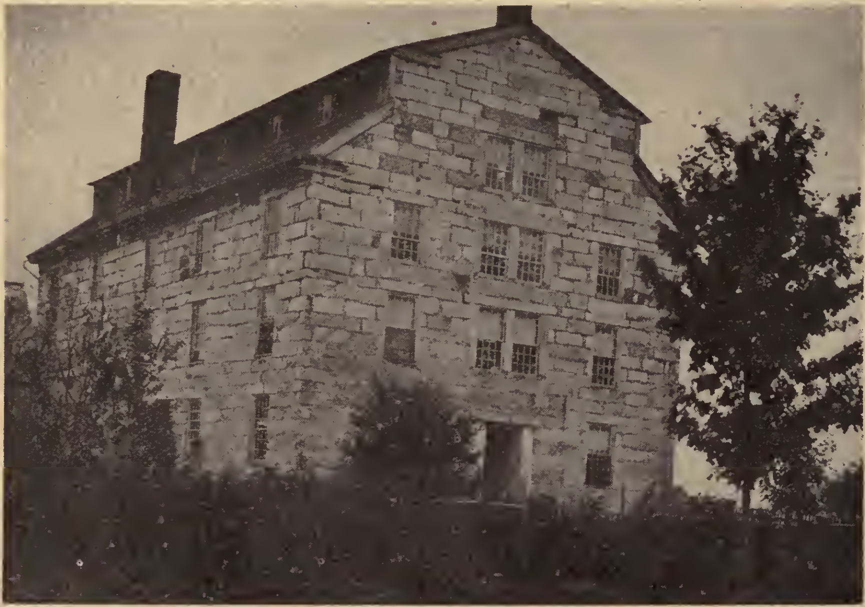
This great stone house, when it was completed, at a cost of personal sacrifice and effort rarely equaled in the careers of earnest men, was the pride of the village and the marvel of all strangers or other visitors whom business or other interests brought to the town; and today, after three-quarters of a century, it is still the surprise and wonder of every wandering tourist or passing stranger whose journey takes him over the historic hill. For fifty years or more it has been familiarly called the "old stone house" by the people of the "hill" and the surrounding country, and its fame has spread far beyond its own state.

The building is imposing in its size and rugged appearance, towering as it does over everything else on the hill and seeming so unusual in the solitude and isolation that surround it. It is four and one-half stories high by approximately forty by seventy feet in size, and as soon as it was completed it was filled with students of the Academy, most of whom boarded themselves in their rooms, a few living with the principal, and all being under his watchful eye and Puritan rule. Many interesting and amusing stories of life in the "old stone house," and experiences in school, under the reign of "Father Twilight," are still perpetuated by the local historical society, and a few surviving men and women who attended the Academy in the later years of its fame. One of these is to the effect that "Father Twilight" kept pigs as a matter of thrift and economy in connection with the boarding hall, and that when they were small they proved a great nuisance, both to their owner and the neighbors, by frequently getting out of their pen and running wild in the gardens and flower beds of the neighborhood. Finally the principal, with a view to accomplishing two purposes by one means, adopted the plan of having those pupils who had broken his strict rules of discipline and were given demerits in conduct, or listed for punishment of a more drastic nature, given a chance to abate their punishment or restore their good standing by catching the pigs whenever they escaped. It appears that there were always some boys on the bad behavior list and so eligible to chase the pigs on every occasion, and while the plan seemed to work pretty well at first, it was noticed that the culprits relished that sort of punishment, and that the pigs soon began to escape from their pens much more frequently than before the plan was adopted, and so it was abandoned, and the more staid and severe methods of paying the obligations of infringed discipline were resumed.

The principal, as if to embody his familiarity with and faith in classic lore, named his great stone house "Athenian Hall," and the name was not unworthily bestowed, for many of the historic structures of ancient Athens were hardly more wonderful or important in their time and place than this building of the lone scholar and ambitious educator in its day and location.

* * *

With the completion of this great work by Father Twilight the years rolled by uneventfully on the hilltop for a time, the man whose youth and vigor had been sapped in the accomplishment of his purpose being now content with the common tasks of the faithful teacher and devoted minister. Finally, after many years of service, he resigned the pulpit he had filled so efficiently, and for a time enjoyed the more leisurely life of being simply the Academy principal. It was not long, however, before new tasks arose to demand his time and ability. Another town in the county had increased in population, and as a second center of social and educational life, sufficiently to demand larger and more advanced school facilities, and a movement was started to divide the funds of the county grammar school, which had been going to the support of the Academy Mr. Twilight had made notable in the state, and start a second academy in this newer but equally small village. The principal opposed the plan ably and vigorously, even carrying his fight to the Legislature, to which he was elected that year by the loyal people of his town on the school issue, and where he not only won his case, but by reason of his ability as a speaker and the force of his scholarship and keen intellect, became one of the conspicuous members for several terms.



DORMITORY ON BROWNINGTON HILL, BUILT BY FATHER TWILIGHT

It was built of granite, of which the ledges of the hill yielded an unlimited quantity at the price only of quarrying, and was, for its day and location, of mammoth size. It was modeled after the buildings of the college from which the young builder had graduated, and was severely plain in style and rough in appearance, the stones being laid just as they were split from the ledge. The work of construction was as simple and primitive as that of the Pyramids. The blocks of granite were drilled and split from the ledge on a nearby farm, without the aid of gunpowder, and were drawn from the quarry to the building site, and then up an inclined plane, to the top of the walls, by a single patient ox owned and driven by the principal and preacher himself

After this second notable achievement of Mr. Twilight, things settled down to a still more uneventful flow, until the village church, again being without a minister, the parish once more called the Academy principal to be its pastor, and from then until his death he was its wise and venerable teacher and guide, and affectionately called "Father Twilight," the designation that still lives in the traditions of the hilltop.

Thus the years slipped quietly by in the little village on the hill until half a century had passed since that late August afternoon when the old coach brought the young college graduate to the hotel door to begin his life work in its midst. And they had been sturdy and stable years in the life of the hilltop village, and in a widening circle in the world outside, because of the training given the youth in the Academy and the influence exerted in the church and the community by this unusual man and remarkable disciple of education and character.

But those fifty years also brought momentous changes in the life and destiny of the "hill" of a less favorable sort. They were the half century that saw the birth of the railroad and telegraph and witnessed the revolution they wrought in the world's affairs. And when the railroads came, they did not run over the hills like the old turnpikes and stage roads, but followed the streams along the valleys to their objective points, bringing people, industry, and commerce to the stations along their course, and drawing the tide of life away from the earlier settled towns on the hills. In the fair and fertile valley below Brownington Hill, scarcely more than a mile distant and where two rivers mingled their waters and then took their placid, winding course a few miles northward to the mountain-bordered expanse of Lake Memphremagog, a new and modern village had sprung up, and as the town in the valley grew, the older one on the hill declined, until, in the last days of the man who had made it so prominent and influential, its vigor had entirely departed and its long and peaceful sleep begun. And for approximately half a century now, since old "Father Twilight" was laid to rest in the quaint hillside churchyard along with the other departed village folk whom he had loved and served, nothing has happened to break the monotony or disturb the peaceful solitude of the all but "deserted village" on the hill. And yet a generation before "Father Twilight" and the climax of the "hill's" prosperity, when the founder of the village in the valley below was exploring its river banks for a site for his mill, and camped his first night in the wilderness there, he was surprised and mystified the next morning to hear in the distance, coming faintly down from the hills above, the mellow, musical notes of a bell. It was the Academy bell on Brownington Hill, calling the pupils to their daily studies. Thus was the village on the hill an educational center when the town in the valley was an unbroken wilderness.

* * *

But today there is little indeed to suggest to the visitor to the "hill" the glory that it knew in the generations that are gone. Along the old county road that winds up the hill, forming the grass-bordered street of the old village, and stretches away to the northward like a silver thread across the summer landscape, instead of the rattling coach and its four stout horses and merry load of passengers, only a farmer's wagon now creaks and clatters over the stones and thru the sand, and the "rural free delivery" mail carrier jogs by in his buckboard or old top buggy. The few fine old mansions and modest houses of early days are but feeble relics of a more prosperous time. The Academy building is empty and long unused, with broken steps and loose blinds, an object of neglect and departed dignity. The old hotel, weatherbeaten and sagging and dilapidated, occasionally gives shelter to a transient tenant employed on some neighboring farm instead of to the large and lively company that once gathered under its roof and lounged on its piazza. The old-time emporium of trade, the busy village store, is empty and dark, one window boarded up, and the old advertisements that cover its front faded almost beyond deciphering. The church has been spared from neglect and its bell still rings out its summons to the scattering hill-folk; but now in the sleepy stillness of the afternoon, instead of the fresh quiet of the Sunday morning, and for a sermon to a score or two of worshippers by the minister of the thriving church in the town below. In the well-filled churchyard the leaning and weather-stained headstones and grass-grown mounds mark where much of the life and vigor of the village have gone, while the schools, professions and industries in the newer and larger centers of life would show, upon investigation, where the rest of it went.

* * *

But the "old stone house" still stands, in silent loneliness to be sure, but the one unchanged and striking reminder of the life and times of long ago on the "hill," a rugged and abiding memorial to the remarkable man who built it and of the prosperous days in which it had its origin. There it towers in its massive strength, crowning the hilltop like a castle, a landmark to all the country round, and famed in distant regions where its story has been told by native sons and daughters of the "hill." In the peaceful cemetery beside the church the everlastings have grown and withered on the grave of "Father Twilight" these many seasons, and the fleeting years have all but carried into forgetfulness his name and fame; but the great, gray house of stone he reared by his ambition for education defies the ravages of time, and with a poetic and idyllic beauty and mystery captures the imagination and summons up a forgotten past.

The low afternoon sun falls with a glinting light upon the western windows of the massive building, but its low rooms with their wide window ledges, freely cut with the initials of idle students, are now empty and its long corridors are silent, and the footfalls of the visitor echo with a hollow sound as he passes from room to room. Nature and the beautiful prospect are the same as in the long ago, but the old life is there no more. A brooding Sabbath stillness hangs over the "hill," broken only by the church bell on Sunday and by the rattle of the mowing machine in haying time, the drowsy hum of bees in the old orchards, and the echoing call of the farm lad as he drives home the cows at evening.

* * *

Out in the world a few gray-haired men and women are fast nearing the end of long and useful lives, which run back to the old Academy and its master's precepts and character. And others—here and there one—still reside amid the scenes of their youth, a visible connection between the present and the past.

Of the graduates of the old Academy in its halcyon days who went forth into the larger world beyond their native hill, not a few won distinction and high place in the affairs of the world, while in the war for freedom a remarkably large proportion not only became soldiers, but officers of ability. A catalog of the Academy for the fall term of 1839, which happens to lie at hand, shows that there were fifty-seven young men in that term. A reading of the names shows that five of them afterwards graduated from college; five became preachers; five certainly, and probably more, became lawyers; two, physicians; three, judges; several legislators, and many successful merchants and business men. Nor is there any reason to suppose that this was any larger or better term of the Academy than many others.

And these results were the fruit, very largely, of the life and character of a humble teacher, but a teacher who magnified his calling, a man whose personality as well as his instruction went toward the making of strong men and capable women among the boys and girls he taught. It is a very simple story, as the life-work of the modest and effective men always is, but if there is no higher and more potent vocation than good teaching, if there is nothing better a man can do than to live big himself and train the immortal in those who come under his teaching, then this teacher and builder's work was great, even tho its field was small and somewhat simple and crude.

Such are the changes the years and the forces of progress have wrought in the quaint New England hill villages of a century ago. The old stage roads and turnpikes ran straight over the hills; the railroads follow the streams and wind along the valleys. The result is as obvious as it is natural. In the early days the former served their purpose well and were the thorofares of a life correspondingly plain, narrow and severe, yet vital with an elementary culture, moral stability, and intellectual soundness. In these later days the steel track has won the victory of commerce, watered stock and high finance, and drawn the life and people from the plain villages on the hills to the centers of big business and social ambitions in the valleys.

* * *

The decadent and deserted villages of the hilltops may be, doubtless are, merely incidents in the march of civilization—old waymarks along the trail of progress—and as such not to be regretted as one views their loneliness and solitude. Yet the true historian, or one whose youth runs back to one of those old hill towns in its heyday of importance can hardly look upon them today without a feeling akin to sadness and the conviction that something strong, virile, and simple, but sound, has gone from the country's life in their decline. Theirs was a rugged but wholesome life. It was a life that is not found in the great cities and other centers of business and society today, and it is a fair question if the substitute found there is any better, or even as good.

It may be a properly debatable subject whether there is more sincerity, honor, ability and real worth in and around the great universities of today than was found in the old academies of New England seventy-five and a hundred years ago. Of scholarship and knowledge there is more, but of the elements of real manhood, ethical soundness and vital achievement the proportion is doubtful. Wealth, ease and luxury do not breed the same stock or turn out the same quality of graduates as did the stern economic necessities, the plain living and sound thinking of the hilltops a generation or two ago. Certain it is, at least, that those old villages nurtured in early life the sound minds, strong bodies and high souls of many of the nation's greatest men and finest women. There is valuable history, tender sentiment and poetic beauty for the responsive spirit in these quaint old towns on the hills today.

* * *

On the hilltop with its great stone house that has been the subject of this simple narrative, the summer sunshine and winter snows continue to fall in unbroken succession as the seasons and the years go by, but the thoughtful student of country life or the returning native of the "hill," looking at the strange and massive old stone house in its silent isolation, will pause at the top of the street or sit for a moment on the steps of the little white church and, in the solitude of a summer afternoon and the beauty and wide prospect of the scene, will wonder over it all and pay a silent tribute to the remarkable man and unusual teacher whose life made the place historic and alive to the imagination, and if he be one of some poetic feeling he will breathe a sigh for the past and its life on the "hill," which was so vital with homely virtue and human progress, realizing that it is from such villages as these and the farms that dot the hills and valleys of New England that the great cities of the country are still recruited, as an investigation of their big enterprises, stable successes and best civic and social life will prove. The nation still owes a debt to New England and her cloud-capped granite hills.

APRIL

WINTER'S sway
Passed away
'Neath a blue sky's leaven;
In its place
Out of space
Dropped a golden heaven!

Soft and low,
Sweet and slow,
Singing in the hollow;
Sun and rain
Back again
Blithesome blooms a-follow.

Robins preen
'Mid the green
Draping Nature's altar;
In the mead
Happy reed
Lilts from dream-bound psalter.

Hopes and fears,
Smiles and tears,
In each gleam or shower;
Laugh and weep,
Sow and reap,
April's in her bower!

—*Winifred Virginia Jordan.*

Up Now With Old Glory[*]

by Charles Blanchard

UP now with Old Glory!
And tell out the story
By campfire and trail—
The simple, sweet tale
Of the heroes who founded
Our nation and wounded
The tyrants of old!
Let the story be told
By the firesides forever!
That nothing may sever
Our union of races,
Where all find their places
And no man is king;
But each one may bring
The best he can give
And take life and live
As freemen, who share
In the freeman's first care—
The Republic! Defend it!
May nothing dare rend it!
Let tyranny die!
Fling it out to the sky!
Old Glory! Old Glory!
And tell o'er the story
Of Freedom still ours,
By the might of the powers
Of the hands that upheld
The One Starry Fold!

Let Freemen uphold it!
Let nations behold it!
While it leads on the crowd
Who proclaim it aloud;
Let the down-trodden see it—
Forevermore be it
The symbol of Liberty
Ever to be
For all nations of earth
Coming now to the birth
Of freedom from fears,
In the end of the years
Of blood and of tears,
That sorrow endears;
That love has made holy
For all of the lowly,
Who have given their all
At Freedom's loud call!
While tyranny falters
And Destiny alters
The pathways of kings—
The men they call things
Are remaking the world!
Let the flag be unfurled
That once led the way
Unto Freedom's new Day!

Let it lead us again
In the struggles of men
Of all races and speech,
For the freedom of each
And the welfare of all;
Let us answer the call
Of the ages that speak
To the strong for the weak—
With courage to bear
And the love that must share
With the comrades who dare
To go forth and go where
The flag of the free
Forever must be!
To enter the fight
For the triumph of right
In the conquest of might—
To walk in the light
With the nations in white!

Let Old Glory lead on
Where the Future shall dawn!—
Where heroes have trod
For the kingdom of God—
For Humanity freed
From its passion and greed
And its lust and its pride
While scoffers deride.
Let righteousness reign!
And above the red stain
Of the millions now slain
May Old Glory remain
The hope of the ages to be,
Till all nations are free—
Forever unfurled
O'er the Peace of the World!

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[*] "Up Now With Old Glory" was inspired by the article, "America Facing the Crisis," in the March issue of the NATIONAL

A Great Tribute to Lincoln

by The Editor

COULD Abraham Lincoln have witnessed the celebration of his birthday at Cumberland Gap, Tennessee, A. D. 1917, he would have been rejoiced at the successful promulgation of the plans for founding there a university. The student body of this University constitutes a living memorial to Lincoln, and the distinguished gathering which celebrated his birthday and the twentieth anniversary of the Lincoln Memorial University fulfilled the dream of a reunited nation—for representatives from North, South, East and West vied in their tributes to the memory of the Union's savior.

The setting could not have been more appropriate, for Lincoln Memorial University is located among the Cumberland Mountains, at the intersection of three states—Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee—in the shadow of the precipitous "Pinnacle" overlooking the pathway thru which the pioneers passed to settle the great Middle West. These were the people, these same pioneers, from whom Abraham Lincoln came—and he was the first public man to typify a sturdily developed and pure Americanism coming from the melting pot of Anglo-Saxon and Huguenot blood.

Planned by Chancellor John Wesley Hill and the trustees of the Lincoln Memorial University, the celebration was carried to successful conclusion by the committee, thru the generosity of Dr. Frank A. Seiberling, of Akron, Ohio, who some years ago became interested in the boys and girls of this school, and has since been most liberal in his help. It was Dr. Seiberling who, inspired as was General O. O. Howard when he heard the suggestion from the living lips of Lincoln that led to the founding of this school, discovered the great needs of this ideal of Lincoln, located and nurtured among the mountains of Tennessee.

THE STONE THAT MARKS THE MEETING POINT OF VIRGINIA, KENTUCKY AND TENNESSEE

The visitors arrived on special trains as guests of Dr. Seiberling—one train from Washington arriving on Sunday morning, and another from Chicago, which arrived on Monday. The exercises began on February 10 and continued until the evening of February 12. The program itself was encyclopedic, nearly every phase of Lincoln's character and career being discussed. Details of his life, words and work were recalled,

DR. FRANK A. SEIBERLING

Who became interested in the boys and girls of Lincoln Memorial University some years ago, and who has been most liberal in assisting them. He is deeply interested in the welfare of this school in the Cumberland Mountains, that it may remain a permanent memorial to the great man whose name and fame it perpetuates. The 1917 birthday celebration at the University, carried out thru Dr. Seiberling's generosity, was a most notable occasion illuminating the history of the times—a feast of inspiring recital and reflection upon Lincoln unsurpassed.

On the special train from Washington were many prominent business men from New York and Boston, as well as former Cabinet members, United States Senators, Judges, Representatives and Governors. From Chicago came Mayor William H. Thompson, and a large number of distinguished business men. For these busy men to give up the time and expense involved in going thousands of miles from their homes to do honor to the memory of Lincoln on his birthday was indeed a tribute in itself.

The life of Lincoln embodies impulses and ideals of the average man—which is doubtless the reason everybody seems to understand him and love his name. This representative gathering at the Lincoln Memorial University was the first to join in a purely "Lincoln" celebration in the South—and three days were devoted to a discussion of the great subjects concerning the life of the Rail-splitter.

As the Washington train whirled over the various battlefields associated with the history of his times, the thought was borne upon all of how different the mission from that which came before the mind of Abraham Lincoln years ago. Almost within the interval between the setting and the rising of the sun, the train covered the ground over which the troops journeyed four long and bloody years. And what a scene was unfolded that beautiful February morning as the train wheezed and struggled up the mountainside.

The celebration was opened by Dr. George A. Hubbell, the energetic and tireless president of the University, on Saturday, February 10, the day before the arrival of the party from Washington. Governor A. O. Stanley's address of "Welcome from Lincoln's Native State," at the opening session, was filled with the fire and spirit of a true son of Kentucky.

"Lincoln's Educational Mission" was discussed by Dr. A. E. Winship, editor of the *Journal of Education*, Boston. The feature of that opening ceremony was the "Welcome from Virginia" extended by Miss Matilda Chance, one of the students from the mountains. The subjects ranged from an appreciation by the home folks to "The Home of Democracy" and "Kentucky's Foremost Son," making an intensely interesting afternoon session. In the evening, President W. S. Currell of the University of South Carolina, gave his splendid address on "Lincoln's Attitude toward the South." Two-minute addresses by students on "What Lincoln Memorial University Means to Me" were a most important and fascinating feature of the program, giving concrete testimony to the purpose of this memorial to Lincoln.

HON. WILLIAM HALE THOMPSON
Mayor of Chicago, who headed a large number of business men from that city. His address on "Lincoln and Law Enforcement" showed that he had made a close study of his subject

Immediately after the special train arrived from Washington Sunday morning, under the leadership of Chancellor Hill, the entire party went directly to the chapel to join the memorable Lincoln Birthday Sunday morning service.

In the chapel, or auditorium, which was built by the students themselves, were gathered throngs of men, women and children from the surrounding country, whose rapt attention during the entire program was a source of inspiration to the speakers. Enthusiasm was running high that glorious Sunday morning when Dr. Hill paid his tribute to American citizenship with greetings to the President of the United States while war-clouds were lowering.

THE LATE GENERAL O. O. HOWARD
Founder of Lincoln Memorial University

At this time was read a telegram from Robert Todd Lincoln, the son of Abraham Lincoln:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 11, 1917.
DR. F. A. SEIBERLING, Chairman,
Lincoln Memorial University.

My dear Doctor:—You cannot realize how sincerely I regret that my health will not permit my being with you in person at this celebration of my father's birthday in connection with the twentieth anniversary of the Lincoln Memorial University at Cumberland Gap, Tennessee. The work which the school is doing and plans to do strongly commends itself to me, as it must to all who realize the value to our American institutions of popular and practical education in a community of the origin and surroundings of this one. The gathering of so large a number of representative men to participate in this event indicates the hopeful extent of the growth of the ideal upon which this undertaking is founded and is to progress.

ROBERT TODD LINCOLN.

With the kindly benediction of such words from Lincoln's own flesh and blood, the ceremonies assumed an atmosphere almost supernal. The very spirit of the Great Emancipator seemed to prevail. Each one of the students and the guests wore badges which consisted of a bronze medal with bas-relief of Lincoln, suspended from a ribbon carrying the national colors. Indeed the radiance of the red, white and blue was everywhere apparent.

The speeches came in rapid succession. Hon. Marcus M. Marks, President of the Borough of Manhattan, spoke on "Lincoln and Labor." His words, vibrant with the spirit of the hour, indicated how potent today is the influence of Abraham Lincoln. "Lincoln, the Man of the People," was the subject of a forceful address by United States Senator Robert L. Owen of Oklahoma, presenting a new angle of Lincoln's fame. Major Louis Livingston Seaman discussed "Lincoln and Preparedness" with the ring of true patriotism. Major Seaman has recently returned from abroad, and his presentation of the subject was especially appropriate to the occasion.

In "The Boyhood of Lincoln," Dr. S. J. McPherson, head master of the Lawrenceville (New Jersey) School for Boys, contrasted the education of the sons of the rich with that of the sons of the poor, such as Abraham Lincoln. He insisted that the sons of the rich had their problems no less perplexing than the sons of the poor. The address revealed the heart and spirit of a man who is devoting his life to developing young manhood. The climax of that Sunday session was reached when Robert L. Kincaid, a graduate of the University, presented an address on "Lincoln Memorial University of the Future." It was a most impressive picture, painted with all the fire and unflinching spirit of youth, revealing not only what this school can do but what has already been accomplished.

Francis Grierson, the author, read from one of his own works a graphic description of one of the Lincoln-Douglas debates.

When the student choir sang and the audience joined in the choruses, all present felt they were participating at an event that would remain a lifelong memory.

The time for the noonday adjournment came too soon — indeed, it was almost overlooked. The boys and girls of the University were ready to entertain their guests at dinner, so one detachment went to Norton Hall, where they were cared for by the girls, and another to Grant-Lee Hall, the boys' new stronghold, for at Lincoln Memorial the boys and girls, earning their way thru school, don apron and overalls when the classes are over, and prove that they know how to work. It was a rare mountain-folk dinner, and who will forget the peaches swimming in rich syrup, the hot biscuits, the butter, the chicken, and the fresh, thick cream from the college dairy?

At the afternoon session the audience

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

This statue, by Weinman, is in the rotunda of the State Capitol at Frankfort, Kentucky. Lincoln Memorial University, inspired by Lincoln, is recognized as the great *living* memorial to Kentucky's most famous son

HON. HENRY R. RATHBONE
President of the Hamilton Club of Chicago, who gave a graphic description of Lincoln's assassination

gathered promptly. Hon. Norman C. Raff, of Canton, Ohio, presided, and he set a high pace in his keynote speech, making some pertinent allusion to Lincoln in introducing the speakers. Mr. Raff, who came from the home town of William McKinley, made a touching and tender reference to the late President. A telling talk was that of Hon. Newton W. Gilbert, former Vice-Governor of the Philippines, on "The Spirit of Lincoln in the Philippines." It indicated how the life and work of Lincoln applied not only to his own generation and time, but to every problem growing out of the Spanish War. The Hon. Leslie M. Shaw, former Secretary of the Treasury, in one of his truly Lincolnian addresses, discussed "The Incomparable Lincoln," and a practical application of Lincoln's ideals to present-day conditions. Colloquial, friendly, lucid and logical, Mr. Shaw drove home his points in an impressive manner, even if he did hammer the top of the piano.

An innovation was introduced by Hon. Jacob E. Meeker of St. Louis, who commanded that the audience stand up—as in the seventh inning—and that the windows be opened to make use of the mountain air. And then he gave a short, crisp talk that snapped with interest. "Lincoln, a Man of Faith," was presented by Dr. Henry Allen Tupper, Special Peace Commissioner to Mexico, in which was indicated the scope of Lincoln's influence in the land to the south of us in recent international complications. Joe Mitchell Chapple followed with a tribute to the "Mother of Lincoln." There was a thoro historical analysis of "Lincoln and the Declaration of Independence" in the able speech of Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska, which further added to the timeliness of topics discussed. Representative Caleb Powers of

HON. GEORGE W. NORRIS
Senator from Nebraska. His address, "Lincoln and the Declaration of Independence," struck a patriotic keynote

DR. JOHN WESLEY HILL
Chancellor of Lincoln-Memorial University, who presided at the Sunday morning session

THE AUDITORIUM AT LINCOLN MEMORIAL UNIVERSITY

Where all the exercises of the birthday celebration were held. The building was constructed by the boys attending the university, out of rough lumber; it has a seating capacity commensurate with its needs. The day the guests arrived from Washington, the auditorium was crowded with interested people from the surrounding country

Kentucky, himself a native of the mountain country, made an address which touched the hearts of the audience in describing his home folks and their appreciation of this school.

The symposium of five-minute addresses by the various Representatives of Congress—modeled after the brevity of Lincoln's Gettysburg speech—was one of the inspiring features of the occasion. One might have thought Congress had assembled, for each Congressman took one particular phase of Lincoln's life and discussed it vividly and graphically. Among the speakers were Representatives Thomas Gallagher of Chicago, James V. McClintic of Oklahoma, George A. Loud of Michigan, Fred A. Britten of Chicago, John A. Elston of California and Scott Ferris of Oklahoma, and every speaker contributed a new Lincoln epigram for the great occasion.

In the interval between the afternoon session and supper, the visitors inspected the new dairy barn, the cows, and the farm where, on every hand, was evidence of the practical farm work and farm life of the students—all of which emphasized the thought of the glory of toil.

HON. SCOTT FERRIS
Representative from Oklahoma

Photo, Steffens-Berry Studio

HON. A. O. STANLEY
Governor of Kentucky, who delivered the address of welcome at the opening of the celebration

At the evening session, presided over by Dr. Franklin C. Rutan of Chicago, in a way that did honor to the memory of the distinguished Illinoisian, Senator James E. Watson of Indiana held the audience enraptured by his "Lincoln, the Man of the Mountains." The speaker, inspired with the glory of the occasion commemorated, made an address that will be notable in a collection of Lincolniana. Hon. H. S. Graves, chief of the United States Forestry Department, in "Lincoln, the Man of the Forest," pictured Lincoln's life as a rail-splitter. S. S. McClure, founder of *McClure's Magazine*, and accomplished globe-trotter, discussed at length "Lincoln and the Present War Crisis," giving many new angles on international complications.

That night many of the guests enjoyed their rest in the dormitories of the boys and girls. Some of the students were up

Photo by Jesse Lewis

INTERIOR OF THE AUDITORIUM

The decorations of cedar, rhododendrons, sumac, and other mountain shrubs, which so delighted the guests, were arranged by the students under the direction of Jesse Lewis, of the department of social service of the University

Photo, Harris & Ewing

THE WASHINGTON CONCERT COMPANY

(*Top row*) Miss Richie McLean, contralto; Harry M. Forker, bass; William Clabaugh, bass; Miss Ethel G. Miner, soprano; (*bottom row*) A. Clifford Wilkins, tenor; Miss Hazel Bornheim, soprano; Miss Aline Rousseau, accompanist; Miss Florence Steffens, contralto; Charles R. Bartlett, tenor. The music by this company contributed greatly to the joys of the birthday celebration at Lincoln Memorial University as late as two o'clock, and they were up again at four o'clock looking after the breakfast. It was a hard test on southern mountain hospitality, but the spirit of the mountaineer boys and girls was equal to the occasion.

After the restful night in the solitude of the Tennessce mountains, the guests arose promptly at the sound of the rising bell, for *this* was indeed Lincoln's birthday. The party from Chicago had just arrived after spending Sunday at Lincoln's birthplace, Hodgensville, Kentucky. At the morning session, where the hosts had again gathered from East and West, North and South, Dr. F. A. Seiberling presided, reviewing concisely and in businesslike way the purposes and plans of the celebration. The audience, filling to overflowing the large auditorium, revealed a splendid spirit of patriotism, when Dr. Seiberling struck the keynote in presenting the various speakers.

HON. LESLIE M. SHAW
Former Secretary of the Treasury. His brief and telling remarks to the boys and girls of the University were enthusiastically received

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HON. CALEB POWERS
Representative from Kentucky. A mountaineer himself, his talk to the mountain people was doubly impressive on that account

Following the invocation by Rev. John R. Brushingham of Chicago, came Mr. Henry Rathbone's vivid and graphic description of the assassination of President Lincoln. Mr. Rathbone is president of the Hamilton Club of Chicago, and it was his father who was in the box with Lincoln at the time of the tragedy. "Lincoln and Thrift" was the subject of a discussion by Mr. Milton W. Harrison, of the American Bankers Association. Hon. C. C.

AVERY HALL, BOYS' DORMITORY

Around the flagpole, in the center of the picture, was held an impressive flag-raising ceremony, in which the guests participated. Here, too, motion-pictures were taken of the ceremonies, also of the guests as they walked across the campus from the Auditorium

Calhoun, president of the Southern Society of Washington, D. C., delivered a stirring address on "Lincoln and the Border States." "Lincoln and Law Enforcement," a ringing tribute by Hon. William Hale Thompson, Mayor of Chicago, was followed by the address of Dr. J. A. Morehead, president of Roanoke College, on "The Richest Resource of the South." A tribute on behalf of the stage and its people was sent by Mr. William Hodge, the actor.

After another dinner furnished by the mountain boys and girls, the session gathered again promptly at 2.30, at which Judge U. L. Marvin, LL. D., vice-president of the University, presided. Former Senator Charles A. Towne, in his eloquent address on "Lincoln His Own University," proved again his pre-eminence as one of America's most able and popular orators. Resolutions were presented, passed and wired to the President of the United States, also resolutions of thanks and appreciation to Robert Todd Lincoln. The resolutions passed by the students stating they were ready to enlist when the call came for volunteers, revealed the true and traditional spirit of loyalty among the mountain boys.

HON. MARCUS M. MARKS
President of the Borough of Manhattan. His remarks on "Lincoln and Labor" were of timely interest

There was then announced a gift to the University of a handsome bronze statue and a beautiful set of American history, presented by Dr. J. Bakerman Coles of New York, and his sister; also a bequest of $30,000 in the will of Daniel C. Remick, of Littleton, New Hampshire. Several telegrams indicating generous contributions evidenced a substantial start on the million-dollar endowment, toward which Chancellor Hill has already begun active work.

HOME OF PRESIDENT HUBBELL

In rapid succession came brief, extemporaneous addresses by members of Congress, among them James C. McLaughlin, of Michigan, Charles H. Sloan of Nebraska, Albert Johnson of Washington, and Merrill Moores of Indiana. At the close of this session, Mrs. F. A. Seiberling of Akron, Ohio, sang "Captain, My Captain," and the words contained in Walt Whitman's immortal tribute to Lincoln rang thru the hearts of the audience as she sang. The choir and the Washington Concert singers joined in the grand chorus.

After this session the Washington party made a rush to the train, which left in the afternoon. The exercises were continued into the evening under the direction of Dr. Hubbell—closing in a blaze of triumph. It was a great Lincoln day. The program was pronounced altogether the most comprehensive, complete and exhaustive of any ever given to honor the name and fame of Abraham Lincoln.

HON. HENRY S. GRAVES
Chief of the United States Department of Forestry, who delivered an address on "Lincoln, the Man of the Forest"

* * *

On the return journey to Washington, people who had met only for a few hours in these few days, found themselves close together, friends for life, from having shared such a wonderful experience. There seemed to be a bond of interest among those who participated in the celebration, which might easily and naturally result in the establishment of a permanent organization, that later may be developed into a Lincoln league, devoted to a study of his life and its application to present-day problems.

Far into the night the "exercises" were continued—Lincoln tributes, song and story—for the truly Lincolnesque spirit of fellowship prevailed. The music furnished during the entire trip by the Washington Concert Company was a rare treat. Former Secretary Shaw and other distinguished men were called upon for another speech and then a "story" or two as the train rattled on. All were loth to part, for it seemed as if they had visited some far-off land and there communed with the very soul of Lincoln, returning, re-dedicated, re-consecrated to the work of everyday life and the duties of citizenship.

Photo by White

GEORGE A. HUBBELL
President of Lincoln Memorial University

In the memory of all who attended the celebration, Lincoln Memorial University will remain indissolubly associated with the great drama of Lincoln's life, which not alone encompassed the few years he remained on earth, but will go on and on.

Baltimore—An Old City Grown Young

by Bennett Chapple

BALTIMORE is an old city grown young. The tiny burst of flame that grew into the great Baltimore fire in 1904, burning one hundred and forty business blocks in the very heart of the city, and causing a loss of more than $125,000,000 was the turning point in the life of a great municipality.

For years previous to the fire, Baltimore had buried its talents, ignored its natural advantages as a great industrial center, failed to take its place in the marching ranks of the great American cities, and had blissfully gone to sleep upon its own cobblestones. It was an old man's town. In every position of responsibility someone well advanced in years was conspicuous; the younger men had to go elsewhere to find employment for their energy and enthusiasm. The city was languidly marching behind the times.

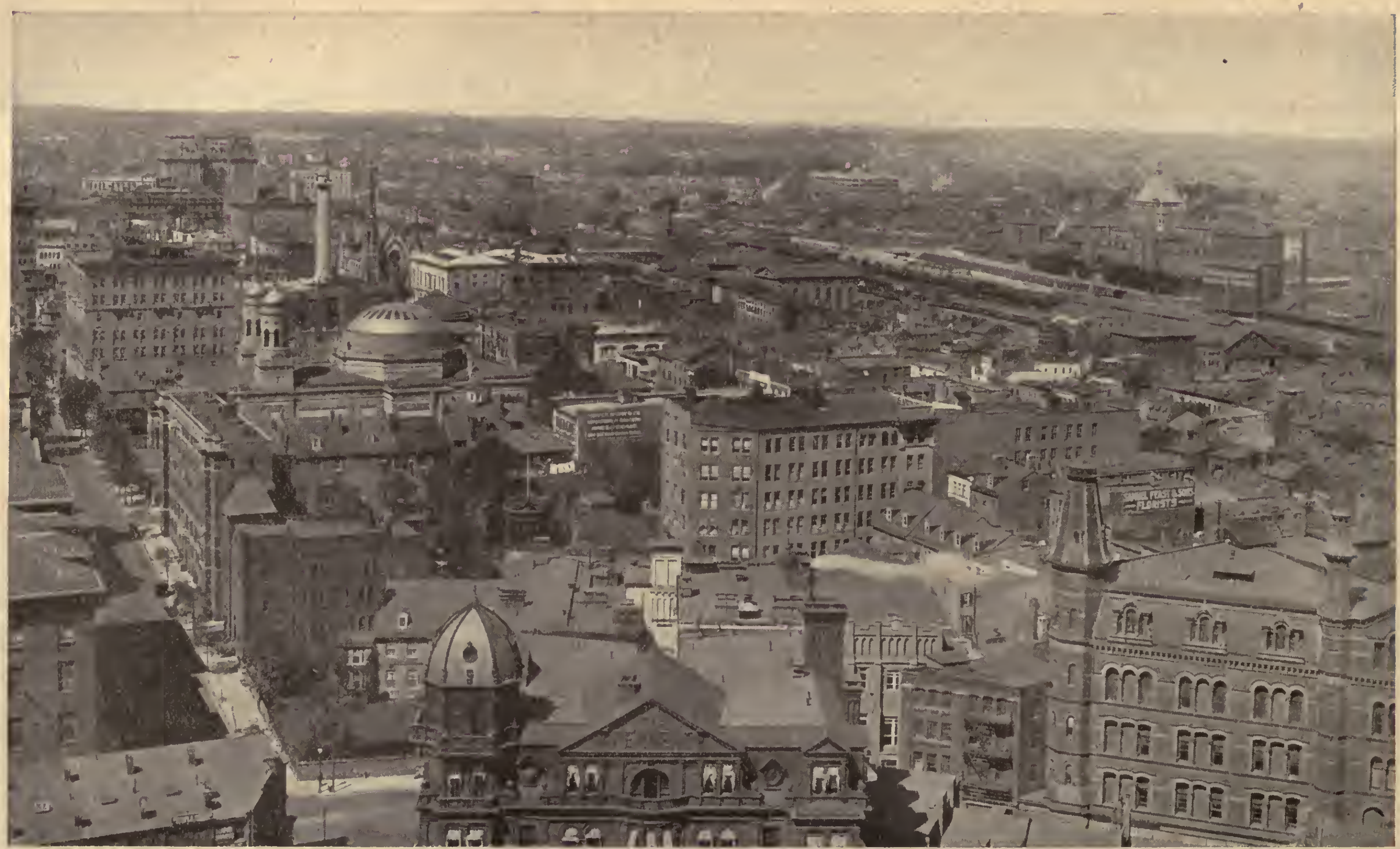
Then came the clang of the fire gong, the day of terrible struggle with furious flames, the night of smoldering ashes and debris, and with it all came the staggering realization to the people of Baltimore that the great business section of their city had been destroyed.

Baltimore, aroused, marveled at its own strength and ability to overcome almost unsurmountable obstacles. It successfully refused every offer of help that came pouring in from other cities. Its proud citizenship determined to rebuild the city and make it more beautiful than ever. A burnt district commission was created to widen streets and reduce grades. A few patriotic citizens gave portions of their property to the city for this purpose. Others required condemnation proceedings. Six million dollars were spent in the work, and the commission was dissolved with the thanks of the city for their efficient and painstaking efforts.

* * *

With the new street lines and grades established, the real work of reconstruction began. Proper sewerage was one of the first things decided upon, and $23,000,000 were spent in this work, giving to Baltimore, which badly needed it, one of the finest modern systems in the world. The repaving of the city streets called for $15,000,000, which was readily appropriated. The necessity for new and large municipal docks brought forth plans upon which $11,000,000 were spent. The enlargement of Baltimore's water supply cost an additional $5,000,000 for a storage reservoir and water filtration plant, while a high-pressure water pipe line for fire protection called for still another million. The electric, telegraph and telephone wires have been placed in an underground conduit system. In addition to this work of city improvement, private capital was spending $400,000,000 in new buildings and equipment.

The figures were stupendous. In all, some fifty-five millions was spent or authorized for municipal work alone, every cent of it without any suggestion of graft. And notwithstanding this tremendous outlay for which the people have been



GENERAL VIEW OF BALTIMORE

In the foreground is the Hotel Rennert and the old Young Men's Christian Association Building; just beyond is the Cathedral, Washington Monument and Mt. Vernon Place Church, with the Hotel Belvidere in the distance. On the extreme right is the Fallsway, the Penitentiary and the Industrial Building bonded and taxed, the per capita debt of the city is still well under the ratio set by banks as a maximum borrowing capacity. Baltimore accomplished its rebuilding without affecting its credit.

The fire was one of the best things that could have happened for Baltimore's industrial future. Like the great manufacturing plants that consign to the scrap heap obsolete machinery to make room for more modern appliances, so Baltimore has taken advantage of her devastation to install the most modern requisites. The city is already reaping results, for over $100,000,000 worth of new industries have recently been located in Baltimore, and more are on the way.

This great wave of industry and prosperity has been accepted in a calm and deliberate manner. Baltimore has simply come into her own. Her natural advantages and economic strength are at last recognized by her own citizens as well as by the world at large. Located at the head of Chesapeake Bay, 167 miles from the ocean, Baltimore enjoys the privileges of an inland city, and yet it may boast of being only one of seven American seaports that can offer a thirty-five foot channel for shipping. Baltimore has another important advantage in being the nearest Atlantic port to the great Middle West. This, together with freight differentials, has accounted for its steady climb into second place as an export city. During the past year more than one hundred and twenty million bushels of grain and over fifty million dollars' worth of copper were shipped from the port of Baltimore. The total exports for the year represented $286,872,247, exceeded only by New York.

INTERIOR OF A BALTIMORE TELEPHONE EXCHANGE

The "St. Paul" Exchange of the Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company is located in the densest part of Baltimore's business section, and the two hundred and ten operators who handle the cords and plugs in this central office serve the telephonic needs of the eighteen thousand patrons whose signals appear at this switchboard. "St. Paul" is the exchange that was burned out by the big fire in 1904

A great number of diversified industries seem to be marching from the congested centers of the north down the Atlantic coast to Baltimore—the New Baltimore, the most progressive city of the Atlantic seaboard.

To the stranger in Baltimore, there is a certain charm about the city that seems at first to defy analysis. Then gradually it takes form, and Baltimore stands revealed as a great composite city made up of one part colonial aristocracy, with its suggestion of lavender and old lace; one part southern hospitality, with its love of ease and refinement; and the remaining two parts are made up of the energy and enthusiasm emanating from the new and younger generation now coming to the front.

But the particular charm of Baltimore lies in its blend of the old with the new. That part of the city made up of the pleasure-loving descendants of the old aristocratic families that came over with Governor Leonard Calvert and settled on the shores of Chesapeake Bay has come in a direct line with the best stock of England. In the new country they prospered beyond their wildest dream, and the shores of the Chesapeake were made to blossom like a rose. Beautiful estates made this section the garden spot of the new world. In those days Baltimore laid the foundation as a center of education and culture which it enjoys today. The University of Maryland is one of the oldest educational institutions in the country, and the fame of Johns Hopkins University, founded in 1874, is known wherever men are inspired by a higher degree of knowledge.

A FRONT VIEW OF THE WESTERN MARYLAND GRAIN ELEVATOR

Baltimore bears the impress of a home-loving city, for real home life has ever been a predominate idea in the minds of its people, rich and poor alike. There are no stifling tenement districts. Even the most congested areas are marked by snug little individual brick houses, most of them owned by their occupants; the building and loan association idea has seen its greatest exemplification among the thrifty working people of Baltimore.

On the other hand, nowhere among American cities can be found more delightful suburbs than Roland Park and Guilford, where hill and dale, winding road and graceful terrace blend into a rare combination of residential beauty. Farther out, across the rolling hills, stretch the famous estates of the millionaire colony of Baltimore, where the fox hunt over field and meadow is enjoyed today the same as in years gone by.

Baltimore has been called the Gateway to the South, and there is a reason for this characterization. After the war, during reconstruction days, the South was very

HON. JAMES H. PRESTON, MAYOR OF BALTIMORE

poor and had no money with which to buy goods. Baltimore, more than any other commercial center, realized this impoverished condition and extended the needed credit. For many years, as a consequence, no southern merchant would deal elsewhere if his wants could be supplied in Baltimore. It became the great shipping and distributing point to and from the South, which it enjoys today in a more marked degree than ever.

Fifty million tons of freight are received and distributed by railroad and boat lines in Baltimore every year. In addition to a wholesale business upwards of $500,000,000 annually, the city stands first as a

THE PRATT STREET POWER STATION
The chief power station of the United Railways of Baltimore, showing the O'Donnell's wharf side

manufacturing center in the production of straw hats, cotton duck, fertilizers, copper, tin and sheet-iron products and the canning and preserving of tomatoes and oysters. Two other large industries in which the city does not lead, but enjoys a tremendous volume of business is the manufacture of clothing, which amounts to $40,000,000, and the meat packing industry, which amounts to $20,000,000 annually.

The great wholesale millinery houses of Baltimore are well-known thruout the South for a most unique and interesting custom. Just before the Easter season they send great numbers of trained millinery workers to the stores in the cities and towns of the South. The South has grown to look for the coming of these millinery girls from Baltimore, birds of passage as it were, much as the North looks for robin redbreasts—both harbingers of spring.

There is a complete unity and co-operation among the business interests of Baltimore. The Merchants and Manufacturers Association is one of the largest and most active organizations of its kind. It numbers 2,700 wide-awake members, full of energy and activity for every proposition that has to do with the growth of Baltimore, and it has proven a most important factor in the rapid business development of the city.

* * *

The city of Baltimore is composed of nearly one-half of the population of the state of Maryland. Its police and licensing board are under the control of the state. With the laws of the city enforced by state police, politics is a favorite study.

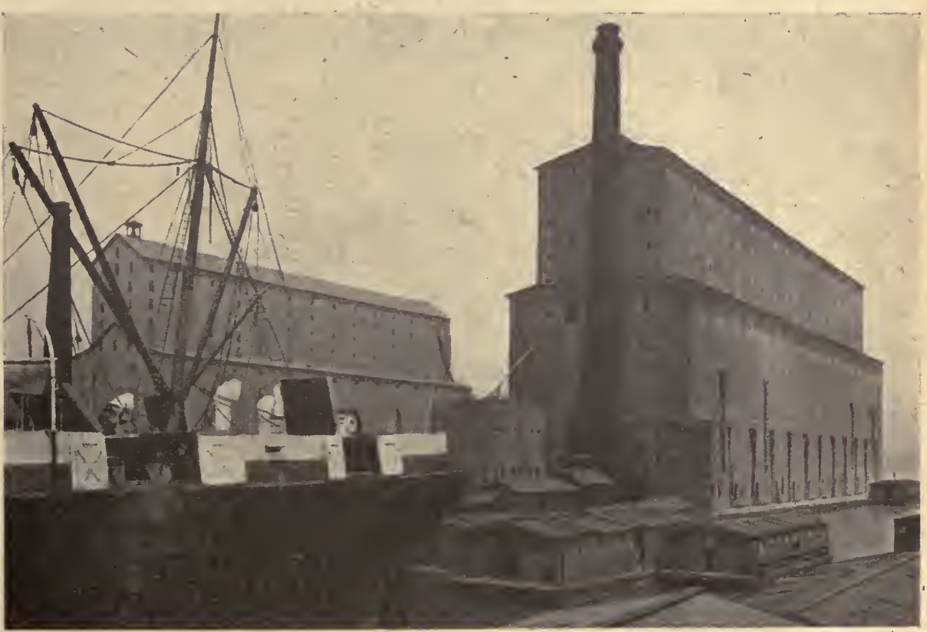
The famous old dining room of Hotel Rennert at Baltimore is the cloak room of Maryland politics. Here at luncheon most any day can be seen legislators, ex-governors, and hopeful candidates of both political parties, fraternizing over their coffee, while busy reporters slip in and out of the vacant chairs at the tables for a moment's chat, to gather their gist of political gossip. Here, perhaps, you can see Maryland's grand old man, Mr. Frank A. Furst, guide, philosopher, and friend, whose business is that of dredging ship canals, and whose advice is constantly sought for a safe channel thru turbulent political waters. Politics is surely a science in Baltimore.

And this brings us to a conspicuous phase of the city's political history and growth. In 1911 James H. Preston was elected Mayor of Baltimore. Preston had long been identified with the political life of the city and state. His family connections, his profession as a lawyer and banker all helped. He was elected by a close contest, and feeling was intense. Many there were who predicted dire calamity to the city in his incumbency. But once the reins of the government were in his hands, this political engineer, confronted by gigantic reconstruction problems, showed his knowledge of the city's needs, and soon Baltimore was on its way to its proper place among the municipalities of America, with the result that his election to a second term was by an overwhelming majority.

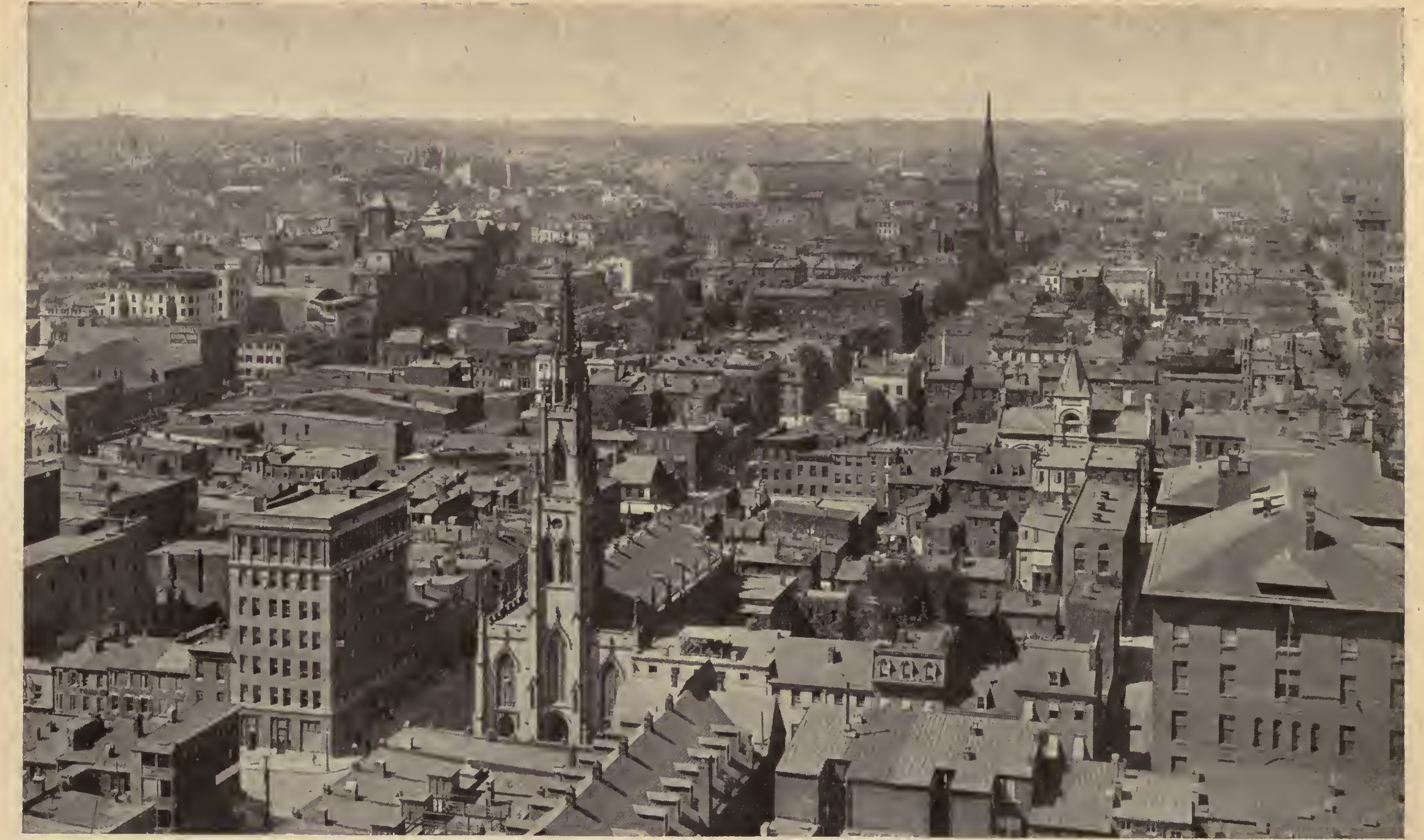
No sooner was Mayor Preston inaugurated than things began to move. Like a thoroly efficient captain, he entered the pilot house, and the people soon knew a skilled mariner was at the helm. No more vacillating; the chart was thoroly understood and a direct course was followed. The greatly increased water and filtration plan was begun and completed; the downtown section was paved with asphalt streets—the biggest paying job ever placed and carried out at one time in the world. The great sewerage system was completed.

Jones Falls was covered, and this unsightly spot of Baltimore was turned into a wide business street running down thru the center of the city, which is now called the Fallsway. The covering of Jones Falls had been a dream of Mayor Preston for years; he had worked for it in other administrations without success, and it was especially gratifying to be able to accomplish it during his own incumbency.

Another of the big municipal improvements of Baltimore, in keeping with its fast-growing development, is the Key Highway, a broad, waterfront business street that links the industrial and commercial centers of Baltimore together.



BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD COMPANY GRAIN ELEVATOR "C," LOCUST POINT



BALTIMORE—NORTHWEST FROM THE NEW TWENTY-STORY LEXINGTON STREET BUILDING

The Monumental City might, also, be called the city of spires and towers, for here are spires and towers galore. Directly in front is the church of St. Alphonsus, and further north rises the beautiful gothic spire of the First Presbyterian. On the right are Odd Fellows Hall and the tower of Pratt Library; on the left is the Temple of Music and the tower of McCoy Hall just beyond. The rounded roof in the center is on the Fifth Regiment Armory

On this street are laid the Baltimore Municipal Railroad tracks for easy freight distributing purposes. This with the widening of St. Paul's street to give an easy thorofare thru the center of the city to the north, will give Baltimore a system of convenient trade arteries that will do away with any traffic congestion in the future, no matter to what extent the city may grow.

Mayor Preston is Baltimore's human dynamo. He is the most progressive mayor Baltimore has ever had, and he believes in advertising. He has organized efficient departments to carry out his ideas as to how a big city should undertake the work of attracting industries and residents.

When Captain Koenig and the Deutschland, the first merchant submarine to cross the ocean, docked at Baltimore, Mayor Preston looked for funds to advertise the event. He could only find a special fund of thirty-four dollars that could be used for that purpose. "All right," he said, "spend that; it is better than nothing," and it was spent with such good results that a much larger appropriation was made to advertise the city. The city is alert, creative, and constructive. Regardless of political affiliation, the great forward movement for industrial growth is being carried on persistently, courageously, and in a way to bring results.

When you meet a Baltimorean, you have only to suggest that you are seeking information regarding his interesting city, when instantly he searches desk or pocketbook and brings out a printed slip on which are presented, under the caption of "Baltimore First," the following facts:

First railroad was organized—the Baltimore & Ohio.

First patent for locomotive granted.

First ribbon of American silk was made.

First steam vessel entirely of iron constructed.

First telegraph lines operated.

First iron building erected.

First revolving printing press made.

First armor plate made.

First electric locomotive used by a railroad.

First linotype machine made.

First American gas company organized.

First merchants' exchange erected.

Largest floating drydock in the world.

By reason of its many historic spots, Baltimore enjoys a very considerable amount of tourist travel. Perhaps the principal place of interest is Fort McHenry, now a part of Baltimore's beautiful park system, during the bombardment of which Francis Scott Key wrote the national anthem, "The Star Spangled Banner." Edgar Allan Poe's tomb in the Westminster Presbyterian churchyard is one of the shrines of American authors, and the old Holliday Street Theater, the scene of Edwin Booth's great triumph in his home city, is still standing. The Baltimore Symphony Orchestra, financed by the city to promote the love of good music among its people, is one of the best musical organizations in America. No forward movement for culture or education is overlooked.

Baltimore is popularly called "Monumental City" on account of two monuments—Washington, the first erected to "The Father of His Country," and Battle Monument commemorating the successful defense of Baltimore in the War of 1812–14. The Washington Monument, in Mount Vernon Place, was built partly from state appropriations, and partly from proceeds of a lottery, which at that period was a "handy" way of raising funds. Two other beautiful monuments are those of the Confederate Soldiers and Sailors and the Union Soldiers and Sailors, each vying with the other in magnificence. Many other shafts and commemorative statues that seem to grace every nook and corner contribute to Baltimore's fame as a "City of Monuments."

* * *

In the magnificent custom house Baltimore has one of the finest mural exhibits in the country. The ceiling of the main room is a great painting of ten famous clipper ships gracefully putting to sea, looming up out of a dim gray fog, like ghosts of the far distant past. The thirty-three wall panels, just beneath, contain a history of shipping, from the early type to the gigantic greyhounds of the sea. It is a sad reality that the artist, Mr. F. D. Millet, of Washington, who left to the world this wonderful illustrative history of sea travel, was himself lost on the ill-fated Titanic. It was to be his last work and his greatest.

The Baltimore Board of Trade, chartered by the state in 1778, is a very old organization. It differs from similar bodies in other cities in that its membership consists only of the presidents of but twenty of the most important institutions in the city, such as the presidents of the railroads centering in Baltimore, the president of the Chamber of Commerce, the president of the Clearing House, the president of the Merchants and Manufacturers Association, the president of the Advertising Club, and so on. These, in turn, go outside their ranks to elect a president of the Board. In a like way, the charities of Baltimore are co-ordinated. The Alliance of Charitable and Social Agencies is made up of the presidents of fourteen charitable societies. At present B. Howell Griswold, Jr., is serving as president of both the Board of Trade and the Alliance of Charities—an unusual and distinct recognition of the part the younger men of Baltimore are taking in the affairs of the city. He is a member of the banking firm of Alexander Brown & Sons.

Baltimore has always been a strong and conservative financial center. Alexander Brown & Sons is the oldest banking institution in the United States. It was founded in 1800, and its history is linked with the growth of Baltimore. It was thru this famous banking house that the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad was financed. At the time of the Napoleonic wars, this firm built many of the famous Baltimore clipper ships that ran the blockades of the old world and kept the commerce of America active. Models of these famous old ships, along with old business books and records, dating a full century back, are preserved in a historical exhibit in the basement of the new bank building.

This old institution, known the world over when the United States was a young republic, has been a rock of Gibraltar in financial storms and is the pride of Baltimore. Beginning with Alexander Brown and his four sons, the business has been handed down from generation to generation, always maintaining its dignified position among the leading banking institutions of the country.

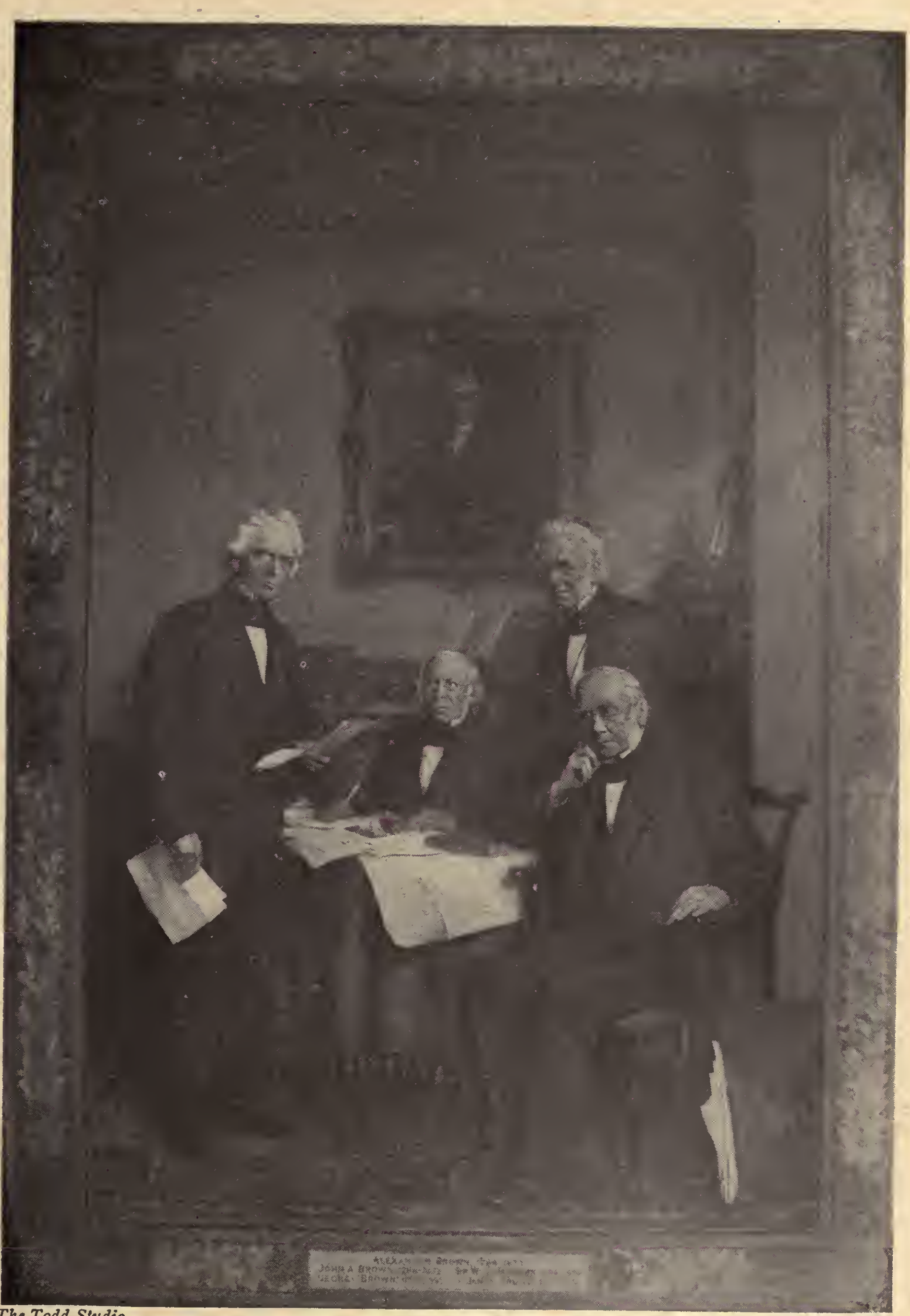
In the consolidation of three old banks, each more than one hundred years old, Baltimore also has the largest national bank in the South, which is known as the Merchants-Mechanics First National Bank. With such institutions serving as a foundation for the financial strength of Baltimore many other financial houses of hardly less importance have grown up with the development of the city. Bank clearings for 1916 passed the two-hundred-million-dollars-mark and showed an increase of $372,689.55 over the year previous.

Baltimore is also the great bonding center of the world. This important development in corporate and business life has seen its greatest progress in the last few years. The second surety company organized in the United States is the Fidelity and Deposit Company of Maryland, located in Baltimore. Some idea of the growth of the surety business in Baltimore is given by comparing the total net premiums for 1890—only $22,000—with that of 1916, which amounted to $28,436,097.71.

* * *

In public utility matters Baltimore is favored more than most cities.

The lighting and power service of Baltimore is performed by the Consolidated Gas, Electric Light and Power Company, one of the most progressive public utility organizations in America. The company has recently constructed a beautiful twenty-story modern office building. The company is over one hundred years old, and is operated under the first charter ever issued in America. Its rates are said to be lower than those of any city on the Atlantic seaboard. Artificial gas is supplied as low as 35 cents per thousand feet, where sufficient quantities are used in any one month. The company has doubled its electric output during the last few years. The facilities it offers for power users has been a strong factor in the development of new industries. Three years ago Mr. J. E. Aldred, chairman of the board, with vision and courage determined upon an industrial survey of Baltimore. He wanted to know just where Baltimore stood industrially; how many industries were entirely unrepresented for whose product there was a generous local demand; how many industries entirely unrepresented in Baltimore, but conspicuously successful in similar communities,



The Todd Studio

FOUNDERS OF THE OLDEST BANKING FIRM IN AMERICA

This historical painting of the founders of Alexander Brown & Sons attracts the attention of visitors to their banking establishment, where it hangs in the lobby and what industries in Baltimore were capable of marked expansion. It was a new idea, but Mr. Aldred believed that Baltimore's industrial problem was a business problem and he applied business principles to its solution. The result is the most complete analysis of industrial conditions ever compiled on an American municipality. It was one of the first things done to wake up Baltimore industrially. It set the city ablaze with enthusiasm for new industries. An outgrowth of this survey was the organization of the Industrial Corporation formed for the purpose of investigating, and if found satisfactory, to advance money for the assistance of small industries when success was reasonably assured. This Industrial Corporation has been surprisingly successful in building up young and thriving industries, and is now paying a good dividend. The erection of the Industrial Building to serve as a beehive of small industries where all could have the privileges of big institution at a *pro rata* of expense in rent, light and power, has also proven a most successful venture for the upbuilding of new industries in Baltimore. This great fireproof, modern factory building is today the home of twenty different small factories, and there is a long waiting list. In the accomplishment of these things the Consolidated has probably done as much as any other public utility in the country, for the industrial growth of its home city. And it has paid them to do it.

ONE OF THE GROUPED HOUSES IN BALTIMORE
They are one-family houses, and are dignified with marble steps. There are miles upon miles of these houses in Baltimore

* * *

The prosperity and life of a city are quickly judged by the appearance of its street cars. The United Railways and Electric Company of Baltimore is one of the most efficient street railway organizations in the country. The company operates over four hundred miles of tracks and serves a population of about 730,000 people. Every part of the city is easily accessible over the company's lines, while the adjacent territory served extends to all the Bay Shore on the east, fifteen miles from the city's center, to Ellicot City on the west, eleven miles from the same point; to Curtis Bay on the south, and to Emory Grove on the north, a distance of twenty miles from the heart of Baltimore.

Probably nowhere in the United States can be found a higher type of employes, resultant from the company's endeavor to establish and maintain working conditions of the very highest. Its welfare work is carried along on the most approved plan, and mutual aid and insurance features embody all that is excellent in this line of corporation endeavor. The employes have always been encouraged to own their own homes, and the result is an organization of citizenship that has both the company and the interests of the city at heart.

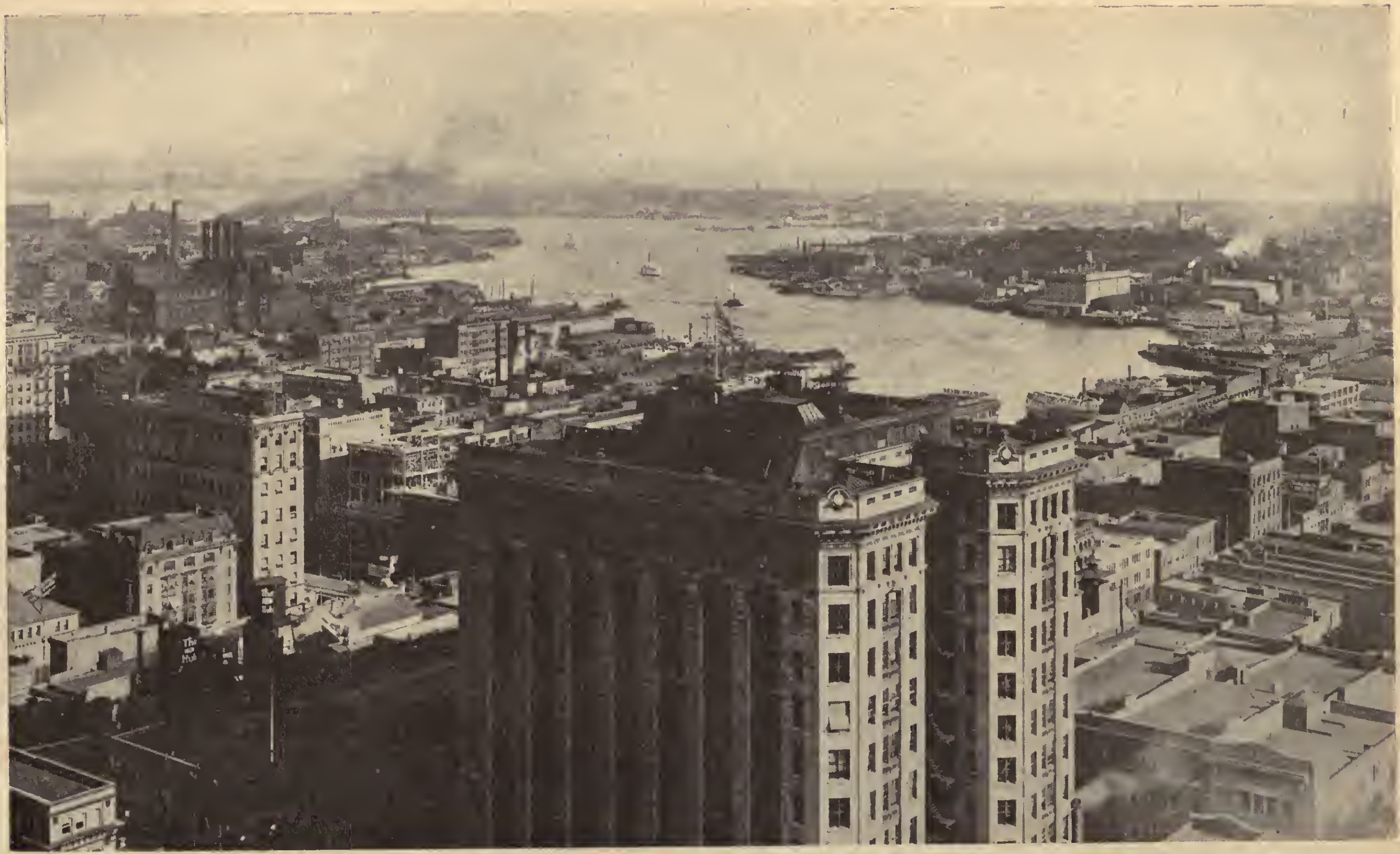
The company pays nine per cent of its gross earnings to the city for the maintenance of parks. Up to the present year, the street-car company has paid for the maintenance of Baltimore parks the huge sum of $12,000,000. Last year's "park tax" was over $600,000. No other street railway company in the United States, or perhaps in the world, has made such a contribution for park purposes, but the result is that Baltimore's rest and recreation grounds are superior to those of any city of its size in the country.

The United system is keeping well in advance of the growing needs of Baltimore's industrial and residential suburbs. Experts in this line are constantly at work planning for improvements. At the company's immense car shops, covering eight acres of ground, 560 of its cars are being remodeled to conform to the latest ideas in safety and pay-as-you-enter types. In its campaign for safety first, the company has hit upon a new plan that is creating comment—with many requests for the privilege of adopting it by street railway companies of other cities, because of its strong appeal to men, women and children alike. It is simply a series of alphabet rhymes—"H is for *hurry*, the brother of *harm*"—that sing themselves into the thought and intelligence, thru the medium of street-car cards.

A TYPICAL HOUSING DISTRICT

An example of Baltimore's small housing arrangements, showing the houses grouped in blocks. This illustrates the fact that more working people own their homes in Baltimore than in any other city. In looking over the picture the question suggests itself—"How does the tenement dweller find his own home?"

A substantial part of the power used by the Consolidated and also the United Railways is purchased from the Pennsylvania Water and Power Company, whose plant is at Holtwood, on the Susquehanna River, forty miles from Baltimore. Baltimore is the only large city on Atlantic coast tide-water that possesses hydro-electric power, and the development of the site at Holtwood gave advantages to the city which few large American municipalities possess. The danger of fuel shortage due to strikes cannot menace its industrial life. Opportunities for further power development are possible, and no doubt will be accomplished as the needs of the city demand. Herein lies an important



THE INNER HARBOR OF BALTIMORE

The Light Street wharves stretch to the south, and Federal Hill, with its mass of foliage, shows above the further shore. In the foreground is the massive Baltimore & Ohio Building, while on the left, standing out prominently from the surrounding buildings, are the four stacks of the United Railway's Power House and the tall chimney of the Sewerage Pumping Station source of Baltimore's future industrial greatness, since the city is not dependent upon coal for power and lighting service.

* * *

The nerves of a great city are its telephone wires over which the business energy is constantly coursing day and night. Baltimore's continuing growth is nowhere more apparent than in the fact that over 1,500,000 more telephone calls were made during last November than had been made in the same month of the previous year. Such a growth and development in the telephone business of Baltimore requires the utmost skill to keep in advance of the city's needs. The Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company has just completed an extensive survey of Baltimore's telephone requirements based on its probable growth for the next twenty years.

A story of Baltimore must be, at the same time, a story of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. Dating from the year 1828, when the first few miles of the road were laid, it has been a conspicuous factor of the city's industrial development. Charles Carroll of Carrollton, a surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence, helped lay the corner-stone at the opening of this railroad. He declared his act was second only in importance to the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

Today, the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad has property in the city totaling $32,000,000, and gives employment to more than ten thousand Baltimore people, with a payroll of approximately $10,000,000 annually in the city. Its one hundred thousand freight cars advertise the city in every section of the country. The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad has long advocated Baltimore's superior facilities to handle foreign commerce.

The great Locust Point Terminal of this system is the largest railroad terminal of the Atlantic Coast, and shipments valued at millions of dollars are made from this point each year. It is located directly behind historic Fort McHenry, and consists of eleven great freight piers, two coal-landing piers, and two huge grain elevators. Locust Point has been an important shipping center ever since the day of the famous Baltimore clipper ships. It was from this place that the Baltimore & Ohio established the first regular trans-Atlantic steamboat service between Europe and America.

At Curtis Bay, the Baltimore & Ohio has a receiving yard, which is now being enlarged to 3,500 cars. One of the new piers has a coal-dumping capacity of two thousand tons per hour. The government collier Neptune broke its own world's record when it loaded 7,473 tons of coal in three hours and forty-five minutes at the Curtis Bay dock.

A new coal pier has just been put into operation with a capacity of ten million tons annually. This pier cost $1,500,000 to construct. It represents an altogether new system of loading coal into vessels, as by means of a system of belt conveyors the breakage of coal is overcome, and the continuous loading makes it possible to discharge cargoes with greater speed. The plan of the new pier is to unload coal onto belt conveyors, which take it to two towers, from which it is carried to a shuttle ram and lowered into the vessels in a continuous stream. In this way the largest vessel afloat can be loaded in a very few hours.

* * *

The Pennsylvania Railroad, with its great, far-reaching lines, has long appreciated the advantages of its Baltimore terminals, and has provided extensive warehouses and piers for the trans-shipments in tremendous volume. In addition to the already admirable facilities, the Pennsylvania Railroad is spending $1,000,000 for a new coal-loading terminal sixty-six feet wide and nearly one thousand feet long, the handling capacity of which is ten thousand tons to a vessel in ten hours. In addition to this, the road is building a new grain elevator having a capacity of three million bushels. The Pennsylvania Railroad has recently solicited the city government of Baltimore for permission to build parallel tunnels to take care of its fast-growing traffic into and thru the city.

The building of these tunnels and the erection of a new freight station and passenger terminal at Calvert Street, together with other far-reaching improvements necessary to Baltimore's rapid growth will entail an expense of twenty-one million dollars to the Pennsylvania system.

FROM ALL PARTS OF BALTIMORE THE GREAT SHAFT OF THE NEW LEXINGTON STREET BUILDING IS VISIBLE AT NIGHT

The Canton district, where the big Pennsylvania export terminal is located, is showing a tremendous industrial gain. This terminal is one of the oldest on the coast, having been the sailing berth for clipper ships to and from Canton, China, as early as 1828. The district took its name from this far eastern trade. The Canton Company, a very old private concern, has built its own railroad and terminal facilities in the way of deep-water piers and warehouses for the expeditious handling of local, export and import freight. This railroad is for the accommodation of Canton industries as they can call for cars of any of the great railroads at a flat rate, with great economy of operation in loading and unloading freight from train to boat. Seventy-five per cent of the packing industry, and at least a like amount of the fertilizer business, is carried on at this place.

The establishment of homes for the thousands upon thousands of workingmen recently brought into this section is a wonder story in itself. The St. Helena development between Canton and Sparrow's Point includes seven hundred acres for residential sites, and will require four to five million of dollars to carry out the plans. This is expected to take care of the working people the new industries are bringing during the coming years.

* * *

A third big trunk line railroad into the city of Baltimore is the Western Maryland, which by arrangements with the New York Central has a thru traffic route from Chicago to the port of Baltimore for the transportation of grain. An elevator of two million bushels capacity is already too small to take care of the company's requirements. Coal, however, furnishes fully half the freight tonnage of this busy system, as it touches the very heart of the great bituminous coal fields in West Virginia. New mines have been opened on its lines during the past year that will supply an additional two million tons of coal for transportation over its lines annually.

IN THE GREAT CANYON-LIKE SLIPS OF CURTIS BAY

The Western Maryland Railroad was built largely by Baltimore capital, and for years the city owned a very considerable part of it. In fact the city's investment in the Western Maryland was nothing short of the city's salvation at the time of the

NEW SOUTHERN HOTEL IN PROCESS OF CONSTRUCTION
Chapter One of the Colonial Dames of America have placed a bronze tablet in the Southern Hotel, bearing an inscription, commemorating the three historic occasions when General George Washington was entertained there, and they also took charge of the laying of the cornerstone of the hotel

big fire. It had recently sold its holdings on the road for approximately $8,000,000, and $4,000,000 of the money was still in the bank at the time when it was needed most, when the great loss came.

Inquiry among the new industries that have recently located in Baltimore reveals more clearly than anything else the reasons for its remarkable industrial growth. The Prudential Oil Corporation, a $5,000,000 concern, frankly states that Baltimore was decided upon only after a careful survey of other cities, because of its shipping and distributing advantages. The Shawinigan Electro Products, manufacturers of ferro-silicon and other electric furnace products, is the first concern of its kind to operate electric furnaces by hydro-electric power at tide water in America. The Hess Steel Corporation is another great industry attracted to Baltimore by its cheap power for operating its electric furnaces. The Baltimore Tube Company, turning out more than one million pounds of tubing per month, is another illustration of a great industry thriving on the manufacturing economies of Baltimore.

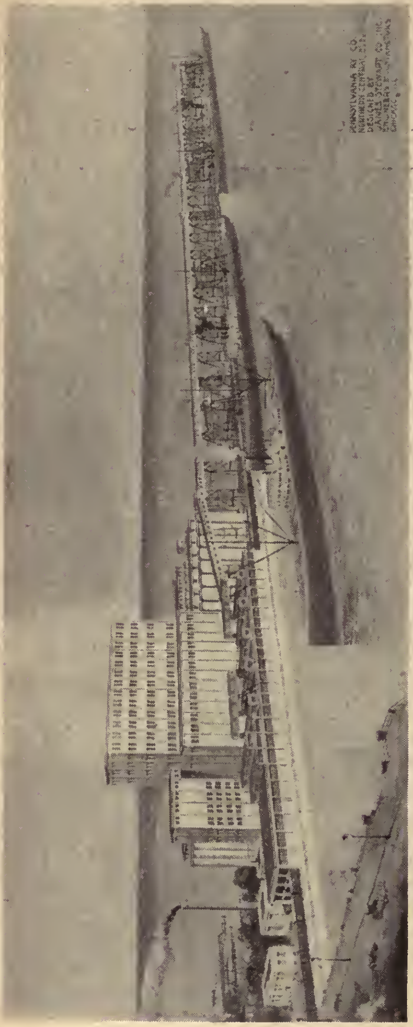
The erection of the Southern Hotel, now nearing completion, brings back to Baltimore historical memories of the past, besides giving to the city another hotel which its great business and industrial growth is demanding.

More than a century ago the Old Fountain Inn was erected on this site. It was one of the best-known hostelries in this part of the country, and General George Washington was entertained there with his staff, on his way to Virginia. It remained a landmark until 1871, when it was destroyed by fire. The following year the old Carrollton Hotel was built. This hotel continued to hold the same popularity as did the Old Fountain Inn, and was the favorite stopping-place for most travelers, until it was burned in the great Baltimore fire in 1904.

BALTIMORE AT NIGHT

One of the largest single industrial developments in the history of Baltimore is the recent purchase of the Maryland Steel Company by the Bethlehem Steel Corporation. Mr. Charles M. Schwab declares he will make this the largest steel plant in the United States, because of its ideal location, and forty millions of dollars have been authorized for its enlargement. A fleet of ore vessels will bring iron from the large deposits in Cuba direct to the docks. Other big steel interests are located in Baltimore, including the Carnegie Steel Company and the Baltimore Copper Smelting and Rolling Company, and all these together bid fair to make Baltimore a second Pittsburgh as a steel center. The plant of the Baltimore Dry Docks and Ship Building Company furnishes one of the busiest scenes along the harbor shore.

Not only in these larger industries, employing thousands of men and representing millions of capital, but in the smaller lines of manufacture many concerns are finding in Baltimore opportunities for development not to be found elsewhere.


PENNSYLVANIA RR CO.
DESIGNED BY
JAMES STEWART CO. INC.

PROPOSED NEW GRAIN ELEVATOR FOR THE CENTRAL ELEVATOR COMPANY

Manufacturers here possess a distinct advantage in that their location is within a night's ride of two-thirds of the population of the United States. With five great harbors in one, assuming the attributes of huge fingers, Baltimore could, figuratively speaking, hold the commerce of the nation in its hand. It has eighty-five miles of deep water front, and new industries can purchase land adjacent to the deep water at prices lower than in any similar location in the United States. Sparrows Point and Curtis Bay, both on deep water, form the opposite poles of a great industrial horseshoe magnet, that is drawing new enterprises to Baltimore with irresistible force, offering plenty of room to grow and every facility for success.

* * *

The United States government officially declares Baltimore to be the most economical city in which to live. It has long been known as one of the greatest fruit packing and preserving sections in the country. It is the center of a great fruit- and vegetable-growing region, and its canning business runs into the millions annually. Fourteen million dollars' worth of sea-food is taken from Chesapeake Bay every year, most of which comes to Baltimore. A system of large public markets in the city gives the dollar its greatest purchasing value to Baltimore people, and goes far to make the high cost of living much less a problem in that city than elsewhere. In keeping with this record for low cost of living it may also be noted that the overhead administrative charges in Baltimore are less than any city in the country.

Baltimore, today, is alive, energetic, and enthusiastic. It knows its superior advantages for commerce and industry, and does not hesitate to tell the world about them. It is enjoying unparalleled prosperity, but it is not a boom city. Baltimore's growth is steady and substantial. Its industrial future is written in large letters in the signs of the times. The slogan "Come to Baltimore" means more than an invitation; it is a revelation.

Glimpses Into Borderland

by

Russell Kelso Carter

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*Dr. Carter gives us this month the conclusion of the remarkable article in the March number. The subject is commanding world-wide attention at present, the extraordinary book lately issued by Sir Oliver Lodge, called "Raymond, or Life and Death," having called forth an avalanche of comment from all directions. When such minds as Sir Oliver, Crooks, Flammarion, Barrett, Stead, Hugo Munsterberg, Isaac Funk, Judge Edmonds, Prof. Jancs, and a host of others more or less distinguished, soberly take up this subject, it is certainly becoming in us all to meditate upon what they tell us.*

UNDER the head of "Premonitions" or "Warnings," we find a flood of evidence, much of which is of no real value beyond serving as a sort of sign-post to point out the way for the investigator.

A friend of E's had a daughter of some seventeen years of age. A fortune teller warned her that she would die when twenty-one years old. She actually died on her twenty-first birthday. Of course it is thinkable that a nervous temperament might become obsessed with the thought of death at the time stated, and the powerful force of auto-suggestion be called into play with positive effect. There is nothing necessarily supernatural in such cases.

A cousin was visiting her aunt, and in going thru the living hall in the evening, the cousin suddenly started and uttered an exclamation. The aunt asked what was the matter, but was told it was nothing. To her daughter, however, the cousin said she saw her uncle, the aunt's husband, lying there in a coffin; saw it most distinctly. In a very short time the uncle died of pneumonia. At this very time E was in her kitchen and saw a man pass the window. She remarked to the cook that the man looked wonderfully like the uncle just mentioned. A day or two later a letter came telling of his death from pneumonia.

A lady friend of my wife dreamed she was sitting in a room well filled with people. A messenger came in and gave something to each one. Coming to her he said: "I am sorry to hand you this." It was a card marked "Death." She had been ill for some time, but was better. A few days later she dreamed again. She was in bed and someone came in and spread a beautiful white covering over her. On it was embroidered the word "Righteousness." She at once told her husband she was about to leave him, tho she did not then show any alarming symptoms. He wired her mother to come on immediately, but before she arrived, her daughter died.

Near the close of Henry Ward Beecher's life he advocated the use of a wreath of flowers rather than crepe, to hang on a door in case of a death. One day E was walking in New York and suddenly came upon the home of a prominent family. On the door hung a large wreath. She said: "That is odd," and turned her eyes away, then looked again. The wreath had disappeared. When she reached home she told C of the occurrence. In about two days the wreath actually appeared on the door in question. Someone had died. From early girlhood E had often seen black on doors, and soon after, funerals occurred.

* * *

A few years ago E had a startling dream. She saw a woman with ghastly white face, her hair brought down over the ears in the old-fashioned way, lying flat on her back as if just laid out for burial. Suddenly she sat up, threw out both arms, and shrieked out, "I'm lost! I'm lost!" E said, in the dream, "Somebody must pray for this woman." The strain became so great that she awoke, and feeling deeply impressed, actually prayed, "Dear Lord, if a soul is going out this night, have mercy on her." Next day E remarked, "I wonder if we will hear of a death." But it snowed all day and nobody came to the house. The following day a man stopped at the kitchen door, and after a few words had passed, said: "Mrs. X died night before last. She was an awful wicked woman. She wouldn't have a preacher, and cussed them terrible. A man came in and asked her why she wouldn't have one, and she said 'God ——— the preachers to h——.' And so she died."

This last case suggests another which was given some prominence a few years ago. An English minister's fame was rising, and his eloquence and other gifts were spoken of quite frequently. Almost unconsciously he was somewhat imitating a very popular preacher, and was laying out his work along similar lines to those designed by the famous man. One afternoon the younger minister was sleeping in a hammock under the trees of his garden. Suddenly he dreamed that the popular preacher entered the garden. His face was deathly pale, his eyes staring with a terrible expression, and he was wringing his hands as if in agony. In great concern, the young man asked what was the matter, and the other replied: "I am lost. I am lost. I have been preaching myself instead of Jesus Christ, and I find I am lost."

The young man awoke in a profuse perspiration, and was so startled by the dream that he ran out of the garden into the street. There he met an acquaintance, who at once inquired, "Have you heard the sad news? The Rev. Dr. X died in his study an hour ago."

The young man said nothing about his dream for years, until everyone was dead who might have been affected by it; but he declared it entirely altered and sobered his whole life plan and work.

It may be said of many of the above cases that too much depends upon a single testimony, and upon an individual memory. This is undoubtedly true, but the laws of evidence admit of strong presumptive proof being set up by corroborative circumstances. The great number of such phenomena in itself is quite formidable. Where there is so much smoke, there must be some fire. Very few people write down particular notes of such experiences at the time, but they generally tell someone, and establish points of reference that may afterwards serve as proof. No sane reasoner accepts as gospel every detail in every such incident, but balances the probabilities and the possibilities in the light of all the obtainable evidence. Let us now examine a few peculiarly remarkable cases leading toward more material effects.

* * *

When the first steamboat was to make its trial trip upon Maryland waters, my maternal grandfather, John R. Kelso, was invited by a prominent citizen of Baltimore, Mr. Moale, to accompany him. Of course the number of invitations was limited, for the first steamboats were wonderfully small affairs, and the marvelous nature of the invention made the privilege of the trip a highly coveted one. Mr. Kelso's house was on South Street, a few blocks from the water, and Mr. Moale promised to call for him at the set time. Naturally he was ready before the hour arrived and impatiently awaited Mr. Moale's appearance. At length that gentleman was seen walking leisurely down the other side of the street. Mr. Kelso watched him, expecting every moment that he would turn and come across, but Moale did nothing of the kind. He walked deliberately on, his head raised, and his eyes straight before him. Grandfather stood in his doorway, and must have been plainly within the range of Moale's lateral vision, but the latter never glanced toward him. So marked was the action, or lack of action, that Mr. Kelso instinctively suppressed the impulse to go forward himself. In a few seconds he became angry at what appeared to be an intentional slight, and abruptly resolved to make no effort to attract Moale's attention. The latter walked on and disappeared down toward the pier, leaving Mr. Kelso angrily disappointed. In a few minutes the boat left the wharf amid the cheers of a throng of spectators, but before it had proceeded a thousand yards the boiler blew up with frightful force and totally wrecked the vessel. Mr. Moale was among those instantly killed. Had grandfather been at his side, this study would never have been written.

* * *

Practically grandfather was warned not to go on that boat. Practically he heeded the warning and lived for sixty years afterward in almost perfect health. Now consider another case.

An English missionary was traveling in India and, with his party, was overtaken by the shades of evening while in the heart of the jungle. For a white man to spend the night in the jungle was certain death from the miasma. Shelter was absolutely necessary, and the party all knew it. Suddenly the missionary heard the words spoken distinctly in his ear: "Turn to the right and go to the river." He knew the river was not far off, but there was no shelter there, and on the banks of the stream the danger was no less, but probably greater. Nevertheless, the words so impressed themselves upon his consciousness that he gave the order and they were soon upon the brink of the stream, where, to their delight, they found a large flat-boat tied up for the night. In this all found refuge and safety.

Here was a positive warning, but was not the warning given my grandfather fully as practical? And, what of the law governing such experiences? Is it telepathy? Between mind and mind? Between man and man, or between man's mind and the mind of God? It is easier to ask than to answer questions, but we will not fear to ask. We are all learners in the great school of the universe.

A friend of mine, a refined Quaker lady, was called to pass thru extraordinary and terrible experiences. She married a man she dearly loved, but he went to the war and learned to drink. She was a minister among the Friends, and her husband insisted that she should give up this ministry. Strong in her conviction of her heavenly calling, she refused. After several threats her husband attempted to kill her in their own home, and in the presence of her children and a lady friend. She was horribly injured and given up as hopeless by the physicians summoned. After a most extraordinary inward experience, that could hardly be attributed to mere mental phenomena, she recovered. A trial followed, and there, in court, some strange facts were brought out.

The husband had made up his mind to kill her when she returned home from a preaching tour. He urged her to go into the barn and see her two ponies, of which she was extremely fond. She did so, and he followed her in, intending to strike her down with a hatchet, which he had concealed there in a convenient place. At first she petted the horses, who whinnied with pleasure, and threw their heads about so as to offer no opportunity for him to strike from behind. Then she started to go out of the stable by the large door, and he said, "Don't go out that way. Go out by the feed door." This took her along a narrow passageway between the wall and the horses' troughs, and right where he had left the hatchet. He quickly followed her, caught up his weapon and raised his arm for the murderous blow, when he was arrested by a very loud call, a man's voice close to the barn, calling the wife's name two or three times, "Rebekah! Rebekah!"

The voice belonged to a dear friend who seemed quite unnerved and excited, but quieted down when he found her safe. This friend was occupied in getting his hay under cover when he was profoundly impressed to ride to the other farm lest something terrible should happen to Rebekah. It looked like rain, and the thrifty Quaker did not wish to lose his hay; but the impulse was so strong that he quickly saddled a horse and rode the three miles at top speed, arriving at the critical moment, as already narrated. Of course, at the time, this seemed very unnecessary nervousness to the man, but the light thrown by the husband's confession, after he had really attempted his wife's life, showed its exceeding timeliness.

When the husband saw her lying at his feet a broken, bleeding and almost unrecognizable being, he had a strange revulsion of feeling, tried to resuscitate her, and wept over her, meanwhile accusing himself of the intended murder, and also of his own personal infidelity—the ground on which she afterwards secured a divorce. Then he escaped, before an angry crowd could lay hold on him.

Later, after the divorce, the man tried repeatedly to persuade her to grant him an interview, and finally, against all her friends' advice, she agreed to meet him in a hotel in a certain city. Just as she was setting out to drive to the place, an old friend appeared and at once implored her not to go, stating that he had dreamed twice in the preceeding nights, that he saw her lying dead on the floor of what looked like a parlor, with the blood running from a wound in her head. She then decided not to go, and in a few days she received a letter from the man telling her that God must certainly be taking care of her, for he had deliberately planned to kill her the moment he got her alone with him in the hotel. His revolver was loaded and ready in his pocket, but she did not come. Other most remarkable things occurred in connection with this case, but the above must suffice for our present purpose.

It may be claimed that long-distance telepathy will account for the two friends going to rescue and warn this lady, but it is singular that whenever we wish to use the telepathic law at long range, it seems elusive. There is my sealed verse, lying in my desk in the mountains of Pennsylvania. Nobody has read it yet. Why should telepathy act so intensely at one time and not at another? This lady often had telepathic communications herself, but in the crucial instances here given the results came thru others.

There remains one class of cases to which all the rest converge—the class in which we have material effects. Mind working upon matter.

At one time in his life my friend, Dr. Cullis, of Boston, was passing thru a period of great trial. He was beset by mental and spiritual foes—so it seemed to him, and, for a time, was the recipient of numerous written communications dealing with Borderland and its inhabitants. These letters were found by him on his table, in his washroom, on his desk or within it, and in many unlooked-for places. He carefully locked his office, rooms and desk, examined the window fastenings, and in every way strove to catch whoever placed the letters; but he failed absolutely. He would lock up everything and go out for a short time. When he returned a letter would be lying right on his desk, and all the fastenings and locks just as he left them.

Joined with this there were strange sounds, especially the singing of birds. For this also no key or explanation was ever found. Finally, after a desperate prayer and devotement of himself and his work to the service of God, and his fellowmen, the birds became silent and the letters abruptly ceased to appear. Dr. Cullis never saw or heard of either again, but, as is well known, his life was filled with good deeds, and his Consumptives' Home, Orphanages, Work of Faith, Missions, etc., soothed and illumined many a darkened life and many a dying pillow.

* * *

It is easy to cry "hallucination" over such a story, but that, in the light of so much similar testimony, will hardly suffice for an honest mind. But we ask the question fearlessly: Did mind move matter?

A young woman, M, ran away from her home and lived for a time in a boarding house in New York. There she met a young man who was in want, and she loaned him two dollars to help pay his board. Years passed. She married and moved to another state. One night, while taking part in a table-tipping and writing experiment, it was written to her that the young man had "passed out." She did not recall him, and the writing came, "Don't you remember loaning me two dollars at the boarding house in New York at such a time?" To this she responded affirmatively, and the writing then declared "Well, I'm the man."

Again years elapsed and she had several children. Her husband was cross with her and did not want to give her any money. She wanted one dollar badly, and was worrying over the problem of securing it. Just then her husband handed her a roll of notes, saying she must keep it safe, as he had to pay it out for taxes and mortgage interest in a day or two. He mentioned the exact amount—fifty dollars. In her distress she took out one dollar, reasoning that her husband would not ask for the notes till the next day, and she could borrow the dollar from a neighbor by that time. But her efforts to borrow proved fruitless, and she could not sleep that night till very late, as she was in an agony of mind about the dollar.

Finally she slept, but soon awakened, and saw a young man, in trousers and vest, standing beside her. As she gazed he pushed one hand under her pillow and said, "There's your dollar." She knew there was no man in the house except her husband, and he was sleeping quietly. She rose and went to her boy's room, tho he was away at the time. Nobody there. Then she visited her daughter's room, and found her asleep. She returned to her bed, but did not look under her pillow. After a time she fell asleep. In the morning she went downstairs and her daughter went to make the beds. Presently she came down and said, "Mother, you nearly lost that dollar. You know father makes such a fuss about money. You ought to be more careful." "What dollar?" asked the mother. "Why this dollar (handing it to her) that you left under your pillow." M counted the roll of notes and found that the one dollar just made up the required fifty. Of course nothing was said to the husband, but the daughter told an aunt of the dollar under the pillow. She at the time knew nothing of the bank roll, for that was locked up in a drawer, and was not placed under the pillow at all.

* * *

This looks like a material effect, but the possible law is not indicated. We can only guess a little, and that is hardly worth while. We turn, therefore, to the positively material manifestations produced in such cases as those related by Hamlin Garland in *Everybody's Magazine* a few years ago. Large books were taken from the shelves and thrown on the table. Horns were picked up, waved in the air, and loudly blown, and several voices were repeatedly heard, each speaking with individual character, and claiming to be certain "passed-over" individuals. These "discarnate intelligences" in one or two instances claimed to be friends or relatives of someone present. There was a subdued light in the room, and all could plainly see the heavy objects moved, and of course all heard the loud voices. The medium reclined in an arm chair, her hands and arms and feet securely bound, and was constantly watched while in the trance state. The manifestations were often very slow in beginning, the party being sometimes obliged to wait, and sing, or otherwise occupy the time for two or three hours with nothing doing.

* * *

In this line of material effects Eusapia Palladino leads all the rest. When I first began to study the case of this remarkable woman over twenty years ago, the prevailing opinion of the ablest scientific investigators certainly inclined toward the spirit theory. But, as the years have passed, another solution or explanation of the mystery has gained ground considerably. Palladino differs conspicuously from nearly all other mediums in the immediate beginning of her manifestations. There is no tedious waiting. She passes into her trance state in a few minutes, and then the fun begins at once. All sorts of articles are moved, electric apparatus made to register, clock hands turned, bells rung, and many sounds produced, some of them stunningly loud. All this takes place in the laboratory of some leading scientific investigator where fraud or collusion are out of the question. Palladino herself is lifted bodily from the floor to the table, while men like Professor Richet and Professor Lombroso stand on either hand. Further, all is done in a moderate light.

It occurred to me (and undoubtedly to others also) that these manifestations were all done within a radius of a few feet. Coupling this with the statement made by some senstive persons that they saw a dim shadowy hand and arm shoot forth from

Palladino's shoulder, the idea suggested itself that the medium herself really touched and moved the various articles, altho her own material hands were held fast by the observers. Can it be that what is called her "astral body" did the work? May not the mind, in the trance state, control the astral or spiritual body* more directly than when the individual is fully awake?

I wrote Mr. Gilman Hall, assistant editor of *Everybody's Magazine*, who, with his wife and brother-in-law, had a very satisfactory seance with Palladino in Naples, and asked him concerning the distance from the medium's body at which the manifestations took place. I ventured to predict that said distance was not over three or four feet—five or six at the possible limit. He replied at once that I was entirely correct, and that most of the objects moved were not over two or three feet distant from some portion of the medium's body. Even the thundering noises, which he described as sounding like a horse trying to kick down the door were apparently located only a few feet behind them.

The thought is that the medium, when in the trance state, may subconsciously control her astral body so that she touches and moves objects within a long arm's reach of some portion of her material body, and that for such manifestations there is no positive necessity to call in a spirit in explanation. The voices produced by Mr. Garland's medium may all be a sort of ventriloquism from the woman's throat. And so with Palladino, unless one is compelled to except the thundering knocks or kicks described by Mr. Hall and others. It is noteworthy, however, that some partial exertion or movement of Palladino's body always synchronizes with the noises. A short, vigorous kick of her legs always accompanied the kick on the door. I think it will be found that some tremor of the medium's throat attends the voices in the Garland case. We must not forget, moreover, that such seances as these always leave the medium in a pale and exhausted state. Evidently the performance compels considerable exertion on the part of the medium.

* * *

Spooks and spirits may exist; indeed we are willing to accept the statement that "the woods is full of 'em"; but it is increasingly evident to the careful student that many of the phenomena of Borderland do not demand their presence or agency.

I have seen a quiet, thoughtful man positively move a heavy body freely thru the air without any material support beneath it, and absolutely with no trick of sleight-of-hand. Close to me, under a powerful spot-light (which "spirits" always shun) this was done repeatedly. There was no trick, and no room for any, even if the performer had been insincere. He was fully as anxious to account for it as I was, but could not offer any real explanation.

I suggested a kind of attractive force, emanating from his astral body, which may act on objects something as a magnet acts on iron. Yonder is a large electro-magnet. I hold under it a heavy flat-iron. As I raise my hand and shorten the distance, I *feel* the iron grow lighter and lighter, and presently it leaps from my hand to the magnet, and hangs there *with no material support whatever.* Who will say that animal magnetism, unusually stimulated, may not attract other objects as the magnet does a few metals, and, if near enough, actually move them? The strongest electro-magnet in the world is powerless to move anything a hundred feet distant, tho capable of supporting tons when in contact. Why may not the partly understood force of mental magnetism be following a similar law when it demands propinquity as a prime condition of visible effect?

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*"There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body."—*St. Paul.*

The Easter Bonnet

GLAD Easter bells their joy proclaim,
The people crowd the church's door,
Some breathe the spirit of the day,
Some only get "the hat she wore."

The preacher vainly tries to tell
His joyous message, and combats
His faithful flock, whose truant eyes
Are slanting toward the newest hats.

Eternal life! Its promise true
Is lost amid the brilliant glow;
Style sits ensconced in every pew
And Easter's but a fashion show.

BENNETT CHAPPLE.

The Spell of the Auto Show

by Mitchell Mannering

MEMORY need not be strained to recall the time when the automobile was looked upon as a strange freak—a plaything for the rich and those seeking for new thrills. Today, auto shows have become to the large cities what the old-fashioned county fairs were a half century ago—people come from miles around to see the exhibition.

Last year, $23,103,180 was spent in advertising, which was $10,000,000 more than for the year 1915, and $25,000,000 is set as a conservative figure for 1917. The remarkable growth of this industry is evidenced by the fact that 1,617,708 passenger and motor trucks were manufactured in 1916, against only 515,000 three years ago. The total sales during the past year crossed the billion mark, and it is expected that 2,000,000 cars will be manufactured this year. Now get your breath.

True to mythological tradition, automobiles have won the golden apple of public approval, for there has been more money made in their manufacture than in all the gold mines—and in comparatively less time. It was a natural evolution from the bicycle to the quadruped horseless vehicle.

Auto shows are a phase of American business life that started off at characteristic "motor" pace. They assumed a "swell front" from the very start, for the patrons were the rich and exclusive. Costly draperies, flowers and palms form the setting for a display of automobile exhibits, whether it be in a Broadway window or in a booth at the auto show. Society is agog with the horse-show stare to look before quite making up its mind which machine it will be.

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During the week of the automobile show anywhere, the hotels are sure to be overcrowded, and all "notable" society seems to be "in town." The auto show is an outgrowth of the old bazaar, with the added attraction of admission fees, rendering it somewhat exclusive, and in Boston presenting the paradox of Yankees paying money to see an exhibit of wares.

Inside the great buildings where the cars are exhibited, there is always a scene of prismatic hues and decorations. Everybody is chatting, laughing, and in carnival mood, and the varied notes of auto horn and band, mingled with the voices of the merrymakers, suggest a gala night or a New Year's Eve on Broadway.

Changes in automobile construction within two years show a contrast almost as marked as in women's apparel. Automobiles of ten years ago are now in the museums, altho enough time has not elapsed to give them respectable embalmment as historical relics. The first automobiles with their side cranks, and the problem of just where to put the radiator or gas tank, have evolved into the present-day machine, in which nothing of the mechanism is apparent except the wheels. Naval architecture has dominated in the construction of auto bodies, where the spirit of glide is recognized rather than wheels.

At the Auto Show the salesman stands by in full evening dress, nonchalant as a matinee idol, indifferent, but not forgetful of his position, as the play proceeds. The prospective purchaser sits proudly at the wheel, anticipating the thrill of driving. Thousands of dollars in sales change hands with every revolving wheel at the Auto Show. Complete victims of "motoritis" are absorbed in the exhibitions of goggles, rugs, gloves and caps.

* * *

Fifteen years ago there were less than five thousand automobiles in the entire country, and now registered cars exceed three million. Wiseacres in the early days scoffed at the idea of the automobile "coming to stay," insisting that it would remain only a plaything of the rich, who delighted in killing themselves and others by fast driving. What will the next fifteen years reveal if the "seven-league boot" strides of automobile development continue as in the past?

The horseless age is upon us. On Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington one day, I counted only one horse in the mile between the Capitol and the Treasury Building. Our thorofares, with the exclusive use of automobiles, may become as spotless as a Dutch kitchen floor—but the gasoline smell is still with us, and odorless gasoline must come next.

Within two decades, I rode across London in one of the first automobiles ever driven down the Strand. The people stopped and wondered at the chugging machine as it whirled past St. Paul's and the busses on Holborn Viaduct, not even stopping to salute Dr. Sam Johnson's haunts at Cheshire Cheese, or the sites of Charles Dickens' stage-coach scenes.

The natural evolution of the automobiles are the aero and hydroplanes, which to the most renowned scientists and engineers twenty years ago were somewhat visionary theories. Aeroplanes are already supplanting interest in automobiles as furnishing a new thrill. Good roads may become less necessary, for the use of aeroplanes in the war in Europe and by the army scouts across the border of the Rio Grande, has indicated a utilitarian purpose that may supplant even the pneumatic tire for rapid transportation—yet the philosopher insists we must always keep "down to earth" as long as we are inhabitants of the mundane sphere. The very air we breathe may be utilized further for purposes not only of power in starting and checking speed, but in providing the roadway for transportation. What will the people say when the flock of aeroplanes shuts out the light from heaven, and makes us feel as if the streets were all under elevated railroads? The franchise of the skies may yet be challenged in public utility service.

Automobile shows have served a purpose in getting the people in the notion of owning and using a car. America lagged behind Europe in the development of the automobile industry at first, but during the last ten years American automobile manufacturers have essentially dominated the markets of the world.

* * *

Fabulous fortunes have been amassed from this industry. Henry Ford started out with one idea, and never relaxed. (He held on in the Selden patent suit when others weakened.) He kept in mind that the first essential in popularizing an automobile was to democratize it by putting it within the reach of the farmers and the people of small means. The automobiles now scattered all over the world are already beginning to supplant the camel caravans across the desert, and have been an appreciable and definite influence in retarding railroad construction for many branch lines. Automobile trucks now handle a great deal of freight. The "jitney" came in and began to play havoc for a time with the honored trolley car. With a nickel or a dime, the people could obey the impulse to wave their hand and say "Drive on, James", while the motor snapped.

With the automobiles came the evolution of the traffic rules of the cities—witness Fifth Avenue, or any busy street of a city with its floodtide of automobiles. The policemen are no longer meditatively walking their beats—they stand with semaphores and direct the restless and whirring buzz of automobiles that makes even Philadelphia seem busy. Stately

Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington is already marked out with painted reservations, where thousands of people park their machines and use the historic avenue as a daytime garage. Safety zones are indicated at the crossings. Regulations for all the cities and states are gradually becoming more uniform, for the automobile has defied boundary lines. During the summer a motor trip from coast to coast is but an incident now, and a tour of several weeks in an automobile is no longer a distinction. The railroads running to the resorts find their passenger traffic dwindling, for everybody who could would naturally sally forth on a pleasure jaunt in their motor car.

First, it was the single cylinder type, now called obsolete and a "one lung" machine; then came the 2's, 4's, 6's, 8's, now twin 6's, and some even aspire to twin 8's. Power is being generated in some motor cars that would have, twenty years ago, been thought sufficient to pull a train of cars. The automobile has moved the world far afield. A ride of fifty or even a hundred miles is not considered more than a day's jaunt.

* * *

The question arises now and then—Have we lost something of the real values of living? We live more intensively and intensely, but do we live so happily in these accelerated times? The steady increase in population suggests that without the automobile the problem of distribution would be much more serious than it is at present. Care in driving has minimized accidents. The driver finds his eyes growing keener and his sense of direction developing so that he intuitively feels an object long before the machine moves upon it.

Regulations come and go, but the slogan "Safety First" is emphasized everywhere. We have naturally adopted the words "chauffeur," "garage," "chassis," and "limousine" into the vernacular of today, until we have completely Americanized automobiledom with words as unknown twenty years ago, as classic Greek.

Mere color is no longer distinctive of any one make of automobiles—they are any color to suit the fancy, but the various cars are as distinctive as if they carried flags. The steam machines are rare now, almost obsolete, for the haughty gasoline hold sway. Every essential part of the automobile is revealed at the "show"—an anatomical display of parts—and each year the total number of parts shifts with the gears. Talking points are pointed out by arrows in the advertising matter; are indicated at a glance by the little red lights in the display model.

The development of the commercial truck indicates the practical strides of the industry, one of the last blows directed toward the elimination of the faithful and patient horse. Almost everything that moves on wheels now, excepting wheelbarrows, baby carriages, and sewing machines, is driven by a motor. Ladder trucks, hearses, milk wagons, almost everything that glides the surface, heralds its advent by the smell of gasoline. The irony of fate has decreed to complete the conquest. Now a motor ambulance has been designed and presented to the Massachusetts Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, in which Mr. Horse can stand or be comfortably suspended in a hammock in an automobile horse ambulance, and he can go along the street and wink his eye at the other horses struggling along, while he is riding in grand estate to a hospital.

* * *

In many cities, the show rooms of the automobile companies are located far from the main business section, for miles are only a matter of minutes for the automobile. Beacon Street, Boston, has witnessed its expansion for miles beyond the old-time aristocratic water side of Beacon Street described by William Dean Howells. Michigan Avenue in Chicago is lined with agencies and supply houses, from Twelfth Street to the Coliseum.

The question is asked—Has the demand for automobiles reached its zenith? It has been estimated by expert statisticians that there are ten million families in the United States who can afford an automobile, and less than half of these are supplied—to say nothing of replacing those machines that are wearing out in their rapid pace toward the scrap heap.

Six hundred and seventy dollars is the average price of an automobile today, and it is diminishing each year. Nineteen-seventeen will witness a demand for the American motor car such as was never known before. The custom of getting out models in advance is like dating a magazine or newspaper ahead, for frequently models are ready two years ahead of time, and the output is usually sold before the beginning of the year for which the new models are registered.

The story of "Jack and the Beanstalk" seems like an everyday reality in comparison to automobile statistics. Factories have multiplied here, there, and everywhere, and the auto sale brigade advance steadily with shrieking and honking trumpets of success that make the old walls of past customs crumble.

Millions of people attending the shows, who are not automobile owners, hope at some time to be the proud possessors of a "honk-honk" that will keep them interested in the price of gasoline, to say nothing of tires and repairs.

The closely allied development of the automobile business has been an illustration of the new order of business competition—the "pulling together" idea. While rivalry has been keen and tense, and the salesmen have never relaxed, there has always been a oneness in exploiting the general idea of "buy an automobile." The multiplicity of the names of automobiles has begun already to suggest the varied and sometimes classic nomenclature of Pullman cars.

When a man begins to know and like a machine, it becomes almost human to him; he can see added virtues in his own car and actually obtain results from it that another man, with fancy turned, perhaps, on another make of car, could not appreciate. No one make, no one style, could possibly please all the people, for Americans have idiosyncrasies in taste for automobiles as well as in the matter of food and dress. The lavish and artistic decorations and the manner of merchandising automobiles seem an effort to eliminate the bartering aspect of buying and selling.

The virtue of purchasers, apparently at least, having their own way, and transacting business in a way much as if they were selecting a book at the library to read, was early recognized, for the prospective owner of an automobile must early be impressed with the distinction coming to him.

One instinct of the human being is to want to go faster and faster. This is why

Copyright, Chalmers Motor Company

BAYONET DRILL, SCOTTISH BORDERERS' CAMP, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

Just across the river from Detroit is one of the most important recruiting stations in Canada. From Windsor, several regiments have already been sent to the front, and at the miniature mobilization camp just outside the city limits, "preparedness" is carried out on a big scale. Strenuous setting-up exercises and bayonet drills combine to keep time from dragging with the recruit soldiers. To aid the troops in gaining a knowledge of motorized warfare, the Chalmers Motor Company of Canada has loaned a Chalmers chassis to the Scottish Borderers. A Lewis rapid-firing gun has been mounted on the chassis, and the machine operators have practised shooting while moving along the road at the dizzy pace of fifty miles an hour the boy likes to climb on the fence and jump off, and why the girl loves to swing high in the air. The eternal child in the man or woman finds its outlet in the swift-moving vehicle which realizes the dream of "Darius Green and His Flying Machine," and that is one reason for the permanent and increasing demand for automobiles.

Automobile trade development has had a marked influence in systematizing and specializing business. Very few automobile companies make engines, and all the parts used in the machines. This is left to the specializers, and whether it is a radiator, or a dimmer, or a tire, or any of the other component parts of an automobile, they are largely products of these specialists. The automobile has also educated the "tightwads" how to spend money. The farmer who would never think of feeding his horse an extra pint of oats, buys an automobile and grows immediately reckless of expense. After the habit is once acquired, the horses are allowed to remain in the stable, for when the American wants to go these days, he wants to "get there, Eli."

* * *

Under the spacious roofs of the exhibition halls of the largest cities, the Auto Shows have been, indeed, a triumph of American genius. Cars of every description and every make comprise a complete exposition of what is doing and has been done for the year past in automobile development. One begins to admire and appreciate an automobile, then the same keen interest continues in wanting to know what is coming next, and especially what their own particular make of machine has achieved, and whether it is still worthy of the devotion of early days. The buying of an automobile appeals to the initiative and individuality of the average American. The boy of twelve can ride along the street and tell you the make of almost any machine as he sees it rushing past, in fact the recognition of a passing car is a science like botany, and people know them by distinctive little marks on the hood or hub.

Interest in good roads and the development of the "house by the side of the road," where one can wash the dust out of his throat, has been one of the direct and salutary results of automobile exploitation. The poet who sang of the "friend of man" secured his text from the Homeric idea of man. The automobile has indeed been a friend of man, and while it has been abused in some ways, it has lifted many a burden from the shoulders of a work-weary world.

Now, what do you really think is the best car? But excuse me—this article is already long enough. We'll leave the rest for the advertising pages to tell that story.

A PRAYER

FATHER, teach us every day
How to watch and how to pray,
Lest temptation's Siren song
Lures us into paths of wrong.
If we fail to find the right
Lead us by Thy heavenly light,
'Till thru clouds of doubt we see,
And our gaze is fixed on Thee.
When we know a brother's woe
Prompt our pitying tears to flow,
Lest forgetting Christ's commands
When he raised his healing hands,
We may tremble with dismay
On the dreadful judgment day.

—*David Banks Sickels.*

The Lost Brigade

By

Charles Winslow Hall

(CONCLUDED)

SYNOPSIS—*In 1739, with England and Spain at war, in the struggle that took place in the West Indies, England is valiantly assisted by her loyal colonists. Stephen Hay, son of a prosperous Cape Cod farmer, hears that Captain Timothy Ruggles is to raise a company in Barnstable County to go out against the Spaniards. An Indian apprentice boy of Elisha Hay, Stephen's father, plans to accompany him, while Lish, the youngest son, also longs to go. They talk it over while out fishing in the bay, but are interrupted by Uncle Zenas Freeman, who warns them of a coming storm. Uncle Zenas is upset, and is saved from drowning by Stephen, who takes him to his home and then returns to his own home at Ploughed Neck. Here he receives a visit from Mr. Timothy Ruggles, who enrolls Stephen as a member of the company which he is gathering, as a sergeant. Stephen accepts the commission and on the next evening calls to see Uncle Zenas, and incidentally his daughter Margaret, to whom he is betrothed. Shortly after, Squire Ruggles again visits the Hay family, urging the necessity for haste in recruiting the members of his company. Untequit, who is to accompany Stephen, secures ten Indian warriors among his people for the expedition, tho Stephen cannot bring himself to take part in the "bond of blood" which Untequit requires before letting him know the secret reason which prompts him to go to Cartagena. Before leaving home, Stephen sees an old sea captain, Hewson by name, who lives in retirement. Hewson tells Stephen the story of his life and of his participation in a former struggle at Cartagena. He desires Stephen to look after his brother, whom he has not seen since that time, and who still lives at Cartagena. To this end he gives Stephen his brother's ring, which he takes from a heavy sea chest. By this token the brother will recognize that Stephen is a friend and comes from Hewson. After making his will, Stephen leaves home to join his company, which, not being supplied with arms, is disbanded by legislative act. But Stephen and Untequit join a company raised by Captain Stewart, and soon embark for the West Indies. Here Stephen saves Untequit's life by drawing the poison from a snake wound, thereby unconsciously completing the "bond of blood" which he refused before. Stephen is later conducted by Untequit to the mountains, and here he sees Caneotus, Untequit's grandfather, leader of an outlaw band, who is ill and later dies. It was to see him that Untequit had undertaken the perils of the Cartagena campaign. Meanwhile the fleet has arrived and the volunteers now look for action. With a reconnoitering party, Stephen went ashore, Untequit acting as scout. The party were attacked by Spanish lancers, but succeeded in evading them and returned to their vessel in safety. The Lion was badly damaged and was saved through Stephen's ingenuity. Later the company to which he belonged was ordered to go to another vessel from the transport. Stephen and Untequit accompany a scouting party and meet with a band of Spaniards, with whom they have a skirmish, but finally escape. As the English troops prepare to storm Cartagena, a stranger comes to camp and begs that they will spare the leper colony. He desires someone to accompany him to see that his statements are true. Stephen Hay finally consents to go, and discovers that his guide, Don Carlos d'Olivera, is none other than the brother of John Hewson. Hay gives him the ring and delivers Hewson's message. On this trip he meets Inez, the daughter of D'Olivera, and Don Ramon, a Spaniard who seeks her hand.*

CHAPTER XXI

ON the 8th of April the council of war held at the headquarters of the land forces, almost without a dissenting voice, agreed that in view of the lack of water, which was already fearfully low in the great stone cisterns of the estancias around La Quinta, and also considering that less than five thousand men were left for service and those daily sickening and dying at a fearful rate of depletion, it was not wise to attempt to take Cartagena by the slow but sure process of investment and breaching batteries, before which the outer defences of the city had fallen.

It was also decided to attack the fortress of San Lazaro the next morning at daybreak, and when Untequit returned successful from his second day of scouting he found his comrades busily preparing for the coming struggle. But there was little rejoicing at the summons, and even Hay's calm features were overspread with the general indignation, which, when once their officers had retired to their quarters, broke out into open discontent.

* * *

A single bugle broke the stillness, and as its clarion call died away amid the hills to the southward, the tall sergeant joined at the head of the street his brother orderlies, who, facing to the right, marched to the adjutant's quarters to give in their report of the men detailed for the morrow's duty. When he returned to his men, Stephen's step was lighter.

As Untequit entered the tent, Hay was busy writing some letters, which, having sealed, he placed with the company papers in his orderly book, which he packed away in his knapsack, and, while doing so, came across the stiletto found on the person of the assassinated officer on the night of the landing at Boca Chica. The thought struck him that, were the attack successful, he might have an opportunity to see Don Olivarez once more; and, securing the money-belt about his person, he placed the tiny weapon under the leathern flap of his cartridge box. He next cleaned and loaded the pistols worn by the same unfortunate gentleman, and, throwing himself upon his bed of plaited husks, was soon fast asleep.

* * *

The thunder of cannon, the crash of axes, the rattle of musketry; the hoarse cheers, oaths, curses and screams of men lost in the madness of battle or the agony of mortal pain; the alternations of despair and hope; the fearful tension of courage, nerve, and strength tested to the uttermost of mortal endurance—all these ceased for Stephen Hay when the chance shot from the outworks of Xexemani hurled the living bolt he had directed against the battered and splintered gate into the castle ditch of San Lazaro.

Thru the long afternoon he lay there, unconscious, almost lifeless, cut by splinters of the beam beneath him, lacerated by fearful missiles which had at morn been the bones of living men, and so covered with the gore of his comrades and his own blood that the Spanish soldiers, and even the friars of the Franciscan convent, busy in their merciful task of comforting the dying and aiding the vanquished, passed him by as one dead, or at the best forever past hope of succor or intelligent sense of pain.

Only the quickened sense of love or hatred could excite interest under such circumstances, and Stephen would have perished, smothered in the corrupting mass of which he formed a part, and devoured by the insect pests of the tropics, had not his long golden hair and stately proportions attracted the attention of Don Ramon, as, cigarette in mouth, he superintended the removal of the dead and the care of the wounded.

"Hola, Pepe!" he cried to a soldier who, with a draw-bucket, was raising water from the deeper part of the moat to wash away the more offensive evidences of the recent slaughter. "Come hither, and dash a bucketful or two of clear water over yonder pile of *Americanos*. Yonder tall fellow seems to have been an acquaintance of mine, to whom I should be glad to give two Spanish ells of the soil he has coveted."

So said, so done. The soldier drew a bucket of the bloody water, and, poising it above the terrible cumulus of mangled humanity, dashed its contents upon the head and shoulders of Hay, sweeping away the blood and dust, and giving to view the pale but noble features, and eyes and lips which already gave proofs of returning animation.

"'Tis he, by St. Jago!" said the Spaniard coolly. "Hark ye, Pepe; we have little need of more of these heretics to nurse and nourish, and yonder fellow is so near eternal flames that 'tis a pity he should revive to sin longer and incur greater damnation. Pull him out of the water, Pepe, and when he is dead, bury him; and a gold *onza* is thine when I see that he is honorably interred."

* * *

The man laughed silently—a laugh horrible in its stealthy brutishness, but only his manner told of his fell purpose as he said:

"I understand, señor. I go yonder for one of the long hooks they are preparing, and will see that he comes forth from the pit cleansed and ready for his last sleep."

"Not so, fellow!" said a familiar voice behind them. "Yonder man was a heretic, it is true, but he shall not die if Carlos de Olivarez or the poor of San Lazaro can preserve the life of a stranger who dared to peril his life even for them." Not a muscle of the Spaniard's face showed anger or disquietude, as he turned and beheld D'Olivarez and the prior who presided over the leper village, and with quiet grace he bowed to each, and made fitting if somewhat contemptuous answer. "I care not for his death or life, señores. He is as good as dead already, and will only gasp a little longer ere life is over. But if you will, take him to your own comfortable quarters yonder and care for him there."

"Thanks, Don Ramon," said Olivarez

calmly, and raising a whistle to his lips, he called to his side two stalwart blacks, who carried a new litter covered by a light screen from the hot sun, and evidently never contaminated by contact with the leper community. "Take that ladder and bring up that tall man lying yonder. Lift him gently and carry him down to the cottage."

"You can't mean it, Señor Olivarez," said Don Ramon hurriedly. "What! put that heretic besmeared with blood and dust into the snowy litter of the Señorita Inez? Mother of God! 'twere a compliment worthy of our noble king himself, whom God preserve."

"He came to us who were strangers, despised and avoided of men, feared almost as the plague of Aleppo, and without fee or reward, entered the portals of that lazar house to shield us from the shot of the English cannon. Since he left us with God's blessing on his lips, not even a single musket shot has been discharged against it—saving the stray shot of San Lazaro and Xexemani," added Olivarez, parenthetically.

"Therefore," said the priest, "tho a heretic he shall be remembered in the prayers of Mary and San Lazaro; tho an enemy he shall have all that tender care can give or gold purchase; and the anathema of the church, the curses of those whom God has afflicted be upon all those who would wish or work him ill."

"Truly, he is like to have due tendance," said Don Luis gently. "Where will you bestow him at present? In the wall of your retreat?"

"Not so, Don Luis," said Olivarez hotly. "He shall have my poor boy's own bed, and my servants shall see that he lacks nothing. But forward, lads," he added, turning to his servants, "carry him gently down to the cottage and then bring back the litter; there may be more who need help."

"Pardon me, Don Olivarez," said the Spaniard, softly, as the old man turned to depart. "Remember that I am in some sort interested in yonder soldier, and that he is, if it so be that he recovers his health, my poor prisoner and the king's."

"That, living or dying," said the old man hotly, "he shall not long be, for unless I have lost all the influence that I ever possessed, he shall be a free man before another day has ended."

"You take a strong interest in this young man, Don Olivarez. It were better, perhaps, to show less love toward one who is an enemy, tho a brave one, who would fain have given this castle to the flames, its garrison to the sword and yonder city to plunder. It were better, believe me, to have him within the wall, where dagger and torch are easier defied than in yonder slight cottage."

* * *

For a moment it seemed as if Olivarez could scarce trust himself to speak; his eyes shone from within his mask like coals of fire, but he restrained himself, and when he spoke no trace of disturbance was in his voice.

"Thanks, Don Luis de Ramon, but I have no fear of such outrage, and the Señorita Inez has never lacked strong arms and keen blades to protect her, or, if need be, to avenge her wrongs. Had my son, her brother, fallen in private quarrel, save in such fair conditions of honorable debate as one gentleman holds with another, the assassins could by no means escape from such vengeance as I can even yet command; and he who brings fear or danger to the bedside of my daughter will have short shrift, and such a death as shall be whispered of by men yet unborn."

"I well believe it, Señor," said Don Ramon softly. "By the mother of God, I should fear myself were I to underlie your defiance. But we speak idly. I would gladly agree to bring half my company at signal or sound of distress from your fair daughter's cottage. Command me, Don Olivarez. My best wishes to the Doña Inez. Your poor servitor, Fray Carreno. May heaven soften to you the heavy burdens you bear."

As the old men followed the litter at a distance, the priest kept an uneasy silence, while Olivarez, more self-restrained, seemed nevertheless, busy with bitter and ominous thoughts. Finally, however, Fray Carreno broke the oppressive silence, but not until they were alone in an opening between two straggling growths of glossy-leaved cocoas, and out of hearing of any intruder.

"There are secrets of which the fathers of the church must not speak," said the priest in a low tone.

"It is not unwisely thus directed," said his companion.

"Nevertheless, it is not right that the lambs of the flock should suffer, when the shepherd can warn of coming danger, or in any way avert it," continued Fray Carreno.

"He would indeed be a false shepherd who, knowing the designs of the wolf, should let his sheep stray heedlessly in the forest."

"There are men worse than wolves," said the priest pithily, "but he who is prudent guards well his fold, even before he hears the howling of the wolves."

"You say well, Fray Carreno," said Olivarez, vehemently, "and believe me, my fold shall be well guarded."

* * *

A few moments later the old men reached the gate of the garden, where Inez awaited them, not as aforetime on the veranda of the cottage, but standing just within the gateway, holding in one upraised hand the Medusa-hilted poniard, whose fluted blade had slain the young Spaniard by the deserted batteries of La Chamba at Boca Chica.

"Whom have you sent to my care?" she asked breathlessly, with strange vehemence. "This was Carlos' dagger, and Tomaso found it under the cover of yonder cartridge box when the American was taken from the litter. See, the blade is dimmed and rusty. Poor, dear, lost Carlos! We shall never see him more, my heart feels but too surely. But how he died, we must know; and if by his hand," and she pointed to the lattice of the room where Hay lay still unconscious, "he shall be dearly and speedily avenged."

Olivarez took the weapon and eyed it narrowly. "I did not know that Carlos had one of these accursed stilettos, nor should boy of mine have carried a weapon so unmanly and treacherous. Are you sure that it was his?"

"*Ay de mi*," said Inez piteously, wringing her shapely hands in true southern abandonment of grief. "Less than a month before this merciless siege we sat together, Carlos and I, in the veranda; and I, needing a bodkin for some embroidery, chided my little maid because she had mislaid it. Carlos, who could not bear the child's tears, sent her to his room for this, and told me to use it until more fitting one could be found. 'I have never carried it, nor ever will,' said he, 'for I will strike a foe only in the daylight and face to face; but 'tis a beautiful piece of workmanship and cost many gold reals and many days of skilful carving, I warrant.'"

"Did he say of whom he bought it?" asked Olivarez quietly, but Fray Carreno, who had muffled his face in his hood, seemed a stone statue, so silently and breathlessly did he await the girl's answer.

"'Twas a gift of Don Luis in the days of their first friendship," said Inez, with a faint blush flitting over her pale features. "He would have given him his Toledo rapier, Carlos said, but he refused such a sacrifice and took this, because of its rare and curious workmanship; I used it for a few days longer, and then gave it back to poor Carlos, but I have never seen it since until today."

"I will keep it," said Olivarez quietly, "but remember, Inez, we have a debt to pay to this youth, and time will tell whether of vengeance or gratitude. Until that time have him treated as if he were Carlos' self. Spare neither pains nor money to bring him to health and strength, and then we will reward or punish as heaven may enable us to decide. Is the doctor yet with him?"

"Here he comes even now," said Inez, and as she spoke a tall, emaciated man in a suit of rusty black came down the shaded path, bearing in his hand a small case and followed by a negro lad, who carried one of those brazen basins, which the blood-letting practitioners of that day, in Spain, used almost invariably in every case which came under their supervision.

* * *

As he came up to the group he bowed humbly, yet with a quiet, keen glance in his sunken eyes, which told of the consciousness of superior wisdom and inherent self-respect.

"A sad case, Don Olivarez, a sad case. Yet there is hope, with time and care, that the young man may recover. He hath, presently, opened his eyes and breathes easier, altho reason hath not and may never again return. However, with free evacuation of blood and quiet, he may yet come to himself and acknowledge the generosity which a Spaniard shows even to an enemy."

With a punctilious farewell, the man of drugs and lancet departed, but close upon his heels Tomaso, the black servitor, came bearing in his hands the secret money-belt, which he held at full length, as if desirous of keeping as far as possible from some mysterious danger.

"What have you there, Tomaso?" asked Olivarez quietly. "A snake skin! Truly, I knew not that serpents of such markings were found here, tho we have kinds enough and to spare."

"Tomaso took it from the heretic's body," said the slave breathlessly, "and there may be magic in it, for it is full of gold, and of the *wanga* and other plants such as Obi used in Jamaica."

"Give me the belt," said Olivarez sternly. "The brave fellow carried it that even in death it might perchance come into my hands, for long ago, in fair Martinique, where in every thicket the terrible *fer de lance* lurks with ready venom, I slew the reptile whose fangs would have taken my brother's life. The gold he sent with this token, for he had the skin cunningly tanned until it was soft as silk and proof against water. As to the *wanga*, you, Tomaso, should know something of its uses."

"Tomaso has seen it given in fevers, and to give quiet sleep to raving men, but Obi kills many with it who never wake again. Only a little will give sleep to him who lies muttering and tossing in the room of the Señor Carlos."

* * *

Fray Carreno turned suddenly to the group, and his voice, usually low and humble, was full of decision and conscious authority. "Doña Inez! go to yonder room and bring me word as to how the patient lies; if he be in high fever or relapsed and weak; also if he raves or talks to himself, with his face flushed and eyes larger than is wont. Tomaso, bring me a cup of hot water, very hot, do you hear, and also a leaf of yonder plantain."

The maiden went and came quickly, all traces of anger or revenge gone from her face, now soft and pitiful.

"How is the stranger, my daughter?" asked the friar gently.

"He lies flushed and fevered, complaining not, tho his chest heaves terribly at times. He talks brokenly of his home and mother, and, I think, of others, for I hear the name of Margarita and other names that are strange to me in his harsh, northern tongue; but he seems strong, tho feverish, and I hope your skill, reverend father, will bring him to calm reason again."

Even as she spoke, Fray Carreno took the leaf of the plantain, and, deftly folding it, made a rude funnel, into which, with the point of a thorn, he placed a number of leaves from the recesses of the secret belt and then placed the funnel in the cup of hot water. Almost at once the liquid became nearly blood red, and as it began to grow turbid he hastily withdrew the leaves and motioned to Tomaso to take the cup, which had been scrupulously left untouched during the operation.

"See that he drinks this, Tomaso. Should he sleep beyond the first dawn, or grow chill and weak, you know the remedy. I would he had a wiser nurse, but he is in the care of heaven, and I cannot enter the dwellings of men. Come, Señor de Olivarez, it is time for vespers; even now the great bell of the Lazaretto calls our fellow-sufferers to prayer."

Olivarez remained a moment behind. "Good night, dear daughter. May heaven have you in holy keeping. But you are of my blood, and none of our house have been false or recreant in love or hate. See, then, that Tomaso does his duty faithfully and wisely, and fear not that the tongues of men or the merciful eyes of the holy mother will blame you here or hereafter. I would lay my life on the innocence of this man, but the future will end all doubt, in God's good time. Let loose the great dogs in the lower rooms, and let Bravo roam in the garden at night. He will not eat from a strange hand, yet see that he be fed until he will take no more. Let Pedro have all the arms loaded and arm the men servants therewith, and see that the secret door opens easily, for there are those who have no love to your charge. Fear not for yourself, for altho I may never again kiss your dear face, your father's love can and will shield you from all peril."

* * *

After their evening service, a score or more of the stronger and bolder spirits remained behind with Olivarez; and Fray Carreno, with a single admonitory whisper, left him in secret council, with a band of men still formidable enough, despite the ravages of their incurable malady.

"I have called you together," said he, breaking a breathless silence, "to ask your aid in protecting the cottage of my daughter, which, for good reasons, I deem not safe from possible attack and plunder, if not greater outrage. As you all know, it was formerly occupied by my dear children, an only son and daughter, for whose sake, tho I might easily have fled to other countries, where even such as we are not altogether shut out from men, I came willingly here to become one of the many afflicted poor of Mary and the holy San Lazaro. My children I bestowed in yonder cottage, and was happy in their happiness and in the love they have ever shown to their afflicted father, until my boy went out to meet the English and came back no more; whether slain in fair fight or by the hand of an assassin I have yet to decide. But his sister yet lives, and under her roof lies the brave young American, who came to our gates to assure the English general that he might safely spare us from the horrors of a bombardment or the dangers of an escalade. And I know that he has enemies, powerful enemies, who may well lead a band of guerillas or a mob from Xexemani to murder, rob or burn. I therefore ask how many of you are willing to keep watch and ward, aye, and be ready to do battle, for the sanctity of my house and the honor of the Señorita Inez?"

The very thought of once more bearing arms, of crossing steel in desperate combat, of feeling their sluggish blood heated by the shock and rush of battle, seemed to transform these men, but a few moments before sullen, apathetic, sorrowful, or lost in contemplation of the life everlasting. Felix, a huge Biscayan, once noted as the boatswain of a *guarda costa*, first broke the silence.

"All! Don Olivarez, and with thanks, too. I've a good cutlass and my pistols still by me, and no longer ago than last week I stowed them away out of sight; for I minded me of many a brave fight, such as I never dared to hope of seeing more. Aye, I would watch for a year to be a man again against men, and for the lady Inez. I would gladly end life thus, rather than rot like a sheep within this terrible place."

The other men seconded their comrade in low, resolute tones—some, alas! in husky and inarticulate words, resulting from fearful corrosion of the face; and then all was silence as Olivarez proceeded:

"Do you, then, hold yourselves in readiness to the number of thirty, taking to your aid as many as you can best trust, ten of whom will stand guard every night, between darkness and sunrise, not as sentries at the house, but as scouts in the orchards which surround the clearing. The other twenty will be armed and ready at the first alarm, to seek the gate, where I or a friend will be always posted to give you exit. Felix, you will lead the first ten; José Aranda, you have too often hunted in these woods to have forgotten their secrets now, and you will take command of the second party; I will take the third, yet to be raised. And now, friends, I thank you for your fidelity. Go, and prepare for our last deeds in arms!"

* * *

One by one they filed out into the darkness, leaving Olivarez alone in the sacristy, where, by a single hanging lamp, he drew from his breast the antique dagger and viewed its wondrous workmanship over and over. With dislike the old buccaneer viewed the fluted, edgeless blade, too short for open fight, so sure in traitorous hands, so deadly in that its contused wounds were ever hard to heal, tho its blows were not surely given; and all the aversion a brave man feels for such weapons showed itself in every feature. The convoluted serpent folds which formed the guard, the finely-formed limbs and loathsome head of the serpent-haired Medusa attracted him, however, with something of that spell which the hunter feels when he comes upon a coiled serpent in the wilderness, and stands for a second motionless, eyeing the sleek, pliant, painted folds, the slender, threatening head, with its open mouth, erected fangs and sibilant tongue, and the small, cold, bright eyes, without any touch of softness, any expression of aught but resolute malignity.

Such a feeling seized Olivarez for a moment, so curiously and faithfully had the artist labored, so strangely malign was the glance of the jeweled eyes of the Medusa. In the deserted chapel, the deathly stillness seemed to become intense and painful to his excited feelings, and for a time the strong soul of the bereaved and anxious father almost yielded to the agony of its long-restrained emotion; but at last he replaced the weapon in his belt, and rose with his old stately grace to his feet.

"I had almost fancied," he soliloquized, "that Carlos' spirit was with me here and called for vengeance. Were it not that I ever derided such womanish fancies and idle superstitions, I could have sworn that by this accursed weapon he met his untimely death. But I doubt rather Don Ramon than yonder giant American who would slay in battle like a man, but not stab with such a serpent fang as this. Young, wealthy, the petted favorite of the viceroy, and given to all forms of dissolute life, I know that Carlos was at first attracted by his beauty, accomplishments and generosity, but was alienated by his cruel indifference to the rights and happiness of others, and the scandal and sorrow caused by his unbridled passions. He himself speaks of wishing to slay my son, even in the vice-regal palace. Nothing but a sense of the bitterest wrong could have induced Carlos to forget the respect due his host—the obedience he owed to the representative of his king. It is not like Don Ramon to forgive, they say. Carlos would hardly keep the dagger after an almost deadly quarrel, and Don Ramon is just the man to gratify an unsatiated revenge by the hands of a hired bravo."

A footstep in the outer chapel was heard, and there entered the sacristy the latest arrival at the Lazaretto, a young merchant of the city, who, suddenly attacked, had been exiled in spite of prayers, threats and entreaties, and had since remained a prey to almost utter despair, despite the consolations of Fray Carreno and the well-meant sympathy and encouragement of his fellow-sufferers.

Martinez de Herrera, as the heir of a wealthy merchant, and connected by blood with officials eminent in the history of the settlement and growth of the city, had seen at his command before him all the conditions for a life of happiness which man could desire. Wealthy, graceful in person, comely in face, intelligent beyond the majority of men of his time and years, he added to a kindly and generous nature that acute sensibility which makes the success of the poet artist, and musician, and makes glorious or most miserable the life of its possessor; to whom there can in no case pertain that calm and philosophic middle course, in which alone men safely and happily bring to a quiet haven the storm-tossed bark after the voyage of life.

* * *

Suddenly hurled from the pinnacle of happiness to the depths of despair; driven from the bosom of his family and that society which had so lately beheld him its petted favorite; doomed to a hopeless exile and inevitable and loathsome death, he had given way to a despair in which there seemed to be no ray of hope, no gleam of consolation; and, uncleanly of person, slovenly of attire, careless of food or drink, shelter or occupation, Don Martinez had become a pitiable spectacle, even to the most miserable of the colony of lepers.

But now he appeared before Olivarez fresh from the bath and toilet, dressed in the closely-fitting small-clothes of fine Biscayan linen which in that warm climate was the favorite and fitting attire of the Spanish gentleman; and his coat of amethystine velvet, laced with gold, was crossed by a narrow but costly belt, at which hung a splendid rapier and a pair of pistols of exquisite workmanship. His hair had been close cut, but was oiled and perfumed; his collarless shirt above its voluminous ruffle was banded with a collarette of golden buttons of filagree work, and his Spanish hat of laced velvet was decked with a magnificent plume, which swept with a graceful curve around half the crown and waved daintily with every zephyr of the evening land breeze, which came thru the barred lattice.

"Good evening, Señor Olivarez," he

said, with much of his old vivacity, "I have come to offer myself as a recruit for your new adventure. May I hope that I shall not be refused?"

"Refused, Señor Martinez? I shall be only too glad of your assistance, tho I must tell you that it may compromise all who take service under me, and perchance doom them to the gibbet or the fire of His Majesty's troops."

"I care not," said the young man eagerly. "I have been told your object, and would readily die to secure so glorious an end. Listen, Señor Olivarez: Carlos and I were friends."

"So I have always thought," said the old man quietly.

"We were friends and together everywhere, in truth, almost inseparable, and until that serpent, Don Ramon, came here from Spain, had never a breath of misunderstanding; but when he first came into society, all Cartagena, both man and woman, seemed fascinated and conquered by his wit and beauty. Alas! All were not able to withstand his insinuating and treacherous arts, and one, dear to me as the child of a faithful servitor, died in the hospital of St. Jaun de Dios in shame and despair. I first feared for his victim and denounced him as a villain, but he made me appear prejudiced and over suspicious, and even Don Carlos turned his back upon me in contemptuous pity. For a while I, myself, doubted the justice of my own attack; but when poor Maria fled from home, leaving the frenzied story of her wrongs, I showed the tear-blotted papelcito to Don Carlos, and he, confessing his injustice, was first to call the villain to mortal arbitrament."

"Why was the quarrel made up?" asked Olivarez.

"It was when the first news of the coming of the fleet reached the governor that we encountered in the *patio* of the viceroy, and it was only by threatening to shoot the first man who made a thrust that the lieutenant of the guard prevented a duel to the death. It was, however, understood by both that, the siege once over, the duel was to take place, and each by his honor swore that neither gain, love, fear nor any other motive should keep him from the deferred meeting."

"Then they parted not in amity?" said Olivarez inquiringly.

"In amity?" repeated Don Martinez in savage irony. "Of a truth, no! Don Ramon at that very moment drew off a balas ruby, the gift of Don Carlos, and threw it at his feet; and he, not to be outdone, sent him back several costly gifts by the hands of a servitor of Don Ramon, who, a few days after, at pique with his master, became a marine under Don Blas de Lezo, and, as I have heard, died during the siege."

"Thanks, Don Martinez, for your confidence. In my service there is no hope of gain or ambition, yet I need a leader for the last ten of my company of thirty. Are you willing to take charge of it under my leadership?"

* * *

For the first time since the day when he had been forcibly carried to the leper village, Herrera was seen to smile. "Don Olivarez," said he, "I thank God that, even in my misery I have found honors and employment, in the which I had found pleasure even in my happiest days. I may not tell you what supreme joys I have coveted, what crowning bliss I have dared to hope for, what dream of paradise in a moment blotted forever from my vision, was replaced by this terrible reality of our hopeless fate. But if only your fears may prove true; if only I may once more feel the thrill of courageous daring and the madness of battle, with the consciousness of being engaged in a cause for which even the noblest and happiest might welcome death, I have only one more boon to ask of heaven, save the remission of my sins, in this mortal life."

"Whatever your wish," said Olivarez, eagerly, "if wealth can purchase or influence attain it, I promise you in advance it shall be yours."

"Ah," said the young man solemnly, "only of God may I obtain my desire, tho to all in His good time he allots the blessing. Few there are who like me crave its speedy coming. Only to the frame racked with torment, or the heart bowed into the dust with sorrow or despair, comes the earnest wish for the peaceful calm of death."

"Truly," said Don Olivarez, with his voice for the first time tremulous with pity and his mask wet with unrestrained tears, "thou hast suffered overmuch, and art worthy of all love and trust. Thou shalt be a son to me who am sonless, the defence of a sister left brotherless by a fate not yet revealed, and God in His own time, be it sooner or later, shall reward thee according to thy just deserts. But I hear the feet of our men; they return from arming themselves for our final review."

* * *

As he spoke they entered, to the number of nearly two-score, often beggarly in dress, with motley and insufficient arms, but nevertheless a body of men to be feared. There were men with but one hand, whose undiseased arm had acquired the strength of two; those whose features were hidden by dominos, whose onslaught few men could withstand, and even now mighty hunters of the jaguar and ocelot; and others, half deprived of sight, who with the other eye, could rival the best skill of the guerillas of the wilderness of Calamari. The hunter with his long musket, the cayman slayer with his well-balanced harpoon, the turtle fisher with his long bow and deadly arrows, the one-armed butcher with his trenchant Spanish axe, and the peasant with his *machete*—all were represented by men who no longer needed the usual incentives of man to courage, fidelity and self-sacrifice.

They were told off to the number of thirty; the rest were to remain with Olivarez as a reserve at the guard house by the gate, and, with the first detachment, stout Felix went to his first night's scout among the cocoa orchards.

As he parted, his words drew a grim smile of approval from his maimed and stricken followers:

"Faith! 'tis a strange following to lead to battle, and yet I would not fear to meet four times our number, an' they but knew with whom they had to deal. There are many who have willingly faced ball and steel, who would not for millions take us by the hand, still less feel on hilt or hand the deadly stain of a leper's blood."

"'Tis even so," said Olivarez, under his breath, as the huge gate was locked behind the little company. "There is no courage so great, no love of gain so devouring, no devotion so unselfish and fearless that could induce the meanest of the rabble of Xexemani to join himself to our number, or take the risk of becoming so sad a spectacle of death in life."

CHAPTER XXII

But for many days watch and ward seemed needless, altho, as Stephen Hay slowly recovered strength, Don Ramon sent many a messenger, and more than once galloped down to the gate himself, to inquire in his courtly way concerning the health of the Señorita Inez and the state of the wounded captive. It was but too evident to the lady in question that he felt no pleasure at learning of the probable recovery of the American, and more than once he almost expressed a decided intention of removing Hay to the common hospital of the city prison.

He was met by too decided a negative from both father and daughter to pursue the subject further; but Olivarez obtained of Eslava, the military governor, the ransom of the prisoner, and when Stephen for the first time reclined in an easy chair on the cool veranda, Don Ramon, coming up on his light Spanish jennet, turned fairly yellow-white with suspicious jealousy. Throwing the reins to his servant, he joined the New Englander and his fair hostess, who sat, as was her wont, beside her patient, whom she had already begun to pity, and perhaps to love, despite her dark suspicions and fears concerning the death of her only brother.

He greeted Inez politely, but went on to speak of the topics of the time, and to make inquiries concerning the affairs of the household, without in any way answering the pleasant greeting of the convalescent, or even the slight civility of a bow.

"You seem to have forgotten the Señor Stephen," said Inez pointedly.

"You mistake, señorita," he replied; "I have already shown him more civility than is fitting. A Spanish count has nothing in common with an English farmer, and a mere sergeant, a common prisoner of war, has no claim on the politeness of a colonel in His Majesty's infantry. I have allowed him thus far extraordinary privileges, to please you, who are my friends; but we received yesterday orders to transfer to the keeper of the city prison the few prisoners and stragglers who were left on our hands by the sailing of the English fleet."

Inez drew from a small casket a paper bearing the seal of the governor of Cartagena. "The Señor Hay is no longer a prisoner," she said pointedly. "Here is Don Sebastian's order for his release."

Don Ramon's pale cheek for an instant flushed with ill-repressed wrath, and then he became again as calmly icily courteous as was his wont, when he had weighed the chances against him and the way to success. "I feared as much," said he quietly, "and had hoped to perform elsewhere a duty too painful to name in your presence. But I see that over-gratitude for the slight service rendered by that man has so enlisted the Doña Inez and her noble father in his behalf, that I must even appear cruel, or let justice triumph and a foul wrong go unpunished."

"Whatever charge you have to make against the Señor Hay should, it seems to me, be made in the presence of my father, whose guest he is. See, he is coming with the unhappy Señor Martinez and the good Fray Carreno. Pepe! José! bring the litter and bear the Señor Hay to the shade of the palm tree beside the gate. Don Ramon, I will join you in a moment."

* * *

Ten minutes later the parties were all gathered near the gate, and Don Ramon, calling to his servant, ordered him to bring from his holsters the pistols therein. The page, a bright young Andalusian, brought the weapons, and at his master's order laid them on the litter before Stephen, who felt that at last the gauge of the battle was thrown before him, and that the struggle was to be one in which either he or his powerful antagonist must die. Tho still weak, he arose to an erect sitting posture, and with long, wasted fingers examined the pistols found beside the dead Spaniard at Boca Chica.

"Ask the Señor Hay if he recognizes those weapons," said Don Ramon, after courteously greeting Olivarez.

The question was repeated in English, and Hay at once answered without hesitation or evasion: "They were carried in my belt on the day that I was wounded at San Lazaro."

"Take them to Señor Olivarez," said Don Ramon, with a malign smile. "Perhaps he can also recognize them."

Olivarez, with a natural shudder, looked again upon the familiar weapons, worn by himself in many a desperate encounter. "They were mine," he said with an effort, "and carried by my poor boy when he parted from me forever."

"From whence did you receive them, sir?" asked Don Ramon sternly, turning to Stephen, who saw, with ill-concealed sorrow, the tears of the Señorita Inez and the sullen and averted looks of the slaves, who had hitherto waited so kindly upon him.

"I took them from the body of a young Spaniard, whom I helped to bury at Boca Chica."

"How came he to his death?" asked Don Ramon, with flashing eyes.

* * *

For the first time since his fall into the moat at San Lazaro, something of his old strength of mind and body came back to the New Englander. He had never since walked upright, except when supported by two strong men, and in the main had been dull of apprehension and slow of utterance. For a moment even now, he hesitated, as if to collect his thoughts, but ere Don Ramon could again repeat the question, the answer came:

"He lay wounded in the arm just beyond the batteries of La Chamba," he cried, rising to his feet and grasping one of the slender posts of the canopy for support. "We came upon him while scouting toward the castle, and drew him under the shade of a great tree and gave him drink. When we came back to him in the darkness, under the fire of that night's bombardment, with aid and litter, he was dead, with a dagger thrust thru his gallant heart.

"We buried him like a solider—" He would have said more, but he fell in a swoon, breaking down the slender canopy across the litter in which he had been borne to the place of meeting, and the servants, at the order of Olivarez, bore him back to his chamber.

"Are you mad?" asked Don Ramon, in amazement. "Will you still harbor a man who is not only a heretic and an enemy, but possibly the murderer of your son. If not the murderer, he must have numbered among his comrades the perpetrator of the dastardly deed, and profited by the crime, for he carries the pistols worn by your dead boy, and confesses that he died, not by chance of war, but the stroke of the assassin's dagger. By the holy Mother! It shall not be. If you, his father, have lost the natural desire for vengeance on the slayer of your son, I at least will avenge his death and speedily."

"Don Ramon!" said Olivarez, "this sudden zeal to avenge my lost Carlos becomes his friend, but my house is not a theater for violence, and yonder American's guilt must be proven; for if he fell in honorable warfare even by dagger thrust given at that man's hands, he should go free cured of his wounds, and if not with our love, at least with honor."

"But how if he be guilty of cruel and cowardly murder?" asked Don Luiz, savagely.

"Then he shall die by the hands that should avenge him."

"Then, señor," said Don Ramon, "grant me the boon of avenging on his murderer the death of Don Carlos."

"Not so," cried Martinez de Herrera, "I claim a better right for you yourself were angry at Don Carlos, and the presents you exchanged had been returned when he went under Don Bals de Lezo to the castle at Boca Chica."

"You say truly," said Don Ramon sorrowfully, "and much have I regretted the cause and the manner of our estrangement. The holy father, Fray Carreno, could tell you that I have done penance for my sins, and tho Carlos treated me scornfully in returning all my gifts, yet I would he were alive again that we could once more be friends."

"If, then, Don Ramon, all your gifts were returned to you, whence comes it that this poniard given by you to Don Carlos, and returned by him to you, was found buried in the heart of my boy?"

As the fatal weapon was displayed by Olivarez, Ramon's face grew even whiter than was wont, and a sudden gleam, threatening and dire in import as the flash of the lightning, lit up his large black eyes. He scanned the face of Fray Carreno, but it was impassive and unblenching, and he knew that the dread secrets of the confessional had been faithfully kept, tho he felt the vantage ground he had deemed so surely his own slipping from beneath his feet.

But in the manner of Olivarez and the face of Don Herrera, he saw the strong suspicion of his guilt growing into a certainty, and hardening into the bitter thirst of blood; but he was strong even in that supreme peril, and spoke calmly and courteously, tho less assuredly than before.

"I know not, Don Olivarez, what dark suspicion you may have harbored against me; but if, indeed, poor Don Carlos was done to death with yonder dagger, I only know that it was returned to me in wrath and with uncourtly message, and I angrily threw it aside, nor have since cast eyes upon it. I may well have lost it, for this is my third servant since that day, and the two first were scant of honesty and of little conscience."

"Aye! and of bloody hand, Colonel de Ramon," cried Martinez boldly, "and especially he whom men called Carlos the Catalan, who was spared from the gibbet to fight manfully in the siege and die on the field of battle, only because Don Sebastian might not spare from the defense of the city even a hireling stabber and bloody assassin."

"Such, indeed, he was; yet it may be that even he may have been guiltless of this crime, even as I myself. Where was this dagger found, Don Olivarez?"

"Beneath the cover of the sergeant's cartridge box, placed there, as we think, because the sheath was wanting. Go in peace for this time, Don Luis, and bethink thee that were such scant justice meted to thee, as thou wouldst have measured out to the helpless stranger, thou wouldst have now lain motionless, slain by my hand."

* * *

The young soldier was about to turn scornfully away, but at the last words he again faced the assembled throng, and, throwing open his loose cloak, seemed to invite the threatened bullet. "I will not go thus, Don Olivarez. Rather would I die by your hand than thus yield up your friendship, than forfeit all claim to the hand of the Señorita Inez, whom I have so long loved in secret until now. Will you deem me guilty on the word of a foreign mercenary, or the presence of a stolen dagger where I could by no means have been myself?"

Olivarez turned wearily toward the speaker, who, for the first time, seemed to lay aside his usual haughty coldness and to speak from a full heart. "Alas, Don Ramon, you alone could profit by the crime, for between you and Don Carlos there was a feud which both had sworn to end by a duel to the death. Yet can I hardly think that fear alone would have urged thee to such wickedness, hadst thou not known that the Señorita Inez would bring to her spouse such a dower, as would more than pay the creditors who await thy coming in Spain. Trust me, Don Luis, tho no longer in the world, I have guarded my child and the wealth I leave her; and from bodily harm I trust God and Our Lady to preserve us. But enough of this, the dead shall judge between us. When this American revives he shall lead us to the grave of my son, and his clothing at least will be left to tell how he died."

"And if yonder heretic's story be true"—began Ramon scornfully.

"Then, Señor Luis de Ramon, guard thyself well, for there is no land so distant, no defence so strong, that distance or security shall avail to rob me of a father's vengeance on the slayer of his son."

"Hast thou no homily to read Don Olivarez, Sir Priest," said the Spaniard, turning haughtily to Fray Carreno. "Truly he hath less charity to one of his nation and faith than for a heretic enemy."

"Nothing that would avail," said the priest solemnly, "and why should I hold out to either of you false hopes or unavailing counsel. I know you well. Stubborn of heart and strong of hand are ye both. Let God decide between you, and His justice fall on the assassin or assassins, if such there be."

"A most Christian wish, Fray Carreno," said Don Luis, vaulting into his saddle, and bowing until his long plume swept his holster cases. But, as he turned away, a slight tremor of his compressed lips told that even his strong self-repression had been shaken by the ordeal thru which he had passed.

Yet before his barb had curvetted and caracolled a mile, the old debonair carriage was again resumed, and an evil smile played around the sensuous mouth and passionate eyes. "Forewarned is forearmed, they say, and having avoided one duel *a l'outrance*, I should take shame were I not to end at once and forever all fear of a second. I must give up all hope of a friendly alliance it is true, but if the Señorita is once in my power and fatherless," and he rode on, plotting how best to win by force what he had failed to secure thru fairer means.

"When go you to Boca Chica?" asked Fray Carreno, as the gay mantle of the chevalier was lost to view amid the verdure of the cocoas.

"In a few days at most; that is, as soon as the Señor Hay is able to accompany us," replied Olivarez.

"Go tonight," said the priest meaningly, "or tomorrow night at farthest. I myself will get you a pass, and furnish you with a letter to a friend who has a *bujio* on the Isle of Varu. You can carry the sick man in a litter, and if aught should occur here, I will see that the Señorita Inez is guarded against all danger."

"You are right. I will give orders that the great canoe be made ready, and we will start in the evening, with the first of the land breeze. It will not be hard to disinter poor Carlos and be back by night, as we shall have a fair wind until then. Fear not that I shall not have full protection here. With gold and steel I might almost defy the wrath of the viceroy himself."

"Ah, Don Olivarez, trust not too much in thine own strength or the friendship of man; and remember that if the serpent is weak of body, his stroke is sure and his bite fatal. Truly, I fear me that thou wilt yet find this young Spaniard too strong and dangerous an adversary to be despised."

"God grant it!" cried Herrera gaily. "I hope well that we may end all debate by sure bullet or sharp steel; but if he is guilty, and Don Olivarez fail, he shall not escape the vengeance of Martinez de Herrera."

CHAPTER XXIII

It was late in autumn that the household at Ploughed Neck learned the worst, tho for weeks little Tempie had wondered why no letter came from Stephen, and why her father prayed so earnestly for the absent; while her mother's low sobbing made her draw closer to her side, as they knelt at the settle, by the window which opened toward the sailless sea.

"There's a sail way off there," said Joshua, the eldest brother, as they neared the door which faced the well and its lofty sweep. "I reckon 'tis the Viana, but they'll not get in tonight unless there's more wind than there is now."

All crowded to the windows and the door, for the coming of the sloop was at all times an event; and now more than ever their interest and hopes and fears centered on their main means of communication with the great outer world, typified by the growing seaport of Boston.

Deacon Hay took down the long canvas-covered ship's glass from above the door, and wiping the glasses and his own failing eyes, looked long and steadfastly at the distant sail, which lay like a white speck far off on the horizon.

"'Tis the sloop," he said at last, "for the new half of her mainsail is nearest the gaff, an' the upper part of yonder sail is whiter than the rest. But come in to meat. Let us bless God for his mercies, an' await such tidings as He pleases to send us."

As they returned to the orchard those interested in the division of the fruit joined them, until nearly twenty young and old were present, and one by one the apple trees were despoiled, their fruit assorted into good and refuse, and last of all with chairs and ladders the great pear tree was assailed. The yield was greater than was wont, and much of the fruit near to ripeness, had to be gathered carefully and placed one by one in the baskets to prevent bruising, so that supper was over and it was nearly nightfall before the fruit was all gathered; and Deacon Hay and the other men had finished their milking and came to join in the final process of division.

The smaller portions had been liberally set aside, and now it remained for those who owned in the land to divide the rest equally. With a solemnity unusual even in him, Deacon Hay carefully measured the heap into four portions, and then turning to the rest proposed that Margaret should be blindfolded and set out by lot the part of each claimant.

Margaret laughingly consented, but as her eyes were about to be covered, said as she named those present: "There are only three men here, and why have you made four portions?"

"You forget," said Tempie, softly, "there were always four parts, ever since poor grandpa left his share to dear brother Stephie."

* * *

Out of the growing shadow of the trees which overhung the edge of the open plot, in the center of the orchard, came two men, one old, weatherbeaten and gray-haired, convulsed with sobs; the other, dark-browed, straight-limbed, with one arm tightly looped to his breast and strangely silent.

"There need be but three lots this ya'r," cried Uncle Zenas hoarsely, "for the boy'll never come back to claim his share of thet or any other earthly blessin'."

Black Bill, or as we have called him, Untequit, stepped into the growing moonlight and with his old deference, removed his hat and greeted his old protector.

"Master," said he, "I have come back alone. The Master of Life has taken the brave and the good unto Himself."

There were no swoonings, no shrieks of unbounded grief, tho Margaret burst into passionate sobs and no eyes were destitute of fitting tears. It was not the wont of the people of those stern and trying days to mourn weakly and uselessly when the chastisement of the Father fell heavily upon them. But, as Deacon Hay turned as if to seek the solitude of his stricken house, his cousin Alvah, a man of unusually stern and unmoved countenance, made a characteristic proposition.

"Choose your two shar's," said he, "an' we will see them taken in, fer 'tis no time to draw lots, an' yet the fruit would spile, mayhap, ef we left it out tonight. An' ef," and he hesitated, "there's anythin' else we could do—"

The Deacon wrung his hand with a pressure which told better than words how he recognized the loyalty and sympathy so roughly expressed. Let the world say what it will of New England coldness, there is no truer, firmer support the world over for man or cause, than that of the men of the true old New England blood and breeding, be it on land or sea, in storm or battle, in political, religious, moral, or social troubles.

The blow had fallen, and Untequit, following the sorrowing assemblage into the kitchen, seated himself and saw the others silently weeping or busy with bitter and regretful thoughts. At last, however, Deacon Hay arose, lit a candle, and drew forth his spectacles, and little Tempie, scarcely seeing thru her tears, brought him the Bible, as was her wont, and tremblingly imprinted a kiss on his roughened hands. He caught her to his breast a moment and let fall a kiss on her pale, upturned brow, then turned to Untequit.

"How did he die?" he asked briefly.

"Leading the men to the attack; slain by a cannon shot just as he was about to burst in the gates."

"Are you sure he was dead?" continued the deacon.

"Would I have been here if he had lived, even tho a prisoner?" said the Indian reproachfully.

"It is well," said Hay, after a moment's pause. "He died like a man, and I trust like a Christian soldier."

* * *

The next day Untequit returned to his old duties, first stipulating that he should be permitted to carry to old Molly Pognet the account of his meeting with the bandit and exiled chieftain, Caneotus; but ere he went, poor little Tempie met him as he stood sorrowfully by the bars, and asked many questions of her lost brother. He told her all that was fitting, and she heard the sad, yet stirring story, quietly, and after a pause uttered a strange saying, such as ordinarily is never heard from childish lips—"He is gone and the leaves are going, but he will come to me again with the leaves." He revolved this strange saying hin his heart, but went thru the woods to the house where his aged ancestress awaited his coming.

"I knew of your return," she said, "and, had I not promised to await it, had been ere now in the blessed fields to the great west, where the loved of my youth waits for my coming. Tell me all now, for the talking paper never came, and I am weary of waiting."

He told her of the death of Caneotus, of the siege, the fall of Stephen and his storming party, and, last of all, the strange saying of little Tempie. She was silent a moment, looking fixedly into the embers of the hearth.

"She is right," she said at last. "He will come again in the time of leaves and flowers, for he is not yet of those who can come at my bidding."

She set before him her best fare, commended his fidelity and courage, and told him that all she had was to be his, and where certain small savings were concealed. Then late at night she sent him to his rest, saying that she would sit by the fire awhile longer.

Untequit slept long but brokenly, but when he awoke the sun shone in at the wide window; and noiselessly descending, he found old Molly Pognet, still in her great chair before the fireless hearth, for the embers and her life had gone out together.

Chapter XXIV

The Señor Olivarez was not fated to reach Quito, their destination, for he found himself attacked by a mortal decline, which so reduced his strength that taking a house in Popayan, he began to prepare for the final change, whose approach was so evident and rapid. It is almost needless to say that Hay did not leave him, or that the affection he had already begun to feel for the Señorita Inez increased with every week of the long sickness of Olivarez.

Still it was not until the next spring, or rather winter, that the ex-buccaneer breathed his last, having made his peace with God, and left as a sacred trust to Hay the safe conveyance of Inez and her riches to John Hewson of Spring Hill.

The parting was sad indeed; all the more that the dying man could neither impart nor receive the last fond embraces, which tell so much better than words the peaceful resignation and fond farewells of a departing friend.

"I have only one promise to ask of you, Señor Hay," he said, the night before his death; "and that is that, as heretofore, you will take the same care of my orphan daughter as if she were indeed your own sister. Should the time ever come that you feel disposed to seek her in marriage, say nothing of it to her, until you place her in the care of her only protector, my brother. Do you promise this?"

Stephen hesitated a moment and turned red and white by turns. "I promise," he said faintly. "But I must tell you that I am already betrothed, and dare not love the Senorita Inez. It is hard work to refuse to adore her, she is so beautiful, pure and noble; and I am like one who, being entrusted with a jewel of price, can scarce listen to the demands of virtue, but almost deems that any sin would prove a cheap price, at which to attain to so great a prize.. Therefore, I beg of you, let your *major-domo* take this trust; he is older, and will, I think be truer than I."

"I have led and tried many men, and I take your promise, albeit unwillingly given, as worth more than the oaths of many who have less decision of purpose. Take then the trust. You will give to John Oliver, whom you have known as John Hewson, the belt I spoke of, and receive a fitting reward."

* * *

The next morning his attendant found that his master had passed away; and for two years more Inez and her servants remained at Popayan, because of the ravages of Anson and other English adventurers on the Pacific coast, which had made the hope of getting safely away so fearfully small, that even Hay felt that nothing could be done but to await the close of the war and the renewal of commerce.

So Inez and Stephen, known only as brother and sister, became a part of the society of Popayan, until, in the latter part of 1743, there came news of a French fleet about to set sail for the West Indies and the port of Brest, in France.

A few days later the survivors of the party, under the guidance of Guapi, reached Quito in safety, in time to join the Spanish commissioners in their long homeward journey.

From Quito by a less dangerous route, yet amid many perils, the party reached Lima, and thence went to Callao, where two French frigates, the Notre Dame de la Delivrance and the Lys, lay ready to sail, and embarking in the former vessel, they set out from Callao October 23, 1744, arriving at Concepcion Bay November 21st of the same year.

After many adventures the party found passage by a returning transport to Boston, where they arrived safely about the first of September in the year 1745.

After due inquiry at the Swan Tavern, Stephen found that John Hewson was still living, tho he had tired of the sandy cape and was domiciled at or near Cohasset, where the cliffs, with velvet turf and varied foliage, overhang the long reach of huge ledges stretching far to seaward. An express sent to him brought back a messenger, who said that the old man being unable to come himself, had sent him for the young lady and her companion; but Stephen made over to Inez the precious belt worn thru so many strange vicissitudes, and after satisfying himself that he left his *proteges* in good hands, took passage by a wood sloop for Plymouth.

They parted late at night, for the tide was running in and the breeze light, and for nearly an hour they sat side by side at the end of the long pier, talking of the past and wishing, yet dreading to speak of the future just before them. At last the skipper was seen approaching, and Inez rose to return to the inn.

"I go back to the upper springs," said Stephen sadly. "What if I should find myself forgotten?"

The brave, true daughter of Olivarez took his fevered hand in hers, and her splendid eyes, bright and strong despite the tears that gathered under their long lashes, met his in one long, loving glance, which needed not the words she spoke to tell their meaning. "Thou hast been true to thy nation, thy faith and thy friends, more than true to mine and me. Be true to thyself even to the end, and living or dying, together or apart, no one shall be dearer than thou art to me. Farewell, my brother, we shall meet—in heaven's good time."

She was gone; the rough but kindly raillery of the skipper recalled him to the needs of his homeward journey, and the next day at noon he set out from Plymouth with a stout horse, capable of making under saddle some two leagues an hour.

That night he rode into Sandwich town and put up at the tavern, where he was welcomed as one from the dead by the old hostler.

Here for the first time Stephen learned of the condition of affairs at the homestead—a story over which the old serving man sat late at night, detailing how Stephen having been reported dead, his friends had mourned him for a season; how the church had been crowded with weeping listeners to the quaint memorial sermon; how his will had been proved, his estate divided; how his brother had married his betrothed within the year just past.

* * *

Meanwhile at the homestead the family had arisen, the kine had been milked and sent to their pasturage, and the tools made ready for the day's labor on the distant marshes. All were gathered at the morning meal, the deacon, scarcely older or graver than five years before; Joshua, already old with overthought, labor and care; Lish, still light-hearted, beside Margaret, pale yet beautiful, with her babe close at hand in the old cradle; and Black Bill, maimed in one wrist, but able, nevertheless, to do "more than a man's work," as all the neighborhood allowed. Only two were wanted to complete the family circle, Mrs. Hay and little Tempie.

The latter, alas, had long been an invalid, and there were few who knew her who did not sadly shake their heads when they marked her clear, pallid complexion, overbright eyes and sad, abstracted manner, for the scourge of old New England villages had claimed too many victims in S—— to leave any ignorant of the symptoms of his fatal presence.

Many wondered, indeed, that she had so long resisted the distressing cough and weakening night sweats, which had reduced her slight body to a mere skeleton; and her stern but affectionate father and gentle mother awaited in trembling faith that new trial in which they must only say "Thy will be done."

This morning, however, she had insisted on being dressed and taking a seat at the table, for a strange dream or experience had given her a semblance of added strength and she had pleaded so for permission that the sick chair had been drawn up, and Tempie came leaning on her mother's arm, and sat listening to the prayer uttered, while others stood with bowed heads around the table. But when all were seated, Deacon Hay noticed a strange, eager, nervous look of expectation in his daughter's face.

"What is the matter, Tempie?" he asked kindly. "I heard no complaint from you last night. Did you not sleep well?"

"Yes, father," she replied tremblingly, "I slept very well until morning, but then—oh, mother, tell him, for I can't, I can't."

"Tempie is somewhat frightened, Elisha, for this morning early she thought, or dreamed, or fancied, that she heard—"

"I did not dream or fancy, mother," said the child. "I did hear Stephen's voice. He called Buff to him, and his voice was choked and sad."

Margaret started up with a faint cry; Lish dropped his fork and knife and stared in utter bewilderment at the speaker; and Joshua, with a quiet, incredulous smile, calmly proceeded with his breakfast, having promptly settled in his mind the status of a tale founded on the fancy of a sick girl; Black Bill went outside quietly, while Deacon Hay turned to the girl and questioned her not unkindly as follows:

"I can, of course, have no doubt that you were mistaken, Tempie, but tell me all about it. At what time did you hear what you describe?"

"It was just before daylight and not half an hour before you arose, that I awoke from a deep sleep, and heard, as I thought, two persons talking in low tones under my window. The words were sad but indistinct, and I did not think just then how unlikely it was that people would be out there at that time of the morning. But about a quarter of an hour later I heard Stephen call Buff—call him just as plainly as ever I heard him before he left us for the war. Then I lay and listened, for I hoped altho I almost feared to hear my brother's voice again; and at last I had to call mother and tell her."

As she finished speaking, Black Bill returned from outside with a grave look in his eyes.

"What said the voice, Miss Tempie?"

"Nothing but 'Come, Buff!—come!' just as I've heard him hundreds of times before he went away; only his voice was very mournful, just as when he talked with me in the orchard about going to fight the Spaniards."

"'Twas only fancy, my child. We can never hear his voice again except in a better country, where sin and death will no longer separate us from those we love. Come, Bill and Lish, we must hurry thru with breakfast, for we must mow the island meadow before the tide rises."

* * *

Black Bill whispered a word or two in his ear, and, with an expression which those who witnessed it never forgot, Deacon Hay arose and went outside, where the other members of the family could not overhear their words.

"What mean you, William?" began Deacon Hay, agitated beyond his wont. "Think you that it is possible that the dead should come back to the living? You yourself say you saw him dead in the castle ditch at San Lazaro, covered with brains and blood. How, then, can you encourage the fancies of a poor sick child, who has always held in her heart to seeing her brother once more?"

"I don't know, master, whether the dead come back or not, tho my people have ever believed that, to some, all men, living or dead, were visible; but this thing I do know—that the dog is gone."

"Old Buff gone? Impossible! He's asleep or sick inside the woodpile yonder, but he never leaves the place except with some of us."

"I've taken down a part of the woodpile, and know he's not there. Stay! don't move for a moment," and stooping down where he stood, he bent over a footmark in a little patch of sand.

"That footprint was made this morning, and by a Spanish boot, and here is Buff's foot right beside it. There was some one here this morning; and were it not that I know that he is dead, I could swear that yonder footprint could have been made by no other than your son."

"If here, why has he kept apart from us?" asked the agitated and half-convinced father. "Why should he pass by his father's house and hide himself from those who love him? There is no one that I can see anywhere in the fields. Stay! I have it. You can call the dog away from us all. Call him to you now."

Untequit, with a grave smile, nodded his head, and putting his hands to his lips, gave three shrill whistles, which were echoed from the walls of the foliage of the great swamp half a mile away. The dog issued almost instantly from the orchard, and man and master hastening thither, saw a powerful, sun-bronzed and bearded man hastily crossing the meadow below, toward the house, and a moment later Stephen was clasped in their arms.

With his stern face wet with grateful tears, and softened into unwonted kindness by this "crowning mercy," Deacon Hay hastened a few minutes later to the house, where the others, for the most part too perturbed to eat, were sitting in uneasy silence. Tempie alone seemed somewhat calmer, but as her father entered she arose from her seat and unaided walked to meet him with outstretched arms, crying "He is come! My dear brother is come! O, where is he, father? Let me see him before I die."

* * *

There entered a tall, stately gentleman, rich of garb and elegant in manner, with little left to tell of the *soi disant* volunteer who had been mourned as dead, yet none the less the same noble, simple-hearted and generous brother and son who had left them five years before. With an ease but too painfully noticeable to all, he caught Tempie in his arms and raised her to his breast, covering her face with kisses, and the child bowing her frail head, by turns bent to return his caresses, and then in sisterly pride and wonder, drew back to gaze at the rich garb and splendid beauty of her recovered brother.

"I knew you would come, brother," she sighed at last. "I knew you would come, but I could not have waited much longer. I thought you would come when the leaves budded, and now they will soon be gone."

Mrs. Hay, thoughtful even in her joy, motioned to Stephen to place his frail burden in her easy chair, and thru her tears greeted the wanderer with a warmth that speedily dispelled all Stephen's misgivings as to his welcome home. Joshua, indeed, made no striking demonstration, but his "Welcome home, brother!" and warm, hearty grasp spoke volumes.

But the young couple stood aloof for a few moments as if afraid to join in the greeting, and poor Lish's face was unutterably sad and disquieted, while Margaret glanced from her husband to her babe in alternate apprehension and vexation.

Stephen saw, and strode across the room to where, by their side, the little child slept unconscious of human passion in its rude cradle, and stooping, kissed its rosy lips. "God bless you, little one," he said, raising his chapeau as he spoke, and rising, he extended his hand to Lish, who grasped it in both his own.

"All has been ordered well and wisely," said Stephen kindly, "strangely it may be, but not thru fault of yours. I blame you not, Margaret; indeed, I could not, for why should you have loved the living less than the dead?"

"Let us thank God for this," said the elder Hay solemnly. "Our son, who was dead, is alive again. He was lost and is found."

* * *

For several weeks the life led by Stephen Hay seemed, despite his past adventures and the generally confused state of his temporal affairs, one of almost perfect joy and rest, with little to alloy the tranquil repose and the quiet renewal of old friendships and associations.

Lish had often spoken of returning to him his divided estate, but Stephen had kindly but firmly refused to resume possession. "I have done with life here, and henceforth our lives must lie apart, so far as our avocations are concerned. Mother and the girls are welcome to their portion, and I have more than enough to console me for the little my will distributed."

A visit to the capital enabled him to learn the fate of his comrades of the Colonial brigade, few of whom had been more fortunate than himself, even of those who survived to return to their kindred.

After his case had been duly investigated and his discharge made out in due form, Stephen returned home and gave himself up to the society of Tempie, whose health seemed to improve in the great joy of the unexpected return of her lost favorite. The affection between them had always been noted as unusually strong, but now in her weakness Tempie could scarcely have found greater or more constant tenderness in the most devoted lover.

About the middle of September, they sat one day together in the orchard, she in her easy chair and he reclining at her feet, while just outside the line of shadow before them the ground was strewn with the sweet fruit of the early summer pears, great golden spice apples and high-bough sweetings. Tempie had a pile of letters in her lap, daintily folded and written in a minute Italian hand. Some of these Stephen had evidently been reading to her, others she was perusing for herself.

And then he told her of Inez, and soon it became known generally that Stephen was about to marry, and that Tempie would accompany the happy pair to Great Britain, and four days after the Viana sailed for Boston, manned only by Untequit and Stephen Hay, who had previously by letter informed Inez of his intended coming to her uncle's hermit cottage at Cohasset, where the marriage was consummated, after which Oliver, Stephen and Inez sailed for England, accompanied by Tempie, Rosita and Untequit, who, at the last moment, yielded to Stephen's entreaties.

John Oliver came to his own, and in great content lived for some years to enjoy his good fortune, and at his death left his estates to Inez and her heirs, and a large sum of money to Stephen, who had become a successful gentleman farmer.

Tempie regained her health and married an English officer, who before the American war had sold out, and taken an estate close by the Oliver manor. Both he and Stephen Hay were found among the many who opposed the measures which sundered the ties between England and her colonies.

Untequit for a few years acted as Stephen's assistant on the Oliver estates, but he chafed under the restraints of English social life, and his health suffered to such an extent that the family physician declared that he must seek a milder climate. He took passage for Jamaica and joining the Maroons, became a chief among them, and was one of the last to submit to the English, near the close of the last century.

THE END

Some Important Heraldic Charges

Their Meaning and Symbolism

by Leonard Wilson, F.S.A.Scot.

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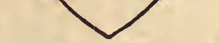
> "Every man of the children of Israel shall pitch by his own standard, with the ensign of their Father's house."—Numbers ii:2.
>
> "And the children of Israel did according to all that the Lord commanded Moses; so they pitched by their standards, and so they set forward, every one after their families, according to the house of their Fathers."—Numbers ii:34.

NOTE.—*The writer of this article will be glad to answer, free of charge, any inquiry relating to heraldry or family history. Inquiries should be addressed to the Genealogical Editor, the* NATIONAL, *and should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for the reply*

THE fret or frette, one of the subordinaries of heraldry, is formed by two narrow bands placed saltirewise, interlaced with a mascle. It is sometimes called "Harington's Knot," and is also used by Dutton, Lord Sherbourne, and others. When a field is covered with narrow bands drawn from dexter to sinister interlaced with others from the opposite side, it is said to be "fretty." Other descriptions of the fret are:



THE FRET OR FRETTE

"The fret is composed of a bendlet, a scarp and a mascle interlacing each other." Planché remarks: "The fret is a very ancient ornament; and garments, standards and horse furniture, previous to the appearance of heraldic insignia, are often represented with that species of lattice work decoration, which was ultimately called fretty or frettee. *'Item una tunica de samitto rubeo Frestata de auro cum rosulis aureis ad perlos.'* Du Cange, under 'frestatus,' and also under 'frectae,' shows that the heraldic term 'fret' is derived from *fretes*, arrows, so called, placed lattice-wise. Whatever may have been the origin of the word, there can be no doubt respecting the origin of the bearing, which was evidently from the banding or ornamenting of the shield. I therefore consider fretty to be the earliest form of the charge."

"The shield of a chess-man, engraved by Mr. Shaw in his 'Dress and Decorations of the Middle Ages,' from the original in the Cabinet of Antiquities in the Bibliothéqué Nationale, Paris, presents us with a very early example of this style of ornament; it is said to be of the time of Charlemagne, but I should scarcely give it so early a date. It appears to me to be of the end of the eleventh or beginning of the twelfth century—early enough for our purpose.

"In Glover's Roll there are ten examples, all fretee. The Harington family, deriving their name from the seaports of Harrington or Herrington in Cumberland, bear 'sable a fret argent,' and from this example (perhaps one of the earliest) the charge is sometimes called a Harington Knot. If, however, the coat of Harington is an allusive one, as it has been stated, and intended to represent a fishing-net, it is most probable that originally it was fretty like those of Verdon, Maltravers, etc., and subsequently reduced to the single fret."

Fox-Davis, speaking of the fret, says: "The fret, which is very frequently found occurring in British armory, is no doubt derived from earlier coats of arms, the whole field of which was covered by an interlacing of alternate bendlets and bendlets sinister, because many of the families who now bear a simple fret are found in earlier representations and in the early rolls of arms bearing coats which were fretty. Instances of this kind will be found in the arms of Maltravers, Verdon, Tollemache, and other families.

" 'Sable fretty or' was the original form of the arms of the ancient and historic family of Maltravers. At a later date the arms of Maltravers are found simply 'sable, a fret or', but, like the arms of so many other families which we now find blazoned simply as charged with a fret, their original form was undoubtedly 'fretty.' They appear fretty as late as in the year 1421, which is the date at which the Garter plate of Sir William Arundel, K. G. (1395–1400) was set up in St. George's Chapel at Windsor. His arms as there displayed are in the first and fourth quarters, 'gules a lion rampant or,' and in the second and third, 'purpure fretty or' for Maltravers. Probably the seal of John Fitz Alan, Earl of Arundel (d. 1435), roughly marks the period, and shows the source of the confusion. But it should be noted that Sir Richard Arundel, Lord Maltravers, bore at the siege of Rouen, in the year 1418, gules a lion rampant or, quarterly with 'sable a fret or' (for Maltravers). This would seem to indicate that those who treat the fret and fretty as interchangeable have good grounds for so doing. Sir John Maltravers bore 'sable fretty or' at the seige of Calais, and another Sir John Maltravers, a Knight Banneret, bore at the first Dunstable tournament 'sable fretty or, a label of three points argent.' As he is there described as Le Fitz, the label was probably a purely temporary mark of difference. In a roll of arms which is believed to belong to the latter part of the reign of Henry III, a Sir William Maltravers is credited with 'sable fretty or, on a quarter argent, three lions passant in pale gules.' The palpable origin of the fret or fretty in the case of the arms of Maltravers is simply the canting similarity between a traverse and the name 'Maltravers.' Another case, which starting fretty has ended in a fret, occurs in the arms of the family of Harington. Sir John de Haverington, or Sir John de Harington, is found at the first Dunstable tournament in 1308 bearing 'sable fretty argent,' and this coat of arms variously differenced appears in some number of the other early rolls of arms. The Harington family, as may be seen from the current baronetages, now bear 'sable, a fret argent,' but there can be little doubt that in this case the origin of the fretty is to be found in a representation of a herring-net.

"The fret is usually depicted thruout when borne singly, and is then composed of a bendlet dexter and a bendlet sinister, interlaced in the center by a mascle. Occasionally it will be found couped, but it is then, as a rule, only occupying the position of a subsidiary charge. A coat which is fretty is entirely covered by the interlacing bendlets and bendlets sinister, no mascles being introduced."

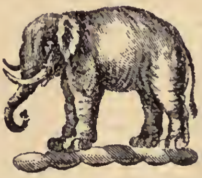
* * *

The fret is composed of six pieces, namely, two long ones in the saltire extending to the extremity of the field, and four pieces conjoined in the center of the front of a mascle interlaced or fretted by those in the saltire.

Sir John Ferne says: "Such arms were given to a French knight and continued by his posterity for taking Gundemarus, king of Burgundy, a prisoner in battle, which arms are thus blazoned: 'Sable, a musion (cat) or appert with a breillisse gules done argent!' " It has been termed, according to Wade, "the heraldic true lover's knot." "*Heraldorum nodus amatorius*, or *Heraldicus veri amoris nodus;* which expressions he makes use of in his Blazon."

The fretted shield consists thruout of a series of apparent mascles or meshes of a net. Planché inclines to the belief that a net is intended by this armorial figure. "Guillim's ruling as to the meaning of the net would still apply here, and, like the mascles, the fret or fretted shield would signify 'Persuasion.' When taken with the symbolism of the colors, such bearings are full of interest and dignity. We find in Froissart that the fret was so much valued that in Edward III's French war, Lord Audeley conferred on his four chief followers his golden fret, to be borne within their arms, on a red ground, in memory of their great assistance to him in that war. Lord Audeley's own arms consisted of a red shield bearing a golden fret."

In "Dame Heraldry," the following is narrated with regard to the fret: "One day a couple of knights, engaged in a discussion of some question of heraldry, happened to pause on the dusty highway, and, leaning against the trunk of a tree, continued their discussion, emphasizing it with a gesture or two, and in a tone that could scarcely be called a whisper. Attracted by their manner, three or four peasants gathered about them to hear the discussion. Just then a knight appeared in the distance, mounted upon a handsome horse, slowly trotting toward them. 'Now,' quoth one of the disputants, 'see if you can blazon his shield, so that his sovereign might know him without being told his name.' The other agreed to do this, and, waiting only until the sun fell upon the shield of the unknown knight in such a way as to bring out with perfect distinctness the device enamelled upon it, he read as follows: 'This knight beareth sable, a musion (cat) *passant guardant*, or, oppressed with a fret gules of eight parts, *nails d'or*.' "



THE ELEPHANT

The heraldic signification of the elephant is said to be drawn from its courage and strength. It was the ensign of Cyneus, King of Scythia, and of Idemenes, King of Thessaly. The elephant is, of course, of "huge strength and stature, and very sagacious."

The English family of Elphinstone bear an elephant in their arms.

Sloane-Evans says: "The elephant is a beast of great strength, greater wit, and greatest ambition; insomuch that some have written of them that, if you praise them, they will kill themselves with labor; but if you commend another above them, they will break their hearts with emulation."

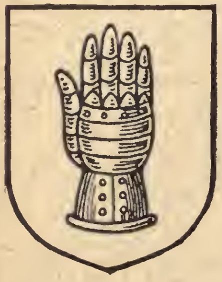
Hulme remarks: "The elephant was long regarded as the emblem of the kingly rank, from a belief that he could not bow his knees, an idea that one meets with from time to time amongst the old writers of natural history. The creature is sometimes found in heraldic devices, generally as the supporter of the arms of those who have served their country with distinction in eastern lands. We see it, for example, on the shield of Sir Henry Smith, whose brilliant victory at Aliwal and other services in India fully account for its presence.

"An elephant with castle on its back and its trappings emblazoned with the arms of Jerusalem may be seen carved on a boss in the cloisters at Canterbury Cathedral; and another, in the arms of Bishop Bruers, who was an oriental traveler, may be seen in Exeter Cathedral. This is earlier even than the famous picture in one of the Cottenian manuscripts of the first elephant brought to England, an event that happened in the year 1255.

"The elephant was also an emblem of magnanimity. 'This beast is so gentle to all others that are but weake, and not as strong as himselfe, that if he passe thru a flooke or heard of smaller cattell, it will with nose or trunke, which serveth insteed of his hands, remoove and turne aside whatsoever beast commeth in his way, for feere he should go over them, and so crush and tread under his foot any of them ere it were aware. And never doe they any hurt unless they be provoked thereto.' Aelian and other old writers also affirm that the elephant was to the best of his ability a very religious beast. 'They withall have in reverence not only the starres, but the sunne and moon they also worship.' The old writer goes on to describe how herds of them at full moon come to the stream, sprinkle themselves with water, and after a solemn purification salute and adore the moon. All these beliefs put together sufficiently account for its employment in heraldic and religious art."

Elephants' heads constitute the well-known bearings of the Marquis Camden.

THE GAUNTLET



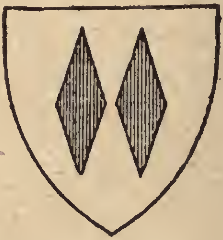
The gauntlet or mailed glove is not a scarce bearing in British heraldry. It is represented as being made of iron and is usually depicted without fingers (altho not always) as being its most ancient form. It should never be mailed on the palm, as it would be impossible in that case for the bearer to have grasped a weapon firmly. The palm of the hand was either covered with a leathern glove or the gauntlet was fixed by straps to the fingers. This glove covered with steel protected the hand of a cavalier in the olden days and in blazon they are always specified as dexter or sinister.

The gauntlet was introduced about the thirteenth century and is considered to signify a man "armed for the performance of martial enterprise." Its use in arms is illustrated on the shields of the Vane family and also in the crest of Burton. The name of Kein carried "argent a gauntlet glove azure on a chief gules a mullet or."

Porny remarks: "It may be observed that, beside the original design of gauntlets, as a covering for the hands, they were likewise employed in the challenge of single combat, by throwing one upon the ground; on which occasion he who threw his gauntlet down, was thereby understood to give a challenge; and he who took it up, to accept it; and, tho such combats have been disused, in England, ever since the reign of Queen Elizabeth, as appears by an account, given by Sir Henry Spelman, of a duel appointed to be fought in Tothillfields, in the year 1571, yet there is a ceremony still practised, at the coronation of the kings of England, wherein such a challenge is given. On this occasion, his majesty's champion, completely armed, and well mounted, enters Westminsterhall, and proclaims that, if any man shall deny the king's title to the crown, he is ready to maintain and defend it by single combat. After which declaration, he throws down his gauntlet, or glove, as a token of defiance."

THE FUSIL

The fusil is an elongated lozenge somewhat like the head of a pickaxe, which some suppose it to represent. Others have considered it to be a spindle, and it is frequently found of an oval form and pointed at the top and bottom, as in the arms of Lord Clinton, where it is blazoned as "a wharrow spindle." The fusil appears upon the Montague coat of arms, and illustrates the name Mont aigu—a sharp-peaked mountain. The Percys bear it also, but five instead of three. It is the coat of arms belonging to the Earl of Northumberland.



Fox-Davis says: "The fusil is supposed to be, and is generally depicted, of a greater height and less width than a lozenge, being an altogether narrower figure. Tho this distinction is generally observed, it is not always easy to decide which figure any emblazonment is intended to represent, unless the blazon of the arms in question is known. In many cases the variations of different coats of arms, to suit or to fit the varying shapes of shields, have resulted in the use of lozenges and fusils indifferently. Fusils occur in the historic arms of Daubeney, from which family Daubeney of Cote, near Bristol, is descended, being one of the few families who have an undoubted male descent from a companion of William the Conqueror."

The French term is *fuseau*. The fusil, some hold, must always be shown perpendicularly. Nesbit thus defines it: "The fusil is another rhombular figure like the lozenge, but more long than broad, and its upper and lower points are more acute and sharp than the two side points. When the field or any figure is filled with them, being erected in pale they are then only blazoned fusilly; but when they are horizontally fusilly in fesse, or in bar, if diagonally to the left, in bend sinister; and when diagonally to the right, in bend."

Porny remarks that "it may serve to denote the execution of a great undertaking by patience and assiduity. When the whole field is covered with fusils all lying in the same plain, it is termed 'fusillée'."

Wade holds that it denotes Travel and Labor and that the fusil of yarn, which is of slightly different form, showing the hank of yarn with the spindle within—a bearing of great antiquity—means "negotiation." Fusils are never pierced or voided.

Sloane-Evans says that the French take them for spindles, as also do the Scots. The Dutch take them for mill-pecks and the English for weavers' shuttles. A pictorial illustration of the fusil shows "azure, on a fusil argent, a sprig of mignonette proper," of which the following verse is descriptive:

> The field is Or, whereon is laid
> A Fusil Azure as the sky;
> In this a Jasmine is portrayed
> As bright as are the stars on high.
> The Fusil charged, then lies between
> Four Olive-leaves of brightest green.
>
> —*Anon. Roll of Arms.*

THE GAME COCK

"The vigilance and pugnacity of the cock have made the bird a favourite symbol of watchfulness and valor. It was adopted by the Gauls as a standard, and its plumage as a crest. The obstinate pugnacity of the cock served Themistocles on one occasion as a valuable illustration. 'See,' said he, 'with what intrepid courage these fight, having no other motive than the love of victory. Whereas you have not this alone but contend also for your liberty and religious rites, your wives and little ones, and the tombs of those that have gone before.'"

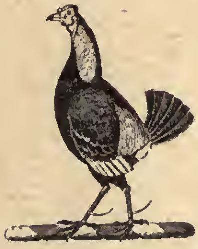
"'The cock,' says a medieval writer, 'is the symbol of strife and quarrels, of haughtiness and of victory, because he rather chooses to die than yield'; hence it has naturally been rather a favourite with the heralds. Guillim says of it: 'As some account the eagle the queen, and the swallow or wagtail the lady, so may I term this the knight among birds, having his crest for a helmet, and his sharp and crooked bill for a falchion to slash and wound his enemy'."

Wade remarks: "The cock is a bird of great courage, always prepared for battle, and it frequently fights to the death. Being the herald of dawn, it is often used as an emblem of watchfulness, and may be used in armory to signify either a hero in the field or an able man in the Senate. It was used in ancient times in 'Asia' Minor as a symbol of the sun."

Guillim terms the cock "The knight among birds, being both of noble courage and also prepared evermore to the battel, having his comb for a helmet, his sharp and hooked bill for a faulchion or courtlax to slash and wound his enemy; and as a compleat soldier armed cap-a-pie, he hath his legs armed with spurs, giving example to the valiant soldier to expel danger by fight, and not by flight. The cock croweth when he is a victor, and giveth a testimony of his conquest. If he be vanquished, he shunneth the light and society of men. Of all birds, this may be best said in blazon to be armed, that is thus furnished and prepared to the encounter. He is the herald of the day, and the sentinel of the night."

"The ancients in their hieroglyphicks represented vigilancy by this bird. 'He hath the property of a noble commander that scorns to fly the field; and may therefore form a fitting emblem for a military chieftain'."

"He is borne by many ancient families."



Dental Hygienists

The New Professional Women

by Laurence W. Griswold

FOR some time now a new school for professional women has been under way in Rochester, New York, and January last about forty "Dental Hygienists," as they are called, graduated. This is the first class to finish a course in a school of this sort which is conducted along professional school lines.

The new school came about as a direct result of a petition made by the dentists of New York State to their Legislature. The increasing importance of prophylactic work caused the dentists to act. They were able to make out such a good case that the Legislature gave authority to the Board of Regents to charter schools meeting the requirements.

Following graduation, the women will not be free to practice until they have passed a licensing board examination to be given by the State Board of Dental Examiners. Success in these examinations will carry the right to practice in dental offices, schools and public institutions of New York State.

Until recently it was the custom of young women who were desirous of taking up work in oral hygiene to go into dental offices and pick up the knowledge essential to their work in the best way they could. But the increased demand upon the dentists for rescue and repair operations; the increase in the amount of preventive work done, and so on, with the number of graduates from dental colleges limited, made it necessary to secure expert services from some source other than colleges for dentists. To be sure, there are night schools which give courses in dental nursing, and by study a woman may obtain information along the line of dental hygiene. But the dentists of New York State wanted women who were specialized to a much higher degree than such sources produced.

ESSENTIALS FOR THE WOMAN IN THE NEW PROFESSION

She should be scrupulously careful in her general appearance, dress neatly, and be precise in her work.

Long fingernails are objectionable for a number of reasons. She should see to it that her nails are manicured well, so her hands may be readily sterilized by ordinary methods.

She must have a knowledge of personal hygiene for her own good, and be able to teach it to children.

She must be kindly and sympathetic and have a full appreciation of the importance of her work.

She must be exact and know correct business methods, and be able to record accurately the conditions in the oral cavity so the records will be valuable for study by experts.

She must be able to keep a close supervision over details, thus relieving her chief and allowing his time to be used where it means the most effective work of which he is capable.

According to those in charge of the new school in Rochester, the functions of the oral hygienist fall into three divisions. First: the young woman must be able to practice in association with a general practitioner of dentistry. Full technical attainments and a good working knowledge of the subjects taught in the school will, naturally, be necessary to make such practice successful. Second: She must be able to accomplish real results in association with school and institutional workers, especially along the lines of dental inspection. To this end a good start toward the acquisition of a liberal education is almost a necessity. Third: The dental hygienist must be able to do educational work in the field—give lectures and demonstrations before schools, social organizations, mother clubs, etc., where the spreading of the facts regarding the feeding and care of babies from the moment teeth break thru gums is most needed.

Subjects touched upon in the new school, to a greater or less degree, include general anatomy, physiology, histology, pathology, chemistry, general and personal hygiene, sanitation, nursing, sterilizing, special anatomy, radiography, materia medica, prophylaxis, instrumentation, oral hygiene, and the like. Much of the teaching, of necessity, is general in character, the idea being to give the hygienist simply a comprehension of the various subjects. But the special business or profession toward which the women are pointed is gone into in detail. About half the course is devoted to practical demonstrations and instruction in the skillful handling of instruments.

The salaries which the women in the new profession will receive will be considerably more than those earned by skilled women in many other lines. The demand for dental hygienists is great, according to the dentists. Dr. Harvey J. Burkhart, director of the new school, has warned the students on the salary point, however. He recently said:

"While some of our students may be taking this instruction because it may be more attractive than some other vocation from the financial point of view, permit me to suggest that a too close following of the dollar will greatly interfere with your efficiency and obscure the more important reason for which you are here—namely, the great good which you may accomplish and the relief you may bring to suffering humanity."

This school for dental hygienists is conducted in connection with the Rochester free dental dispensary which was recently given by George Eastman, the kodak manufacturer of that city. The dispensary will cost about $500,000 when built and equipped. Mr. Eastman will furnish an endowment of $750,000 in addition to his first gift. The work in the dispensary will be the filling of teeth, extracting, prophylactic work, teeth straightening, the removal of adenoids and tonsils, and the correction of the various oral deformities of children. The primary object of Mr. Eastman's gift is to demonstrate the value of preventive measures in dentistry. With that purpose in view, children will be cared for from the time of the first eruption of teeth until about the age of fourteen years. In this work the dental hygienist will play a very important part. It was because of the valuable aid which she can render that the new school was suggested as a part of the Rochester Dental Dispensary.

GEORGE EASTMAN

By Proxy

by

H. P. Holt

As Mrs. Amelia Miggles blotted the letter and read it through she smiled complacently. The letter ran:

Dear Sir:

In reply to your advertisement, I have a lady friend who would probably make an excellent match with you, and if you care to call here I shall be happy to discuss the matter over a cup of tea. My friend, who, like myself, is a widow, is not aware that I am communicating with you. I am quite sure she is far too bashful to do anything of the kind, so I am writing on her behalf, and if I feel sure after meeting you that you would make a satisfactory husband for her, I will effect an introduction. My friend is not without means, is of a loving disposition, and can make the piano speak. Also she was very pretty as a girl, but you must understand that her age now is forty. If you drop me a line, I shall be in on Monday at four o'clock.

Sincerely,
AMELIA MIGGLES.

The next evening by the last mail the reply came to Laburnum Villa as follows:

Dear Madam:

It is very kind and generous of you to interest yourself in your widowed friend. I will certainly call, and if you can then show me a photo of the lady, it might help me to come to a decision.

Yours sincerely,
ARCHIBALD TUPPER.

Mrs. Miggles was sighing happily, occasionally giving the tea cloth a straightening pat, when a tap came on the door at the fateful hour.

"I've called on behalf of Mr. Tupper," explained the visitor, a cheery-faced and rather bald personage, who added that his name was Griggs. "The fact is," he said, "Tupper is an old—yes, a very old—friend of mine, and he asked me as a personal favor to—er—to call on you. Like the widow you wrote about, Mrs. Miggles, he is bashful, and besides, he has been called away on important business which will detain him for a week or two."

"I see," remarked Mrs. Miggles, manipulating the tea things with deft hands. "It must have been a sudden engagement."

"Indeed, it was," said Mr. Griggs, "and he asked me to express his sincere regret, tho he places implicit faith in my judgment, even in such a delicate matter as this. May I ask if you have a photo of your friend, as Mr. Tupper asked?"

"No," replied Mrs. Miggles, toying strenuously with a piece of cake. "You see, I did not happen to have one in the house, and when I asked dear—I mean my dear friend—for one, she told me those she was expecting from the photographer had not arrived."

"Ah," observed Mr. Griggs, chasing a scrap of bread and butter round a plate with his fingers. He was not free from embarrassment. Mrs. Miggles had vanquished better men than him in her time, and, after all, she was only just arriving at ripe maturity. The man drew forth a large handkerchief and temporized with a bugle sound.

"Mr. Tupper did not mention his age," observed the hostess sweetly.

"Did he not? Bless my soul," commented Mr. Griggs.

"It is an interesting point," went on Mrs. Miggles, absent-mindedly putting sugar into her tea a third time. "Do you happen to know how old he is?"

"Ah, yes," replied Mr. Griggs uneasily; and Mrs. Miggles refrained from catching his eye at the moment, in case it should interfere with his imagination. "Dear old Archie is just my age. I think, as a matter of fact, I have the advantage of him by a month or two. And I'm nearing forty-three. It sounds ancient, eh, Mrs. Miggles?"

"Not at all," cooed the lady, "not at all. And may I ask if he carries his years as well, for instance, as you do, Mr. Griggs?"

"Very similarly, madam. You would have hard work to tell which of us had been born first." Almost unconsciously he smoothed his back hair and straightened his tie, which he wished he had fastened with even more care before he left home.

"And did you both become widowers about the same time, too?" asked Mrs. Miggles, with just that shadowy tinge of humor in her eyes which showed she was not too middle-aged to be human.

* * *

Mr. Griggs puffed out his cheeks as tho he were blowing an invisible trumpet. He more than suspected that the lady was laughing at him.

"My wife died ten years ago, madam," he replied convincingly, "and Mr. Tupper regained his free— became a widower eighteen months ago."

"Dear, dear. He must miss his wife very much, does he not?"

Mr. Griggs studied the carpet pattern with intense earnestness for a moment before replying.

"He does, and he does not, if you understand me, Mrs. Miggles," he said. "You see"—Mr. Griggs put his head on one side thoughtfully—"the late Mrs. Tupper was not an unmixed blessing in his domestic establishment. He never speaks ill of her, mind you, but in your private ear I might perhaps mention that her—er—temper was not exactly angelic."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Miggles, refilling her guest's cup. "How unfortunate. Still, it would be unchivalrous of Mr. Tupper to decry her now, would it not? You know, they took one another for better or for worse."

"He never does. I have not once heard him mention the fact," put in Mr. Griggs hastily. "Mr. Tupper is the soul of chivalry."

"A very excellent trait," observed the lady. "By the way, it is just as well to touch on worldly matters, for after all, one must eat, drink, and pay rent. My widow friend, as I informed Mr. Tupper, is not without means. Her income is fifteen hundred dollars a year. Is Mr.—"

"Had Archibald taken my advice, madam, his income would have been practically the same as yours. I happen to be in a position to know exactly, for he and I had a very similar sum to invest. He was tempted to purchase shares which gave slightly too high a dividend for my liking. They began to depreciate in value, and luckily I persuaded him to sell out and buy something more reliable before he had lost much, but he did lose slightly, so his income is not quite what it was."

"What a pity he did not take your advice, Mr. Griggs. It must be most helpful to have a trustworthy friend to advise one about investments. I hope you were not victimized in the same way."

"Indeed I am no expert," replied Mr. Griggs deprecatingly. "It was hard on Archibald, but tho my shares are now worth exactly what I paid for them, he never grumbles at his ill luck."

"I hope he smokes, Mr. Griggs. I never think a man looks happy unless he has a pipe or a cigar in his mouth, do you?"

"It is a wonderful consoler, my dear madam, and I wish more ladies took your view. Some of them think more about their curtains than their husband's comfort in that respect. They do, I assure you." Mrs. Miggles' eyebrows were raised as tho she could hardly credit it. "Personally I'm afraid I have been told by my doctor for twenty years that I smoke more than is good for me, but it has not killed me so far, and I'm beginning to think it is a very slow death."

"And Mr. Tupper—does he smoke more than is good for him?"

"He does smoke, but not in excess. As

a matter of fact, I don't think he is particularly fond of it. He was advised to take to it as an aid to digestion, and he puffs at a pipe occasionally for that purpose, but it has—er—a tendency to disagree with him."

"If your doctor tells you you are overdoing it, Mr. Griggs, don't you think it foolish to disregard his warning?" put in the lady. "Moderation in all things is wise, you know."

"I s'pose so—yes, I s'pose so," agreed Mr. Griggs, puffing out his cheeks, as if blowing the invisible trumpet again. "And yet it is something to do. One gets lonely, dear madam. I have few friends except Archibald, and when one has a long evening alone, one extracts a sort of companionship out of a pipe."

"Perhaps you did not smoke quite so much before—before you lost your wife, Mr. Griggs?"

"I—I hardly remember. That is so long ago." There was a touch of pathos about the way this was said that was not lost on Mrs. Miggles, and she sighed. It was a very soft little sigh, but it was a sigh, and the man's pulse gave an extra hard beat at the sound of it.

"I suppose a pipe is to a man what a game of patience is to a lonely woman when the lamp is lit and the blinds are down, Mr. Griggs."

"Much the same, dear lady," was the reply. "It passes the time."

* * *

It was Mr. Griggs' turn to interpolate an almost inaudible sigh, and Mrs. Miggles' hearing was in no way impaired. She studied the pattern of the carpet with more care than she had done during all the years it had lain there. All the same she was exercising that mysterious feminine faculty of observing her guest without looking at him. There was a lull in the conversation. It was Mr. Griggs who broke the silence.

"It has been a great pleasure for me to meet you, Mrs. Miggles, and you may be sure I will report faithfully to Archibald," he said, without realizing at the moment how little he had to report. "I am not in touch with him just now, as he has not sent me his address, but doubtless I shall hear from him in a day or two."

"Doubtless," echoed the lady, with the faintest of smiles, "and if any other material point should occur to you, perhaps you will call again. I am always at home at this hour."

Latterly Mr. Griggs had got into the habit of walking with a slight stoop. Perhaps it was laziness, but he had always told himself it was due to advancing years. As he left the lady's presence, he was singularly upright. There was something almost of the military swagger about his carriage, and it has to be recorded that he hummed a song in a way that was neither particularly dignified nor in keeping with his years.

* * *

Something that he had omitted to ask Mrs. Miggles did occur to him before the following day, tho when he presented himself before her, the question seemed to ooze out of the back of his brain, and Mrs. Miggles was such an easy conversationalist that Mr. Griggs did not bother about chasing the errant query. A certain degree of formality had been fitting the previous day. Now it hardly seemed necessary. If not exactly old friends, at least they were on a friendly footing, and they both forgot to devote much attention to the precise object of his call. In fact, Archibald was rather left in the cold, and Mrs. Miggles' lady friend did not once become a topic for discussion. There seemed so many other things to talk about; and Mr. Griggs' walk was even more jaunty than on the previous day when he returned homeward.

For a good many years he had taken the moon as a matter of course, regarding it, if anything, as an indifferent illuminant when one got beyond the rays of street lamps. That night, however, he surveyed the pale orb with distinctly soulful eyes, and wondered how it came about that he had never noticed before how beautiful it was.

Mr. Griggs would have called at the Laburnum Villa on the third consecutive afternoon, but he decided to refrain from doing so lest it should be thought he was making a habit of it. A certain uneasiness drew him there, however, on the fourth day, and also on the fifth day. On the sixth day, if Mrs. Miggles had been of an extraordinarily discerning nature, she might have gathered a hint of what was on the offing from the gaily-bedecked figure of her visitor. He wore a suit of light tweeds that took five years off his total, in his coat a brightly-tinted buttonhole indicated that he was in festive mood, and in his manner there was a nervous shyness, which might have warned Mrs. Miggles that he did not feel nearly as festive as he was trying to appear, with such a critical task in front of him.

It is inconceivable that Mrs. Miggles really knew what thought was uppermost in his mind, but when the conversation took a distinctly personal line, he was surprised to find how naturally he was able to put the all-important question without disturbing the lady's peace of mind. Indeed, she accepted him as calmly as tho they had known one another from childhood.

"Now, I wonder what you will say to Mr. Archibald Tupper," commented Mrs. Miggles gaily a few minutes afterwards when, like sensible folk, at their time of life, they had settled on an early date.

"I will be guided by your attitude towards your widowed friend," he answered diplomatically.

Mrs. Miggles had not been converted into Mrs. Griggs many days before she realized that her choice had been a singularly happy one. He was tractable, he had no vices, and they had many tastes in common.

A week after their homes had been amalgamated, and when they were settling down, he puffed his cheeks out while looking out of the window one afternoon. Already she had learned that this was a sign of perplexity.

"By the way, my dear," he said, awkwardly, "there's a friend of mine coming up the garden path. I have avoided him rather lately. It is awkward."

"Who is it?"

"It's—er—it's Archibald Tupper. Pity you and I never went into that matter more. I hardly know what to say to him."

* * *

Mr. Tupper had knocked at the door and the servant was already showing him in.

"Does he know you and I are married, dear?" Mrs. Griggs asked. She was an astute soul, and grasped facts that astonished her quickly.

"Yes, and that's all."

"Never mind. Leave it to me," Mrs. Griggs observed, and then Mr. Tupper was upon them.

"I am charmed to meet the wife of my dear old friend," said Archibald, bowing low over her hand, "though why he never told me such an honor was to be his, I cannot imagine. To tell you the truth, I thought I was the more likely one to relinquish the state of single blessedness sooner or later."

"Yes, my husband told me," said Mrs. Griggs, with a note of sorrow in her voice. "He is deeply upset and asked me to break some news to you."

"The fact is, Archi—" began Mr. Griggs.

"The fact is, Mr. Tupper," interrupted his wife firmly, but gently, "the lady he was to have met on your behalf has changed her mind and left for Honolulu to join friends there."

Mr. Tupper tried to look as tho he was heart-broken.

"Still," he said, after a brief pause, "I suppose I shall get over it. The ways of women are a puzzle sometimes."

"Aren't they?" agreed Mr. Griggs absently, as a light broke upon him for the first time.

The Contagion of Culture

by J. Adam Bede

WHO'S afraid of the truth? exclaims the modern Sophist. The answer is easy: Every body that wears clothes in the summertime. The fool that asks the question would not consent that every detail of his own life be published. No newspaper could live and print all the truth about its home community. No neighbor would be welcome who ding-donged forever in your ears the truth of your own short-comings, and told you how old and worn and haggard you looked.

In time of war, must we tell the enemy the condition of our country and the exact position of our troops? It seems plain on a little reflection, that it is neither just nor honorable to tell all the truth all the time. And yet there is a craze on in the world just now, in schools and picture shows, to reveal every mystery of life even unto babes. They would have us teach obstetrics in the grades, and make a knowledge of birth control requisite for admission to the university.

We are told that truth is beautiful, but the statement needs limitation. All moral truth is beautiful, but there is nothing very beautiful about some physical truths, such as smallpox, an abscess or ulcer, a decomposed body, deformity, a cancerous disfiguration, or other diseases. Must all the moral delinquencies of the world be emblazoned before our children, or shall their minds rather be filled with images of the beautiful?

But some may have a spasm lest we lie to our children and deceive them. This we must not do. But must the child at the first dawn of intelligence be told there is no Santa Claus? A lie is defined as a falsehood told with intent to deceive one who has a right to know the truth. In a beautiful, spiritual sense there is a Santa Claus, and that truth the child has a right to know. To deny such a truth is to commit a crime against childhood. But many physical truths should be deferred till maturity, for the child has no right to know them. To delay is not to deceive. Many of the intimate relations of life would be indecent in print, and harmful to the minds of children. It is essential that the truths which concern mankind should not be distorted, but kept in a due proportion as they are imparted to the young. By emphasizing all physical truths we magnify their importance as compared with the moral and spiritual, thereby destroying the symmetry of education and of life. And there are many important truths which only a specialist can impart in language not offensive to the morals and taste of the people. But, in any event, if we are to legalize birth control, ought we not to standardize the family, requiring a certain number of children in each home, according to circumstances, and hale into court delinquent couples to show cause? Able-bodied, *should-be* parents ought to be heavily fined, and then branded so that the devil will make no mistake in their ***horror***scope when he gets them.

Every bird-dog and ballet-dancer ought

to have vocational training. This proposition seems too plain for argument. And some folks would admit that is about all the education they need. But ought we on that account to snuff out the classics in our schools, that light which has guided and inspired so many lofty souls throughout all history? Vocational training and truth-telling have become twins in the modern curriculum. Certainly every person ought to be fitted by training to do something in the world, but ought his education to end there? Is he no more than a bird-dog? The battle for bread and butter is important; the body must be fed and clothed, and everyone ought to be prepared and mobilized for the work, but if that is all there is in life why not be just a bird-dog—or move on to the next? There ought to be a little honey in the hive, even for the humblest.

* * *

Culture is contagious. We catch it by rubbing against folks and things and conditions. Not many people read Homer and Milton and Shakespeare, but through their universal influence on literature everyone may feel them. There is no reason why the man who holds the plow may not be an intimate friend of Plato. The lowliest lot in life is not inconsistent with a knowledge of Phidias, Raphael and Michelangelo, or an appreciation of their surpassing performances. Otherwise the great mass of mankind must remain forever uncultured. For as the power of production increases, the standard of living rises in keeping with it, and the time will never come when all will be lifted much above the struggle for what are deemed the necessities of life. And life must be made worth living to the least among us. Dire world without such boon!

But knowledge without wisdom is not real culture. All the information in the world is but rubbish if we can't reason from it. The name of Lincoln, if it throws the heart into secret session and conjures up in the mind all the tragic incidents of his life and the beauty of his character, may have more cultural power than the Iliad or Odyssey. The acquisition of the classics has, however, been found to train the mind and lure it into an exercise of wisdom as perhaps nothing else can do, while opening to it at the same time the widest field of knowledge for its employment. So while we are getting our vocational training, important for both personal and national efficiency, let us still extend our studies somewhat into the ideal, for soul-culture, and not abandon to the desert those oases which for so many centuries have sustained the noblest spirits of our race, and through them afforded to all mankind an eternal inspiration.

Xenophon is a warm friend of mine, but whether personally acquainted with him or not it is a delight to make a run over the rural mail route he established more than twenty-three hundred years ago along the Euphrates and the Tigris. The little mishap at Cunaxa which put Cyrus in the has-been list, sent the peace-at-any-price feeling deep into the hearts of the ten thousand Greeks surrounded by a hostile host in a far and foreign land. With a shout for friends and fireside, and those they loved so dear, they turned their backs on the desert and hit the homeward trail singing Tipperary in the original Greek. It was this successful march into the heart of Asia which later appealed to the imagination of Alexander and led to his conquest of the world. One who has these heroes for his companions is not thereby disqualified from earning a livelihood, but while performing the humblest task—even though he spill slop to the swine—may still plant a rosebush by the roadside.

* * *

A return ticket from Troy to Ithaca with stop-over privileges, along with Ulysses, is a good side trip for a vocational course in school. It has always seemed that Ulysses made a tactical blunder in closing the peeper of the one-eyed giant, Polyphemus, who was crown prince to Poseidon, king of the sea, and commander of the submarine fleet. The giant had eaten only six of the companions of Ulysses, which was not a serious matter, and had swallowed them alive out of regard for their feelings, but Ulysses, who was an international lawyer, established the rule of ultimate destination, and immediately put his eye out. Poseidon considered this an unfriendly act and ordered his submarines to attack Ulysses' raft without warning. So Ulysses put into the island of Ogygia and spent seven years with a lady friend named Calypso. In the meantime Ulysses' first wife, Penelope, was taking in sewing for a living on the island of Ithaca and standing off sweethearts who wanted to marry her and take her out to the movies, claiming that Ulysses was probably in hades, and even if he were living didn't care for her any more. But all the while Ulysses loved Penelope, and was only living with Calypso on account of the ruthless submarine policy of Poseidon. By this time Ulysses' son, Telemachus, was out looking for him, as it was about twenty years since he left home to start a laundry and do other things at Troy. The son was entertained by King Nestor at Pylos, and King Menelaus at Sparta, but received no answer to that old Greek ballad, "Where is My Wandering Pa Tonight?"

However, Zeus, the sky-god of the Greeks, told his good-luck messenger lad, Hermes, to slap Calypso on the back and tell her to let go her strangle-hold on Ulysses, as it was against the rules of the game, and it was time for Ulysses to be getting on toward Ithaca or he would lose both his queen and his kingdom. So Calypso collapsed and Ulysses left on a raft while Hermes wished him *gluck auf*. But his raft was soon wrecked, and Ulysses would have perished had not the sea-goddess Ino, who belonged to the same Greek letter society, thrown him a life preserver. With this he floated to the island of the Phaeacians, whose king, Alcinous, as it was the closed season for starting revolutions, had a little open time to entertain him. But Ulysses could tell a good story himself, and he recited all his experiences with the enchantress, Circe, who changed all his companions into swine, told how they had passed by the shores of the Sweet-Singing Sirens, thru the dangerous passage of Scylla and Charybdis, and how his comrades had all finally perished because they slew the sacred oxen of the Sun-God.

The king of the Phaeacians gave Ulysses a safe passage home, and then his troubles began. He was disguised as a beggar, and no one knew him, but his old dog Argus heard his voice and died. Ulysses arrived in the nick of time, for his wife, Penelope, to whom he had been so constant and true, was arranging a shooting-match, and had agreed to wed the winner. Ulysses still disguised, entered the contest and won the prize, for none of the other suiters could bend the great bow of the hero Eurytus. Then Ulysses, assisted by his son who had returned, slaughtered the suitors as a little by-play of the home-coming, after which he revealed himself to his wife and to his old father, Laertes, and started life over anew, hoping that all future troubles with Troy would be referred to The Hague or settled by a referendum.

* * *

Other side-trips can be made as time permits. Long live truth and vocational training, but let us not blot fiction, fable and folklore, and the inspiration of the classics, from the lives of our people. The fiction of Rasselas has a sweeter and better influence than the true details of a criminal trial. And a fairy tale beats a clinic for a kindergarten.

AN APRIL REMINDER

THE door bell rings at dead of night,
And wakes the family in a fright;
Ma says to Pa, "What can it be,"
Pa dons his pants to go and see—
A telegram! he has a fit—
With trembling hands he opens it;
He reads—then smiles—and shakes his head—
"'Tis April Fool, go back to bed."

—*Flynn Wayne*

A Child Shall Lead Them

by Robert Oliver Walters

THERE is in every one of us a fierce, unfulfilled desire. Perhaps it is a part of our God-given, much-abused constructive instinct. Tho weary and miserable, it drives us on—as mine is driving me now—insistently and persistently. It disappoints us often; it lifts us when we stumble. Those of us who live to see its realization are of the chosen few and not of the many. This little story is about one of the chosen few, and several of the many.

The Premier Minstrels, thirty-two strong, scrambled profanely from the afternoon train at Waterville station.

"Till tomorrow night? In this hole?" Ted Sharp snarled. "Gee, but ain't that fine? Saturday night and Easter Sunday at a tank like this—and I know a dandy girl up at Terre Haute. She's expecting me, too. This is the life—I don't think."

Plaintive wails such as the male of the Species *Theatricus Slangibus* indulges in when things go wrong with him, arose all about. A trainman stopped among them to explain. "Very sorry, gentlemen," he said, "but the river has washed away a long stretch of track and no trains can possibly be sent thru before tomorrow evening. You'll have to make the best of it. You'll find, for one thing, that the Waterville House is a better hotel than most hotels in much larger cities. If you can locate some amusement, you'll get thru all right."

"Any girls in town?" demanded Sharp.

"Two or three," replied the trainman dryly.

"Maybe it won't be so awful horrible, then," said Ted.

While the manager remained to look after their special car and other property, the others straggled up a hill from the station and into the Waterville House where, from behind the clerk's counter, a white-haired, kindly-faced lady smiled at them somewhat doubtfully. "I don't know where in the world I can put all of you gentlemen," she said. "Thirty-two? Would some of you mind sleeping on cots? We are not accustomed to having our guests come to us in thirty-twos. Are you gentlemen a circus?"

"No, ma'am," replied Big Bill Simms, *basso profundo*. "We are far more than that, ma'am. We are the Premier Minstrels, but, nevertheless, we will sleep on cots if necessary—certainly. We are held here by a wash-out. We expect to remain in your charming little city until tomorrow evening. Any reduction in rates, ma'am, for remaining that length of time?"

* * *

After supper Ted Sharp strolled into the lobby, to stop suddenly and stare at a beautiful young lady at the clerk's counter.

"By George," muttered Ted, "Waterville *is* a charming little city, all right, all right."

He advanced upon her with his most devastating, heart-smashing smile. "Is this a suffragette hotel?" he asked.

The girl clerk glanced at him calmly, judged him accurately, and smiled in return. "A suffragist hotel," she corrected. "My mother is the proprietor-ess. I am the clerk-ess. I relieve her during supper hour. Did she mention that some of you gentlemen will have to sleep on cots?"

"Oh, that's all right," purred Ted. "Put me on the floor—any old place. Say, listen; can't we go to a movie or something?"

A twinkle twinkled and a dimple dimpled. "If you'll ask mother," she said, "perhaps she'll let me go to church."

"Church? *Church?*"

"Yes, evening service. Do you ever attend church, Mr. Smart?"

"Me? Why—er—sure. I go to church often—whenever I get time. Say, how did you know my name was Smart?"

"That gentleman sitting over there told me. When he came out from supper he said that a Mr. Smart would be out in a moment and would come to the desk immediately and say something to me. I've been wondering what it was to be."

Ted leaned forward. "That is Grouchy Boggs," he said. "He was joking you. He has dyspepsia and corns, and thinks in black. My name is Sharp—Ted Sharp. Yours is Weaver—I see it printed on the register. Where is your mamma now?"

"She just went into the dining-room."

"Just a moment—don't go away," said Ted, and disappeared into the dining-room.

* * *

A straight, slender, white-haired man in clerical garments—as you like them—walked with a boy of twelve along Main Street, passed the Waterville House, turned into a quiet side street and entered a small, frame church. The clergyman lighted gas jets and the church windows glowed cheerfully yellow, to guide worshippers toward the right spot.

Those cheerful yellow windows drew Mr. Ted Sharp and Miss Josephine Weaver to the right spot. Poor Ted—a really good, harum-scarum fellow—felt a smother of guilt in his bosom as they entered, a feeling that he was getting into unfamiliar territory and might be arrested any moment. When they first sat down he could hardly resist the temptation to turn around, make a bow, and begin his act. He closed his eyes and sweat stickily while the clergyman prayed. Then, above and behind him, a boy commenced to sing and Ted, after listening carefully a moment, did turn around—turned deliberately and disgracefully, and stared.

"Why," he muttered, "that lad can *sing*. Why, that boy can really *sing*. What do you know about that?"

In clearest soprano, above a gasping, pneumoniatic organ, the lad's voice carried a simple hymn and Ted Sharp heard male soprano such as he had not heard before. "Oh, gee," he thought, turning reluctantly to the front. "I wish the fellows were here. I just wish the gang could hear that little kiddo warble. Why, that boy is a *singer*."

He was, indeed. His name was John Steele. He sold newspapers during spare time. His mother took in washings, which is not a disgrace, but mighty hard work. Some time previously a building under construction had crumbled and a few of the crumbs had fallen on his father. They were paying the undertaker three dollars a month. Oh, yes, undertakers do those things occasionally. None of which has to do particularly with John's singing ability, tho it all has to do particularly with a recent legislative action known by its result as the Compensation Act.

Ted Sharp leaned over to Miss Weaver and whispered: "Who is the Geraldine Farrar?"

"Sh!" she scolded. "You mustn't talk!"

After the service Miss Weaver and Ted were caught at the doorway in an eddy of gabblers, and before they had extricated themselves, the minister stood beside them. Ted was introduced. "I liked the singing," he began briskly. "That boy you have is some singer. It has been a long time since I heard soprano like that—"

"You enjoy music, then, Mr. Sharp? Perhaps you are a musician?"

"Am I a musician? Well, somewhat, yes, sir. I do acrobatic work mostly, but then I do some singing in the first part, just the same. One of the best things I do is when we all hum to a bass solo. We have the highest-priced singers outside of Big Grand Opera and the movies. Say, I'd like awfully well to take that lad down to the hotel a few minutes and let the boys hear him sing. I wonder if he'd go. We'd be glad to pay him—"

"Tut!" said the clergyman. "I am sure

John will go to please you and Josephine. I infer, Mr. Sharp, that you are a member of some professional singing body—"

"The Premier Minstrels," said Ted, in a Court-of-St.-James voice. "Bound from Evansville to Terre Haute, and then to Chicago. We're stopping at the Waterville House."

"Stand here just a moment while I talk with John," said the clergyman.

"I hope he'll go," remarked Mr. Sharp to Miss Weaver. "The boys will be tickled to death."

"I hope so, too," she replied, "if it will please you."

"Josephine is a dandy name," said Ted. "I'm thinking of quitting the road and getting a job at the glass works. Is there a glass works?"

"Oh, go on!" she flared, but her eyes were kind.

John Steele accompanied them to the Waterville House, where the Premier Minstrels lounged about in attitudes of resigned hopelessness. The one movie palace had, because of the wash-out, failed to receive its films!

Miss Weaver graciously arranged for them all to go into the big dining-room where, at Ted Sharp's violent solicitation, they gathered, feeling certain they were to be the victims of some ridiculous hoax.

"Now, John, old man," said Ted persuasively, "sing something for us. Don't be afraid. What do you know? Can you sing 'Silver Threads'?"

"Why, yes," said John. But perhaps I can't do it very good. You'll have to excuse mistakes."

"That's all right, John. Go right ahead. Try it."

The boy began to sing, somewhat weakly:

Darling, I am growing old—

"Just a moment, just a moment," interrupted Herr Schwartz, the musical director, rising quickly from his chair. "Joe, get your violin, and you, Billy, bring in your flute. Shorty, is your 'cello up from the train? Good. And I'd like to have two more violins and a horn. Also two clarinets if they are handy. Hurry up now, you fellows. Ted Sharp, you get a vote of thanks, but for heaven's sake keep out of the singing. Now, John, my boy, try that first line again to get your nerves steadied. Bill Sims, hum it with him, and get the boy started. Now, try it—"

Theater folk are serious-minded. This may be a new thought to you; it may surprise you; it may be disbelieved, but I assure you it is true. Those of them that I know—a considerable number—are as deeply earnest in their work as you and I in our, perhaps more monotonous, less glamorous lines of action.

We find it difficult to think of theatrical people as *workers*. We instinctively class them as *players*—an unjust misnomer. The Premier Minstrels comprised a carefully-trained body of serious-minded men, most of them highly-efficient musicians, who had worked long hours and many to develop their capabilities to the highest. A new musical number was, to them, a new opportunity; a singer such as they instantly recognized John Steele to be was a rare and joyous treat to be made the most of. The orchestra men gathered instruments and hurried back into the dining-room.

* * *

And two hours later the entire orchestra and singing personnel of the Premier Minstrels, supporting John Steele, male soprano, placed "Home, Sweet Home" as a finishing gem in the most gorgeous musical crown the little town of Waterville had worn on its provincial brow. The hotel lobby was filled, and outside in the street stood a great crowd; had one among them spoken he would have been killed as instantly and as silently as possible. Mrs. Weaver, behind the clerk's counter, counted her day's receipts seven times, with a different total each time, and commenced counting again. Josephine Weaver, sitting alone upstairs, believed firmly that the rich, lingering tenor voice so beautiful in the magnificent ensemble, belonged to Mr. Ted Sharp. She wondered if he really had meant that about getting a job at the glass works. There *was* a glass works.

"Who taught you?" demanded Herr Schwartz. "Mr. Treasurer, please give John five dollars."

"The minister," said John. "I don't want five dollars. I didn't do anything. It was fun."

"It was *music*," said Herr Schwartz emphatically. "Listen to the crowd clapping. I shall be pleased to meet the minister. He is a musician and a teacher. The five dollars, John, is for you to put in the bank for music lessons, or anything you like. Take it—don't be foolish. Come, now; it is late, and Ted Sharp and I will walk home with you."

As the two men walked with the boy toward his home, away out at the edge of town, they drew from him a simple, beautiful tale concerning the clergyman who had taught him to sing.

"He likes music," said John. "A good deal better than I do, you bet. I'd dodge lessons lots of times, but he won't let me. He tells on me at home. He plays a violin, but one time he hurt his finger and made it crooked, and he can't play very good. The other night I went into his study when he didn't know I was there. He didn't hear me. He was standing in the middle of the room with a ruler in his hand, waving it in the air and humming to himself. I thought he'd gone crazy. He laughed when I caught him. Said he was pretending to direct a big, beautiful choir in his church. He said to me, 'John, what would you like most in all the world,' and I said right away: 'One million dollars and a bull pup.' Then he said he'd rather have a big, beautiful choir sing in his church—just once in all his life—than to have one million dollars and *two* bull pups. Some people has funny ideas, don't they?"

They left the boy at his gate with their thanks for a pleasant evening, and best wishes for a good night. On their way back to the hotel Herr Schwartz broke a long silence when he said gently to Mr. Sharp: "Teddy, some day the boy will be great. The minister will see to it. I wish we had known how he loved music—we could have had him down to the hotel. He is a musician and a teacher. Teddy—er—do you think it possible that the Premier Minstrels could become a big, beautiful choir—just once in all their lives?"

"Do you know," said Ted, "I was just thinking about that myself. Say, Schwartzie, let's line 'em up and do it. Tomorrow is Easter Sunday. What say?"

* * *

They arose cheerfully, albeit with much pretended growling about hare-brained schemes and waking fellows up early when no trains had to be caught. They scrubbed, shaved, shined, shone. At ten-thirty they filed into the little frame church. The orchestra filled the choir loft entirely, and the singers were obliged to remain downstairs in the last two pews. After a few moments the white-haired minister, unsuspecting, entered, and, bowing his head, asked God to bless them all. Then came a soft strain of orchestral music, and John Steele commenced singing:

Night folds her starry curtains round,
  And day hath faded on the hills—

It was, perhaps, not the most appropriate hymn in the hymnal with which to open Easter praise, but it was the hymn the minister loved best. Herr Schwartz had attended to that.

And thru the silence so profound,
  Calm peace a fragrant balm distils—

There was a silence, a tense hush that the boy's lilting voice, with its exquisite accompaniment, enriched, but did not break. The hearers felt at peace. They felt warmed, rested, and hoped that all the others, everybody, everywhere, were at peace and warmed and rested.

They entered with him into the chorus:

Not man nor angel can portray
  O, dearest Lord, how sweet Thou art—

Harry Bonnell, the high-priced tenor, soared up, up, gently, wonderfully, placing behind the solo a beautiful background. Big Bill Simms' basso made the whole church vibrate. And with them came on the others, masters of technique, singing as minstrels never sang. In the choir loft Herr Schwartz coaxed and threatened, and the strings and reeds and horns responded to his every movement.

When they had done the last, lingering note, the silence in the little church became suddenly painful. A gentleman away up near the front of the church clapped his hands twice, remembered, and stopped.

The straight, slender, white-haired clergyman arose in his pulpit and faced them. A tear lost its balance and tumbled down his cheek, but he smiled at them. "My friends," he said, "this is a great day, a great day. My text came to me as I sat there listening to music that was a joy to man and to angels. My text shall be: 'And a child shall lead them.'"

The Revival of Patriotism

by Maior Louis Livingston Seaman

OUR nation is now entering the most critical period of its history. Many questions are presenting themselves for correct solution; upon which depend our destiny. The American people must determine along what lines the development of the nation will take place and what shall be its ultimate goal. Shall our people devote their energy to the development of commercialism and materialism at the expense of those things that appertain to the development of the soul, or shall it subordinate itself to self-interests? The support of patriotism will develop those spiritual qualities which make for the betterment of individual, and therefore, of national character. It is the consensus of opinion of the serious observers of our institutions that the great tendency of our people today is to make the amassing of wealth and the enjoyment of pleasure their chief goal. This tendency is so strong as to be alarming. Its effect is to benumb the spirit of patriotism and to paralyze the moral and spiritual qualities of our people.

If this country is to meet and solve the great problems which confront us, and fulfill our destiny in the history of the world, there must be a universal revival of patriotism and the adoption of a fixed resolve on our part to school ourselves in those civic virtues and sound principles of citizenship, without which our political institutions will have no permanent foundation. The present situation is new. In the past the great issues we have faced have been more provincial, relating to our own country and its development, and we have solved them. But now we are a world power and we face problems new to our diplomacy. They appertain to our foreign relations. The great tragedy of Europe has shaken the foundation of the world, and its result will be felt in every country on the globe, however small and wherever situated.

The problems which this situation presents will tax the ability and ingenuity of our leaders to the utmost. In a democracy like ours, where leadership is determined by public opinion as expressed by the majority of our people, it is essential that the people themselves master the facts which shed light on these problems, in order that they may intelligently provide wise national leaders. This being so, a systematic and thoro study of our foreign affairs, and the history of foreign countries, is pre-requisite for a correct solution of the present-day issues. Knowledge of history is necessary, because the great war has its root in the remote past. There can be no conviction without knowledge, and knowledge will entail upon our people close application and study. In order to acquire knowledge, more people must turn their attention seriously to the study of civic affairs and the performance of civic duties. The situation calls for self-sacrifice, self-control and the development of a keener sense of duty to the nation.

The American people are a patriotic race. They love their country and they are willing to make sacrifices and endure hardships in order to place it upon a sound and enduring basis.

This was illustrated in the period preceding the Civil War. Lincoln embodied the spirit of the American of that age and gave it the necessary leadership thru the trying period. He appreciated the needs of the situation and the spirit of the time. He embodied in his own character those principles of patriotism, civic virtues of discipline and self-control which were essential to create the leadership called for by the times. At no period in our history has political and constructive leadership been more necessary than at the present moment. It can only be produced by the people themselves. When they fully understand the problems which confront us in the present trying ordeal, the leadership which the situation demands will not be found wanting.

* * *

With the tremendous influx of immigration that has flowed into our land during the past fifty years, these glorious principles to which Mr. Lincoln so eloquently referred have not been assimilated. With the enormous growth of wealth that has fattened our purses, we have forgotten our duties to the state, thereby seriously threatening the very foundations of our liberties.

Only a few months ago I stood on Fifth Avenue as a troop of our boys in khaki marched past on their way to Mexico. The sidewalks were crowded with throngs of strikers, socialists, and anarchists, few of whom were even naturalized citizens, and who hissed our brave boys as they passed to the front to preserve the honor and dignity of our flag. Is the best blood of our nation to be spilled for the preservation of our homes and our liberties, for the foreign leeches on our industries, and if not, how can this element be educated into decent citizenship and taught respect for law and order? It can only be accomplished thru the application of universal training and service. The safety of our country lies in the application and universal adoption of this service to the flag, where rich and poor shall serve alike, side by side, with equal rights, the rights which form the foundation of democracy. In the great struggle now convulsing Europe, which also has embroiled us—the stake is autocracy versus democracy—dictatorship, supported by brutal militarism, versus equal rights and justice for all. Barbarism versus civilization. As stated by the immortal Lincoln: "I go for all sharing the privileges of government, who assist in bearing its burdens." Universal service in the formative period of youth, when habits are in the making, would be of inestimable value, both in the development of the civilian's health, his respect for law, for the opinion of others, for self-discipline and good citizenship.

Remember, as Lincoln has said, "Many a free country has lost its liberties by failing to protect them." Nothing is truer than that eternal vigilance is the price of freedom.

The adoption of the law of universal training and service in our land would free us from this danger.

The American army is maintained to protect American rights from foreign aggression and to enforce law and order within American boundaries. In this fair land alone, the question of peace or war is determined by the will of the people. The American soldier is not, therefore, an automaton, but is a man, away from his home, on the business of his country.

In times of peace the American people will not allow the maintenance of a large standing army, its presence being considered, justly or otherwise, a menace to republican institutions. It is, therefore, more necessary for us than for any other country to have the most perfect and most efficient military system in the world; a system whose elasticity will be sufficiently great to permit of its rapid expansion in the emergency of war, when its great working forces must be drawn from civil life.

Lest we forget that in one of the wars of our history the sacrifice of life from preventable causes amounted to thirteen times the number lost thru the casualities of battle and in the name of that vast army of American dead, whose lives have thus been needlessly sacrificed thru preventable diseases, red tape and incompetency, I appeal to our lawmakers to enact the necessary reforms in the medical and other departments of our army, that will prevent a repetition of such unnecessary sacrifice; and the adoption of the law of universal training and service for our national safety.

"What boots it in at one gate and make defense, and at another to let in the foe?"

Notwithstanding that a thousand books have been written about Lincoln, little has been said relative to his view on preparedness, and yet his life was a living example of that principle; and from his life can be deduced many lessons vital to our country, in this, perhaps the most crucial moment of our national existence. Was Lincoln ever known to hesitate when right and honor were at stake? To add anything material to that which has already been so eloquently written would be impossible. Listen to his words when speaking on the perpetuation of our political institutions, so singularly appropriate at this critical hour of our history. In his address before the Young Men's Lyceum of Springfield, Illinois, January, 1837, he said:

"In the great journal of things happening under the sun, we, the American people, find ourselves in the peaceful possession of the fairest portion of the earth, as regards extent of territory, fertility of soil, and salubrity of climate. We find ourselves under the government of a system of political institutions, conducing more essentially to the ends of civil and religious liberty than any of which the history of former times tells us. We, when remounting the stage of existence, found ourselves the legal inheritors of these fundamental blessings. We toiled not in the acquirement or the establishment of them; they are a legacy bequeathed to us by a once hardy, brave, and patriotic, but now lamented and departed race of ancestors.

"Theirs was the task (and nobly they performed it) to possess themselves, and thru themselves us, of this goodly land, and to rear upon its hills and valleys a political edifice of liberty and equal rights; 'tis ours only to transmit these—the former unprofaned by the foot of the invader; the latter undecayed by the lapse of time. This, our duty to ourselves and to our posterity, and love for our species in general imperatively requires us to perform.

"How, then, shall we perform it? At what point shall we expect the approach of danger? By what means shall we fortify against it? Shall we expect some transatlantic military giant to step across the ocean and crush us at a blow? Never. All the armies of Europe, Asia, and Africa combined, with all the treasure of the earth (our own excepted) in their military chest, with a Bonaparte for a commander, could not, by force, take a drink from the Ohio, or make a track on the Blue Ridge, in a trial of a thousand years.

"At what point, then, is the approach of danger to be expected? I answer, if it ever reaches us, it must spring up among us. It cannot come from abroad. If destruction be our lot, we must ourselves be its author and finisher. As a nation of freemen, we must live thru all time, or die by suicide.

"There is even now something of ill omen among us. I mean the increasing disregard for law which pervades the country; and tho grating to our feelings to admit, it would be a violation of truth, and an insult to our intelligence to deny.

"Of our political revolution in '76 we are all justly proud. It has given us a degree of political freedom exceeding that of any other nation of the earth. In it the world has found a solution of the long-mooted problem as to the capability of man to govern himself. In it was the germ which has vegetated and still is to grow and expand into the universal liberty of mankind." So spoke Lincoln.

◆

Group Insurance and the Welfare Movement

by

John B. Gorgan

GROUP insurance as issued by the large insurance companies was but an experiment a few years ago. Today it has become the hope of our great industrial expansion, and, it is believed, offers a solution of serious industrial problems dealing with labor. Business has long been earnestly searching for something that would express its co-interest with the wage-earner. Welfare work—entered into to meet this need—has taken many different forms: gymnasiums, lunch rooms, housing arrangements, hospitals and playgrounds. Back of all these, however, lay a great fundamental principle yet to be worked out. The group insurance idea was introduced, and by its sheer merit and inevitable appeal to both employe and employer, has become the most popular of all phases of welfare work. It seems to have touched the vital spot—reached the heart of the problem in its promised protection of that which every man loves most: his home and his family.

Already several of the large life insurance companies are in the field for group policies, and during the year just ended scores of large corporations thruout the country have covered their employes by various kinds of insurance.

Group insurance is not always taken out by an employer on his employes. Frequently the employes of a corporation are banded together in a Mutual Aid Association, sometimes with crude assessment forms of their own. Many of these are turning their attention toward group insurance as a scientific means of providing for the future, either in the shape of life insurance or pensions.

Group insurance is elastic in its application. Given one hundred men drawing wages in a single concern, the question as to whether it shall be term insurance—that is, year by year—which is the cheapest; straight life; twenty-year payment or twenty-year endowment, depends entirely on the decision of those purchasing it. All forms may be included in group insurance. On the other hand, many executives have ideas of their own which they want worked out on insurance lines. They may combine some plan of savings, or investment, or pension features—its ramifications are unlimited. In every case the insurance company makes use of its actuaries and records to perfect a policy that fits the plan and gives an estimate of its cost. It may be the alumni association of a college, or it may be a sugar plantation—each is figured on its own basis—and the lowest wholesale insurance rate permissible is arrived at. Or, suppose the head of a large machine shop desires to insure all his men for $1,000 this year, increasing $500 each year for five years, until each of his employes shall be insured for $3,000. He presents his proposition, the insurance company works it out, and finds it means only an additional three per cent added to his weekly payroll. Is it worth while, as a welfare measure? If he thinks so, he signs up and delivers to his men the insurance protection he believes will appeal to them most.

The cost of group insurance, generally speaking, is from ten to twenty per cent under the regular life insurance rates. It is properly classed as "insurance at wholesale." It is placed without examination of the insured, and includes every employe, old and young. The large number of people in excellent health who would not otherwise take out insurance helps to counterbalance the bad risks. Accurate data covering five years' operation of group insurance has proven the feasibility of the plan in all respects.

As the group insurance idea takes hold, its scope broadens to include even the largest corporations. A prominent western railroad has recently insured all of its thirty thousand employes in one blanket policy totaling thirty million dollars' worth of insurance. New York city, with its pension funds showing a deficit of $220,000,000, is looking toward group insurance, as handled by the great insurance companies, for a way out of its dilemma.

Applied to industry, the group insurance idea is not altogether altruistic—there is a solid, substantial business reason for it, worked out in terms of dollars and cents.

Efficiency engineers have shown by carefully-tabulated reports that the cost of "breaking in" a new employe results in an average loss of $45 to the firm. On the other hand, the restless shifting about of labor costs the laboring man an average of three weeks' pay out of each year—just looking for a job. Any relief from such loss to both employer and employe is a long stride in the direction of industrial efficiency, and group insurance is demonstrating its greatest service as a stabilizer of labor, on the theory that a man well paid and insured will do good work and stick to his job. The "floater" is changed into a steady, reliable workman.

No one can foresee the possibilities of group insurance. It is as yet but a tiny shoot—whether it will eventually reforest the vast fields of industry, with its kindly shade of security and protection to all, time alone will tell. It is one of the big questions occupying the attention of executives in all branches of business today.

JAMES E. KAVANAUGH

Newly-elected fourth vice-president of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company of New York, in charge of the Group Insurance Department

LET'S TALK IT OVER

LATENT in the heart of every American is an impulse to do something for his country when he feels the tremors of war. It does not always mean shouting or shooting, but some one thing needed in preparation for threatened or actual war. Many letters have been received from National subscribers concerning the articles "America Facing the Crisis" and "The Shade of Patrick Henry," in the March issue. These letters prove that the subscribers of the National do not lack real patriotism.

Now, we want our readers to continue making suggestions for the National. Above all, we want patriotic suggestions. Sit down and write just what you think you might be able to do, specifically, for your country in war, and we will pass on the information where it will be ready for reference should occasion arise. The Secretary of War and Secretary of the Navy have already thanked the National graciously for suggestions that had been made by our readers concerning matters that could not be published in detail. One of our subscribers is already engaged upon an important mission, and the value of his services and ability were brought to the attention of the War Department thru a letter written to the National.

Each individual reader can do something. There will always be emergencies that must be counted upon. We want to make the "Let's Talk It Over" department of the National a veritable clearing-house of subjects we can "talk over" in letters, if not in print. Communicate direct to any government official when more convenient, but we want you to feel you can write us with a freedom and frankness that may not appeal to you in addressing the formality of officialdom.

* * *

YOU observe that the editor wants to keep the readers busy. Last month we announced the beginning of a new book we called "Handbook of History"—to be made by the readers of the National. A number of contributions were received, but not sufficient to make a proper selection for the opening installment. The outbreak of war necessarily modifies editorial plans, as well as those in other vocations. We will continue to make the book, altho we may not publish the opening installments of the various periods of American history until several thousand readers have responded, so we can decide upon the best and fix a standard for later installments.

Announcement in detail concerning the making of this new book—and a fascinating and indispensable volume it will be—may be found in the advertising pages of this issue. Put in your spare moments and jot down what you consider the important events in each year of American history, beginning with 1620. Make it concise and crisp—not over 300 words to a year.

By the way, what do you think of our advertisers?—they want to hear from you often.

THE United States of America has been my text-book ever since I was permitted to leave college, and it has been an interesting text-book. Having visited almost every county of every state, I feel I have acquired information that, if thoroly assimilated and digested, may be of value. There is nothing that excels just meeting with people, for the proper study of mankind, as Pope said years ago in his poems, is "Man." In each town I visit I look for certain high-lights to indicate just where to gauge that community.

The musical standard of the community is usually measured by the number of Steinways, because it is only natural that people of the highest cultivated musical taste would hope to have, if not already possessing, a Steinway. Associated with the development of music in America is the work of the House of Steinway in supporting and encouraging the world's noted pianists to make tours of the country, which has a most potent influence, not only in developing the love and study of the pianoforte, but it has been basic in stimulating a taste and desire for good music. The development of the community spirit thru the medium of music is a psychological aspect of national affairs well worth the study of students. A chorus, or an orchestra made up of people of various vocations, indicates at least that they all agree and work in harmony, and appreciate the melody of true companionship on certain occasions. While music is an art and has been called the "language of heaven," it is as exacting as higher mathematics. All music is divided into measures. The bars are always there, immutable; there must be no more or less; there must be no deviations from the chromatic tones. The discord is there, sharp or flat, and while in harmony and melody we have that beautiful blending of tone, yet every particle of that tone color is measurable only in mathematical units.

The piano has been called the "business thermometer of the country." Every man with a family knows that his home will never be quite complete until little Mary and Johnny are at the piano, struggling with five-finger exercises, to delight father and mother later on when they master the score of real music. In these days people are waiting for their orders of pianos to be filled, and the figures show that more pianos have been sold during the last two years than in any two years in the history of the country.

What more evidence of real prosperity is required than the increasing prevalence of the piano, and especially the demand of the highest-grade product known in the making of a piano. The pianos have their partisans and admirers, but all agree that the Steinway is the standard as far as the public mind is concerned.

* * *

SOMETIMES it takes years, and sometimes only a few days for a thought which we have expressed to call forth the kind, encouraging praise of a reader. The "Happy Habit" book was written and published many years ago, and the other day in came a letter from a reader commenting in a friendly way upon the chapter, "The Hand and Handiwork." Here is the letter in full:

> Your chapter on "The Hand and Handiwork" in "The Happy Habit" is one of the most interesting in the book.
>
> "Every pair of hands has a mission."
>
> "All honor to the hand . . . all are required to produce the symphonies that make the harmony of life."
>
> "The signing of the Declaration of Independence was 'done by hand,' a phrase that has come to be regarded as the hall-mark of value for a product, because the term 'handmade' simply means that it has had the careful attention of a human mind, as distinct from the automatic execution of machine-made production."
>
> "In many letters from subscribers I read what their fingers have penned, and in reality clasp hands with them in friendly acquaintance and feel the touch of the writer's hand in the 'grip' of the Happy Habit Order."
>
> Any mechanical process used in writing, the typewriter, for example, serves to remove the personal element and detracts interest. Every letter that is written by hand carries a hidden message that foils all attempts to express it in words.
>
> The manuscript contains a something that is invisible, intangible and indefinable, but it makes itself felt.
>
> It may be the familiar penmanship which prompts the imagination to trace every character as it is made, to watch every word as it is formed and to see every sentence as it gradually takes shape.
>
> It may be the mental discernment that the work was done by actual contact with pen and paper, thus imparting the feature that

enhances the pleasure and strengthens the bonds of friendship.

It may be a realization that the mind of each is centered on the other continually, thus creating a feeling of a spiritual presence that is akin to companionship.

And the last seems to be the best thought, for the constant mental sympathy brings two souls together in an affinity that will live until the supreme tie is severed.

This, my dear Chapple, is a classic from your pen I have preserved these many years, and hope you will republish it in the NATIONAL soon.

Very truly,
FRED B. ROBINSON.

* * *

A CASUAL survey at times leads to a new reckoning on the potentiality of editorial influence. The apparently chaotic condition of the public mind, battered this way and that by the headline writers, indicates an insistent call for the vigorous editorial methods of Horace Greeley. In late years it has been the vogue for newspapers to appear non-partisan. Editorials have summarized rather than directed conclusions; consequently the headline on the front page has usurped the directing function of the editorial often relegated to an obscure corner.

The vogue of fashion turns from one extreme to the other—from short skirts to long; from sleeveless blouses to balloon sleeves and back again. In like manner newspapers respond to the immutable law, and the editorial page is beginning once more to serve as a periscopic lens focused on the news of the day. Sincerity, whether in advertising or in the editorial column, is certain to make an impression.

A vastly different public is reading the newspapers today than in Horace Greeley's time. It is fidgety and knows a little about everything. The ethical ideas of the learned professions are now felt by the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker. The advertiser, bearing a large brunt of the expense involved in producing newspapers and periodicals, has naturally had his influence.

In the old days, one copy of a paper was borrowed and read about the stove in the corner grocery. Then it was passed on. It was read thoughtfully and not merely blinked at in leisure moments. People read today about discussions in Washington, and yet not one out of a dozen can explain coherently and intelligently the meaning of any bill passed by Congress.

The future calls for trained editorial workers, and those who have served apprenticeship in schools of journalism may develop power for newspaper work combined with requisite inspiration for the peculiar tasks that will confront them. But the term of apprenticeship, sacrifices, hard knocks, and an understanding of the fundamental principle of his work attained by the ambitious office boy, can be supplied only in the school of experience.

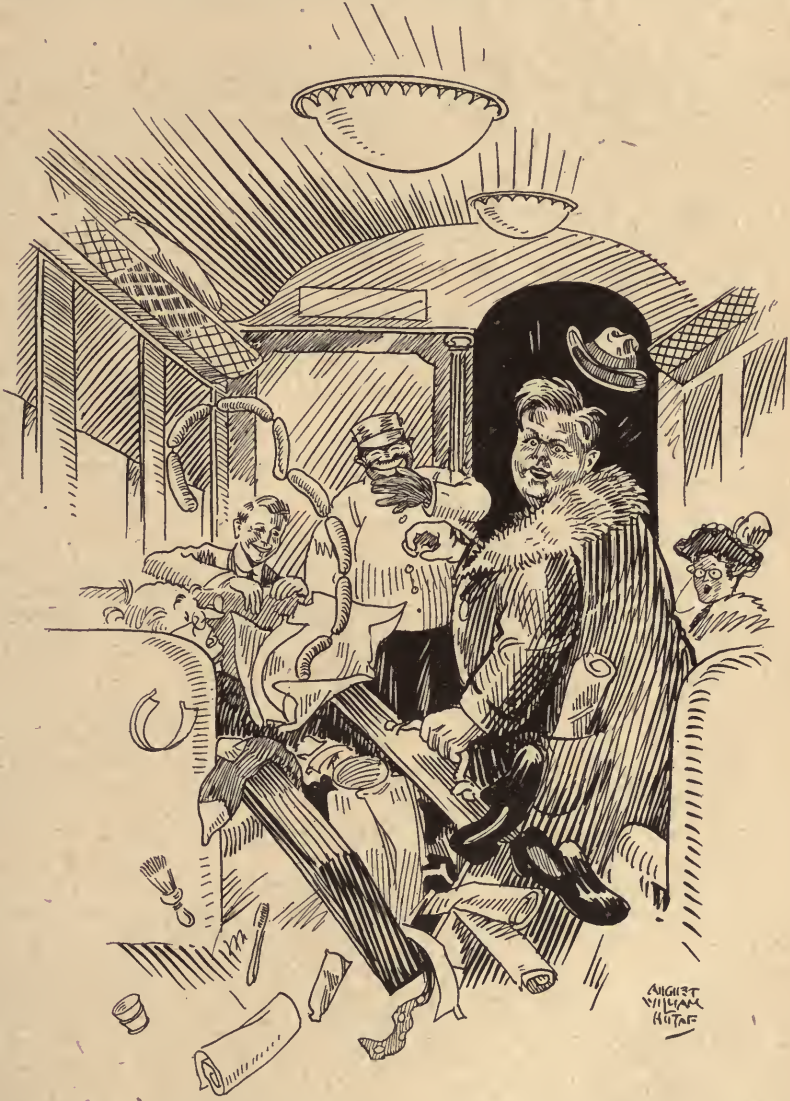
* * *

THERE are many ways in which pride and dignity may be brought low, but I think the most exasperating experience that I ever had was the other day when I boarded the Pennsylvania Limited — with not a moment to spare. The parlor cars were filled with distinguished-looking people and thru the vestibule I crowded, my left arm piled with bundles, and my suit case swinging in my trusty right. Just inside, the little catches which hold the cover of the suit-case caught on the partition, and the case sprang open, as tho by magic. An avalanche of shirts, collars, socks, shaving material and various manuscripts poured out in great confusion; a pair of rubbers, which had been crammed in a corner of the bag, flipped down the aisle like a twain of fishes—in fact, the entire contents were spread on the floor of that aristocratic car.

I must have blushed furiously, and the words I refrained from speaking blistered my tongue. A dignified old gentleman leaned over from his seat with the intention of manfully coming to my assistance, when a sudden lurch of the train deposited him neatly in the center of the pile, which, of course, only hindered the task of cramming the things back into the case. A jovial traveling man stood with his hands in his pockets and remarked, "Well, by gosh, that's a quick way to show your line. How did you ever get it all in one suit-case?"

In the rear was the companion of my stressful life, viewing my latest ludicrosity with mortification—to think of the contents of that suit-case, relentlessly subjected to the amused gaze of the passengers on the palace car. But I calmly gathered the things together—without regard to place or position—with soft mutterings under my breath.

However, the end was not yet. Our car was the third one down, and as I was passing thru the second vestibule, the "bloomin'" thing sprang open again, this time with such an impetus that not only were the contents distributed down the aisle, but one astonished dowager found a crumpled collar in her lap, the toothbrush hit a man on the nose, and last, tho by no means least, the paper was torn from a package of delicious smoked wienerwurst which a friend in Lewisburg had given me to carry home for a feast, and the links were extended down the aisle — five pounds of the choicest chain of pork that ever you saw.



The porter, coming thru at this most inopportune moment, unfortunately stepped upon the last named commodity, and as he stooped to pick up the mangled remains, he grinned and said, "Say, Boss, this ain't no butcher shop!"

We rescued what links we could, and

after once more cramming the various articles of wearing apparel into the treacherous bag, I made my escape to the refuge of the smoking car, a disgruntled editor whose dignity and pride had suffered an ignominious fall.

All the way to New York I was busy repacking that grip, fixing the catches and arranging for an extra strap. Never knew that I carried around such a variety of things with me until the display was so unwittingly made to those interested audiences in the Pullman palace cars. For the moment I envied the lumberjack with his "turkey" or the immigrant with his little bag or bundle, for they, at least, were able to keep from the public gaze the mingled assortment of articles that make up the contents of a suit-case, hurriedly packed for a few days' trip. Now I am determined to have an interlocking, strapped, indestructible Stallman.

My pride had been so humbled that my usual loquacity in getting acquainted was quelled for the rest of the trip. It was days before I could get that flying sausage out of my mind. In fact, not until the contents of the repacked bag had been sent to the laundry and not until the last vestige of those delicious linked wieners had been devoured, did I see the joke. Then, for some reason, the sausage tasted better than ever.

* * *

LETTER after letter expressing appreciation of the magazine and of the various books made by the people and published by us, follow each other in rapid succession to the NATIONAL MAGAZINE office. It is a pleasure to reproduce these and give our readers an opportunity to become better acquainted with us, so here are a few of them:

"Heart Throbs" contains one of the most valuable collections that could be on a newspaperman's desk, containing as it does those popular selections in both prose and verse with which the American people are most familiar and from which quotations of value may be gleaned when needed. The very means of selecting the "throbs" proves this far more than any mere statement from one man could."—B. T. G., Richmond, Virginia.

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Now for the NATIONAL—send it another year. I enjoy it more than any magazine I read. The articles are good, clean and wholesome, something that cannot be said of much of the literature of the day. In the December number I was delighted with your critical essay on "The Call of the Bells." I intend to read it to my class, for it is exactly the work I am trying to teach them.

The article is beautifully written, and the plot so cleverly brought out. Now, of course, I want to read the book, and I shall try to get it.

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I very gladly enclose you P. O. order of $3.00 to renew my subscription to the NATIONAL MAGAZINE. In fact, would rather give up six or seven others rather than lose my NATIONAL, and look forward each month eagerly for its coming, and noting all things referring to your noted city. Have always had a desire to visit Boston and learn of its noted historical attractions, and am hoping to do so this coming fall with the G. A. R., of which I am a member, having cast my first vote for Abe Lincoln when nineteen years old.

It was my privilege to associate with a man and his wife the last year of the war who were from Boston, very cultured and refined people. Hooker had charge of the Northern Department, and we were doing clerical work under him. I am

Very respectfully yours,
(Signed) L. K. J.

—

Your book, "Heart Throbs" arrived yesterday. I started to glance over it at midnight. At 3.30 A.M. I left it with a sigh, only to return to it today. I have skimmed it thru from "kiver to kiver." Tomorrow I shall start reading it thru slowly. That shows what I think of it.

The books contain the old gems that you always are unable to find. And every gem has its own peculiar attraction. One can hardly name a selection from a masterpiece which is not included among the voluminous contents. My only request would be for a Robert W. Service poem on Alaska.

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By a coincidence of much interest only to three others and myself, the NATIONAL for January came to me. There are magazines and magazines; many I read, many I do not—shall I confess it?—never before had I read the NATIONAL; never again shall I miss reading it if I can get it. From cover to cover it is full of things I feel I cannot be without, pre-eminently the personal spirit; the "I am talking to you" that is felt from every page from the "Affairs at Washington" to the advertising pages. The sketches of history, both past and present, "Favorite Poems of Noted People," "The Pursuit of Happiness," "The World is Mine," and every poem has that same personal ring.

This is a *heart* letter, but not the "Heart Letter" for the book in the making.

Very sincerely,
(Signed) M. E. H.

The Pursuit of Happiness

by John Crockett Chapple

FATE and happiness," said a friend to me the other day—"Do they have any relation to each other?"

I confess that I had not thought about it before, but on considering the matter afterwards, I began to think there might be some relationship. My friend had contended that if we can believe that everything in our life is pre-ordained, with the worry of planning for ourselves taken from our shoulders, we might find happiness in such an existence. But why should we make Fate the scapegoat of our life to bear our ills?

For, look you, when Fate is mentioned, it is almost certain to be in connection with an ill fortune that besets us. Does not the poet say:

> For Fate has wove the thread of life with
> pain,
> And twins ev'n from the birth are misery
> and man!

We are only too willing, it appears, to leave Fate out of the reckoning and to bear with grace our good fortune and to live intimately with it. The longer it lasts, the better we like it, naturally. But with ill luck we seek to shift the responsibility. Of course we had nothing to do with it. It is Fate!

Some people like to go to fortune-tellers to learn what the future holds in store for them. Now, suppose we knew of every event before it happened, would that contribute to our happiness? Would not life become stale, with the zest of anticipation and occasional surprise taken out of it? That makes me think. Surprise might become one of the paths to happiness. We all know the pleasure of receiving an unexpected letter, a little gift fashioned by the hand of the giver, an invitation courteously extended to enjoy something we cannot afford. Why not reciprocate to the world and give of ourselves once in a while, even tho what we have to give may seem meager to us? It is the thoughtfulness shown that gives pleasure. Do you know of some eager little boy who is making a collection of some kind? It may be stamps; if you receive a letter from some far-off country, instead of throwing the stamp into your wastebasket, give it to him and see the joy that overspreads his face. It will do your heart good. Too often we think the little things do not count. They do—more than the big things.

With all of us, whether rich or poor, there is ever opportunity to do something for others. Enlarge your circle of acquaintances. Get beneath the surface. Study people and learn their reasons for doing things. There is no greater field for observation than those around us, even tho it has been said that people are all alike.

Adjust yourself to those around you and you will discover that this process of adjustment will bring with it the pleasures of companionship, than which there are none greater. Don't make too many demands on friends. Learn what are your friend's interests and make yourself able to discuss them with him helpfully.

Poverty is a delicate question to discuss—so many of us are afflicted with it in one way or another. If we have money, we lack something else. In a land where riches are so numerous, it is a question sometimes whether to curb ambition or to encourage it. This is where not only the happiness of the individual, but also of the mass, is concerned. How far should we take unto ourselves and crowd out those around us from enjoying the pursuits which we enjoy? In other words, if what we enjoy causes desires in others that cannot be fulfilled, how far should we indulge ourselves? Material pleasures cloy sometimes with over-abundance. Pleasure in doing work, however humble, brings to those around you a happier feeling than when you are gloomy and sullen about it. The world is in a state of unceasing agitation. This makes for progress, and in process of completion often comes happiness.

We catch glimpses of a desired state of happiness in the remarks made about our daily duties. Many think that if they could only achieve the opposite of what they have, they would be happy.

"If I could have Rockefeller's wealth," sighs the intelligent, tho struggling father of a big family, "I would want nothing else, for could I not then give them all that will make life worth living for them?" "If I could have someone about me all the time to take down my thoughts as they come," said the busy editor, "that would be my idea of heaven." While his hard-working assistant fervently declared, "If I could only escape this eternal taking of notes, I'd have some peace of mind." "If I only were not interrupted," impatiently exclaimed the manager of a business, "then I could accomplish something," forgetting that each interruption was a call for assistance, the rendition of which really promoted the business. "If I never had any dishes to wash," came a plaintive voice from the kitchen, "I would not mind the rest of the work." "Give me a lot of marbles," cries the little boy in the springtime, "that's all I want," never thinking that summer follows spring, and winter summer, each season bringing with it different desires. "Office work would be bliss if there wasn't any filing," exclaimed the busy stenographer, as she hurried to get thru her day's work.

And if they each and every one were indulged in their wishes, then they would find something else to sigh for. The question comes: "If we cannot have what we want, can we not content ourselves with what we have?" Yes and no. Yes, because it would seem to be philosophical and wise to content ourselves with what we have. No, because to stifle desire stifles growth, to stop growth is to stop action, and to stop action means stagnation, which is assuredly not a state of happiness.

Hold yourself unmoved and unvexed in the midst of dissenting opinions. Do not change with every wind that blows, but calmly watch events and be governed by the will and judgment. Thus you will do your mite toward eliminating disturbing influences from the world.

WHY?

I USED to think 'twas passing strange
When all the roses fled away,
But since I garnered out a You
Why *now* the roses bloom alway.

—Florence M. Pettee.

Patriotic Heart Songs

(*Just from the press*)

Compiled from

Chapple's World-Famous Heart Songs

Including the National and Patriotic Airs of Great Britain, France, Italy, Russia, Serbia, Roumania, China, Japan, Brazil, Montenegro, Belgium, Cuba, Guatemala, Canada, Portugal and the United States

WHEN the President of the United States read the epochal message which foreshadowed a declaration of war, the United States of America began to blaze with the national colors. In every hamlet, village, town and city, in every home, almost, appeared the radiance of the Red, White, and Blue. This outburst of patriotic feeling, expressed in public meetings, called for a revival of our national songs.

People began to want to know *all* the words of "Star-Spangled Banner," "Yankee Doodle," and "Dixie"—and all those songs that have been interwoven with the very warp and woof of our country's history.

It was found in compiling "Heart Songs"—a book which consists of personal and favorite selections made by over twenty thousand people—that the dominant note was *patriotic songs*, illustrating the trite but ever true saying—"Let me write the songs of a country and I care not who makes the laws."

With the mobilization of every interest for our country, reflecting so gloriously the majesty of American citizenship, the songs in the homes and the hearts of the people keep alive the ideals glorified in the proclamation of the United States to the world, that weak and struggling peoples must be protected in the inalienable rights guaranteed by a humane civilization.

These songs were compiled with great care, after communication with thousands of people, as to why this or that patriotic song was a favorite. The list of contributors included many people prominent in public and professional life, as well as children in the schools. When they pledge allegiance to the Flag, the lusty young voices of these same school children ring out in the refrains of our national songs.

"My Country, 'Tis of Thee" is easily the first favorite; next comes "Star-Spangled Banner," then "Red, White and Blue" and "Hail, Columbia," with "Dixie" included in nearly every group of favorite national airs.

By statute enactment, "Star-Spangled Banner" is the national anthem, the one during which, when played or sung, citizens of the United States arise, and stand with bared heads. At this time almost all of the national airs impel a like impulse.

"Patriotic Heart Songs" includes not only those of the United States, but the stirring "Maple Leaf" of Canada—whose valiant sons have shed their blood so heroically in the great sacrificial struggle. It also includes the national airs of other countries where patriotic feeling is at high tide.

Music needs no translation, and in the patriotic heart songs of every nation there is something in the airs that tells the story without words—but the words also are here given. This book enables one so inclined to find in a single volume the complete words and music of the patriotic heart songs of many nations now allied for a great common purpose.

The songs sung in colonial days, during the Revolution, the War of 1812, the Mexican War, the Civil War, and the Spanish-American War, are included, revealing one never-changing purpose of Democracy.

It is significant that up to this time—one month after the declaration of war—no new national song has developed in the United States. The people seem content to express their deepest and enduring emotions in the songs that have stood the test of time. This may be because in the present war there is little of martial music—simply the crash and crack of machine guns. Even the historic bagpipe is more or less silent, but the music of patriotism is everywhere a most significant expression of love of country—and the song of "home" rings out like a clarion note.

These songs have been christened with tears and dedicated to the highest ideals of the various countries. Intermingled with these national heart songs are many ballads that have of themselves meant as much as those with patriotic words—for who could disassociate "Bonny Eloise" from memories of the Civil War?

Soldiers in camp are often touched and thrilled by the heart songs that recall the happy scenes of the hearthstone—which emphasize even as gloriously as ringing words, what it is to do and die for home and country.

Anything that has to do with love and family ties, or comradeship, has its place in "Patriotic Heart Songs."

It is more than a collection of music—it is indeed a collection of patriotic *heart* songs, for no songs, however thrilling or however beautiful, unless impregnated with the power of the heart throb, are more than popular airs. It will be understood that these songs were not selected from a standpoint of purely musical merit—only as the music expresses heart emotions.

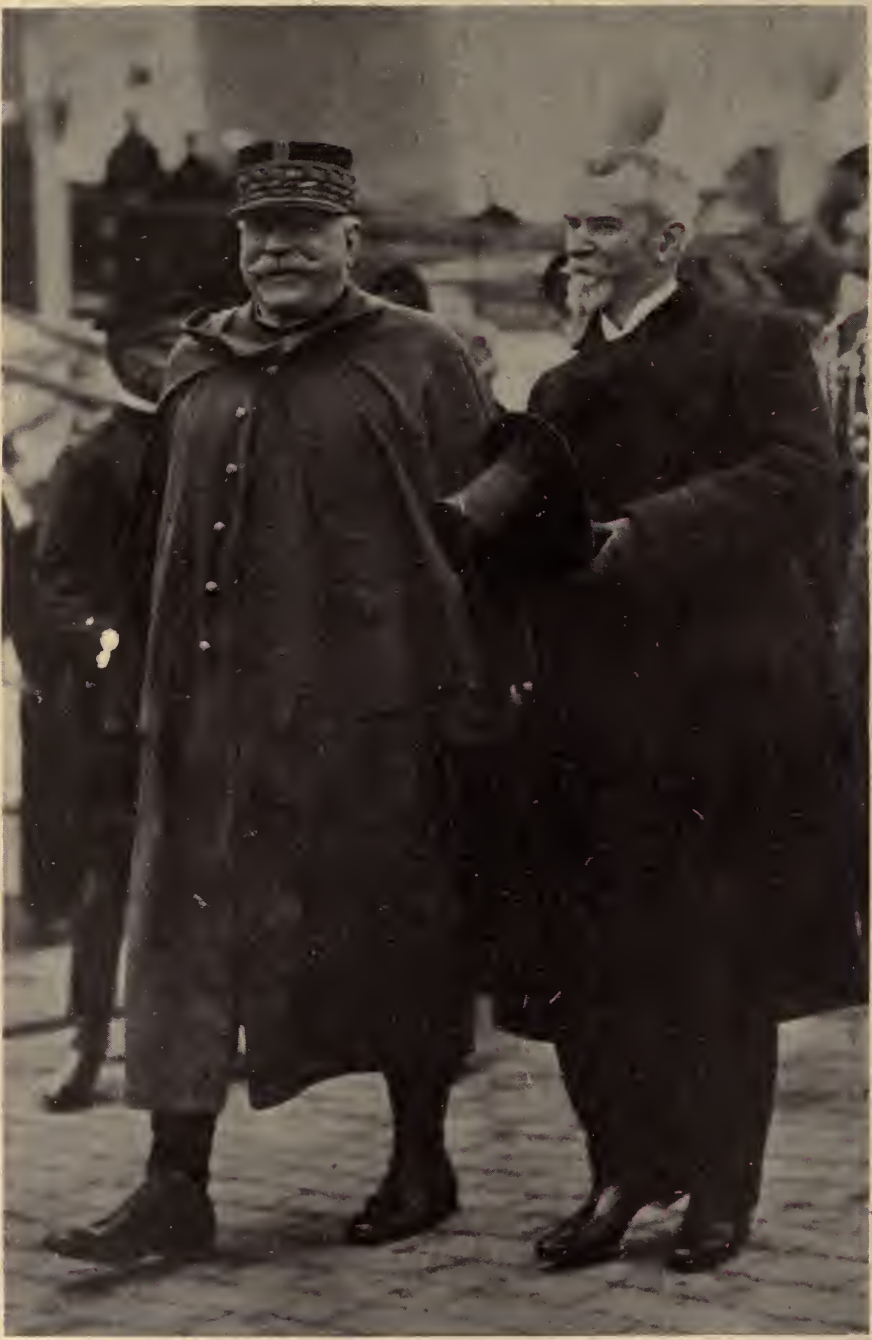
The popularity of some of these songs defies all analysis. No one can tell just why, but they seem to touch a common chord—the "mystic chord of memory," which Abraham Lincoln declared the enduring music of a nation's heart and soul.

Boston, May 1, 1917

Inquire of your nearest bookstore, or send 75 cents to The Chapple Publishing Company, Ltd., Boston, Mass., with 10 cents for postage

Joe Mitchell Chapple

Editor NATIONAL MAGAZINE, Boston.



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FIELD MARSHAL GENERAL JOSEPH JOFFRE AND AMBASSADOR J. J. JUSSERAND

General Joffre, the hero of the Marne, arrived in the United States on the twenty-fourth of April, as a member of the war commission sent by France to the United States. He is the only man in France since the close of the Franco-Prussian War to be honored with the illustrious title of Marshal of France, a distinction conferred upon him by the French Chamber in recognition of his services as a military leader. It was he who led the army on to victory at the Battle of the Marne, and by the soldiers he is called "our Joffre" and "grandpa"

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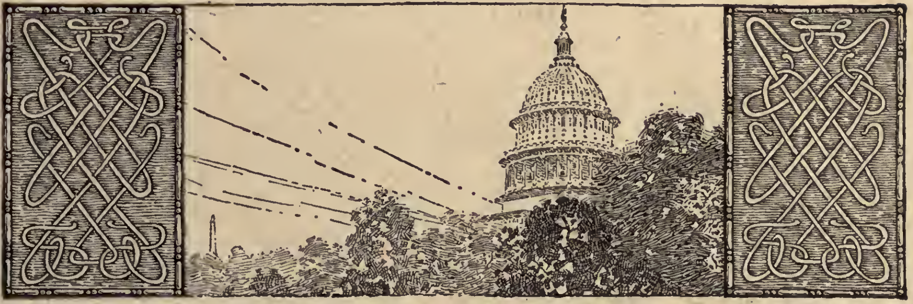

AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON

BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

THE eyes of the world are turned toward Washington this momentous Maytime, for world affairs are being discussed and determined there. The presence of the British and French commissions, many of whom have been under fire since the outbreak of the great conflict, is a grim reminder that the United States also is at war. The first thing Uncle Sam did was to open his pocketbook and send two hundred million dollars to England, and then came Belgium, France, Russia and others. The money came as provided by an unprecedented appropriation of seven billions of dollars. Then the selective draft bill made an army of millions possible. There never has been a time in the history of any nation when so much official power and authority was centered in the acts and deliberations in one nation's capital. It is, indeed, a conference of nations. The food supply of the country is being surveyed, and the increased acreage will make a crop record unparalleled. For the first time in years, the United States contains a censorship on every cablegram or letter leaving this country. The very isolation of the country seems to be bringing the people closer and closer together, realizing that the duty of the hour is to make two blades grow where one grew before, to support the unsheathed sword of war and the soldiers called to the colors.

NEWSPAPERS have been shrieking the word "economy," and dinning it into our ears until the clamor is almost hysterical. This would seem ill-advised, for when people begin to economize all along the line, trade suddenly becomes dull, followed by hard times and possibly panic. Good times and prosperity come when everybody is spending money. Why not encourage people to keep on spending their money and keeping it in circulation, rather than to curtail expenditures, and thus affect the normal condition of trade? The past few weeks have evidenced that this has been a grievous mistake. Prosperity only comes by opening the pocketbook, by which we help not only ourselves, but others as well. Again, let it be emphasized that spending money is much more patriotic than hoarding it. The characteristic of Uncle Sam has always been to deal with an open and generous hand, and it is an error that will bring grave results if the open-handed and natural lanes of trade are not maintained. How inconsistent it is for Congress to pass laws forbidding the hoarding of foodstuffs, and yet exploit and encourage the hoarding of money to invest in bonds at three and one-half per cent—and everyone knows that low interest means low prices.

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JOFFRE AND VICE-ADMIRAL CHOCHEPRAT

Vice-Admiral Chocheprat is dean of the French vice-admirals, and has a rank as high as can be attained in the French navy, which has no admiral. He is the naval representative of the war commission from France, and is an expert on submarine problems

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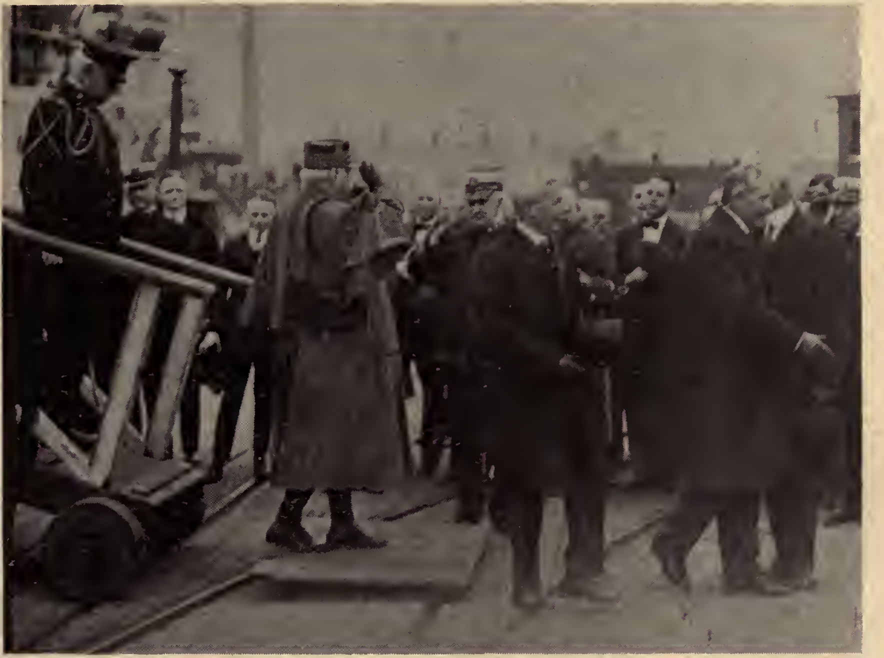
As I stood on the dock waiting for the Mayflower to land, I espied on the deck the red cap of General Joffre, on whom all eyes were focussed. In all wars of history, there has always been a successful military leader as a hero. There was a thrill in seeing that man stand on the deck of a boat named after the one which landed at Plymouth Rock nearly three hundred years ago; I could not help thinking of the difference between General Joffre's arrival and that of Lafayette. The hero of France stood with bared head as the boat passed the tomb of George Washington, while the strains of the "Star-Spangled Banner" floated over the river amid the cheers of those on the docks watching the coming of the modern Mayflower with the Pilgrims from France.

Then, as the bugles sounded and the bands played the "Marseillaise," there was a horizontal salute to the red cap. As the party landed, Premier Viviani was followed by Secretary Lansing, but all eyes were on the man with the military cloak and red cap, who was affectionately greeted by the French naval attache, de Chevigne, as "Papa." He took his place in the carriage with General Hugh L.

Scott, and his face looked little like that of a grim warrior, for it was round and smooth, with scarcely a wrinkle, flowing mustache, blue eyes half closed with drooping lids, and in all an expression of kindliness.

Was this the great man, I thought, who halted the German armies in their drive to Paris during the first months of the war, when, with almost miraculous flank movements at Liege, he beat back the line of conquest and held them there—the man with whom is associated the artillery duel at Verdun and the slogan "they shall not pass"? Was this the man whose mind had directed the troops at the Marne, when more lives were lost than in all the battles of the Civil War? There was a smile on his face as he looked at the American flag entwined with the tri-color of France. It was his first visit to this country, and while throngs cheered him the people understood that here was a man who had been a field marshal in the greatest war of history. Even Napoleon in his palmiest days never commanded the number of troops who responded to the quiet telephone or written message of this commander.



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ARRIVAL OF THE FRENCH COMMISSIONERS IN WASHINGTON

(Left to right) General Hugh L. Scott, Chief of Staff, U. S. A., descending the gangplank; Field Marshal General Joseph Joffre, saluting Captain J. H. Glennon, commandant of the United States Navy Yard; Secretary of State Lansing, and Minister Rene Viviani, advancing with outstretched hand to greet State Department officials

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THERE was a radiant smile on Premier Viviani's face as he first touched American soil. The party included Colonel Jean Fabri, "Joffre's bulldog," as he is called. Fabri has one artificial leg, which replaced a limb shot away during the first engagements of the war. The drives were lined with sailors and marines. Washington was ablaze with the colors of the Allies, the American flag in the center, with the tri-color of France and Union Jack on either side. As they drove by the Capitol, General Joffre bared his head as he looked at the great dome, and expressed his pleasure to Ambassador Jusserand, who was riding with him. The admiration for Joffre preceded him and reminded the old veterans of our own silent commander, Ulysses Grant. His very silence was eloquent, and his presence has done much to stimulate military ardor and desire on the part of Americans to go to the front and do their bit. As I looked again at the coat of Joffre, and almost within reach of the medals he wore, I thought how much those medals mean at this time, not only to the Frenchmen, but to all the world.

As they passed the statue of Lafayette the people were still straining their eyes to see the man with the red cap who was the embodiment of the patriot. On the day of the reception at the White House, all the automobiles were flying the American flag with the tri-color of France and the Union Jack. In no other capital in the world could a meeting have been arranged so free from all other activities except the dominant thought of the hour.

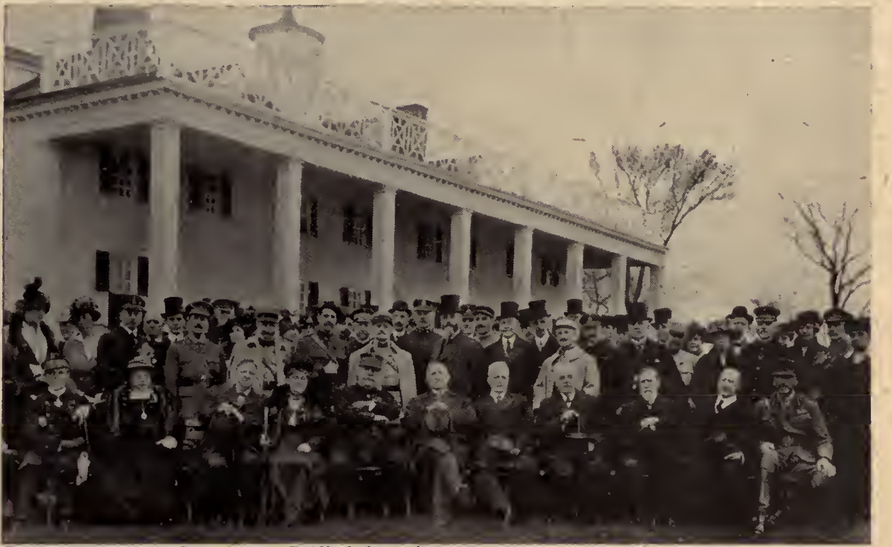
Photographs from the Committee on Public Information

RIGHT HONORABLE ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR

Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs of the British Empire (*on the left*), with Secretary of State Lansing, on his arrival at the Union Station, in Washington

SIGNIFICANT indeed was the visit to Washington of Right Honorable Arthur J. Balfour, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and former Premier of Great Britain. There were days of expectation at Boston, where General Wood, Assistant Secretary of State Long, Admiral Fletcher, and attaches of the British Embassy waited to greet the visitors. Crossing in a fast cruiser and landing at Halifax, the British commission was met by the party from Washington at the border of the state of Maine, and welcomed to American soil. They traveled over a secret route, and none but the initiated knew when or how they had arrived. They were whisked on to Washington in a special train. Two days of formal entertainment followed, awaiting the arrival of the commission from France, headed by M. Viviani, and including Marshal Joffre, hero of the Battle of the Marne.

IN 1911, I sat with the Rt. Hon. Arthur J. Balfour before a fireplace in the room of the leader of the opposition in the House of the British Parliament. In the gloom of a London fog, the firelight glowed brightly on his face as he stood stroking his mustache. "You know," he remarked reflectively, "the mental attitude of the whole world is about the same at certain times." He told of the days at the Berlin Congress in 1878, when, as Secretary to Lord Salisbury, his uncle, he was initiated into the maelstrom of international affairs. The spirit evidenced in our own country during the Revolution was reflected in thoughts surging thru France at the time, which burst forth later in the French Revolution.



Photographs from the Committee on Public Information

THE FRENCH AND BRITISH COMMISSIONS AT MOUNT VERNON

With Cabinet officers and others who paid tribute to the memory of Washington, grouped in front of the historic mansion. In the front row (*reading from left to right*): Vice-Admiral Chocheprat, of the French Navy; Mrs. Eugene Van Rensselaer, vice-regent for West Virginia of the Mt. Vernon Association; Secretary Daniels; Miss Harriet Clayton Comegys, regent of the Mt. Vernon Association; Field Marshal Joffre; M. Viviani, head of the French commissioners; Secretary Lansing; Right Hon. A. J, Balfour, head of the British commissioners; George Foster, premier of Canada; Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, British ambassador; and Major-General G. T. M. Bridges of the British commission. Standing back of Secretary Daniels is Surgeon-Major Dreyfus, of the French army; at his left Colonel Fabri and next to him Colonel Ramond. Next to him (*behind M. Viviani*) is M. Hovelacque, inspector-general of public instruction in France; beside him is the Marquis de Chambrun, a descendant of Lafayette. Next is Major Requin and Secretary Franklin K. Lane

A philosopher, academic but diplomatic and thoroly businesslike, the Rt. Hon. Arthur J. Balfour has given all the years of his active life to deliberative thought on world affairs. His addresses are essays, classics in style and diction. A bachelor, an Oxford man, a student, an aristocrat to his finger tips—and yet a democrat in every thought and action. Never can I forget the glimpse of his features when, in 1906, the wives of the unemployed paraded on the Embankment to 10 Downing Street. It seemed like a picture of the face of Lincoln as he spoke in the shadows that night, ready to sacrifice himself, everything, anything, to appease the cries of distress and meet the public need.

In the present war, conducted by the opposition party, the cool and logical counsel and strong influence of Arthur J. Balfour have been more potential than ever. It is fortunate that he should have been chosen as the First Secretary of Foreign Affairs and in person should head the British Commission now visiting the United States. Now I understand his eagerness, when I talked with him in London, as he listened to my gossip concerning the public men of the United States. The men in Congress, the men in business, the men in literature—he kept me chattering there for an hour, telling about the people I had met—the human equation. He remarked then: "I hope it may be my great privilege to visit your country some day and meet your good people." Little did we dream that it would be on such a mission and during such a war.

The reception of the British commission, from the time they touched the border of Maine, was unparalleled. It was a greeting of all the people—rather than that of dignitaries. The greeting to Mr. Balfour was because of the man himself and what his life work had represented, as well as the eminent official position he occupies in world affairs and his country. In every statement he has made there is tactful and considerate declaration that his mission is none other than that of deep-seated appreciation of the act finally taken by this country to help in the war, and the desire to assist the United States in avoiding the pitfalls which have come to Great Britain in years of preparing for war *after* war was declared. Somewhat more gray now, three score and ten, in the ripe maturity of international statesmanship, the visit of the Rt. Hon. Arthur J. Balfour will be a distinctive event in the history of the entry of the United States into the world war.

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M. RENE VIVIANI

Minister of Justice of France and vice-president of the council of ministers, who comes to America as head of the war commissioners from France. He belongs to the Independent Socialist party, and is progressive in every sense. At the beginning of the war he held the post of minister of foreign affairs and president of the council of ministers. He had just returned from a special mission to Russia when Germany declared war upon France

IN the Navy Department, the corridors were filled with officers going to and from conferences, and messengers rushing here and there. In response to Secretary Daniels' request relative to information that might be detrimental to the cause of the country, newspaper men are suppressing much more "news" than they are writing. Students from many colleges have offered their services as a unit for the aviation corps and mosquito fleets or field and engineer service. Young men, expert drivers of motor boats and automobiles, were there, eager to be assigned to duty. The processes of preparing for war are slow, but there are indications that the United States may exceed some of the speed records that have been made heretofore, benefitting by the experiences of other countries.

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SECRETARY McADOO SIGNING A TREASURY WARRANT FOR $200,000,000

This is the amount of the first loan to the Allies made by the United States. Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, the British ambassador, signed an obligation for the amount, which was exchanged for the warrant. (*Left to right*) Lord Cunliffe, governor of the Bank of England; Sir Cecil Spring-Rice; Secretary McAdoo; Sir Hardman Lever, financial secretary of the treasury of Great Britain; Sir Richard Crawford, foreign trade adviser of the British embassy; and Oscar T. Crosby, assistant secretary of the United States Treasury

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FOR the first time in history, the Stars and Stripes float from the British Embassy in Washington. This was in accord with the movement in England for a general holiday to display the American flag on all public buildings. From the heights of Eiffel Tower, the Stars and Stripes were flung to the breeze. England and France were ablaze with the American colors, celebrating the advent of the United States into the war. For the first time in history it floated from the House of Parliament, from the ancient walls of Westminster, and the month of April, A. D. 1917, will be noted as one in which the flags of the nations of the Allies were entwined—a significant omen of the future. The mingling of colors and purposes reflect the prismatic hues of the rainbow, with its promise of enduring peace.

Reciprocating the flag courtesy, the national capital was ablaze with Britannia's banner, and the tri-color of France. The last visit that the Union Jack made to Washington was in 1814, when the scarlet uniforms of the British troops appeared to burn the Capitol and White House. Dolly Madison was too quick for the red-coats. She cut from its frame the picture of George Washington, and escaped. This picture now hangs in the White House, and was shown to the distinguished visitors as a reminder of their forefathers' flag-waving days.

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IN Congress, everybody is talking about "growing things." Representative Young of North Dakota had a substitute for sisal in New Zealand flax. Then Representative Jacob Meeker of St. Louis had a sample of seed corn he carried in his pocket, which prompted Representative Fred Britten of Chicago to insist he had a new kind of corn also—and took off his shoe to prove it. There was discussion of leasing the Capitol grounds, and putting them into beans, corn and potatoes—with conscription among Congressmen for cultivation. The houses that stood near the Capitol since George Washington's day were torn down to make room for grass and lawn—now it's back to the cornfield again.

The Agricultural Department, under Secretary Houston, is like a mail-order house—everybody is writing in for advice and seeds, and want them right away. Seed requisitions for Congressmen will be carefully "checked" this year. Senators began to talk about what crops to grow on that front lawn of the Capitol, with its narrow strata of loam. One said he'd raise scarlet-runner beans, because they make a big show, grow quickly and beat the weeds. He wanted to take a picture of his garden to show his constituents.

"All this sounds poetical," said Representative Lenroot, "but if they want to see farming in earnest, let them come out to Wisconsin, pull stumps and work in that clay soil. They'd understand then how the farmer earns his money."

Congressmen with a knowledge of farming count not so much on getting the farm vote as the city vote gone a-farming. The situation has disclosed a most amazing ignorance of the simple, fundamental things of gardening. Some Congressmen don't know the difference between wheat and barley in a field. They all advocate something that will grow quickly and be hardy. One fellow suggested "Swiss chard," but nobody knew what it was or for what it was used.

Scarcity of potash has made commercial fertilizer less effective than ever before. Along comes an inventor with a very popular contrivance in a weed-puller, or more properly-speaking, weed exterminator. It was made like a bellows, and all you had to do was to squeeze a bulb, and poison gases would kill the weeds. Another lesson from the war. A little Yankee girl, with an inventive, as well as a practical turn of mind, insisted that the vacuum cleaner principle was the real plan for pulling weeds, so as to get them, roots and all.

We'll all have a lot of fun farming this year—runs the chorus in Congress, as the weeds prepare to grow.

WITH the power to declare war vested in representatives in Congress, the country expressed unlimited and unreserved confidence in the Chief Executive as the head of the Army and the Navy. Arbitrary or dictatorial powers are not to be tolerated, however, with an expression of confidence. Cabinets in England, Russia, France and Germany have changed very suddenly to meet public sentiment and the exigencies of war—and this very elasticity has proven essential to a vigorous prosecution of the war.

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MARSHAL JOFFRE AND FRENCH OFFICERS OUTSIDE STATE DEPARTMENT
(*Left to right*): General Duval; Colonel Spencer Cosby, U. S. A.; Marshal Joffre; Lieutenant Tesson and Colonel Fabri, of the "Red Devils." Standing in back of Marshal Joffre is Captain U. S. Grant, 3d

Every department of the government is mobilizing. Over a half million postmasters were drafted into service as a protection against spies and traitorous plots. The Secret Service has been overwhelmed with work, and in every part of the country thousands of keen-eyed citizens, volunteering for the work, with trained men under them, are watching—and waiting.

The capacity of every factory in the country is being surveyed with a purpose of knowing just what might be expected in event of war. The delicate ears of the detectaphones along the coast give warning of the churning propellers of a hostile craft—floating or submarine. The mails and wire messages at the different departments reveal the fact that an overwhelming percentage of this nation of a hundred million people—those over twelve years of age, and some even younger—are ready and anxious to do something for their country.

The uniform of the soldier and sailor is once more dominant in Washington. While evidence is accumulating of war politics, the spot light and quick news intelligence of the times will keep people posted in detecting an abuse of power—for war preparations may tempt partisans to forget that this is a war carried on by all the people. The Ship of State is not represented by one party, but all the country, and if policies prompted by other than fairness and justice prevail, the good bark is apt to list dangerously and ship water. The prayer on the lips of every citizen is: "May the good Ship of State of the United States of America be kept on an even keel, and 'sail on and on' to the noble destiny of patriotic purposes."

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CUBA'S PRESIDENT AND GENERAL ARMY STAFF

Cuba has displayed her patriotism in numerous ways since the declaration of a state of war between Germany and the United States. Seated in the front *(left to right)* are: Major Pedro Sardinas, Lieutenant Colonel Leandro de la Torriente, General Jose Marti, President Menocal, Colonel Alberto Herrera, Captain Eduardo Gonzales del Real, and Major Antonio Tavel

ADMISSION to the War Department these days is like entering thru the proverbial eye of the needle. At the door are men in uniform, recording on special slips with coupon attached, the name, address, and nature of the business of each person passing the threshold. These records of "who's who" in the list of visitors at the War and Navy Departments are tabulated and kept on file. It seemed like an "S. O. S." when the uniformed guard told me to put "S. O."—Secretary's Office—on my card to Secretary Baker. Secret Service men are everywhere. A uniformed messenger escorts the visitor to the office. Inside of the department there is an activity absent for many years. Little groups of officers discuss details, sitting on tables bombarding the men at the desk with questions. The Army, Navy and State Departments are all in one building, which make possible cohesive action between these three departments which bear the great brunt of responsibilities in war times.

In Secretary Baker's waiting room was the mother anxious to tell about her son. The flash of her eyes as she related to one of the assistants what "he" could do, revealed the faith and inspiration of American mothers. The business man was there with his little notebook, making figures which indicated something of the grim aspect of war. A Civil War veteran hobbled in just to give a suggestion, and looked up over the window, where rested in a glass case the flag that had floated from Fort Sumter. With his eyes fixed upon it, he whispered: "That old flag seems more glorious to my dim eyes now than ever before." In this room is the bust of Edwin M. Stanton, grim and determined; on the wall, portraits of Sherman, Phil Sheridan—in fact, all of the former Secretaries of War, from the time of Knox, appointed by Washington. Near the door is a portrait of Robert Todd Lincoln, who held the position of Secretary of War under Garfield and Arthur. Above it is the flag that enfolded the casket of his father, Abraham Lincoln, as it rested in the rotunda of the Capitol before being taken to Springfield.

WITH a slogan that had a touch of humor, Charles Lathrop Pack, a nationally known conservationist, who lives in Lakewood, New Jersey, has made food gardens famous as a war measure. He insists on "More Food f. o. b. the Kitchen Door." He is the organizer and the president of the National Emergency Food Garden Commission, with headquarters at Washington, D.C., which reached twenty millions of people thru the daily newspapers with gardening instructions. Every conference on forestry or conservation has been attended by Mr. Pack for the last seventeen years. He is president of the American Forestry Association; he is an expert on forestry and on lumbering, and his wartime work is being directed toward encouraging millions of citizens to do individual farming in the back yards and vacant lots. The detailed information which he has furnished to the people will bring under cultivation an area of millions of acres in the aggregate. His theory is that every American should this year cultivate, individually and personally, enough of certain food products for his own use. If this is done, it will largely eliminate the tendency toward excessive cost for food products, and permit the surplus to be sent abroad to our own soldiers or the Allies in the trenches.

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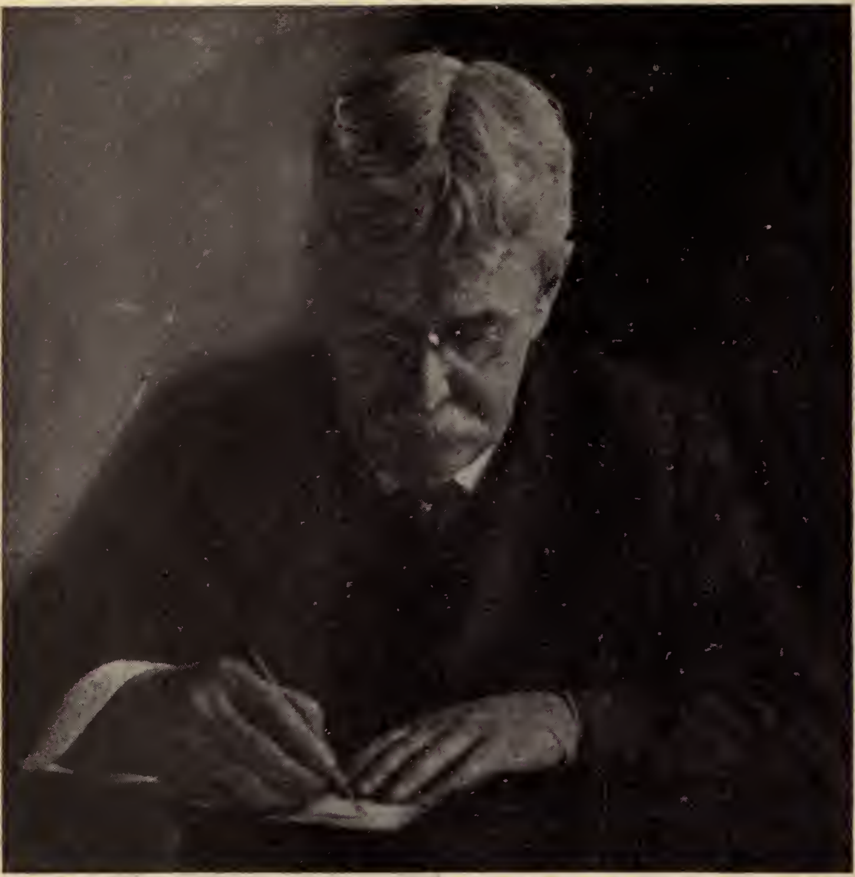
CHARLES LATHROP PACK

FOR many years, the late William B. Howland, former publisher of *The Outlook*, and later of *The Independent* and *Harper's Weekly*, was a conspicuous figure at Washington, and was identified with many public enterprises. He pursued his early career as a newspaper editor and publisher in Kinderhook and Chatham, New York, and in Cambridge, Massachusetts. He founded *Outing Magazine*. Born in Ashland, New York, in 1849, his life has been a ceaseless round of activities. For many years he was trustee of Chautauqua Institution and treasurer of the American Civic Society and of the Society for Italian Immigrants. He was alive keenly to his duties as a citizen. Especially interested in young men and in educational institutions, Mr. Howland made one of the last journeys of his life to attend the Lincoln Day celebration at the Lincoln Memorial University, Cumberland Gap, Tennessee. An ardent advocate of intermingling an educative career with work, he felt a personal interest in students and had little patience with the average college graduate, who received his diploma with a knowledge of almost everything except how to apply himself to a practical purpose. For many years prominently identified with New York publishing interests, his influence was marked in the development of practical and ethical arts.


THE LATE WILLIAM B. HOWLAND AT HIS DESK

FOLLOWING the Supreme Court decision on the Adamson bill, the joint Congressional Committee on Interstate Commerce resumed the hearings. The statement of Judge Robert S. Lovett, chairman of the board of the Union Pacific system, contained suggestions that were impressive. They included the reorganization of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and the establishment of regional commissions to follow out the plan of the regional banks. The delay in determining questions of rates and other matters requiring prompt decision, now physically impossible for the Interstate Commerce Commission, could be handled more expeditiously by a commission not already loaded with the enormous amount of work that is piling up on the Interstate Commerce Commission. Then, too, the regional commission could specialize.

Judge Lovett declared that the unification of regulation is essential, and the exclusive regulation of the sale of bonds and other securities, with provision for the proper maintenance and financing of interstate railroad systems. This was looked upon as a most timely suggestion in bringing together for a common purpose interests of all concerned in the fervid glow of patriotic impulse. He felt that responsibility for railroad development in this country, providing facilities for rapidly-growing population, rests primarily on Congress, for if they regulate rates, why not regulate the borrowing of money and securities, and also the vexatious and costly labor adjustments? The Adamson law, interpreted as making railroad strikes impossible, consequently has aroused the ire of Samuel Gompers and others who have been utilizing the strike threat so many years to the advantage of special interests without consideration of public interest.

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JUDGE ROBERT S. LOVETT

Chairman of the board of the Union Pacific system

POPULAR as a rendezvous for visitors at the Capitol, as well as the Chief Executive, is the President's room in the Senate. On a recent holiday, over a hundred Peace Federation delegates crowded this room in the Capitol where the pictures of Washington and his first Cabinet are portrayed on the walls like an array of distinguished ancestors. In this room is that portrait of Thomas Jefferson, which shows he had red hair. And one cynical Senator insisted that the coiffure of some of the visitors did not augur well for peace at home. The old table on which President Lincoln used to sign rush measures at the close of the sessions of Congress has been used more frequently by Wilson in his one administration than by any other President.

THE advent of Hiram Johnson as Senator from California created something of a stir in Washington, as he was looked upon as one man responsible for the defeat of Charles Evans Hughes in the campaign of 1916. The story of California was a tragic chapter in the history of Republican politics. Senator Johnson made a rousing speech at Independence Hall, Philadelphia, where Lincoln made his debut en route to Washington. He is starting in his Senatorial career with the same energy which characterized his administration as Governor of California. His voice has the same old rasp and force as when he figured so conspicuously in the troublesome conventions in Chicago.

HON. HIRAM JOHNSON
Senator from California, sitting at his desk in the Senate Office Building with some of the floral tributes he received upon being sworn into office

Many Progressives look upon Senator Johnson as a likely candidate for the Progressive party in 1920. Talk of politics, future or past, is now overshadowed by the war.

IT required a coupon ticket to enter the gallery. The doorkeepers were firm—none but those with tickets could enter, and Doorkeeper Sinot insisted upon orders being obeyed. Outside the Capitol were great throngs waiting for a chance. When the visitors left the gallery, they were handed back their coupons. One doorkeeper scratched his head perplexedly. "I can't make it out," he said. "All those people in there are going to make a draft on me for coupons, and I've given out all I've received."

The speeches were keyed up to a patriotic pitch. Former Senator Billy Mason, of Illinois—now a Representative—was bothered with a bad cough, but he made a plea for peace with eloquent periods. As the lights were turned on in the evening, the discussion took a more serious turn. Speakers for and against began to glower at each other and the colloquy became peppery. In the committee of the whole, the five-minute rule found the gavel resounding on nearly every speaker, earnestly enthusiastic to continue beyond the time. The speakers seemed to realize that history was being made in those moments, and that the doors of opportunity were at hand.

In the back row of the gallery near me sat Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, intently watching proceedings. I thought of how these momentous discussions were being flashed over the telephone wires by the human voice, because of the genius of this man sitting in the back row, trying to catch the words that are now a part of the *Congressional Record*. Sometimes sparkling with wit and oratorical fireworks; sometimes dull, when interspersed with a written speech, the debate continued. Parliamentary passages at arms by valiant opposition indicated that a vote might be taken in the dawn of Good Friday. The paradox was presented of the Democratic leader, Mr. Kitchin, opposing the President's war resolution, and the Republican leader, Mr. Mann, supporting it—both intensely earnest.

The great throngs began to grow restless after low twelve, but there was a look of determination to "stay it out." Some of the women had been there since ten in the morning. As the clock in the rear, guarded by a statue of a frontiersman in buckskin, indicated the hour of three, roll-call was begun. The opposition showed more strength than was anticipated. There was breathless silence when the roll-call approached the name of "Rankin." The name was called—a silence. Called again and no response. After all the names had been called, and opportunity given for members to vote—still no response. Finally, Congresswoman Rankin arose and her voice almost refused to act at first. In a low tone she said: "I want to stand by my country, but I cannot vote for war." Swinging first to the right, then to the left, she sank in her seat. The clerk came rushing down the aisle to verify her vote. It

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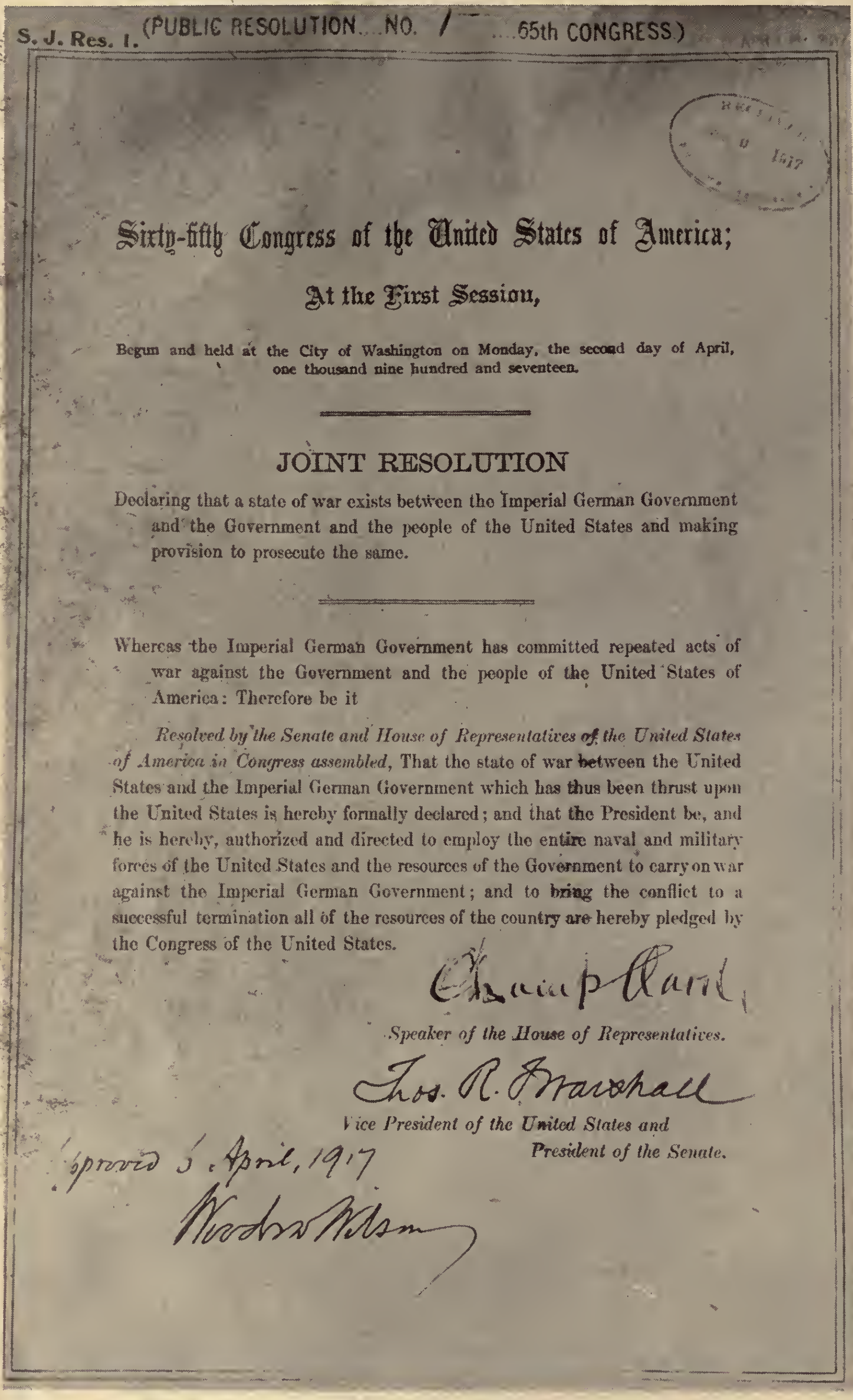
MISS JEANNETTE RANKIN

First woman to take a seat in the House of Representatives of the United States. Her advent there is regarded by the Suffragists with much satisfaction, and they hope she is the first of a goodly number of Congressladies. Montana has two representatives at large—John M. Evans, Democrat, and Miss Rankin, Republican—both from Missoula



S. J. Res. 1. (PUBLIC RESOLUTION...NO. 1 ....65th CONGRESS.)

Sixty-fifth Congress of the United States of America;

At the First Session,

Begun and held at the City of Washington on Monday, the second day of April,
one thousand nine hundred and seventeen.

JOINT RESOLUTION

Declaring that a state of war exists between the Imperial German Government and the Government and the people of the United States and making provision to prosecute the same.

Whereas the Imperial German Government has committed repeated acts of war against the Government and the people of the United States of America: Therefore be it

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the state of war between the United States and the Imperial German Government which has thus been thrust upon the United States is hereby formally declared; and that the President be, and he is hereby, authorized and directed to employ the entire naval and military forces of the United States and the resources of the Government to carry on war against the Imperial German Government; and to bring the conflict to a successful termination all of the resources of the country are hereby pledged by the Congress of the United States.

Champ Clark

Speaker of the House of Representatives.

Thos. R. Marshall

Vice President of the United States and President of the Senate.

pproved 5 April, 1917

Woodrow Wilson

A FEW WORDS SUFFICE FOR A DECLARATION OF WAR!

had not been given in a direct "yes" or "no"—but it was recorded in the negative as against war and against the war resolution.

When the vote was announced, there was no demonstration—no shouting or singing of patriotic songs. It was a sober moment, reflected in the faces of Congressmen and spectators. Outside in the corridors were groups of women furious at Miss Rankin for her action. "Why didn't she say 'yes' or 'no'?" "Why did she miss this opportunity for her cause?" they cried. And then the chivalrous men and the reporters in the galleries rallied to her support.

The drama was ended. In a few minutes the corridors were empty; the throng whisked away in automobiles; the little red tail-lights disappearing in all directions. Some of us waited for street cars. Looking upon the Capitol bathed in a great white light, we could see an outline of the dome shadowed against the morning mists. The arm of the statue appeared clear and distinct pointing to the east.

BRAZIL was one of the first South American countries to join the United States in breaking relations with Germany. There has long been a feeling that Brazil has a more appreciative feeling for the United States than any other South American country. The language of Brazil is Portuguese, and it is claimed that the Portuguese are naturally allies of the English and Anglo-Saxons, more so than those of Spanish descent. Still there are quite a number of Brazilian citizens of German descent, and some internal trouble there was unavoidable in the early days of the break. The President of Brazil, Dr. Wenceslau Braz Periera Gomes, was inaugurated last November. A lawyer by profession, he advanced to the presidency of Brazil successively as governor of his home state and then vice-president of the republic. He is looking forward to establishing firmer and closer commercial relations with the United States, that will greatly enlarge and develop the trade between the two largest republics on the Western Hemisphere.

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DR. WENCESLAU BRAZ PEREIRA GOMES

President of Brazil, the largest of the South American republics. On April 11, Brazil broke off diplomatic relations with Germany because of the torpedoing of the Brazilian steamer Parana

GREAT interest was shown among Congressional assistants when the photographer was taking secretarial snapshots and displayed the proof of a picture of the two secretaries of Miss Jeannette Rankin—Miss Belle Fligelman of Helena and Miss Florence Leech of Valier, Montana. The young ladies were frank enough to admit that they were not working while the picture was being taken, but a mail sack is at hand showing that Miss Rankin will be kept busy in answering an accumulation of correspondence. Many of the letters are mostly P. S., said critics, but the young ladies insisted that oftentimes there are more brains in the postscript than in the usual salutation, "Yours of the fifteenth received and duly considered," and then the letter goes on and says nothing. These young ladies are seasoned campaigners in Montana politics and are quickly getting the national angle.

Copyright, Harris & Ewing SECRETARIES OF MISS JEANNETTE RANKIN
Miss Belle Fligelman (*left*) of Helena, Montana, and Miss Florence Leech (*right*) of Valier, Montana

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A MEMORABLE page of history is disclosed in the joint resolution passed by Congress. When it was signed in the early morning, Speaker Clark did not have enough ink in his pen, and he gave another dip to make it strong and firm—*Champ Clark*, it reads—the first signature on this remarkable document. The signature of the Vice-President is normal. Bells were rung and whistles were shrieking within a few minutes after Woodrow Wilson affixed his name on the sixth of April, 1917. The lines are a little firmer than in some of the other signatures of Woodrow Wilson, but it is altogether characteristic of the occasion. It was a significant resolution—"number one of the Sixty-fifth Congress."

To show that even official documents do not escape the vigilance of the rubber stamp, it is marked "received April 6, 1917," both with the White House and the Senate time stamp. These time registers are like a stop-watch on the resolutions and bills that are sent to the President for his signature, for the legislative day, which may constitute more than twenty-four hours, does not prevail outside of Congressional jurisdiction, where the clock can be set back. When it once leaves the Capitol, it is subject to record by the hours.

In the original of the proclamation by Woodrow Wilson, the seal of the United States is affixed over the little fluttering red, white and blue ribbons. There was only one interlineation in the two pages of the document, and that is at the end of the first paragraph, where it stated: "which has been thrust upon the United States, is hereby *formally* declared." The word "formally" appears in the handwriting of the President.

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COLONEL ROOSEVELT AT THE WHITE HOUSE

Dictating a statement to the newspaper men in front of the White House executive offices after he had offered his services to President Wilson to raise a division of twenty-two thousand men to fight in France. When the House passed the selective draft bill, the Colonel's offer to raise volunteers was disregarded. The Senate was kinder, however, and when it passed the draft bill it was voted to allow Teddy to raise four divisions for service in France

THERE was an old-time commotion and consternation at the entrance of the executive offices when Colonel Roosevelt appeared, after offering his services to President Wilson in raising a division of twenty-two thousand men to fight in France. In a taxicab he rushed to the White House, and left his card with due formality. The newspaper men just followed him closely and gathered 'round him as of yore. He had a conference with President Wilson and told him that his war message was an epochal state paper. There is always some good news brewing when the Colonel is about, and the work of getting ready for real work in the trenches appeals to his intrepid spirit. Since Congress has put a damper on the patriotic activities of the doughty Colonel by quibbling over his offer to raise an army, the country is watching with great interest his next move.

BRIGHT and clear—as the diarist would say—dawned the first day of the war with Germany. The verdure in the White House grounds and in the parks never looked more resplendent, and the forsythia seemed to cast a glow of hope around the landscape, even with the grim war clouds in the distance. At twelve-fourteen P. M. the war resolution was signed by the Vice-President. He signed it with a feeling that "the tooth must come out," and handled his pen like forceps. A little after one o'clock the President, returning from a walk with Mrs. Wilson, entered the White House, and in the presence of his family, signed this most momentous document of his administration. The news was wigwagged from the White House to the Army and Navy Departments. War was now a reality. The orders, crashed by wireless and cabled to the seven seas, loosed the war-dogs of Uncle Sam.

ALTHO not attired in a silk hat and frock coat, I was permitted by Assistant Secretary Phillips to go with the State Department contingent to greet the French commission. It must have been my fedora hat and wise look that made the guards and attendants think I might belong to the Secret Service. On this occasion, as on many others, I was greatly impressed by the speedy action of the official photographer, detailed by George W. Harris, of Harris & Ewing, the master mind of Washington's notable photographic news service. After many views of the landing had been secured, his photographer speeded ahead of the rapidly-moving procession in his Ford, and photographed the party again from the top of a car-shed in the Capitol grounds. He had to reach the eaves of this shed from a standing jump, and a kindly bystander hung his camera on one toe after he had reached the roof. Then ahead of the procession again to the brow of the 16th Street hill, where he climbed into a tree and took a view of the crowd ascending the hill; scrambled down from his perch, and in a twinkling was at the Henry White residence waiting for the party to arrive. "The photographer," declares George Harris, "never knows when he is going to get his best picture, so he has to have his camera in readiness all the time. One of the best pictures of Viviani was taken in a moving automobile. Then there is that wonderful picture of Joffre, arm and hand at salute, as he marched down the gangplank of the Mayflower."

ON the tenth floor of the Munsey Building, in a large suite of busy offices, effective work is being done by the Council of National Defense. Blanks sent out to manufacturers to mobilize industrial resources have been returned promptly. Mr. Julius Rosenwald, president of Sears, Roebuck & Company, Chicago, with his earnest enthusiasm in public service, has accomplished important results in inventorying supplies, including food and clothing available for use. The work of organizing the factories making clothing and equipment for soldiers and sailors, and marshaling their facilities for the use of the government has been effectually accomplished. With the co-operation of the business genius of the country, the United States will be able to save millions of dollars in the purchase of supplies for war; and more than that, be able to provide supplies at a time when they are needed for the Allies across the seas.

Mr. Rosenwald has organized his public work as thoroly as tho it were a private business enterprise, carefully scrutinizing every bill and watching every detail. The manufacturers of various products from all parts of the country meet and confer together at different times by appointment, coming to Washington and paying their own expenses, indicating in succinct and well-prepared reports just what can and will be done. The revelation was emphatic in showing how quickly and effectively the manufacturing interests of the country can be organized for emergencies because they are already well massed in respective units. It is now simply a matter of federation and direction, disclosing how effective is the transaction of business in private hands rather than undergoing the slow, leisurely red-tape rules of official regulation, harassed by tradition and precedent.

UNCLE SAM never undertook anything more vigorously than the booming of the war bonds. Advertising mediums of every kind are being used without stint to create a popular demand. Billboards and magazines, large advertising agencies and exploitation experts offered their services without charge, to launch one of the most elaborate governmental advertising campaigns ever known—without one cent of outlay on introduction. Publicity channels are working together in doing this patriotic service. Five million dollars were available for the preparation of the bonds—including paper, mechanical, clerical and

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JULIUS ROSENWALD

President of Sears, Roebuck & Company, who is a member of the Council of National Defense in charge of supplies other expense incidental to their issue. Over a thousand employes were added to the Bureau of Engraving to care for this "billion run," besides two hundred extra clerks to handle this largest single issue of bonds in the world's history. The bonds will be on sale in at least fifteen thousand different places, including all the banks, trust companies, private institutions, internal revenue and custom houses. The exploitation campaign will be vigorously pushed until the date of sale and delivery in June, 1917.

HON. WILLIAM S. CULBERTSON
Counsel for the Federal Trade Commission

THE town of William Allen White and his political views have usually corresponded with those of the Sage of Emporia, Kansas. Born in Pennsylvania in 1884, William S. Culbertson began his career in Mr. White's newspaper office in Kansas. He has been a practicing lawyer in Washington since 1912, giving particular attention to trial work up to November, 1915, and is considered an economic expert. He was with the old tariff board under the Taft administration, writing the first volume of its report on the wool schedule, and acted as tariff expert in 1913 for the Senate Finance Committee in its work on the Underwood-Simmons tariff act. He was counsel for the Federal Trade Commission, and has studied tariffs thruout South America and Europe for that body. Tho only thirty-three, the young man has accomplished work that would be a credit to men twice his years.

HATS are sometimes distinctive in indicating individuality in a man as well as a woman. Senator Harry S. New and his hat are in Washington. He succeeded John W. Kern of Indiana, the Democratic leader, and he is also upholding the Hoosier habit of leadership. Senator New started in as a newspaper man, and was accounted a star reporter in the old days. Since 1913 he has been president of a construction company, but few men understand political maneuvers more thoroly than Harry New. The Hoosier State has always been counted as a good training school in politics. In his years of campaigning, Harry New has kept very close to the people, and never fails to live up to the old-fashioned notion of keeping promises. An effective speaker, he was selected as good material for a Senator because he was fitted for that work. His extensive experience in public life will serve to good advantage in these times. Senator New was born in Indianapolis December 31, 1858; was educated in the public schools of that city and the university of hard knocks. He was a member of the Indiana State Senate from 1896 to

1900; member of the Republican National Committee from 1900 to 1912, but always a conspicuous figure in Indiana affairs. The picture reveals that he has his trousers creased, but this is no proof that he has permitted senatorial honors to make him proud. This is only an indication of how thoroly he irons out every proposition presented to him, and that he bows to the inevitable senatorial creases which always follow a tradition as inevitably as letting senatorial hair grow a bit higher if it will.

DAY by day the realization is growing that it is going to be a long war. We are not hearing anything direct from the German side, and our war news is naturally one-sided. With Roumania, the Balkans and Poland, Germany has a larger wheat area than the United States, and veteran observers from the front insist that it is a long, long way from conquest. Former President Taft has prophesied that a million American soldiers will be sent across the seas, confirming the consensus of opinion of those who have made a careful study of the situation. Dr. John R. Mott, head of the foreign section of the Young Men's Christian Association, and former peace commissioner to Mexico, who has made many trips abroad before and during the war, predicts a long struggle, and insists that the work in caring for wounded and prisoners is a herculean task.

Twenty times as many men are now under arms as were engaged on both sides of our Civil War, with thirty times as many soldiers held in captivity as were in all the prisons during the rebellion. Comparatively, our great war was but a skirmish. It would seem as if the apex has been reached in the bloody series of the past two years.

WASHINGTON'S interest in the Carnegie medals was revived on the appearance of the report for the year 1916. This contains a list of one hundred and twenty-six acts of heroism recorded for the year ending January 31, 1917. The awards ranged from Duncan Langdon, a student, who saved three women from

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HON. HARRY S. NEW

The new Senator from Indiana

drowning, to James A. Parkhurst, a baggage-master, who saved a woman from assassination, and is a record that is interesting. Many of the acts of heroism were rescues from drowning. Each case was carefully investigated, and the work, under the direction of Mr. C. A. Taylor, who was early associated with Mr. Carnegie in crystallizing the idea of hero medals, has been notable. The Titanic memorial—a gold medal and bronze tablet—was a feature of last year's work.

This is the only organization of its kind in the world—one that has kept alive a real and substantial appreciation of heroism. The awards are divided into three classes—death benefits, disablement benefits, and betterment benefits. The records show that 1,272 awards have been made since the foundation of the fund of five million dollars, which was turned over by Mr. Carnegie with a deed of trust, to grant sums of money to heroes and heroines who might be deserving, in the judgment of the commission after due investigation. It is thrilling to read that ten or twelve pages of closely-printed type, giving the names of those who have already received awards. The list includes men and women of all races and nationalities, and the country has in this report a record of everyday heroism that counts for quite as much as the glory of martial deeds.

HON. GEORGE BAKHMETEFF
Former ambassador from Russia to the United States. When Russia became a republic, he found himself out of sympathy with the new regime, and consequently resigned his post

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A PICTURE of a European diplomat never seemed quite complete unless he wore a monocle. A monocle-wearer is George Bakhmeteff, recent ambassador from Russia, who resigned his post because he felt he was not in sympathy with the change in the Russian government. He has been in Washington since 1911, and was one of the most popular members of the Diplomatic Corps. During the war, he has been active in trying to enlist Americans to the cause of the Allies, and it was only recently that he called attention to Russia's attitude toward this country during the Civil War—but he cannot endorse the declarations of the Duma.

THESE are, indeed, war times in Washington. Uniforms of soldier and sailor now have an added distinction. Mere civilians, no matter how famous, are just "common folk." The little red, white and blue ribbons and buttons worn so universally are prized as much as a field-marshal medal at a military ball. When the President's message was read, the outburst of patriotic expression in flags and bunting was unparalleled.

It was a memorable week—those first days of April, A. D. 1917. The

President read his war message at an evening session of Congress. In the white splendor of the lighted dome, the first scene of the great war drama was enacted. The searchlights, with tiny satellites twinkling in the grounds, made an impressive setting. The four flags floating at the feet of the statue of Liberty, atop the dome, caught the eye of every observer. The second act was in the somber shadows of the United States Senate, where the war resolution was passed. The curtain of the last act was drawn in the dawn of the morning of April fifth, in the House of Representatives. The galleries were thronged. There was tense feeling and determined opposition. Senators and Cabinet members hurried over to the House side to try to prompt members who had insisted they would oppose the resolution to the bitter end.

Speaker Clark was a few minutes late that morning—which added to the suspense. The debate began with Chairman Flood's vigorous arraignment of Germany. Members gathered in the circular arena, and the discussion became more and more dramatic. Representative Cooper led the opposition. He dropped his glasses on the marble floor, and was unable to read his address. The humor of this situation relieved the tension somewhat, as his colleagues offered him their optical armament. None seemed to fit the eyes of the Wisconsin Congressman. It was evident that all men do not see alike.

In the center row, back, sat Congresswoman Jeannette Rankin of Montana. In her lap was a *Congressional Record*. On her right and on her left were gallant Congressmen, ready to counsel and converse. Some of the older members gallantly endeavored to make the initiation of the first woman in Congress distinctive from the patronizing looks that a new male member receives in his Congressional hazing. The first lady of Congress seemed to enjoy herself, and followed the proceedings with keen interest.

MRS. HORACE MANN TOWNER
President of the Congressional Club, whose membership is composed of women in official life. Mrs. Towner is the wife of Representative Horace Mann Towner, of Corning, Iowa

As the debate grew in fervor, the galleries were packed to the roof—many standing for hours, very few even contemplating food. Dr. Mary Walker wandered into the House restaurant from the corridor, with her lunch in a small paper bag. The waiter refused to let her sit down because she would not order. All she wanted was a glass of water. As she stood munching her modest little lunch of toast and dipping it in the water, she told of the stirring days of the Civil War—this little elderly lady who was granted the thanks of Congress as the first woman army surgeon. She wore a winged collar, trousers of broadcloth, and a Prince Albert coat, which made her seem more fittingly attired as a woman statesman than the feminine Jeannette Rankin in delicate brown and lace.

FOR the first time in history, father and son are serving in the same Congress. Senator John H. Bankhead of Alabama has been a member of Congress for thirty years—twenty in the House and ten in the Senate—and his son, William B. Bankhead, was recently elected a member of the House. Father and son enjoy many good walks together from the Capitol, talking over matters. Senator Bankhead is the only remaining Confederate veteran in the Senate who served thru the war, in which he was threc times wounded.

To see the father in the Senate working on a bill which the son had worked upon in the House is a family proceeding that has not been witnessed in federal affairs since the days of John and his son Quincy Adams.

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FATHER AND SON SERVE IN SAME CONGRESS

Senator John H. Bankhead, and his son, William B. Bankhead, who is a member of the House. With the exception of two counties, the son was elected from the same district his father represented for twenty years; they now reside in the same town and in the same home

THE war-contract legions were in Washington in full force. Appropriations running into the billions have attracted all sorts of individuals ready to serve their country if the price is right. Co-incident with every war are the dangers of corruption. An effort is being made to fortify against this thru modern business methods and a close checking system. The one source of expression for the people remains in their own direct representatives—Congress. Sometimes I think that Congress does not receive an adequate appreciation for the part it plays in the affairs of the nation. The present war has not lent itself to the spectacular, picturesque speeches, or emotion-stirring events.

Affairs at Washington have now simmered down to a routine, and even cloakroom stories are rare and far between. One Congressman insists that you can't tell some of the good old stories in the Republican cloakroom these days. Along with the somber derbies and fedoras is a new spring hat with flowers, and a cloak. That represented the censorship of the cloakroom, and even some of Abraham Lincoln's good old yarns, told and re-told, are now, temporarily, at least, retired.

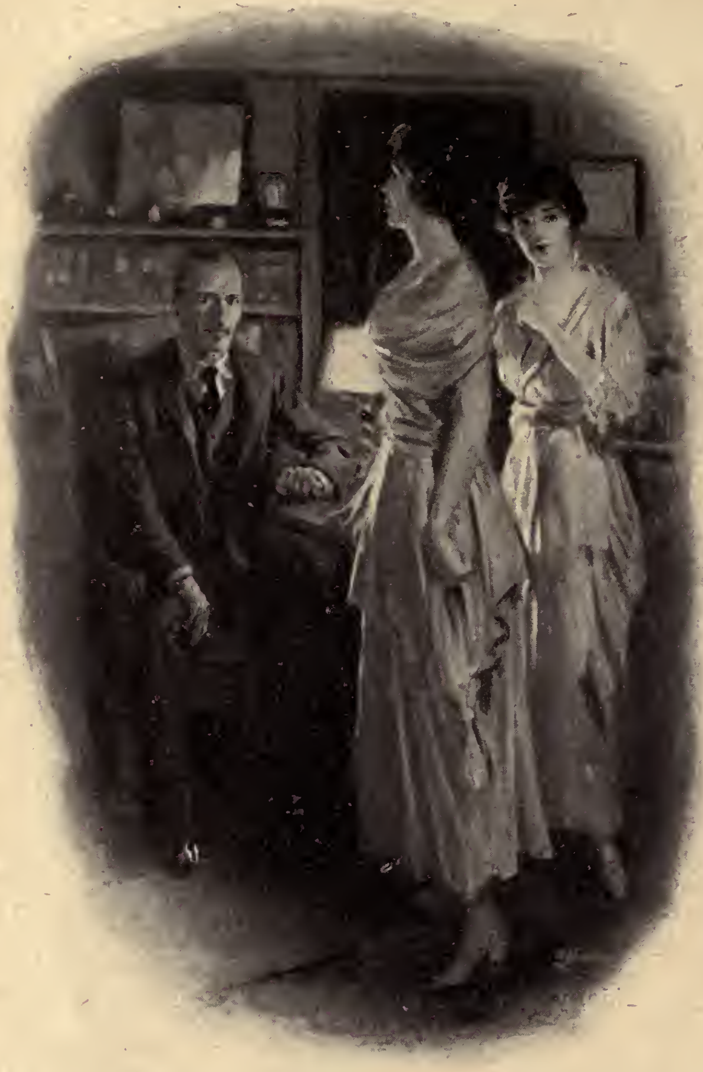
THE war has awakened the activities of women. The old objection that woman is not ready to do her part in war is being challenged, for Mrs. Alice McKee-Bryant insists that she is the one woman in the world who follows the profession of submarine diving and makes a living out of it. She is also a self-taught aviator. Her husband, John Bryant, was an aviator, and was killed in Victoria, British Columbia, after they had been married but two months. She is keenly interested in her diving apparatus, which weighs three hundred pounds. She has recently become an instructor in a Florida school of aviation, and for a time has left the occupation of submarine diving.

"There is an exhilaration in knowing," she says, "that you have conquered the depths of the sea, the surface of the earth in an automobile, and the air above, and yet, it all depends upon the perfection of the mechanism despite all that human skill might do, in directing apparatus that floats in the clouds, skims the earth's surface, or dives to the depths of the sea."

ONE thing immune from the rubber trust is the "rubberneck" wagon in Washington. Up and down the Avenue, and clustering around every point of interest, these caravans are standing or racing along—the sightseers listening with one ear and glancing all around for fear something will be missed. They pass the great empty cavern where Arlington Hotel formerly stood, and where the new hotel was not builded. The poetic young lady of the party breathlessly cries: "Here's where 'Lucille' was written by Owen Meredith," and stoops to pluck a blade of grass for a souvenir. Then the wagons circle around the monument, looking like a line of prairie schooners. The principal "sights" of Washington can be located by just following the trail of the sight-seeing cars.

All joking aside, you can see and learn more of Washington in a shorter space of time and with less trouble this way than in any other. And what a privilege it is for the editor of the NATIONAL to sit and hear some of his ancient stories repeated thru the megaphone concerning this or that place of historic interest. Now they can only stand and look thru the iron fence at the White House, with padlocks on the gates, but within the Treasury Building they can see and feel a billion dollars.

In the Capitol, party from wagon No. 1 is ahead of wagon No. 2—they go in groups, looking upon the paintings and hearing the story ever dear to the American heart that "this belongs to our country." When you stop to think of it—why not? Every man, woman, and child in those cars has just as much interest in the Capitol and the grounds of Washington as the most noted millionaire who may drive by in his limousine and look at things from the corner of his eye—denied the glorious privilege of the "rubberneck" wagon.



He was hardly listening to her now. His mind was harkening to her suggestion of a holiday for himself, on his daughter's wedding day, at a home for aged and more or less decrepit war veterans, perambulating the hospital wards, or treating himself to the delirious enjoyment of the afternoon brass band performance. The cold-bloodedness of the proposition chilled him to the marrow of his bones. For the moment he was incapable of framing a reply. Miriam hastened to make an end of the painful interview

The Man Who Discovered Himself

A Message to the Down-and-Outers

by Willis George Emerson

Author of "A Vendella of the Hills," "The Treasure of Hidden Valley," "Buell Hampton," etc.

(Copyright by Chapple Publishing Company, 1917)

Illustrations by Arthur Hutchins

Synopsis.—*Victim of a dread disease, fifty-year-old Marsh Gordon, intent on providing a good home and even luxuries for those dependent upon him, struggles for years as an humble shoe-pegger. Miriam Gordon, his wife, is a woman who has come to care only for money and the position and comforts money will bring. She accepts every sacrifice her husband makes with no compunctions, even when she sees him ill and alone. Anxious for social position, she encourages the attentions of Burn Hopkins, a rising young attorney, to her older daughter, Bernice, but keeps her husband out of sight by providing him a little one-room cottage in the back yard of their home at Venice, California. Here he stays when not at his work. For companions he has his books. He is, however, proud of his capable wife, and denies her nothing in his power to give her. Uncomplainingly he accepts the social ostracism which she forces upon him. The only really bright spot in his life is his little daughter Bessie, who spends as much time as her mother will allow in her father's company. At last the day comes when his cough has taken such a hold upon him that he is not able to go to his work. Thinking that a day in the air and sunshine will benefit him, he goes to the hills accompanied by Bessie, and there they spend a happy day, gathering tiger-lilies and cowslips.*

CHAPTER V

Down and Out

WHEN Marsh Gordon returned to his work on Monday, it could not be said that he felt like a giant refreshed, for he was still a weakling and an invalid. But he was feeling fully fifty per cent better than on the previous Friday when he had suffered the breakdown, and there was a brave, hopeful smile hovering at the corners of his thin lips. Such had been the achievement accomplished by a single day free from care out in God's own sunshine and fresh air, and in the inspiring companionship of the happy little child whom he so fondly loved.

The proprietor of the shoe store, hearing the familiar hammer again at work, looked in.

"I'm glad to see you back," he remarked somewhat sourly. "We can't afford to let repairs accumulate these days when summer visitors are beginning to flock in."

"Oh, I'll soon make up for lost time, Mr. Gray," replied Gordon cheerfully, and with a complacent glance at the heaped-up "hospital" box. "The two days' spell has been to me like the proverbial stitch in time that saves nine. I feel capable of doing double work this morning."

"Well, let us hope you'll do it. But no more days-off in the future, please."

However, Marsh did not worry over the significant hint, and kept plugging away at his accumulated tasks all day long.

And so it went on for a couple of weeks—continuous toil, occasional overtime in the evenings, no relaxation of any kind. For Sunday had to be made, in the very literal application of the word, a day of rest; after each continuous period of six days' work the invalid was too utterly exhausted to do anything else than lie on his back and so prepare himself for the efforts of the coming week. He still enjoyed his evening walks with Bessie along the sanded shore line when the child came to the store to keep him company home. But he did not dare to think of any more

Saturday afternoon rambles among the hills.

A little surcease from the continuous grind might have averted the penalty that had finally to be paid. Toward the end of the third week Gordon, after a prolonged and violent paroxysm of coughing, suffered a hemorrhage that necessitated the hiring a taxi to send him to his place of dwelling. He insisted on dismissing the machine at the end of the street, and slipped quietly and unobtrusively to his room in the rear of the house. He coughed no more that afternoon—just lay exhausted—so that no one came to know that he had quitted work two or three hours before his accustomed time.

"That's about the final knock-out for the old man," had been the remark of Mr. Gray, the employer, as he had watched the disappearing car. "Well, it saves me the unpleasantness of dismissing him. And his graveyard cough has grown to be positively unbearable. You could hear him barking half over the store, and customers were already beginning to ask questions and make remarks. Poor devil! I'm sorry for him."

* * *

His sorrow materialized in his going to Los Angeles and hiring a husky young Slovak. "The job will be a permanent one," he promised when the rate of wages was being fixed.

Meanwhile Marsh Gordon had sent Bessie to the store with a note expressing the hope that he would be back to work in a day or two. But the day or two prolonged themselves into a couple of weeks, and there was still no prospect of the shoe-pegger leaving his bed.

Miriam was disconcerted and took little pains to conceal the fact that, at this juncture more especially, she resented having a chronic invalid on her hands. Burn Hopkins was a frequent visitor at the home, running down to the beach of an afternoon and taking Bernice and her mother for a spin along the ocean boulevard. This quite often meant an evening stay, with all its responsibilities of supper and a few friends' company to make up a game of bridge or an impromptu concert.

But Miriam met the necessities of the case with her usual resourcefulness. She hired a "school Jap"—a youthful son of Nippon who attended school during the day, but was willing to do a few hours' work morning and evening for a small wage. This boy tidied up the invalid's room, and brought him his meals on a tray from the house. For Miriam had resolutely insisted that Bessie was not to hang around the sick room—the risk of contagion for a child of her age was palpable. Marsh admitted the fact and, altho it wrung his heart to do so, joined with his wife in forbidding Bessie to do more than pass a good-night or good-morning greeting from the safe distance of the screened door. Bernice did hardly that; she was so engrossed with her love affair, and she had so thoroly absorbed her mother's lessons of selfish indifference that there were no pangs of conscience to trouble her care-free existence.

* * *

So Marsh Gordon came to be more utterly alone than ever. At the store there had been an occasional chat with his employer, coming and going a nod or a word from passing acquaintances, most evenings the delightful little walk with Bessie. All these last vestiges of sociability had now ruthlessly been swept away, and there was nothing to take their place. For Marsh absolutely refused to call in a doctor; at his age, he declared, any sensible man was his own best doctor. And Kioto, the Japanese boy, altho polite and affable, was too well instructed in latter-day hygiene to linger a single minute longer than his duties compelled in the apartment of a victim of tubercular trouble.

For the first few days Marsh grew weaker. But the weather now became warm and genial, and there were no longer night mists arising from the marshes or blowing in from the ocean. Resting on a long rattan chair, he responded to the influence of the caressing sunshine, and the dry balmy air was soothing to his poor lungs. He began to cough less frequently and less violently. By the end of the third week he was up and about again, strengthened, rather than weakened, by his period of enforced repose.

At last one morning he decided on reporting himself at the store. There was some little anxiety in his heart, some misgiving that he would not find merely a temporary substitute. He was quite prepared for the rhythmical clap, clap, clap of the shoe-pegger's hammer as he flitted up the courtyard toward the side door. On opening it he found the cobbler's bench occupied by the sturdy, broad-shouldered and red-cheeked Slovak, and a glance revealed the fact that his books, reading stand and other smaller personal belongings were all together on a shelf, tied up in a couple of packages for convenient removal.

"How do you do?" said Gordon, in the stereotyped phrase of a first introduction.

"Pretty goot," replied the other, with a broad smile and a pronouncedly foreign accent. And with this he continued his work industriously and with skill that was unmistakable to the practiced eyes of his predecessor on the cobbling bench.

"Been long here?"

" 'Bout tree week."

* * *

Gordon made a swift reckoning of dates. The one man had held down the job all thru the period of his absence. This certainly looked like fixed possession.

From the other side there was no overture of conversation, so Gordon ventured to open the door and peep into the store. At a counter just a little distance away stood Mr. Gray, talking to one of the clerks. His alert eyes had turned to the opened door, and with the wave of a hand he signaled that he would speak to Gordon presently. The old shoe-pegger drew back, closed the door, and waited. The other man continued his hammering.

"Glad to see you around again," said the owner of the store, when, a few moments later, he entered and closed the door behind him. "And glad, too, to see you looking so much better, Gordon," he went on with a smooth flow of words, giving no opportunity for any questioning interruption. "Of course you'll recognize that I couldn't keep your place open. Good hands are difficult to find at this time of the year, and our friend Markovitch here insisted on a six month's contract. But I'll be glad to recommend you for another job, tho I would suggest some lighter outdoor employment in your case, Gordon."

"Do you happen to know of any opening?" the ex-employe ventured to interpolate.

"Not for the moment. But just refer anyone to me, and I'll speak the good word for you. Sorry I must go now. Here is the small balance due to you." He handed him the familiar pay envelope. "That closes the account between us. And what about those things of yours on the shelf?"

Gordon glanced at the packages. They were a bit too heavy for him to carry—nor did he want to parade himself on the street thus significantly encumbered.

"I'll send a Jap boy down for them tonight," he said quietly. "Thank you, Mr. Gray, and good-bye." And he slipped away just as unobtrusively as he had come.

"Well, that's over," murmured the employer with a sigh of obvious relief. The Slovak had raised his eyes, and had momentarily desisted from his pegging. "Poor old devil," the master went on, addressing his comment now to the new hand. "He was a rattling good workman. Too bad his health broke down. But we can't have derelicts in modern business. You've got a good job, Markovitch. See you hold it. It depends on yourself how soon I'll raise your wages."

"Very goot," grinned the Slovak, good-humoredly. "I'll hold the job all righta, you bet." And with this he resumed his hammering with sturdy vigor that added assurance to his words.

* * *

During long weeks after arriving from Iowa, Marsh Gordon had most thoroly combed Los Angeles, Venice-by-the-Sea, and many others of the surrounding towns in search of employment. Only as a last resource had he returned to his trade of a shoe-pegger. He had realized what it would inevitably mean in the end, with the long hours of stooping and confinement. But he had taken the hazard for the sake of those he loved. The sacrifice, however, was unavailing, for now even his particular niche was occupied by one far stronger and more capable of endurance than himself.

While he moved along the street he realized the hopelessness of any other opportunity coming his way. As his late employer had said, a less onerous job in the open air was most assuredly desirable in his case. "Plenty of open air," he grimly reflected, as the ocean breeze fanned his fevered brow; but precious few jobs for anyone, and least of all for the down-and-outer like himself.

Yes, he was beginning to feel down-and-out, fit only for the scrapheap of worn-out humanity. He had no heart for the moment to put forth any further effort. He just seated himself on the sea sand and gazed out across the billowing ocean. He would bribe Kioto to keep possession of his packages for an hour or two that evening, and only bring them to his room under cover of darkness. For Miriam must not know that his place at the shoe store had been permanently filled—that at last he was without occupation and perhaps his earning capacity at an end.

But ere very long there came a whisper of returning hope and courage. The genial sunshine had begun to penetrate to the marrow of his bones; his lungs breathed in gratefully the soft balmy air, even the continuous murmur of the waves was soothing to his overstrung nerves. It was physical comfort, reacting on his mental condition. He continued to bask in the sun, with a sense of lazy contentment stealing over him. How fine to have nothing to do! But tomorrow he would bestir himself, secure another job, and be able to explain to Miriam that it was only a case of changing situations. He did not blame himself for the misfortune that had befallen, but he shrank from the blame of others.

Yes, he was still hopeful, and hope is a hostage that heals the scars and aches of the heart and covers over the ashes of disappointment with an optimistic belief that whatever is to be, will be, and that whatever is, is best.

CHAPTER VI

Bernice Becomes Engaged

The young attorney, Burn Hopkins, had hung out his shingle in one of the finest office buildings in Los Angeles. But in that city of overcrowded professions he had speedily realized that patient waiting for business was a necessary part of the game. This was so far fortunate in that it left him ample leisure for a more pleasing suit than one involving attendance at the law courts. He was becoming more and more constant in his devotion to Bernice Gordon; he already occupied the position of an accepted lover, and it was now only a question of naming the happy day.

Miriam was doing everything in her power to expedite the wedding. She had made up her mind that Burn was not to meet her husband. In regard to the latter she had not exactly spoken anything actually untrue, but she had given utterance to half-truths, and this form of equivocation soon grows irksome. She had to be constantly on her guard during conversation, and on the alert to prevent the possibility of any chance meeting.

However, Burn had long since ceased to probe for information. He had evidently accepted the situation, regarded Bernice's father as a recluse and a chronic invalid, and was so head-over-ears in love with the young lady herself that the matter gave him no further concern. But Marsh Gordon's long spell of illness was adding to Miriam's anxieties, not on the invalid's account, but lest Burn's frequent visits should, thru some mischance, result in the men being thrown together. To guard against this Miriam encouraged automobile outings, theater matinees, and other methods of passing the time away from the home. But altho this is an age of freedom for young people, she was old-fashioned enough always quietly to insist on playing the part of chaperon.

It was a lovely afternoon in early July when Burn drove up in his automobile to the little bungalow and gave the accustomed "honk-honk" signal that he was waiting for the ladies to emerge. A program had been arranged that they should motor thru the superbly beautiful Topango Canyon and afterwards dine at the sign of the good ship Cabrillo, the famous hostelry on the pier. Bessie was at school, but they were to return for her in the evening in time for dinner.

In answer to the signal, Bernice came forth with a very rueful countenance. Her mother had a bad headache, and the outing would have to be postponed. But Burn was not to be thus denied. "Well, we'll take the drive alone, Bernice," he gaily declared.

"I don't know whether mamma will consent."

"Oh, I'll see about that," replied Burn. "I caught a glimpse of your mother there at the window." And with the fine audacity of youth, he tripped up the veranda steps.

Miriam had barely time to assume the proper headachy look before the citadel was being stormed. Burn was sorry she felt out of sorts, altho his voice and look somewhat belied the proffered sympathy. But it was far too fine a day for Bernice to miss the drive thru the mountains. He would take all care of her, and they would be back by six o'clock for the evening appointment. Such frank eager impetuosity was not to be denied, and soon the young lovers departed, happy in each other's exclusive companionship—just as the far-seeing mother had deliberately planned. She smiled complacently as she mixed the colors on her tiny palette, and the headache pose abandoned, gave herself up to a quiet afternoon of china painting.

* * *

Topango Canyon is unquestionably the crowning beauty of southern California's many beauties. God made the mountains, but man made the wonderful road that winds its way up to their heights, threading the gorge that cleaves the mighty barrier of the Sierra Madre, crossing its cascading stream now by a rustic bridge, anon over a shallow riffle, rounding the spurs and climbing the precipices, presenting everywhere to the view scenes of sublime grandeur and transcendent loveliness.

Burn drove his big car with sure eye and steady hand. It was not a record for speed, but a record for lingering that he was trying to make. At times he halted so that they might enjoy to the full the glorious panorama unfolded beneath their feet. Then came an inviting open space canopied by shade trees and carpeted with flowers. A great wide spreading sycamore provided a natural garage where the engine might cool off. So they descended and wandered away among the bushes. When half an hour later they emerged, there was a shy blush on Bernice's cheeks, and on Burn's countenance the radiant glow of triumph.

"So that's settled, darling," he murmured, as he tucked the lap robe over her knees. "The twenty-first!" And after a little precautionary glance around, he boldly kissed her and hugged her in a manner which suggested that the performance was in the nature of an encore. Only then did he set the starter a-buzzing, back his car, and begin the downward journey home.

* * *

At dinner that evening, in the Cabrillo's spacious hold, that served as a banquet hall and cabaret, Burn Hopkins insisted on opening a bottle of champagne. And when the three glasses were tinkled—little Bessie was not a participant in the wine-drinking ceremony—the toast the happy young lover proposed was a very short one. "The twenty-first!" he exclaimed, as he nodded gaily to Miriam.

The mother's heart instantly understood.

"All happiness," she replied, her eyes flashing with quiet satisfaction.

Bessie also understood.

"My, but you've been a long time in fixing up things," she remarked with childlike frankness. "I heard Bernice say that—"

But a swift look from the young lady in question put an abrupt stop to the flow of confidences, freezing Bessie to the temperature of the ice-cream to which the little maid had discreetly switched her attention.

"I am so glad, my dear Burn," Miriam was now saying, "that everything is arranged. Of course it comes as a great surprise to me, this early date. Only two weeks for final preparations. However, you know your plans best."

"August is the proper month for my vacation," interposed the accepted suitor. "You see I must be back in early September for that big case, Davies *versus* the Sierra Lumber Company. There are three attorneys on our side, and they couldn't possibly get along without me," he went on, laughing gaily. "Oh, you may smile, Mrs. Gordon, but I've been studying lumber to beat the band, and know all about redwood and pine, shingles, running feet, short lengths, and other technical things. Then August is the very best season for the Yellowstone Park, and it is there Bernice and I are going to spend the honeymoon."

"Hope you won't get into hot water," ventured Bessie, a mischievous twinkle in her eye. This time, to her great relief, her remark was not resented; even Bernice laughed merrily with the others, so that harmony and gaiety were restored.

"Oh, we are not going to tumble into any geyser, little sis," responded Burn, playfully pinching her ear. "Too bad you can't be coming along also. You would just love to see the young bears romping around."

"Bears can teach folks how to hug. But Bernice and you don't require any lessons, do you?"

* * *

The crisp audacity of this remark tickled Burn immensely, and Bernice, altho she reddened slightly, could not but join in his laughter. Attention, however, was opportunely diverted by a burst of Hawaiian music from a group of costumed instrumentalists on the stage. Thus the evening passed gaily, till the growing hilariousness of some groups in the mixed company suggested to Miriam that it was time for her to shepherd her flock in the direction of home.

It was too late for Burn to step indoors. As they stood on the sidewalk, Miriam could hear her husband's racking cough from the distance. But to her relief the young lovers were too intent on saying good-night to pay any heed. Miriam, however, gave no chance for undue lingering, and was thankful when the red light at the rear of the automobile was speeding into the distance.

"Go inside, girls," she said. "I'm going round for a minute to see how your father is."

Miriam found Marsh still up and reading.

"Your cough seems to be worse to-night," she remarked, standing as usual in the doorway. "Why don't you go out for a few weeks onto the desert? The dry air would do you good. The beach is not the place for you, I'm certain."

"Probably not," he replied submissively. "I'll think about it. The desert certainly sounds attractive."

For a moment she wondered if the remark had a touch of satire in it, but she contented herself with a cold "Good-night," departing without mention of Bernice's approaching nuptials.

And in the parlor where she rejoined her daughters, Miriam imposed a strict injunction on both of them that, for the sake of their father's health, not one word about the wedding was to be spoken to him meanwhile.

"He is in a highly nervous state," she explained. "Now, remember, Bessie, if you open your lips, you will incur my severe displeasure. Promise me not to do so."

The little girl promised, half reluctantly, half sorrowfully. Why should her poor sick father be debarred from all the happy things in the home?

CHAPTER VII

The Calling Wilderness

The desert! To Marsh Gordon the word that had fallen from his wife's lips had had, in literal truth, an attractive sound. There had been no *double entendre* in his reply. When she was gone, he sat back in his chair and gave full rein to his imagination.

The desert! Wide, illimitable, a place of peaceful solitude. Like a sick or wounded creature of the wild he was beginning to long for some lonely retreat where he could die—alone. He had no actual experience of the desert, but he had glimpsed it from the railroad train, and had been smitten with its mystic lure—a lure that appeals, perhaps, only to the man with poetry in his soul. The rosy pink of dawn, the drowsy haze of noontide, the glorious violet and heliotrope on the encompassing mountains at the sunset hour—he had seen them all, and the changing moods of the mighty wilderness had left a profound impression on his mind. He had been even able to find beauty in the pallid sagebrush that dotted the landscape, in the occasional patches of deep green mesquite, in the tall yuccas that here and there raised their antlered heads against the horizon. And over all a brooding silence that was sublime. The desert, grand and glorious to those that have eyes to see and hearts to understand!

As Marsh Gordon pondered that night the attraction grew to fascination, and when he had laid himself down to sleep there came to him dreams of a couch on the desert sands, with the star-bespangled firmament for canopy. In these dreaming hours the first seeds of a great change in his life were sown.

* * *

But during the days that followed he was feverish again and weak—a sick man undergoing the vicissitudes of the malady that had him in its deadly grip. He was without ambition, without hope, without the nerve to devise ways and means for any change. And during these days he was more than ever alone, seldom seeing anyone but the Japanese boy who attended to his simple wants, and little Bessie when she came to give him morning or evening greeting. To the child he invariably returned a few words of good cheer—all was well, he was getting along fine, he would be out and about again in a very few days.

The little girl's visits were brief—Miriam saw to that, for everyone was busy in the home completing the trousseau of the bride and otherwise preparing for the wedding, so that a call for Bessie was quite in order when her absence became unduly prolonged. Of Bernice, he saw nothing—she was away with her fiance many days and most evenings, entirely with her mother's approval, for Miriam did not want to have Burn about the house, within possible earshot of the invalid's compromising cough that might have provoked questions and precipitated complications. Miriam occasionally looked in upon the sick man, mainly to reiterate her advice, it would almost seem, that in his prompt departure to some dry, warm retreat on the desert now lay his only hope of salvation. She even left him some folders descriptive of camps and sanitariums where almost hopeless tubercular cases had been miraculously cured.

These folders Marsh Gordon read with care and deepening interest. With rest and the restfulness of mind engendered by his final and firm determination that, come what might, he would never again resume the servitude of ten hours a day manual labor, came a reviving flutter of hope. Once again he climbed out of the depths of utter despair. Yes, out on the desert he might even yet regain his health. In one of the printed medical recommendations that helped to make up the folders there was an injunction that freedom from care was one of the greatest aids to permanent cure.

Freedom from care! The words lingered with him. Their meaning grew and grew with talismanic effect upon his mentality. He had never been free from care during all his married life. On the twenty-first day of this very month would be rounded out the quarter century of unbroken anxiety which he had silently endured. His silver wedding day! He was awaiting the anniversary, waiting for Miriam to speak about it, glad in a measure that it seemed to have escaped her attention, for he had no gift of the regulation precious metal, not even a silver teapot or tray, to bestow upon her as a tribute to his abiding devotion.

* * *

Their interchange of gifts during married life had necessarily been few and far between, and in decreasing frequency as the years had rolled on. But for his unfortunate breakdown in health he would have been able to make her some little offering on so notable an occasion. His inability to do so had added to the care oppressing him while he lay sick abed. Yet freedom from care was a prime essential to recovery. He read the physician's dictum over again. It strengthened him.

"Let the silver wedding go—let all thought of it go. Silver weddings are only for the rich and prosperous. They can assuredly have no place in the domestic economy of an impoverished shoe-pegger."

The very thought brightened him. Unconsciously he was beginning to absorb the philosophy of the doctor's advice to lay all cares aside as the necessary preliminary for taking a cure. His first burden had been thrown away. No silver wedding anniversary to worry over or regretfully brood upon! The determination made him a little more care-free even now.

Into the desert he could take with him only very few of his personal belongings. First of all, he would require his little portable kit of cobbling tools—thereby he would undoubtedly be able to earn a meal or a night's lodging, performing a well-appreciated service, no doubt, for some lonely rancher or miner, and preserving his own self-respect by paying for what he received. Then, of course, he would take some books.

But right here he paused to think. Why "of course"? Wouldn't it be fine just to be a tramp on the desert, to wander around as one chose, to get one's reading from the rocks and sands and scrub, the coyotes and the beetles, the uplifted hills sublime in their rugged nakedness, the sun and moon and the twinkling stars?

Let the books be left behind! A heroic resolve, for books had been his life-long companions, purveyors of happiness, consolers in adversity, stimulants to thought all the time. But the books would now be abandoned. His resolve was made. His shoulders straightened, his mind expanded. Care was being jettisoned at a rapid rate. He caught himself humming appreciatively the refrain of one of the old-time songs with which he had delighted many an audience—"The Vagabond":

Homeless, ragged, and tanned,
  Under the changeful sky!
Who so free in the land,
  Who so contented as I?

Clothes need not worry him—he had only one half-respectable suit in any case, and a rolled blanket could carry a toothbrush and change of underwear. Just this tiny swag, and his little tool box, together with his stout walking stick standing in a corner of the room. And Marsh Gordon was simply astounded by the realization of how very, very little the care-free desert tramp really requires.

But there were still Miriam, Bernice, and Bessie to think about. Ah! here came the rub. But an hour of musing wonderfully smoothed away all difficulties. His wife would be obviously relieved by his departure, Bernice would no doubt be married and looked after before long, Bessie would be the sole responsibility on her mother's hands.

To part from dear wee Bessie would mean a terrible heart-wrench. But in his present sick condition he was no fit companion for the child—their association even now had been pretty well reduced to that of the plague-stricken people in Bunyan's tale, where the unsmitten brought food for the smitten by laying it on a stone, calling out, and then hurriedly taking themselves off again. On due reflection it was right and proper that even Bessie should be relieved of his presence—for a while only, perhaps, for if the desert did come to effect a cure, he would return and gather the dear child to his breast as he had hardly ever ventured to do before.

* * *

So for everyone's sake the change he was contemplating was the best thing possible. He drew a deep breath of relief when he arrived at this sure conviction. He even smiled happily, for cares were vanishing one by one, like wisps of mist kissed by the morning sun. Only one matter remained in doubt. There must be some provision for the dear ones he was leaving behind.

But there was a solution for this difficulty also. He crossed over to his little trunk, unlocked it, threw aside a superincumbent layer of clothes, and surveyed the row of small canvas sacks that contained his day-by-day dime savings. Thank God, he had made and stuck to that early resolve of a system of methodical, if small, economies. The amount was all in dimes, just as he had dropped the little silver coins one by one into each bag until it was filled to capacity and a new one had to be obtained from some bank on the morrow.

The hour was late—he had kept on thinking and planning until all the little town around him was asleep. And the task of counting would take considerable time. But he tackled it, determined to check the record.

First of all he poured out the contents of each sack until there was a great heap of shining silver on the center of the table. Then he paused to do some preparatory figuring—twenty-five years of three hundred and sixty-five days, with six leap-year days thrown in. This should give $913.10. He now began stacking the coins in little pillars of ten. The job was a long one, but, growing more expert as he proceeded, he at last completed it.

And lo and behold! There was the amount correct to a dime—$913, for it wanted two days yet of the twenty-first day of the month, his wedding anniversary, and next morning's contribution would adjust the tally. He spent another hour in refilling nine of the sacks, each with the exact amount of $100, then tying them securely and marking with ink on the canvas the value of the contents. The balance of $13 he rolled up into little packets, bank fashion, one dollar in each roll. He put these by themselves in another sack, and finally restored the entire hoard to its accustomed place of hiding.

Marsh Gordon stood erect. There was something of new strength in his figure, new strength in his resolute smile of satisfaction. He knew now why Providence had prompted him to accumulate that cash reserve. The hour of real emergency, the justification for its use was at hand. Nine hundred dollars would provide a year's living in the little rent-free home. The balance of thirteen dollars would be ample capital for a peripatetic cobbler on the desert—three dollars, together with the small change in his pocket, would transport him to Los Angeles and thence by railroad to the borderland of the wilderness where his tramping would begin with perhaps ten dollars still in hand.

At last, in the "wee sma' hoors ayont the twal," Gordon laid himself down to sleep. And he slept the deep, tranquil sleep of the care-free child. He did not even dream—the calling desert was no longer a dream; it was the assuredly promised land already made free of entry to the homeless wanderer.

CHAPTER VIII

Renunciation

When he arose next morning Marsh Gordon was a changed man. For weeks past he had, more than ever before, been perturbed and worried and dissatisfied both with himself and with his hard fate. All that feeling was now gone. In the process of self-analysis he had come to recognize clear truths, and in frankly recognizing them had attained a wonderful placidity of mind.

He had some time before fully realized that a drier climate than that of Venice-by-the-Sea afforded him the only hope of a cure—a slender hope, but still one that afforded at least some chance of restored health and strength. But this knowledge up to now had only served to depress him, for the goal seemed to be impossible of attainment. While daily bread for those dependent on him had to be earned, it had seemed impossible to quit the slavery of the cobbler's bench. But now that he saw the way to emancipation, his spirits rose. And his soul was filled with wonderment as to how easy it all was. He had been sitting for years with heavy iron shackles around his wrists, and had all this time failed to notice their disproportionate size—failed to see that it was only necessary to slip his hands thru to be free.

* * *

With this very thought there came, even already, signs of physical change. His eye was brighter, his voice less quavering, his whole demeanor one of greater confidence and self-reliance. As he paced the little room he braced his shoulders, and was surprised to find that he could straighten out the shoemaker's hump without inducing a fit of coughing. Outside, it was a fine day of sunshine. He reached for his walking stick and sallied forth. He wanted to continue his self-communing, and as an aid to this he felt that he must be alone with Nature—among the hills, along the ocean fringe, anywhere in the great solitudes where the divine spirit manifests itself most clearly to man.

His heart was still filled with love for the wife and the daughters whom, mainly for their own sake, he was on the eve of abandoning. And during the long day, up in the canyon where Bessie and he had had their delightful little picnic, among the cowslips and the tiger-lilies once again, he mused fondly and tenderly over old days. Any vague thoughts that might have been recently shaping themselves in his mind, that Miriam had sacrificed him almost entirely for the sake of their children, were banished. He was looking upon her now only as the fond and devoted mother, and feeling grateful to her for her splendid management that had reared the one daughter to beautiful and accomplished womanhood, and the other to sweet and charming girlhood.

"Dear, brave Miriam," he murmured. "What a noble life of self-denial and endurance! It is I myself who have been her greatest disappointment—who have made her marriage a dismal failure, a constant, heart-breaking struggle to make ends meet—a fight for bread and mere existence."

* * *

And in this mood of contriteness and self-abasement he gathered for her a bouquet of the tiger-lilies she had loved so much in the old days of courtship, when she had been used to call him "handsome, brave, and strong," to give him frequent words of praise for his splendid voice and singing, to ask him constantly for his opinion about things and linger on his spoken words; in short, to reveal the true and perfect amiability of her real character, which the unhappy martyrdom of marriage had dimmed to his eyes, but could not efface from his memory.

While he thus reflected, he little knew that Miriam at that very moment was with Bernice and Burn, enjoying an afternoon "tango" in the most fashionable hotel at Long Beach, a few miles distant, whither the party of three had motored in a superb new limousine which the bridegroom of the morrow was trying out as a gift for his bride on their wedding day.

"Close on five o'clock already!" exclaimed Marsh Gordon in great surprise as, after making his bouquet, he consulted the little gun-metal watch he was in the habit of wearing. The modest chronometer lingered between his fingers. The unexpected lateness of the hour was momentarily forgotten. He was thinking now of the watch itself, for it had been a gift from Miriam—a pledge of her love bestowed a few days after their engagement.

And for more than five-and-twenty years he and the little gun-metal watch had been daily companions. It had proved to be a wonderful time-keeper, seldom calling for an overhaul or for repairs. And its steady tick-tick-tick had come to be for Marsh Gordon a sort of symbolization of his wife's constant love. When she was far away he had often thought that her heart was beating, just as the watch was ticking, for him all the time. It was a pleasing fancy, and even if Marsh could on any occasion have afforded a costlier chronometer, set with jewels and encased with gold, it is doubtful whether he would have exchanged for it the humble gun-metal watch to which were attached so many tender sentiments—the gift from his Miriam. Even now before he returned it to his waistcoat pocket he pressed its smooth-worn surface to his lips and uttered a little sigh of affection for the donor. Then he hurried down the canyon—the night would have fallen before he could possibly reach home.

* * *

"My goodness, we were beginning to think you were lost," exclaimed Miriam, as she greeted him at the door of his screened room. "Bernice and I had just come out to see you. We have important news."

She spoke with an uneasy tremor in her voice, and there was an uneasy look in her eyes as she drew back to let him enter. She stepped into the room after him, and when Bernice followed, placed a protecting arm across the girl's shoulders.

"Important news," Marsh faltered. He, too, was disturbed, for he could not fail to notice his wife's agitation. "Where is Bessie?" he asked anxiously.

"Oh, Bessie's all right," replied Miriam. The commonplace question seemed to restore her to composure. She was smiling now. "My news is about Bernice. The dear girl is going to be married." And she drew Bernice still closer and kissed her.

"So I have understood for some time." The words were spoken coldly, his manner became cold. For he could not but remember that Bernice's lover had never been presented to him—that pretty nearly all he knew about him was from Bessie's childish prattle.

"Well, the date is fixed. The marriage takes place tomorrow."

For a moment Marsh Gordon stood rigid. Like a flash came the thought that all this had been studiously kept from him until the very last moment. Silence in such a case had amounted to deception, and he was appalled that he, the father, could have been treated with such utter lack of consideration.

"I came for you to wish me good luck, papa," said Bernice, with a sweet smile and in the soft, cooing voice that had always been as music to her lover's ear.

But Marsh had hardly heard her.

"They are to be married on the twenty-first?" he asked, addressing his question to Miriam.

"Yes—tomorrow," she replied.

* * *

For a moment he fixedly regarded her. He was wondering whether she remembered the special significance of the date in their own lives. Bernice's nuptials would take place on the silver anniversary of her parents' wedding. Great heavens! Was Miriam oblivious of the fact? Was it possible that she had forgotten all about the day which he had always kept in such tender memory?

As his eyes searched hers, these were the questions in his heart. But Miriam gave no sign.

"Sit down," she said, motioning him to his accustomed chair close to the reading stand on the table. "Unfortunately we can't stay long, as we have an engagement out—a little dance in Bernice's honor at the Grahams'."

He had automatically done her bidding and dropped into the chair. But both mother and daughter remained standing. He rested an elbow on the table; his fingers nervously but silently drummed upon it. He did not speak—just waited for her to continue.

"Of course you've heard about Burn Hopkins—such a nice young fellow, rich parents, but well off already on his own account, and with a splendid career ahead of him. I count our dear Bernice very lucky indeed, and feel myself relieved of no end of responsibility. Well, Burn quite suddenly made up his mind, and the wedding was fixed for tomorrow. Too bad you can't be present, Marsh, but I excused you on account of your serious illness—I have made things all right for you, don't worry."

"Very considerate," he interposed, in a low voice. His fingers no longer drummed; his hand was clenched now and his face was sterner than usual.

"And I was going to suggest that tomorrow you might take another ramble among the hills"—she glanced at the tiger-lilies which he had set down on the table. "Or what would you say to a visit to the Old Soldiers' Home? People say it is most interesting—everything complete, even to a splendid hospital. You would enjoy the brass band, too. I'm just studying your own comfort, Marsh. There will be quite a number of automobiles here for the wedding, and the yard will be wanted for them. All the racket and excitement would be sure to upset your nerves."

He was hardly listening to her now. His mind was harkening to her suggestion of a holiday for himself, on his daughter's wedding day, at a home for aged and more or less decrepit war veterans, perambulating the hospital wards, or treating himself to the delirious enjoyment of the afternoon brass band performance. The cold-bloodedness of the proposition chilled him to the marrow of his bones. For the moment he was incapable of framing a reply. Miriam hastened to make an end of the painful interview.

"There now, Bernice, your papa will kiss your hand and wish you all the good fortune for which you came to ask him. Such a pity that your cough keeps us all so apart, Marsh, my dear. But don't you forget my suggestion about the desert. Now we must be going. Good-night. Your supper is all ready—being kept warm in the oven. Kioto will bring it out for you. Good-night again."

* * *

In a bewildered maze, so far as Marsh Gordon was concerned, the two women had departed. He was dimly conscious of having raised Bernice's hand to his lips, of having bestowed upon her his paternal blessing, of having noticed the suspicion of tears in the pretty girl's eyes as she had impulsively thrown an arm around his shoulder, drawn him down to her, and kissed him on the brow. He was not quite certain whether he had shaken hands with Miriam.

But as he resumed his seat and gazed steadily into the vacancy before him, this he realized—realized with a dull aching pain in his heart—that one of his children was to be married on the morrow, that he had not been bidden to the feast, and that his wife had even forgotten the anniversary of her own wedding day. And the words of Kipling throbbed thru his brain:

And it isn't the shame and it isn't the blame
  That stings like a white hot brand—
It's coming to know that she never knew why
. . . .
  And never could understand.

Chapter IX

Departure

When the Japanese boy brought the supper tray, little Bessie came too, all ready for the evening party, looking sweetly pretty in her white frock and with her golden curls tossed around her shoulders. Kioto laid the small tablecloth, arranged the viands, and departed.

"I can only stay a minute, daddy dear," exclaimed the child, "but I ran out to say good-night. We are all going to a party."

"So your mother told me. And about the wedding tomorrow. I am so glad to know of Bernice's happiness."

Marsh Gordon, in speaking to Bessie, was his old gentle self again. He was even smiling pleasantly, if just a trifle wistfully.

"I'm so sorry you are too sick to come to the wedding, daddy," murmured Bessie ruefully. "Is your cough so very, very bad?"

"It is very bad, dear. I'm afraid it would disturb the guests. A wedding is no place for a hopeless invalid."

He coughed behind his hand—a voluntary effort this time to give verisimilitude to his words. It certainly was a bad cough, with a cavernous echo that might well distress any listener.

"Oh, don't say that, papa. Mamma told me you are thinking of going out on the desert, to get well again."

The father paused for a moment before replying.

"Yes, my dear little Bessie," he said at last, taking her hand in both his own and speaking with great tenderness. "I am going to try the desert air to see if it can do me any good. And you'll all be happier at home here, without me to worry you."

"No, no, daddy," cried the child, nestling close to him and putting her disengaged arm around his shoulders. "Altho I see so little of you, I'm always glad to know that you are not far away. I'll miss you terribly."

"Bessie! Bessie!" It was the voice of Miriam calling.

There was a great lump in Gordon's throat and a tear trickled down his cheek. He drew her closer to him so as to conceal his agitation. "God bless and guard you, my wee darling. But you must go now—your mother and Bernice will be waiting for you. Good-night, sweetheart." And he kissed her on the brow.

"Good-night, daddy dear. I'll see you in the morning." She shook her curls into orderliness, then blew him a kiss from her rosy lips as she flitted away like a little fairy.

"Good-bye," murmured Gordon to himself. "Not good-night, dear child, but good-bye. By tomorrow morning your daddy will be far away—a wanderer in the wilderness."

And again he found himself humming the old refrain:

On the other side of Jordan,
  In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
  There is rest for me.

Then once more he fell a-musing. The supper, forgotten, lay untouched before him. A full hour elapsed. At last he bestirred himself and pulled out his watch.

"Past nine o'clock."

Once again his fingers lingered on the well-polished gun-metal case. He sprang it open and read the inscription within—"To M. G. from Miriam." He contemplated the letters for a few moments, then, snapping the case shut, returned the watch to his pocket. This time there was no betrayal of sentiment—no kiss bestowed as up in the canyon earlier in the day among the cowslips and the tiger-lilies.

He rose to his feet. His face was very grave. He stepped to the door, opened it, and gazed across the yard. The home was in complete darkness. Returning to the table, he pushed the untasted supper aside, and, producing writing materials from a drawer, proceeded to pen a letter.

The letter was a fairly long one, but it did not take him long to write it, for its terms had shaped themselves in his mind during the hour of preliminary meditation. He held it in his hand for final perusal. Written in the clear, beautiful penmanship of which Marsh Gordon had been always justifiably proud, were the following words:

My very dear Miriam:—

Before our conversation this evening, I had already decided to go out on the desert, partly in quest of health, partly from the conviction that it will be best for you all that I should seek the isolation which is right and proper in the case of serious tuberculosis. The decision made, there is no reason to delay my leave-taking. I depart tonight on my pilgrimage. Tomorrow my dear Bernice and her young friends will not be worried by my presence. I hope the wedding will go merrily—as all weddings should—as our own went on the very same day five and twenty years ago, altho somewhat to my surprise, you seem to have forgotten the anniversary.

Whither exactly to turn my steps I do not yet know. In a measure, chance will decide. If possible, you will hear from me at intervals. But as I shall no longer be a regular wage-earner and bread-winner, it is necessary that I should leave some provision behind. And now I have a confession to make—a secret, which is the only one I have kept from you during the entire period of our married life.

Every day for twenty-five years, in view of some possible great emergency, just such as the one that has now arisen, I have laid aside one silver dime, until now my hoard has amounted to $913.10. Of this sum I leave you $900 in the identical canvas sacks that have served me for a savings bank—you will find this money in my trunk, the key of which I enclose. The balance of $13.10, together with a dollar or two of loose change which I have in my purse, will suffice for all my immediate requirements. As I have resolved not to worry any longer about the future, I shall leave the future, so far as I am concerned, to look after itself.

I derive peace of mind from the thought that, while Bernice is happily married to a man who can take every care of her, for you and Bessie there is, with due economy, a full year's provision of life's necessaries. Therefore, neither shall I worry about you and dear little Bessie, God bless her! I go forth to seek my cure absolutely a care-free man, liberated at last from the daily continuous grind to earn sustenance for those dependent on me—a grim struggle both of mind and of body, the terribleness of which, without remission during twenty-five long years, I think you have hardly realized. Leaving this money behind, I can for the present, at all events, lay down my burden of anxiety.

Dear wife, at times recently I have fancied that your love for me has waned into indifference. But even if this be the truth, there is no blame in my heart for you. A sick man becomes but a sorry lover. And I am deeply conscious of my failure in life, my inability to rise from the humble station to which insistent responsibilities have always seemed to keep me chained, the vanishing of all the ambitious dreams of young manhood.

These ambitions belonged to the time when both you and I were young. I have grown steadily older with the years; you have remained young despite the years, for you are just as pretty, almost as youthful looking, as on the day you gave me your heart and hand. I recognize the difference that has thus grown up between us. I have had no right to the continuance of your ardent young love and can in my heart honor you for having devoted your robust health and strength to the up-bringing of our darling children. To you all the credit for unselfishness and self-sacrifice is rightfully due.

So now there remains only the one word—adieu. In the literal meaning of this tender word, I commend you all to God's keeping. Good-bye Miriam, good-bye Bernice, good-bye little Bessie. Heaven bless each one of you, and may I find you all well and happy if God wills that I should return.

Affectionately,
MARSH GORDON.

He read the letter carefully a second time, then crossed over to the trunk, and after taking out the odd sack with the thirteen dollars in rolls, locked it again securely. He deposited the money bag on the table, and in doing so his hand touched the bouquet of tiger-lilies. A thought occurred to him. He paused.

After a moment of reflection he drew forth one of the stems and, cutting it close to the blossom, pinned to the flower a scrap of paper inscribed with the two words—"For Memory." Then he placed the flower together with the key of the trunk in the letter, sealed the envelope, and taking it with him, left the room.

Altho Marsh Gordon had of late rarely entered the home, he had always retained his latch key. So he was able to gain admission into the dark and deserted bungalow. Turning up the lights in the parlor, he surveyed preparations for the morrow that must have taken quite a time to complete. When he moved along the corridor, he found in his wife's room, set out upon a table, a whole array of wedding gifts, some of them displayed, others in packages or leather cases bearing the monograms of the happy young couple. With a sickening feeling at his heart, he glanced into Bernice's room. There, resting on the couch and hanging over the backs of chairs, were gowns that must have required weeks for their making. He knew now that the coming event had been concealed from him for quite a long time—that Miriam had equivocated, to use the mildest term, when this very evening she had led him to believe that Burn Hopkins had quite suddenly claimed an early date for the wedding.

He realized that his presence in these rooms was an intrusion. Unconsciously he began to move with the uneasy stealthfulness of a burglar. With this feeling oppressing him, his desire was to get quickly done with the business that had brought him there and be gone.

So he turned to his wife's apartment, and opening a drawer in the dresser to which he knew she almost daily repaired, he thrust the letter under a heap of gloves, ribbons, laces, and other feminine oddments. Then turning down the lights as he proceeded, he passed thru the house and emerged onto the veranda, leaving the home all in darkness as he had found it.

Back in the screened summer house, Gordon soon completed his arrangements for departure. He had no appetite to eat, but he put the portion of now cold roast chicken, also the accompanying slices of bread and a couple of apples into wrapping paper, and placing the provender with the few selected articles of underwear, the toothbrush and the cake of soap, finally rolled all up in the big blue blanket that had served on his bed as a counterpane, and strapped the bundle into a neat and convenient roll.

It was unnecessary for him to inspect his tool-kit—he had always kept it fully equipped with hammer, knives, awls, a box of pegs, a bunch of waxed ends, a supply of soles and of repairing leather, strap, apron, everything complete and arranged in precise orderliness. The box was shaped like a small grip, and provided with a stout leather handle. So with this grip in one hand, his walking stick in the other, and the blanket roll slung from his shoulder, Marsh Gordon was ready for the road.

He gave one glance around the room that had been his home for several months, a regretful glance, for the place had become endeared to him by the companionship of books, by spells of restfulness and thought, by the quietness and solitude he had come to love, even by the very sickness he had patiently endured, and for the time being, partially conquered. His glance fell upon the remaining tiger-lilies.

"Little Bessie loves flowers," he murmured, as he took a vase from the mantel shelf, poured some water into it from the pitcher on the table, and arranged the rich blooms so that the little girl might not find them withered and wilted in the morning.

"God bless her!" he added, as he switched off the light and stepped into the balmy night air. Outside he stood motionless for a few moments. Everything was very still—even at this distance he could hear the gentle moaning of the ocean.

Then the wanderer, making for a new land of hope, staff in hand like the pilgrims of old, moved on his way toward the great unknown.

(*To be continued*)

LOVELESS

IN a forsaken garden's close,
Where fairy Mab the fillet weaves,
A flower redder than the rose,
Yet scentless, sways like one who grieves.

Between the homeside and the wood,
Between the woodside and the home,
Behold a maiden fair and good,
And yet how loveless in her bloom!

—*Arthur E. Smith*

The Gospel of Change

by John McGovern

SOME twoscore years ago, one Max Nordau, a Parisian Radical, whose book, "The Conventional Lies of Civilization," had not made him either loved or famous, issued another work entitled "Dégénération." This volume alleged so many instances of deterioration in society that it became the talk of the world. Editors, lecturers, "popular preachers" set to copying and discussing what others said or were saying about this "Dégénération," with its three "horned e's."

So, it was noticeable thruout the "civilized world," at about the time of the Columbian World's Fair in Chicago, that there had been some general let-down from the sterner standards of the past as to Religion, Literature, and Art. Commerce had *always* had the reputation of roguery, and the Commercial Age had arrived.

When Darwin began to "consider," had the Church recovered wholly from the shock delivered to it by the French Revolution? Was not Darwin's theory, after all, a product, an *apologia*, of the Revolution?

While Darwin was precisely opining how far Nature had proceeded on her long way without miraculous or religious intervention, Carlyle, on the "spiritual" or egotistic side of mankind, was bewailing the eagerness with which Manufacture seized on mankind as a mere adjunct of Commerce. Nothing seemed more hopeless or unhappy to Carlyle than the smoke and imprisonment of the Factory Age. It is woven into some of the most splendid cloth of Carlyle's scoldings.

These came with Nature's stupendous lessons of cruelty, delivered to trembling but imitative man, during recent decades, an attendant influence—the Gospel of Change.

Whatever *was*—change it! Open the book at St. Pierre, it is not there; at Lake Ngami, Lake Colima, Lake Tulare—they are not there. Read of Gobi's desert and the Lake of Lob. It is a phantom sea—the Chinese cartographers must chart it here, there, everywhere among the growing dunes of sand. Burgundy, Luxemburg, Lorraine, Bulgaria—floating places on the map. Poland, St. Pierre, things that have ceased to be. Good or bad—change it!

The musicians Rossini, Verdi, Handel, Bach, made beautiful or majestic music. Under the era of Peace and Kindness, while Gatling and Krupp's plans worked slowly or failed, change this music to jerky discord—tom-tom and oriental pipe!

The painters Verestchagin, Bouguereau, Millet (their kind) painted things as they were—or made them pleasanter, if need be. Change it! Paint a panel of falling cigar-boxes; entitle it "The Nude Descending the Staircase." Exhibit these "pictures" to the toiling masses on holiday. Behold the crowds! It was the greatest triumph of The Peace that preceded the era of the trench-graves and the devil-ships of air and undersea.

The Dance, bestial and servile in its origin and its implications, had thru the centuries evolved into beauty. The ballet, with dainty music and gratifying color, might symbolize something of heaven in the mind. Change it! Bring the tango, by whatever name. From Lobster Palace unto Hogan's Flop, one must not eat without the suggestive music of the beastly and original dance.

* * *

All down the modern ages, Woman had not voted. She had not smiled on or in the Senate. Change it! Let her try her famous hand in the deceptive art of politics.

The little children were playing on the green, innocent of coming sorrows. Change it! Call them in, and teach them unblushingly all that was not known regarding the insoluble mystery of Sex.

Woman, whether she were inwardly modest or not, had been schooled to clothe her person. She might run her head high to heaven in the steeple bonnet, or flaunt the ostrich plume. She might wear both a basket and a chignon behind, as the Empress Eugenie did, and taught the female world also to do. But she who showed her thigh and shoulders in public rode alone in the circus. When she ventured with *Zamiel* into the "Black Crook" of all evil fame, the theater took a still lower hold on the good opinion of mankind, and Edwin Booth might well shed tears.

Change that all-saving modesty of Woman! Make the "Forty Thieves" respectable! Call forth the foolish virgin. Clothe or unclothe her in that most ludicrous, most grotesque, most indecent *mode* that the kind painter, the kind musician, the kind dancer can conceive. If she be half naked in carmine, let her sister *minauder* beside her half naked in bright yellow; her cousin in brilliant green. Let her fleshy mother secure all the jointings and tassels of the clown; the older she be, the more ardent all her colors; let her go forth *minaudant*, to raise the louder laugh of scorn.

There was a man, John C. Calhoun, who found he could successfully teach that it was both kind and moral to capture African cannibal serpent worshipers, enslave them, and make them Christians. This entirely freed the white man from labor. No civilization had existed where one class did not live at the expense of another. All who opposed African Slavery, were, therefore, bad. This was a triumph of logic.

A man at London, Mallock, took hold of this logic and wrote two books, "Is Life Worth Living?"—"The New Republic." He put the archbishop, the bishop, the preacher, the aristocrat, the socialist, the anarchist, the democrat together in converse at a picnic. At the end of his books each disputant was right—for all Mallock cared. He had out-Calhouned Calhoun.

Then, when Peace and Change were at their *carmagnole* over the graves of Art, Music, Motion, Modesty, Logic, the cynic Shaw took Mallock's books and barked so loudly that the masses began to sneer—did sneer—at Shakespeare. Did Literature appear in Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe, Hugo? Change it! Laugh at all things that once turned the countenance to respectful attention. Patriotism, for instance—what a fool would one cynic Shaw be to give his life for another cynic like Shaw!

The city that mainly brought these changes with Peace and spread them over the world, was Paris. "Paris," wrote Victor Hugo, "nailed upon the cross for the sins of the whole world!"

Now, why not?—if Paris invented them?

Yet some of us, also, will accredit to the German Wagner, demigod of Change, an important place on the Calvary of the human conscience. It is his ride of the Valkyries that now awakens sleeping but doomed villagers. It was his prophetic discords that keyed the hope-destroying cannon whose thunders appal the world today.

* * *

Memorial Day on the Bar-O

by William Edward Ross

COLONEL DASKAM was a fine specimen of a man. His white hair topped a figure that the ravages of seventy-four years of life had been unable to swerve from its military straightness. The Colonel, like most old men, was given to retrospection, and, altho extremely reticent in speech, he was garrulous on one subject, the War of the Rebellion.

There was not a man on the Bar-O Ranch who did not love the Colonel, and, so paradoxical is human nature, there was not a man thereon who did not delight in teasing him. The Colonel—the boys had given him the title—was ranch cook.

Colonel Daskam was a truthful soul. The boys believed everything that he told them except his exploits in the army, which he was fond of recounting. They forgave him these, however, even while they teased him, for the old man was so clean, so accommodating, that without this trait, which they called his "redeeming vice," they would have considered him too good to be one of them, and would have excluded him from that careless but loyal camaraderie that marked their lives. As it was, this trait of deviltry in the Colonel, the predilection, as they believed, to wander away from the truth, made him an active member of the Bar-O annex of the Ananias Club, and, as such, a fitting companion to the reckless blades who composed the crew of the ranch.

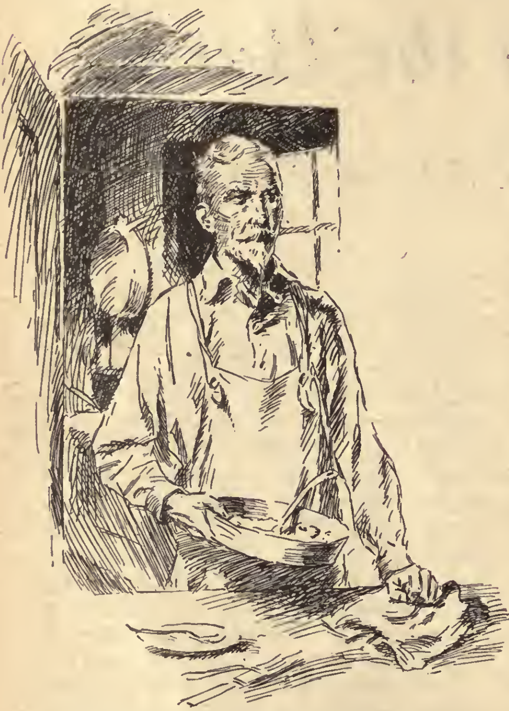
The Bar-O Ranch lies midway between The Springs and the little town that graces the entrance to the Royal Gorge. It was a few days before Christmas when nightfall found me, a belated and tired traveler, at the gates of the ranch. The snow was blowing a veritable blizzard. I had ridden eighteen miles since three o'clock that afternoon, my horse was tired, and I, myself, was half frozen and extremely hungry. I decided, if possible, to stop at the ranch overnight. The crew was just eating supper when I entered the cook shack. In response to my request for food and lodging for myself and horse, an empty chair at the table was assigned to me, and one of the punchers left the room to attend to my pony.

The business of eating was a serious proposition to the hungry ranch crew. "Pass the beans," "Shove along the sow-belly, Shorty," and kindred remarks were the only efforts made at table conversation. The inner man satisfied, tho, rough repartee became general, and good-natured jests flew backward and forward over the mutilated remains of the supper.

I was much impressed by the courtliness of the cook. Not only by his deft willingness in keeping the plates of the hungry men filled, but by the lurking shadows of sadness which shone in his tired eyes and marred the lines of his fine old face.

It was not until one of the men, who had been reading the paper I happened to bring with me, held up his hand for silence, that the old man paid any attention to what was going on in the room. The man read:

WASHINGTON, December 16.—One of the last acts of Congress, ere it adjourned, was to pass an amendment to the Pension Act allowing an additional pension of ten dollars a month to those soldiers who committed conspicuous acts of bravery during the Civil War. The amendment also provides for an appropriation to cover the expense of striking off bronze medals of honor for those entitled to this additional pension.



A gasp of happiness caused all eyes to be turned on the Colonel. He was standing at the head of the table with head erect, shoulders drawn back, and a proud light in his tired old eyes

Beneath the dispatch was a two-line note added by the local editor:

It has been learned on good authority that only three men in the State of Colorado are eligible for these additional honors.

A gasp of happiness caused all eyes to be turned on the Colonel. He was standing at the head of the table with head erect, shoulders drawn back, and a proud light in his tired old eyes. In one hand he held a pan of beans; in the other, a greasy dishcloth. There was an air of pathetic helplessness about the old man that was rendered almost ludicrous by the implements which he held in his hands.

"I knew it! I knew it!" he ejaculated proudly. "Now that the government has recognized our services, I am willing to die."

The amused glances that passed around the table were not lost on me, but something in the pathos, the appeal in the old man's eyes led me to ask:

"That seems to hint of a story, Colonel; let's hear it."

"Go ahead, Colonel," one of the men shouted, "tell us about the time you saved the flag, and paid a visit to the Secretary of War."

The old man hesitated, a far-away look appeared in his eyes; he glanced inquiringly at the men, pride overcame his fear of ridicule, and he commenced:

"It was at Stony Point. I was only a boy, nineteen years old, but the memory of that day lingers as green in my memory as tho it happened yesterday. My regiment, the ———th New York, was defending the right wing of what threatened to be, for us, a disastrous battle. Time after time we repulsed the advent of the gray-clad ranks, only to have them reform and charge our breastworks with increased vigor. Men were falling about me like snowflakes about a solitary rider on one of these hills. We had been fighting continuously since sunrise, and at times it seemed that I could hold out no longer. My face was scorched, my lips parched, and my eyes were mere burnt-out balls. It was hell, that's what it was—yes, h-e-double-l.

"The shades of evening were decking the countryside with ghostly shadows, in every one of which there seemed to lurk a gray-clad figure, when my Colonel decided on a last supreme effort—the leaving of our breastworks, and a charge at the ranks of the advancing enemy. We welcomed the change, for we had been fighting on the defensive all day.

"Our lines were laid out like this"—(the Colonel dipped a handful of stewed beans from the pan on the table, and arranged them in a semi-circle on the oilcloth table cover). "On this end was our artillery"—(a sugar bowl was assigned to that branch of the service on the oilcloth map). "In the center was the ——th, ——th, ——th, and ——th Indiana infantry"—(a careless grouping of teaspoons served for the infantry). "We, as I told you before, were on the extreme right"—(six forks marked the position of the ——th New York). "Spread out in the front of us was the pride of Stonewall's brigade"—(the gray-clad men were denoted by a careless scattering of the table knives in front of the breastwork of beans). The battle map was now ready for action.

"I was in the front rank of the first battalion. Immediately in front of me was our color-sergeant, a boy of about my own age. For sixty long minutes, sixty minutes of anxiety and suspense, we stood in line, alert, eager, waiting for the command to advance. It came at last. The company sprang forward like one man, climbed the breastworks, and faced the hottest fire we had yet undergone. Fifty yards, a hundred, two hundred yards we advanced, every yard of advance costing us a toll in lives.

"We had reached practically our two-hundred-yard mark when the gray-clad infantry in front of us deployed to either side, and we were face to face with the enemy's artillery. The next instant our lines were being mowed down by the enemy's cannon, but we kept on. It seemed to me that we would never live to get out of that thundering inferno, not that I was scared, but such was the presentiment I had. The next moment a leaden apathy took hold of me, and I fought mechanically. How long I remained in this state I do not know. I was aroused by a cry:

" 'The flag! The flag! The flag is down!'

"It was true. The little flag-bearer lay on the ground, ten yards in front of us, face downward. Beside him, its rent folds almost covering his quiet body, was the flag. The comprehension of what that meant failed to appeal to me for a moment, but only for a moment. Three gray-clad figures darted from the infantry ranks to the left of us and dashed for the flag. I knew then what I had to do. With a wild yell, I threw down my gun and raced toward the prostrate flag, resolved to beat those others to it. I did, but just as I had picked up the colors, unhooked the belt from the dead-color guard's body, strapped it about my waist, and raised Old Glory once more on high, I felt a stinging sensation in my left leg. The next instant the leg crumpled up under me, and I fell across the dead body of the former color-bearer. I remember taking a tight hold of the flag-staff, determined that those gray-clad figures now almost upon me should not get it, and then I lapsed into unconsciousness.

"I was lying across my Colonel's white saddle horse when I recovered consciousness. We were headed for our lines. I still held the flag-pole tightly grasped in my hands, and I did not loosen my hold on it until we reached our lines.

"I was in the hospital for months afterward. I was just able to walk when I received an order one morning to report at the Colonel's tent. The Colonel was sitting before a large box, which he had improvised for a desk, writing, when I reported. He made no acknowledgment of my presence until he had finished his letter, which he placed in a large envelope, and addressed,

EDWIN M. STANTON
Secretary of War
Washington, D. C.

This envelope he handed to me.

" 'Daskam,' and his voice was kindly, 'you will deliver this letter, also the flag you saved, to the Secretary of War in person. Report to the quartermaster for passports and transportation.' That was all, but the very brevity of his speech was characteristic of the man.

"The Washington I entered two days later was unlike the Washington of today. It was filled, overrun, with a polyglot assemblage of politicians and their friends, would-be officers, which gave our officers, during the Rebellion, the nickname of 'political generals.'

"Edwin M. Stanton has often been maligned as a bluff, unscrupulous beast, but that is a grave mistake. He filled a trying position during the most difficult episode in our country's history, and he filled it well. The morning that I saw him he was kindness itself. He accepted the flag, and, when he had read the Colonel's letters, he turned to me with tears in his eyes. I shall never forget his words:

" 'Daskam,' he said, 'it is such incidents that render the President's position easy to bear. It is my wish that you personally present the flag to Mr. Lincoln tomorrow morning.'

"I am free to say that I left the office of the Secretary of War filled with elation. Tomorrow I was to meet the man face to face whom I had learned to love and reverence. I had seen the President several times on the field of battle when he had come to review the troops, and the look of deep, unutterable sadness he always wore, and which emphasized the gauntness of his face, always tore at my heart chords, and made me feel like crying. It was this way in which the majority of the soldiers felt, as I learned afterwards, and no man, in the history of the world, has ever been loved by the rank and file of the army as was Abe Lincoln.

"I am seventy-four years old today, and it is the history of my experience that those things which we desire the most in this life we very seldom get. It was thus with me. If anyone had asked me my dearest wish at that time, it would have been to meet the President, and talk with him. I was doomed to disappointment. That night while I lay in slumber, dreaming of the morrow, the cowardly hand of an assassin slipped across the page of a nation's history, and Mr. Lincoln was assassinated.

"When I heard the news the next morning, I was in a quandary whether to report at the Secretary of War's office or not. One of the first things that had been drilled into me when I entered the army was to obey orders—obey orders without question—so I reported to the Secretary.

"I found the Secretary almost buried beneath the work which was piled up on his desk, but he had not forgotten me. For a moment after I entered, he did not turn around, and when he did, I was thunderstruck at the lines which night had painted on his face.

" 'Daskam,' he said, 'I have often been criticised because on many points the President and I never agreed, but last night I lost not only my chief, and President, but my best friend. History will prove this, if not in this generation, then in the next. I have arranged that you be furloughed for two months'—even in his trouble, and the great amount of work the death of the President threw upon his shoulders, he had not forgotten me—'and your leave of absence commences at once. I have issued a pass for you that will pass you anywhere about the city, or thru our lines. Good-bye.' With a shrug of his shoulders he turned to his desk, and before I had left the room he was busily at work again.

"Never in my life since have I seen an entire people so thunderstruck, so torn with grief, as were the people of Washington that morning when I left the Secretary's office. I strolled about the town—it was my first visit to the Capital—and everywhere I went I was forced to present my pass. Then I realized the Secretary's foresight. Without that little pass I would not have been able to walk ten blocks without being arrested. The city was in an uproar; a frenzy of grief, rage, and indecision. I stayed in Washington until the following morning, and then I left to spend my furlough at home."

* * *

The Colonel stopped and looked about him appealingly. I lay no great claim to being a character reader, but his story appealed to me, and somehow I knew that he told the truth. Not so with the rest of the crew. One of them, Porky, so named for his fondness for that species of diet, remarked quizzically:

"You forgot, Colonel, to tell us what Stanton told the general."

The old cook looked at the speaker a moment, doubtfully, before replying:

"Oh, yes. As I told you before, Stanton was a much-maligned man. He had one human trait, however, that endeared him to the common soldier. It was his love for the private. He had stated publicly on many occasions that it was the privates, not the officers, who were saving the Union. He had a particular dislike, amounting almost to a hatred, for the so-called political generals. On them he laid the blame for the many sad accidents of the war due to mismanagement. One of these officers paid him a visit while I was in his office. The officer entered the room, resplendent in a gold and braid uniform, without being announced. Stanton darted angrily to his feet and ejaculated:

" 'General ———,' calling him by name,

'I'm busy. I can talk to you any time, but it is not often that I have a chance to talk with one of our *real* soldiers. Good-day, sir, good-day.' "

The men at the table laughed amusedly. A little dried-up runt of a horse wrangler asked:

"Colonel, do you find it as hot facing the fire of that old cook stove as you did facing the fire of the Confed's?"

The Colonel turned white, then, raising his dishcloth, he shook it threateningly at his tormentors.

"Get out, all of you," he cried. "Out of my kitchen, or you get no breakfast."

* * *

This last threat was efficacious, and the laughing men went to the bunk house.

I did not join the men in the bunk house at once, for I wanted to smoke my pipe in the open, a custom of mine that I find inducive to meditation. Somehow, on this occasion, I could not get my thoughts collected, for the figure of the Colonel was continually looming before my mental vision, and his troubled, sad face, as it appeared when the men ridiculed his story, troubled me. I did not know the cause for their ridicule, but somehow I could not help believing that it was unjust. I determined to learn more, if possible.

The men were playing cards, smoking, darning socks, and otherwise regaling themselves when I entered the bunk house. I refused all invitations to join in their games, and seated myself in a large easy chair beside the large wood stove. Porky was just finishing his weekly washing, a task that he performed with more energy than skill. When he had wrung out the last sock, and hung it with its mates on the line, he sat down on a bench running along the wall and sized me up, quizzically.

"What do you think of the Colonel's story?" he asked at length.

"Why?" I asked.

"You appeared to be interested," he replied carelessly.

"I was," I admitted. "You should be proud to have such a man in your camp."

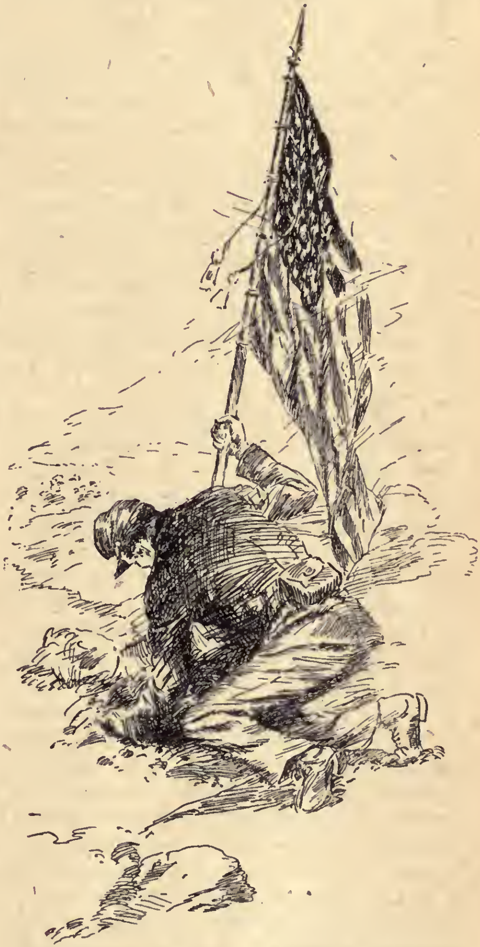
Porky laughed sarcastically, at which the rest of the men joined in.

"We are," he replied at length. "The Colonel is a good cook."

His intentional misinterpretation of my meaning nettled me, and I exclaimed, somewhat hotly:

"I was not referring to his culinary abilities, but to the fact that he is an old soldier, and a brave one."

"Stranger"—Porky drawled the words in a way that stopped the card games and caused the others to listen interestedly—"you have known the Colonel just one hour; we have known him for several years; therefore, we should be the best judges of him. We know he is an old soldier, and none of us doubt that he is a brave one, but because we know these things to be true is no reason that we should



The next instant the leg crumpled up under me, and I fell across the dead body of the former color-bearer fall for every cock-and-bull story he tells. There isn't a man on this ranch who does not think a whole lot of him, or who would not do anything in his power to help the old man, but at the same time we do not blind ourselves to his faults."

"But," I said, somewhat doubtfully, "he tells his story in a way that rings true."

"Repetition makes perfect," Porky replied sententiously, "and there is such a thing as telling a story so often that you believe it yourself. That's the way the Colonel is."

None of us had heard the door open, nor seen the old man standing in the doorway. Our first intimation that anyone outside of the ranch crew had heard our remarks was a muffled exclamation. We looked up. The Colonel was standing in the doorway. His face was deathly white. When at last he spoke, the scorn in his voice made me wince.

"No!" he cried. "No, of course you cannot believe. You, all of you, have accomplished so little in your lives that you cannot understand or believe that anyone else has lived any other life but the narrow one that bounds your world. It's another case of casting pearls before swine."

It was an unkind speech, but I could not blame the old man, for I could tell by the way he spoke that he was wounded clear to the heart. The next instant the door slammed shut, and the old man was gone. No one spoke for some time after the little episode, and then Porky laughed. It required no great power of observation, however, to note that his laugh rang false.

* * *

We had retired for the night, and most of the men were asleep, when a loud "Halloa" awakened us. The next instant a man, carrying a lantern, entered the room.

"There's an old man in my wagon," he said, "whom I found half way between here and The Springs. He was seated by the roadside, on an old valise. When I saw him he was talking to himself, and when I stopped to question him, the only thing I could get out of him was a few disjointed phrases: "Wouldn't believe me," "Bar-O Ranch," "pearls before swine," and the like. He is either very sick, or crazy. I thought, because he mentioned your ranch, that you might know him."

We were all wide awake now, and followed the man to his wagon. When he raised the lantern over the side boards, and we looked in the bottom of the wagon, our suspicions, formed while the man was talking, were confirmed. Lying on a bed of straw, his head pillowed on a battered valise, was the Colonel. The boys tenderly lifted the old man from the wagon, and carried him to the little shed, back of the cook shack, where he slept, but he did not appear to know any of us. His eyes were wide open, and he was continually talking, but it was the speech of delirium. Porky hastily telephoned to The Springs for a doctor, and when the latter arrived, he took one look at the Colonel, and shook his head.

"Raging pneumonia," he said gravely. "He has one chance in a thousand of pulling thru."

II

It was on the Memorial Day following my first visit to the ranch that I learned the sequel to the little story in which I had played so minor a part.

The Colonel had recovered from his attack of pneumonia, but the sickness had renewed the trouble caused by the old wound in his leg, and the result was that he would never walk again—he was paralyzed from the waist down. A new cook had been installed at the ranch, and the Colonel had been given another position—one created for his especial benefit—that of commissary clerk. The boys, in contrition for their teasing, altho they were still "Doubting Thomases," had clubbed together and bought him a wheel-chair, thru the use of which the Colonel was able to attend to his new duties. All this I learned from the owner of the ranch the night before Decoration Day, and, as he told me, he smiled.

"There is a little surprise on for the boys tomorrow. If you have nothing important on hand, it will pay you to stay over. I have a pretty good crew here," he added thoughtfully, "but they are inclined to be a little rough, too outspoken, fond of practical jokes, and the result is that they are often a thorn in the side of a man as sensitive as the Colonel. They are good at heart, tho, and there is not a drop of *real* meanness in any one of them, so the little jolt they are going to receive tomorrow will not hurt them, but will wake them up." With these remarks, Larsh prepared for bed, and none of my questions elicited any further information on the subject.

* * *

It was long after the second bell had rung before I opened my eyes the next morning. The sunshine was streaming thru my open windows in a steady blaze of transparent beauty. It was a typical May day, for which the West is justly famous. There was an air of lazy languor abroad that added to the peacefulness of the valley, and which was especially appropriate for the day about to be celebrated.

When I had made my toilet and stepped out of doors, I was surprised at the sight which greeted me. Flags and bunting waved everywhere—from the barn, the bunk house, the cook shack, the stables, the granaries, the blacksmith shop, in fact from every conceivable place where it was possible to stick or drape a flag. I must have looked my astonishment, for Larsh—the owner—who had joined me, laughed.

"Just a little celebration we're going to have," and his eyes twinkled. "Part of the surprise I mentioned last night."

The ranch crew was no better informed than I. Most of them had worked on the ranch several seasons, and *they* were the most surprised. It was the first time in the history of their service that they had received even a hint of such a celebration. After breakfast, at Larsh's orders, the large hayrack was drawn up in the center of the yard between the entrance gates and the stable. It was at his direction, also, that the rack was draped with flags and bunting, and a small stand, and several chairs placed on it. A stepladder served the purpose as stairs leading to the improvised platform. When the platform had been decorated to suit the taste of Larsh, a number of small kegs were placed at two foot intervals in front of it, and boards laid across them to serve as seats.

I found the Colonel in a state of happy wonder. He had wheeled himself to the entrance gate, and sat in the shade of a large maple watching the carriages and automobiles on their way to The Springs. The old man was dressed in his blue uniform, and every button shone resplendent in the morning sunlight. A silk flag was tacked on each side of the back of his chair.

"I wonder," he said expectantly, "I wonder what all this means," and he waved his hand toward the stand and decorations.

I was unable to tell him, and it was not until after dinner that the mystery was solved. We were lounging around the bunk house, swapping stories, when we heard a band in the distance, playing a patriotic air. All of us rushed to the gate, where we found the Colonel excitedly waving his hat. We could not yet see the musicians, altho this was not strange, for the road to The Springs was full of twists and turns, and just north of the ranch it diverged at a sharp right angle. The music became plainer and plainer, and a large automobile dashed around the curve, followed by many others.

"Wonder what kind of a circus this is?" Porky queried.

* * *

Before any of us could reply, the automobile stopped in front of the gate. The boss, who had taken his stand behind us, unnoticed, elbowed his way thru, and ordered the large gates to be thrown open. He then stepped on the running board of the first machine, the procession entered the enclosure, and drove up behind our hayrack stand. As the cars passed thru the gate, every one of which contained blue-clad men, and their families, I chanced to glance at the Colonel. He was standing, or rather sitting at attention, his hat was in his lap, and his right hand remained stiffly at salute until the last car had passed thru the gate and departed up the road. There was a look on his face that I never expect to see again on another human being—an expression of happiness so pathetic that I was forced to turn my head away thru fear that I was witnessing something not intended for my eyes. When the last automobile had passed thru the gate, I took my place behind the

Colonel's chair and wheeled him after the automobiles.

"Did you see them?" he whispered. "Did you see them? That's my post, the oldest G. A. R. post in Colorado."

Our progress up the road was slow, and the entire company was arranged by the time we reached the stand. It was a picture I shall never forget: The old hay-rack, on which were now seated some half a dozen blue-clad figures; the improvised benches, the first two rows filled with old soldiers, the remainder occupied by their families; the boys of the ranch crew grouped beneath a huge cottonwood in the rear, their faces pregnant with mixed emotions; the smartly-dressed band, still in their automobiles, at the right of the stand; the old ranch buildings in the foreground; and the hills and mountains of the most picturesque state in the Union adding their grandeur to the background of the scene. It was the Colonel, however, that impressed me the most. His white hair, blowing in the breeze, mingled with the starry folds of the flags on his chair, and, as he sat mute, with bowed head, the tears streaming from his eyes, and coursing unbidden down his cheeks, I sensed something of the surprise the boss had planned.

Larsh, who was standing with his men, said something to Porky, and the two of them came over to where we were, and picking up the Colonel, wheel-chair and all, lifted him up on to the platform.

The program carried thru was the usual Memorial Day exercise—patriotic music, addresses, the call of the roll, and the like. It was not until the usual program had ended that the sense of the special meeting was ascertained. The band had just finished the grand old strains of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," when Major Meutch, in charge of the ceremonies, arose.

"It is unusual, this Memorial service," he said, "extremely unusual. I doubt if its like were ever held before. We have come a long way today in order that we might fittingly help one to join in the services he has never missed; one who could not otherwise have participated in them today. It is for him, and because we feel proud to call him comrade, that this service is being held.

"Many years ago, at Stony Point, a man, in the face of almost certain death, sprang almost into the enemy's ranks, bore the brunt of a fusillade of shots, and miraculously saved his country's flag. He may have told you, I do not know, but until this time he has never been publicly rewarded."

In simple, everyday phraseology, the Major told a story of heroism, to which the men listened with open mouths; it was the story the Colonel had so often told them, and which they had ridiculed as a figment of his imagination.

"The wheels of government turn slowly," the Major concluded, "and it was not until this year that Congress passed a memorial in favor of those brave men who committed notable deeds of bravery during the Rebellion. There are only three of these brave comrades left living in this state today. One of them graces this platform."

The Major paused, and, from an inner pocket, he drew out an official envelope, and a small leather case. Opening the envelope, he read:

DEPARTMENT OF WAR
Washington, D. C.
April 2, 1916.

MAJOR MEUTCH, Commandant,
135 G. A. R. Post,
The Springs, Colorado.

Sir: By recent enactment of Congress, one member of your post is eligible for the increased pension allowed for conspicuous bravery during the Civil War, and the bronze medal of honor. This man is Private William C. Daskam.

Under separate cover I am sending you the medal of honor, and I would suggest that it be presented to him, with fitting ceremonies, at the meeting of your post to be held on next Memorial Day.

(Signed) ——— ———,
Secretary of War.

All eyes were turned on the Colonel. The old man's face was pale, and he sat staring at the speaker, his hands convulsively grasping the arms of his chair. The Major drew the beautiful little medal from its case, held it up so that all might see, walked to where the Colonel was seated, and pinned the medal on the old man's coat. There was an awed hush, which was broken by one of the ranch boys yelling:

"Three cheers for the Colonel!"

The three cheers were given with a will, and then someone shouted:

"Speech, Colonel, speech!"

The Colonel wheeled himself dangerously near the edge of the hayrack, and held up his hand. There was silence instantly in the crowd before him.

"Boys," he said, and his voice quavered with the stress of the feeling under which he was laboring, "boys"—and he looked over the heads of those seated, and appealed directly to the little group of ranch hands gathered under the tree—"I'm proud and happy today; proud, of course, to receive this medal, altho I knew it was coming, and happy because I have now been vindicated before you, my comrades of the ranch and cook shack. This little medal," he unpinned the medal from his breast and waved it aloft, "is my medal of honor, and I shall always wear it on my breast, but your friendship and confidence is my medal of love, and that medal I shall always keep in the secret recesses of my heart, and"—his voice faltered—"of the two, I value the latter the most."

The silence that followed was impressive. It was broken at last by Porky—Porky the irrepressible, Porky the joker, the greatest tease, and the possessor of the biggest heart on the ranch; Porky whom, because of his biting tongue, the Colonel feared the most, and whom, paradoxically, he loved.

"Colonel," he shouted, "we're happier than you are that this thing happened today, because we always loved you, and it hurt us to think that you had one fault that brought you down to our level. That's why we often hurt you.

"Sometimes," he added thoughtfully, "it is those we hurt the most whom we love the best."

There was not a dry eye in the place, and as for the Colonel, he was crying softly to himself. This time the tears were but the floodgates to his overflowing heart, for they were tears of happiness.

THE FINDING OF OLD GLORY

WHEN the day came that our revolutionary fathers needed to design a flag for the new nation of their heroic founding, they had but to lift their eyes to the heavens to find the banner of their faith and pride.

In the glowing west, in the burning clouds of a sunset sky—streaming across the wide horizon in alternate bands of flame and mist—they saw the symbol of their own fair dreams, mystic, mighty, and baffling.

And as they looked, there came a sudden rending of the fleecy mass by a wind of Liberty's own sending, and thru the monster rift thus made, they then beheld a patch of azure sky set thick with silver stars.

The stars—the stripes—the blue—Old Glory, blazoned in beauty across the wonder of God's great heaven, for all the world to see. *It is our flag—God make us worthy of it.*

—*Anne Rankin, in Southern Woman's Magazine.*

Democracy versus Autocracy*

(SUGGESTED BY PRESIDENT WILSON'S GREAT WAR MESSAGE)

by Edgar Clifton Bross

A THOUSAND long cycles! The beast again roams!
  Unspeakable torture! All Belgium bleeds!
Her fair sister France, how ravaged her homes!
  In license unbridled the Prussian caste leads!

The beast scientific sneaks into the sea,
  By dragon sent down for ignoble deed;
And so all the Huns in awe bend the knee
  To serpent of steel whose fair victims bleed.

They worship the dragon that gave the beast strength,
  And sing their hosannas of love to the brute;
He thinks none is able to make war at length—
  So loud is his mouth, all others are mute!

Some forty odd months the beast has been given
  With false power of hate to war upon right;
Fierce peoples and kindreds have for the fiend striven—
  His worshippers only in dark ways delight!

A new-fangled Moloch—a great war machine—
  Would swallow whole nations with lustful desire;
'Tis ruthless and fiendish—it gloats in rapine!
  Its joys are wild havoc, it revels in fire.

* * * * *

At last 'tis uncovered; the menace is seen!
  Autocracy backed by organized force;
The Prussians so beastly—a world cries "Unclean!"
  How hellish their actions—they have no remorse.

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*In the light of world history in the making, it will be interesting to review the striking symbolism of St. John in Revelation (Chapter xiii in particular), where the dragon and the beast are shown to be powerful for a time, but ultimately are revealed for what they are—mere passing phenomena—to be uncovered and destroyed by the absolute power of good. Is there not a close analogy between "the beast that came up out of the sea" and the submarine frightfulness?

With no sense of hatred we go forth to war—
With sacrifice glad we answer the call;
Our star-spangled banner flings freedom afar—
We see thru the fog one God over all.

A civilized serfdom we all must condemn!
Our brothers asleep by autocrat's will!
Arouse them! Awake them! The Prussian curse stem!
The people deliver! The vile system kill!

Our forefathers bled—we, too, give our all
For justice and truth and peace of the world;
Let selfish efficiency crumble and fall—
Democracy's banner will *never* be furled!

The path of submission we never will choose
Tho freedom be won thru great loss and strife;
The wrongs, to stem which, all our lives we will lose—
Cut deep to the roots of all human life.

No base, selfish object will we ever serve—
We seek to dominate no weaker race;
We'll give all our treasure, and never will swerve
From any plain duty, but all dangers face.

We cherish the right! 'Tis more precious than peace,
And fight for the things that mean more than life;
The voice of the people must ever increase
Until the whole world is free from all strife.

The cant of rare Kultur as taught by the Hun
Is sown o'er the earth as seeds of distress;
In all alien countries its soldiers o'errun,
How frightful its blight—its laws all oppress.

The God of all Life will quicken our cause;
A nation gone mad we pity, not hate;
Restrain her, disarm her, make useless her claws—
Restore to the world a valuable state!

The task is stupendous, but sacred and great!
Our fortunes and lives we pledge to the world!
Our peace-loving President spake not too late—
Humanity's flag is boldly unfurled!

LET THE CHILDREN DO THEIR SHARE

This is the public school garden of the Coleraine and Bovey schools, at Coleraine, Minnesota. Here the Oliver Mining Company encourages its employes to plant gardens

GARDENS OF THE STEEL-WORKERS AT LORAIN, OHIO

The result of the "welfare" work of the National Tube Company. Forty-three-and-a-half acres are comprised in this plot of ground, prepared for planting by the company

Growing Food Crops For Our Country

by John Sumner Thornton

WAR brings with it many perplexing problems, but the food supply of the nation is pre-eminent. Once in war, men will fight as long as they can eat. No battle ever decided a war—it finally came to the question of food.

The majority of people do not usually spend much time thinking of the sources of their food supply until threatened with having that supply cut off. Then they bestir themselves to look into causes. They find that they themselves have made no exertion to use the means supplied by Nature for providing their larder with the necessary supplies for their maintenance. Vaguely they feel they can go to the stores for their three daily meals. Of late years they have been justified in taking the matter so lightly, for the grocer and the marketman have been able to give them what they want, and so they gave the matter no further consideration.

The past year, however, has witnessed radical changes, and high prices for necessities have become the rule. At first the added drain on the pocketbook was looked upon more or less lightly, and we became used to joking about old H. C. of L., for to most of us he was an insistent visitor. But now it is daily becoming a most serious matter.

It is fortunate, perhaps, that our entrance into the great world war has been delayed until the springtime—the time of planting seeds for the summer vegetable supply and the autumn harvest, upon which will depend in great measure our next winter's food supply. Tho we are not, as the President declares, to be counted as one of the Allies, yet it devolves upon us as a nation to send the products of our wheat and corn fields, our fruit lands and garden produce in even greater profusion than heretofore to those fighting in the trenches. This will necessarily curtail the amount needed for home consumption, and it will be this shortage which will cause prices to soar. There is one remedy for this state of affairs in which a great majority of the people can join, and that is to make use of the land about their homes, for even a small plot of ground, properly cultivated and cared for, will yield its share of produce toward feeding a nation of over a hundred million souls. Go where you will, in every town or city, there will always be vacant land that is not in use. Why should not this land be put under cultivation? Even the little back yard may be utilized, if not for winter "eats," at least to supply the table with the vegetables that are used so extensively in the summer time. It cannot be repeated too often or too insistently that the world's food crop is greatly deficient. The time to ward off famine is *now!*

It is not necessary in an article of this kind to urge those who are already farmers and gardeners on a large scale to plant, sow, and reap. That is their business. The only caution that should be extended to them is to strive to make every square inch of their land yield to its utmost. By wise planning and earnest effort they should turn out a greater quantity of food crops than ever before.

If we need an example of what may be done on a small area, let us look for a moment at the French nation. There agriculture is greatly encouraged by the government under a system which originated with Napoleon. France may be called appropriately a land of gardens. France is a great wheat-raising country. Since the time when it first became possible for those who cultivated the land to own it, there has been an impetus in the art of agriculture which was unexpected. These innumerable agricultural holdings in France have always been, for the most part, worked by hand, tho of late the Minister of Agriculture has endeavored to induce the farmers to make use of the mechanical means for culture. Considerable attention has been paid in the past few months to teaching the art of growing things to those valiant French soldiers who return from the front incapacitated for warfare, and with no trade open to them for earning a livelihood. These men are taught the use of modern farming machinery, and how to care for the various devices in use for cultivating and harvesting crops.

To the home gardener, unused to the work, it presents terrors due to ignorance. Probably many do not plant just from that one reason, and besides, it has not been the "style" of late years for people to do any digging in the earth. Unless the necessary labor could be done by one hired for the purpose, the family man or woman has taken the course of least resistance, and the land available has not been used. The urgent necessity for some "back to the land" movement, on however humble a scale, has been stimulated by the declaration of war. The proper time to plant has been the cause of much speculation, and varies greatly thruout the country. A general rule is to wait until all danger from frosts is over, and then to put in the seed. If the garden is small, it is as well not to attempt to plant potatoes or late sweet

A LITTLE GIRL'S PRIZE HOME GARDEN

She is Miss Ruby Elizabeth Conway, and her father is the foreman blacksmith of the Wenonah Ore Mines. The prize was offered by the Tennessee Coal, Iron & Railroad Company, of Birmingham, Alabama

COMMUNITY GARDEN OF EMPLOYES IN MILL YARD
At the Chester, West Virginia, works of the American Sheet & Tin Plate Company

THE CULTIVATED BACK YARD CONTRASTS FAVORABLY WITH ITS UNCULTIVATED NEIGHBOR
Fritz Friederici, a draftsman of the Minnesota Steel Company, is responsible for this fine-looking garden

corn. Bear in mind that sunlight is as necessary to the welfare of a garden as fertilizer, watering and cultivation.

The importance of thoro and continuous cultivation cannot be too often repeated. After the seeds have sprouted, or after the plants have been set in their permanent location, continued cultivation is necessary. The surface of the earth should never be allowed to become caked or crusted.

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In a telegram sent to a meeting of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, Secretary of the Interior Lane showed clearly the service which the women of the country may best render in the present crisis:

"The women of American can do no greater work at this time than to raise their own vegetables, can their own fruit, prevent waste in their homes and give impulse and enthusiasm to the men of the land. If they do this, they will be doing a good fifty per cent of the work of fighting the war to a finish. Why not organize all the women's clubs of the United States into a 'Lend a Hand to Wilson League,' whose business it will be to carry on a propaganda for the things the nation will need—soldiers, ships, wheat, pigs, beans. If the women would also make it their business to let every farmer know that his patriotism is to be judged by the use he makes of his land, and let every railroad man know that he is serving his country by moving the nation's traffic quickly, and will herself see that the boys and girls serve in a great maintenance corps of the nation by putting in their time feeding the chickens, canning surplus fruit and vegetables, they can count themselves among

THE CORN CROP IS ALL-IMPORTANT

A larger use should be made of corn and also rice products as partial substitutes for wheat products. Corn meal is cheap compared with other cereals, and it has high nutritive value. It can be served in many appetizing ways, the most common perhaps being corn-meal mush. In fact, fried corn-meal mush is a very good substitute for potatoes when they are scarce. Then there is the corn bread and corn-meal griddle-cakes, all of which are good

WHERE GARDENING IS ENCOURAGED
Vegetable gardens cultivated by the employes of the Carnegie Steel Company at Waverly, Newark, New Jersey, the land and the seed being furnished by the company

A FEW FLOWERS THIS YEAR WILL NOT BE AMISS
A prize flower bed grown by C. C. Sampson, at Morgan Park, near Duluth, Minnesota. The Morgan Park Company encourages the planting of both vegetable and flower gardens

the saviors of liberty and civilization, because this war has now come down to a matter of work and sacrifice. I have just talked with a woman fresh from Belgium. When she left, the peasants gathered around her and kissed her skirts in gratitude. Practically all of them have American flags in their homes, which are looked upon as sacred icons by the Belgium peasants. Many of these flags have been made by the women themselves. All Europe must be made to feel that spirit toward America, and this cannot be done unless our women give us the support of their enthusiasm and free for use at the front as large a proportion of our food and labor as is possible by forethought, sacrifice, and energy."

In his recent Monday-morning message to the people, President Wilson urged the necessity of supplying abundant food, not only for ourselves, but also for a large part of the nations with whom we are now making common cause. He made a stirring appeal to the farmers of the country, showing that it was truly an act of patriotism for them to grow food and for the middlemen to forego excessive profits. "Let me suggest, also," he said, "that everyone who creates or cultivates a garden helps, and helps greatly, to solve the problem of the feeding of the nation; and that every housewife who practices strict economy puts herself in the ranks of those who serve the nation. This is the time for America to correct her unpardonable fault of wastefulness and extravagance. Let every man and every woman assume the duty of careful, provident use and expenditure as a public duty, as a dictate of patriotism which no one can now expect ever to be excused or forgiven for ignoring."

THE FALL OF 1917 SHOULD AFFORD DISPLAYS LIKE THIS
The products of the labor of children at Duquesne, Pennsylvania, where the Carnegie Steel Company has maintained six community gardens, and provided a garden teacher for the children

* * *

Already steps have been taken by clubs and individuals to do their share toward increasing the food supply. Golf clubs have planned to devote their links to agriculture. Private citizens have resolved

HOW A QUARRY IS BEAUTIFIED
The flower beds of the Mahoning Limestone Company, Pennsylvania, near Lowellville, Ohio

SMALL GARDENS SHOULD SUPPLY THE HOME WITH VEGETABLES
One of the children's gardens at the Carnegie Steel Company, Duquesne, Pennsylvania. Aside from the material gain, there is a joy in just seeing things grow that helps to compensate for the necessary labor involved

to turn their lawns into potato patches. Cities have attacked the problem, and in many instances have appointed boards to see that vacant lots placed at their disposal are ploughed and planted. In Washington a Garden Club has been formed and the good work already done by the school children in the school gardens has received an added impetus, and the little ones can now feel that they are recognized as important to the life of the nation, and they could express their patriotism in no better way. Whatever surplus there is of vegetables from the home garden can be canned with very little trouble on the part of the housewife. And surplus from the municipal gardens can be taken care of by establishing municipal canneries.

D. & I. R.
SPECIAL

AN EXHIBIT OF WHICH TO BE PROUD

Prize-winning exhibit of C. Soren Jensen. The Duluth & Iron Range Railroad not only encourages its employes to cultivate gardens, but it also runs a lecture train that stops at all stations on the road and carries with it exhibits of different vegetables and men who explain to the farmers the difficulties and advantages of raising certain crops

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Many of the large corporations have taken hold of this question in earnest. Mr. John Luke, president of the West Virginia Pulp and Paper Company, has arranged to have six thousand acres of good, tillable land set aside for the use of his employes. This will give an acre for every employe, and it is felt will furnish enough food for the summer season, at least, and will give a most interesting pastime during the summer afternoons. This year the labor of the fields will be transformed into a pastime. The "man with the hoe" is the idol of the hour, even the golf stick and the baseball bat will not be regarded as the batons of supreme favor for recreation hours.

Mr. William Wood, of the American Woolen Company, has also made a similar provision. In fact, nearly every large corporation has made a thoro survey of land that is available and turned it over to their employes, furnishing seed, and in many cases plowing the land and fertilizing it, getting it ready for immediate use. Many of them are giving prizes for the best crops that can be raised. In fact, the corn club idea so effective among the boys and girls of the various states, will be adopted to good advantage in this movement.

* * *

This year, as in past years, one of the principal limiting elements of food production is the labor supply on the farm. Enlistment for food supply is as much of a patriotic duty as enlistment for service at the front. Obviously the nation needs the services of the more than two million boys between the ages of fifteen and nineteen years who are not now engaged in productive work vital to the nation. They should be mobilized. There are also men who are beyond military age, and men who could not be accepted for active military duty. Let them enlist in Uncle Sam's great agricultural army.

A few suggestions from the Department of Agriculture should be of value in guiding the agricultural army:

Increase the acreage in spring wheat in the Northern States.

Increase the corn area east of the 100th meridian.

In districts where wheat has been winter-killed, replant with oats, corn, or sorghum, as climatic conditions may determine.

Plant barley and oats, wherever they are proved and reliable crops, to the maximum that can be handled.

Buckwheat in the Northern and Eastern States, where the season is too short for the great staple crops, may well be increased.

The area planted to navy beans in the North and West and to Mexican and Tepary beans in the Southwest should be enlarged.

The planting of potatoes, especially for local use, should be stimulated in every reasonable way.

Sweet potatoes in the South should be produced in larger quantity than usual for use in their fresh state, and for storing, canning, or desiccating for winter use.

The production of peanuts should be enlarged.

Care should be taken to avoid undue encroachment on areas used for pasturage and hay required for livestock production.

Authority should be granted to the Secretary of Agriculture to advance to farmers, under proper safeguards, seed required to insure the production of crops necessary for the welfare of the nation.

AFTER WINTER

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

THE hush of silence claims the breathless earth!
Not yet may wind or wild bird have its will;
But in the pale gold waters of the rill
There breathes in whisper the soft voice of birth.
In all the air no sound of grief or mirth
Awakes the echoes of the woodland still;
But in the mold a keen triumphant thrill
Kindles the loam to warmth like some vast hearth.

How soon will wake the blossoms in a crowd
Of color and perfume; how soon green aisled,
The trees shall stand in majesty again!
And in the sky how soon each tempest cloud,
Thunders, like Ossa on Pelion piled,
Shall downward to the dust hurl welcome rain!

One Woman's Idea of Public Service

Why Clarice M. Baright, prominent woman attorney of New York, is seeking to be judge, and what she intends to do with her judicial power when she gets it

by William Clayton

THE city of New York has been startled by a novel, not to say surprising proposition—a woman is seriously seeking the office of judge in the greatest city in the land. It is an interesting suggestion, and it has aroused endless discussion, becoming a topic of conversation not only in the women's clubs and other organizations interested in the advancement of women, where the idea would naturally be expected to be regarded with keen interest, but among the thoughtful men as well; lawyers, judges, politicians and men of affairs; all have expressed great interest in the proposition, and many of them have taken occasion to express their approval.

A woman judge in the Children's Court! Well, why not? Women make excellent lawyers and the best teachers in the world; why should not a woman be ideally adapted for such an office if, of course, she possesses the necessary qualifications?

Nor has the interest ended in the city of New York. Newspapers all over the United States have taken up the matter. From Maine to California the question has been discussed and the verdict has been unanimous.

"Why not, indeed, if she is qualified?"

Now this particular woman, who is an attorney of nearly twelve years' experience in active practice, did what is rather an unusual thing for persons to do who seek public office. She gave strong logical reasons why she sought it, and they were good reasons, reasons which brought favorable response from newspapers and individuals all over the country.

But still more interesting than this was the fact that she had some very vital suggestions on the conduct of her office if she got it. Suggestions so valuable, original and constructive, so clearly in line with public interest, that I was immediately consumed by curiosity. Here, thought I, is a woman who has real ideas on public service, who intends to use her official power, if it is entrusted to her, for public good, and so, in the interests of the readers of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, I determined to see this woman.

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In a huge office building at 141 Broadway, in the very heart of New York's busiest down-town business section, Clarice M. Baright has her office. Simply, but richly furnished, a well-used library of law books gives evidence that this is the official home of a worker, not merely a dilettante at the law. On the walls a few pictures, mostly photographs of prominent judges, writers, diplomats and business men, who have registered their endorsements of her candidacy, indicate the eminent character of the support she had received in the purpose she has undertaken.

Taken altogether, the office presents that air of dignity and substantial comfort which distinguishes the workshop of the successful attorney. On the broad desk stands a slender vase holding a handful of American beauties. It is the one feminine touch in this strictly business atmosphere.

Yet, quite as feminine as the roses is the woman herself. One wonders, at first, so perfectly does she fit into this environment, whether this can be the woman who has been discussed as such a strong character, the woman who has made an envied name for herself as a writer and sociologist, the student of criminals and prisons, and now the aspirant for the power and dignity of the judicial ermine. But as our interview progressed, I commenced to glimpse the secret of her power. Her complete womanliness, her intense earnestness, the kindliness of face, strong in the sincerity of purpose which made itself evident at once, the depth of dark eyes, which looked steadily directly at you as she spoke, kindling with enthusiasm as she enlarged upon the subject so dear to her heart; all these things began to grow upon me and I became conscious of the real strength of the woman; the indomitable spirit that brooks no failure. I commenced to understand now why these strong men of affairs in New York endorse Clarice Baright for judge.

"What first put the thought in your mind," I asked, "the desire to become a judge?"

"Always a student of psychology, in the early days of my legal practice it was my privilege to be brought into contact with the different foreign nationalities, where I had the opportunity of making a close study of the conditions which create what is called the juvenile delinquent.

"So absorbing did this work become that I even took up my residence with these people, living at various times in the Jewish, Italian, German and Russian districts, that I might have at close hand the opportunity of studying conditions, writing upon them, and accomplishing what good I might, practicing law among them, giving my services freely when my clients were too poor to pay for them. A practice which, by the way, I have continued up to this very day."

"Do different environments make different kinds of juvenile delinquents?" I asked.

"That's the very point!" exclaimed Mrs. Baright, her face lighting with earnest enthusiasm. "You have struck the nail on the head. Judges treat all delinquents alike—just as delinquents—without stopping to inquire the particular kind of environment that caused them to become delinquents—the national traits and habits with which the child is endowed and surrounded, which the parents have never forsaken, conditions which differ so greatly from our American customs, which affect the child so much more intimately than they do the parents, leaving the child bewildered, dazed, uncertain, and consequently a victim to influences which lead them in the wrong direction.

"For example: Take the case of a little girl whose mother complained to me in her broken English: 'She is a bad girl; she won't stay home nights—I can do nothing with her; the minute she comes home she runs downstairs and stands on the corner with the fellers.'

"Nothing could convince that mother that her little girl was not on the road to perdition. Left to herself she would have brought her to the judge in the Children's Court and complained of her as an incorrigible. Not satisfied by any means, I determined to investigate for myself. I took occasion to meet Mary, let us call her. I found a very normal girl, with nothing whatever of the incorrigible about her. With the vivacity of youth, she wanted understanding, friendship, comradeship, and she had a perfectly natural longing for a 'good time.' What girl of fifteen does not? And because she hated her ugly, sordid home, lacking in anything to make it comfortable or attractive to a young girl, she naturally sought her companions, other girls and boys, where she could find them, in the street.

"The mother, to whom it had never occurred to make her home attractive, so that Mary might receive some of these lads under her own roof, could see nothing but evil in what proved to be a perfectly innocent companionship.

"There was nothing wrong there. Let's see, then, where Mary spends her days. So that I might see for myself, I took a job—not a position, if you please, but a job—in the factory where Mary worked, so that I might be near her and other girls like her.

"They were a simple lot of normal girls, with the happiness and thoughtlessness usual to youth, which even the atmosphere of the shop could not suppress. Their conversation was often of boys, it is true, but what normal girl of fifteen does not like to talk of the boys? They had, I found, a very strict code of morals, much stricter, I must say, than some society girls I have known. Neither their conversation nor their actions contained any hint of immorality, and the young men whom they went with may have laughed a little loudly and talked a little broadly at times, but they respected them, and never dreamed of taking undue liberties.

"And so this incorrigible case—this case which would have brought Mary up before the bar of the Juvenile Court, was explained away and a little understanding helped with mother and daughter.

"Do you suppose for a moment that the judge would have been in a position to see all this, would have taken the trouble to have learned the facts, or would have made such an investigation anyway? Of course not; he would have regarded Mary as a juvenile delinquent and treated her accordingly, and he would not have been to blame for it, either. Don't you see where the woman judge comes in, a woman who is trained by personal experience and knowledge of human nature to handle such cases—who knows conditions, has lived in such an environment, and can read the heart of the young girl who comes before her, as no male judge, no matter how sincere and kind, can possibly do?

"It is experiences like these, working in shops, department stores and other places where girls and boys are employed, working in close association on an equal footing, and in the evenings in the social centers where the boys and girls of this class congregate, that has brought me that intimate understanding of conditions which fits me for the position of judge of the Juvenile Court.

"It has been a hard school to graduate from, but the woman who expects to do constructive work for the public good in a field in which the human element is so large a factor, must be prepared by just this sort of experience, and there is only one way to get it, and that is by living it."

If it isn't human preparedness for the deep problems of life, what is it? The sincerity of the woman, her complete grasp of the subject, and the clarity of her mind all impressed me with womanful force. Mrs. Baright knows the work that she wants to do and knows just how to go about it with a singleness of aim and definiteness of purpose which proclaim the natural leader.

As she spoke with that deep earnestness and enthusiasm which made every word she said ring true, I could well understand the power she possesses among the men and women whose lives she is benefitting as they listen to her counsel so wisely and yet so simply given that no misunderstanding is possible.

* * *

"But could not a woman do much of this work without being a judge?" I asked.

"Much of it, yes," she replied, "women can always make the effort to help, just as I have outlined to you. All that I have accomplished thus far has been without judicial authority, altho the fact that I am an attorney gives me a distinct advantage, and among these people a certain kind of acknowledged authority. But the result is the big thing, and only the judicial authority can produce the permanent effect desired.

"After all, a woman without authority, no matter how sincerely helpful her aim, can go no further than the individual she is attempting to assist will permit. And here is where my conception of the opportunities of the office of judge may strike you somewhat as a novelty. I propose not only to deal with the offender when he or she comes before me for the administration of justice, but to get back to the conditions which have made that offender possible. In other words, clothed with the authority and responsibility of judge, the influence which I shall be able to exert upon those conditions will be received with deeper respect and its results will be more lasting.

"The private individual who ventures to trespass upon the prejudices and errors of her fellow-beings does so at her own risk, so to speak. All the good she may desire to do may be negatived by a curt order to 'mind your own business.' But the judge is never subject to such handicaps. As a judge, my counsel would be met by a deeper respect, but more important by far than that, the added weight which judicial authority gives would result in making a permanent impression that would never be effaced, and thus a real reformation could often be brought about before the court became necessary."

"True reformation, then," I suggested, "might properly be defined as getting people to see the truth so that they could learn to correct themselves. I know some grown-ups, I think, who need that sort of reforming," I added.

"That is perfectly true," said Mrs. Baright, "many of those cases find their way into the Domestic Relations Court, another court for which a woman is particularly adapted. The same experience which I have referred to as the foundation of the fitness of a woman for the Children's Court applies with equal force here. The Domestic Relations Court is primarily a court for the settlement of those little domestic troubles which, for the most part, arise out of the same conditions which create the boy and girl delinquent. Here, again, the woman is especially valuable, if she understands those conditions.

"My desire to serve as a judge in the Domestic Relations Court is founded upon the same opportunity for real constructive service, based upon the same experience with the same conditions among the people whom I know so well. You might call them the grown-up delinquents. Poverty, hardships, ignorance, lack of work and drink, the absence of human kindness, of bearing and forbearing, are what usually bring these people into the Domestic Relations Court. Who knows better how to deal with them than a woman who herself has a family?

"Here, for instance, is a case which recently came up in the Domestic Relations Court, which aptly illustrates my point:

"John was the father of five children, and a sober, hard-working man on small wages, never earning over $16 or $18 a week, but steady and reliable. Misfortune came and John lost his job, and as he was unsuccessful in securing another, he was idle for some months. His wife, who was a hard-working woman herself, became impatient as she saw their meager savings disappearing, and soon began to scold her husband, as he returned night after night, unsuccessful in his search for work. Quarrels became frequent. John was no angel, and soon began to drink, and in a short time what was once a happy home became a different sort of place altogether, in which each threw the blame on the other, and life became miserable for both. It wasn't long, as might be expected under those conditions, before John found himself arraigned before the Court of Domestic Relations charged with non-support.

CLARICE M. BARIGHT

"What could the judge do? He heard the case and examined the parties. The charge was clear enough. John was ordered at once to 'go out and find a job and support your wife and children,' an order that was perfectly justified—no one can question that.

"Still, when John left that court room, with the possible exception of a little wholesome fear in his heart for the judge, and a good deal more for the wife who had brought him to justice, he was in no better frame of mind than he was when he entered, nor for that matter, no nearer to a job. What actual good had been done?

"Now the real trouble in that case lay farther back than the main fact of non-support. It had been in the power of that woman when her husband came home night after night unsuccessful, down-hearted, and discouraged, to have done a great deal to help him to keep up his courage and given him fresh hope with which to start the new day. Had she done this, everybody knows what the effect would have been. The man would have gone out refreshed, confident and determined, and that very spirit would have made him win.

"Instead of that, she scolded and upbraided him, made him feel cheap, discouraged and angry with himself, and the result was and continued to be—failure.

"Could the judge, who listened to the case, go into that side of the story? Indeed, did he ever hear the real story at all? No, he did the obvious thing—the only thing he could do. 'Go out and get a job!' "

"Would a woman have handled that case differently?" I inquired.

"A woman would have done more, of course she would! She would have taken the wife aside, or had her call when the husband was not there, and talked to her as only a woman who is a wife herself, and who herself had to patch up the threadbare matrimonial cloth when things had gone wrong. She would have had a heart-to-heart talk with the wife, would perhaps have made her cry, and would have pointed out a simple way in which she could encourage the disheartened husband and make him feel that he wanted to find a job when he went to look for it. She would have made the woman see, and as you say, by making her see, she would have done the rest herself.

"Simple, homely problems, are they not? And yet it is with just such problems as these that our courts are constantly being crowded. Now, don't form the impression that these little problems are unimportant because they happen to be 'the short and simple annals of the poor.' Such lives as these are the foundation stones upon which our republic is built, and only by keeping these foundations right will the edifice endure.

"The greatest thing in America is the home, and the woman in the Court of Domestic Relations can do a great work in bringing peace and contentment into the homes that are discordant; in helping to re-establish the manhood in men who have apparently lost it; in helping the woman to a better understanding, so that she herself may learn to contribute to the improvement of those conditions which have brought her into trouble, or given so much trouble to herself and others."

* * *

Another field for women is the Women's Night Court. I asked Mrs. Baright if her aspirations ran in this direction also.

"The Women's Night Court is undoubtedly another field which opens for an earnest woman. It is not an easy post, by any means, and the work is naturally a difficult one to handle with intelligence, justice, and forbearance. It is not the field that I prefer, but if I should be appointed as a judge of the Women's Night Court, I would approach my task with the same enthusiasm that I try to bring to everything I undertake.

"But there is one thing," added Mrs. Baright, "that I want to make clear. I have never advocated that in any of the three courts mentioned all the judges should be women. Far from it. My contention is that among the judges of these courts, one should be a woman. The woman and the man judge should work together to administer that human justice which, particularly in these courts, gets down so close to the hearts of the people. These are the peoples' courts—the courts of the masses, and somewhere in them, dealing directly with the people, should be a woman, with all a woman's sympathy, experience, and understanding, to make the administration of justice what it is really intended to be, not only a punishment, but the strongest moral and helpful force toward betterment that the American people have."

Mrs. Baright has just been honored by admission to the State Bar Association. She is a member of the New York County Lawyers Association, the Woman Lawyers Association, The National Institute of Social Sciences, and about half a dozen other prominent and beneficial associations.

Rupert Hughes—and His Novels

A Review and Character Sketch

by

Mitchell Mannering

WHAT a fascination there is in watching the petals of a rose unfold and hourly disclose new beauties. More witching is it to me to note how friendship discovers noble traits and talents. By the same process may be followed the development and evolution of a writer. You make the acquaintance of an author thru a bit of his early work, perhaps. At first you may not be greatly impressed; but some word, phrase, or a vision between the lines makes you feel more than mere passing interest in him. Then you become a partner with the author, and take a personal pleasure in his success. You want to know where he lives, and what experiences contributed to his success as a writer.

* * *

For many years I have known Rupert Hughes and followed his work. American thru and thru, he has attained literary heights without going thru the process of England's superfine instruction or the hall-mark of foreign favor. I have admired his keen insight and rollicking humor, but candidly, I never realized that in this sturdy friend was being developed such virile literary power.

The record in "Who's Who" reveals that he was born in Missouri, and gives a long list of stories to his credit, many of which I have never read. Now that he has reached the heights, I proceed, like many others, to go back and read his earliest books to glimpse his literary evolution. There's not much in "Who's Who" that reminds one of a chapter in a Hughes book—it is simply a record of achievements, beginning with 1892 when he graduated from Western Reserve College. And then there is a scholarly chronicle that he had an A. M., to which he added another A. M. from Yale in 1898—indicating a partiality for A. M. instead of P. M. for doing things.

He began his career as assistant editor of *Godey's Magazine*—now I begin to see the source of his insight into the feminine mind, so rare in an author of the opposite persuasion. He was also assistant editor of *Current Literature* and *The Criterion*. He even had the distinction of being on the staff of the Encyclopedia Britannica—knows the solid stuff, too. He is a member of the Lambs and innumerable New York clubs—and has run the gamut from poetry to drama. So much for a conventional story of his career. He has achieved success thru sheer perseverance and power, as well as native genius. Naturally we like to contemplate an author thru the medium of the one thing that brought the overwhelming conviction of his "arrival."

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Like many others, I did not read "The Thirteenth Commandment" when it was running serially—never like to stop when I once get interested in a story. An acquaintance suggested that I read "The Thirteenth Commandment," and memories of the first ten learned in Sunday-school impelled me to learn something about the thirteenth. Let me say right here that the first chapter of Rupert Hughes' book is the most spirited and refreshing curtain-raiser of any novel of the times.

When Daphne went to the phone and carried on that cryptic conversation right under the ears of mamma, I felt "me for Daphne." Then she went down in her little electric to meet that strange young man—"a friend of brother's." Brothers, by the way, are often convenient in the enactment of modern romance. The setting of the picture was Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, redolent with memories of the author's college days at Western Reserve. He caught the spirit of the Cleveland of yesterday and today for historical annals.

RUPERT HUGHES

In appearance is a dark-eyed, pleasant-faced man—you might even take him for a prosperous real estate man. No long hair, flowing tie, or effort to impress his individuality—that is done at the point of a very rapid and active pen

In the delicate, piquant cynicism running thru the lines is the mastery of a Sargent in portraying individualities. As one reviewer said: "Thank God for Rupert Hughes! He is the one popular writer who takes his work earnestly, who is filled with the urge to do the best possible on every page." And what a refreshing relief from those authors who have been dissecting their characters as attractively as a surgeon vivisects a pet dog. Rupert Hughes realizes that the story is the thing. He writes one of the few novels that you want to read again. The story scintillates with real thought substance, and you stop and close your eyes as you go along, and visualize those characters.

No wonder that reviewers threw their hats in the air when "The Thirteenth Commandment" appeared, giving us a picture of the Kips, *pere* and *mere*, and Daphne, with her American-girl independence so well portrayed. The tale tingles with the times—includes munitions contracts, and contrasts the panic days with the bubbling prosperity that came with war stocks. It is a picture of present-day New York, and indeed embraces a glimpse of the United States of America. Gently, but firmly, the author reveals the foibles of femininity without being ungallant—never wanting in chivalry. Of course *everybody* knows there are no foibles of masculinity.

The reception of the young bridal couple returning at night from their honeymoon in Europe to the flat occupied by mother and daughter furnishes a flash of the philosophy which everybody can understand without a lexicon. There are none of the conventional stickily-romantic characters—they just move right along and you don't have to tell them to "step lively." That picture of Daphne seeing her fiance, Clay, sitting beside another woman at the theater, and her relief when she found this woman was a stranger, was truly a piquant and pertinently personal touch.

Unlike many novels, this story almost at the start gallops up to the verge of marriage and then holds up for a trousseau triumph. The experiences of Daphne as an actress were so true—the romancer's license of making her succeed despite her obstacles was resisted in creating a real situation. Logic is used in the development of his characters, and his logic harmonizes with that of his readers—that's the reason they're with Rupert Hughes whenever he is ready to "tell a story."

Boiled down, "The Thirteenth Commandment" is the story of a young woman alone, seeking to support herself and running the gamut of the dangers of delayed marriage; full of the warm-blooded glow of youth, and driving as near to the border as the proprieties of the age will permit. There are plain-spoken phrases in reference to sex temptation, but Rupert Hughes remains the artist always, and tells a story more effective than a sermon. Any girl, reading that book, understands how to protect herself even amid the blandishments and wiles of the fiendishly wicked.

Every page of the book is illumined with a dramatic touch, and the events follow in a sequence as natural as breathing—no matter how bated may be the breath as climaxes are approached. It was a bold stroke when the author utilized Biblical lore for effective similes, but that is Rupert Hughes. He serves his readers the best that he knows how, always, with no suggestion of authorial pretense of repressing something great. He dashes right along with his story, and has demonstrated that the art of telling a tale in a book is the same process as telling a bedtime story to children.

"The Thirteenth Commandment" rings with modernity. There are no complications in the plot—it is simplicity itself. And it's so really real that you want to help the darn fools in love and bring them together. The rich young man seems to have passed "thru the eye of the needle," for somehow you like him, even more than the clayish Clay, who seemed never to know just exactly what he was driving at, but reflected the perplexities of decision in drifting into a life work. The inclination of ambitious young girls of today to admire the man who has experience and knowledge, rather than the empty-headed young loons of their own age who stand around and flap their wings at tango, tea and things, but never seem to know how to use their heads to express their heart emotions, is explained by actions rather than comment.

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It is not surprising that English critics should have called "The Thirteenth Commandment" "a wonderful portrait of the type of wife who has no thought above dress, pleasure, and kisses." The London *Sketch* insists that it is impossible to think of a book more flavored with race and country than this of "The Thirteenth Commandment." It is American to the bone and to the marrow of the bone. The courage of the author in going bravely toward the real issues of today and discussing why our mothers became mothers, without a suggestion of aught but earnestness, gives his writing the impress of sin-

RUPERT HUGHES ENJOYING HIS SKATES

cerity, and indicates an important phase of literary work.

Every letter I receive from Rupert Hughes is written in a hand that would not win a prize in a Spencerian copy-book—but it has a peculiar charm, nevertheless. As "F. P. A.," of the New York *Tribune*, says: "No one now writing fiction knows so well how to write as does Rupert Hughes." And his personal letters are like his novels. Duneka, of *Harpers'*, insists that Rupert Hughes is the greatest living short-story writer, and Duneka ought to know, for he manages to crawl thru a perfect avalanche of manuscripts month after month.

RUPERT HUGHES IN THE ARMY
As captain of the Sixty-ninth New York Infantry at McAllen, Texas

In a volume recently published—"In a Little Town," there are stories about towns in Missouri, Iowa and Illinois. After many years' residence in Iowa, it is refreshing to find some real "Iowese" in his dialogue. No, it's not slang exactly, just familiar colloquialisms that add irresistible "zip" and realism. And Rupert Hughes has lived "In a Little Town," so he knows whereof he writes.

True to the inspiration of his work, he goes out and sees things, and weaves his observations into a story. He was with the troops on the Mexican border, and while sitting in his tent in the Texas wilderness, he received many letters concerning his books, which must have made his brave young military heart beat faster. He maintains the pace of the old days, and has written a new play for Margaret Anglin—"The Lioness"— successfully produced in Chicago. Oh, yes, Rupert Hughes is a most active and versatile young man. Seems to me I remember his "Excuse Me," which made theatergoers laugh uproariously some six or eight years ago.

Mr. Hughes' home is at Bedford Hills, New York. To see him at his best, you must see him there, whether far afield in the summer time with the shrubs and blossoms, or on skates in winter. His home is, indeed, his castle, altho the months and days may find him in military garb, astride his mount, serving under the colors, ready to draw his sword. Hughes is so human that I feel I can't make him fully realize the eminence he has attained today.

Hughes' novels are like a window to foreigners, giving a view of modern American mind and outlook. We at home feel that he is right among us, sitting at our own table like a friendly visitor, and telling his story as we pass the sugar or salt. He transports us from the quiet of the home to the teeming, pulsing activities of American life—he even transcends moving-picture miracles. Hughes' people are so real that it matters little where scene or plot is laid. He strikes the mother lode that leads to sustained interest, leaving the reader with the conviction that he has read something worth while when the book is closed.

Then comes the impulse to talk about it, and recommend it to friends. What more could any author desire?

Athletes Developed on a Ranch

by George Willoughby

THE continuous stream of celebrities in the seats at Keith's at Washington makes it an institution. From President to the page boy, there is always a celebrity at Keith's, and the bulletins at Keith's are watched with almost the keen interest of newspaper boards. Many a wrinkled brow of a legislator is smoothed when he finds himself chuckling at the antics behind the footlights, or watching with bated breath the acrobatic "stunts," which remind him of the days when he played circus in the old haymow.

When the Rath Brothers came out on the stage they did not seem like professionals—they just seemed like human beings on the stage, and the act in itself was an inspiration in team work. For just seven minutes they held that audience breathless, swinging each other about, introducing some new turn to the old conventional athletic twists. After the act, with Mr. Roland Robinson, the star theater manager of the country, I found the boys back of the stage. Sincere and earnest were their faces as they stood arm in arm to tell the story of their work.

Hailing from Idaho, these two brothers have marked a new page in stage athletics. The older brother first began athletics to reduce his weight. There were three brothers, and on Sundays around the ranch, they used to wrestle and box, and enjoy themselves just as ranch boys will. The youngest was ambitious to take part, but always got whipped. He was eternally coming home to his mother with a bloody nose or a foot cut. Then the neighbor boys whipped him on general principles, because he was the "cry baby" of the family. But the worm turned. This youngest brother started in by running and wrestling and training; he was for preparedness, and would keep at it until he was so sore he could hardly walk, but he was inspired by the spirit of self-defense, and he succeeded as his muscle developed.

* * *

One Fourth of July the brothers decided to go to town and celebrate. There they looked upon, in open-eyed wonderment, two strong men who lifted heavy weights and other strong-arm tricks that pleased the crowd. One hand-to-hand balance seemed to these ranch boys to be the height of skill, and from that time on it was their one ambition to do the hand-to-hand balance. They started in to practice.

Mother and father laughed at them, and so did their friends—but one thing was certain, the neighbor boys were no longer belligerents; they had felt the full power of accumulated muscle. The boys worked harder, after school and on Sunday, on new feats. They had no professional instruction, and that, perhaps, makes their act so significant and striking—it was just natural development. They had no gymnasium in which to practice, as they were working on the ranch every day and were getting along very well until they started to learn the "throw-away." It was this "throw-away" at the end of the act that J

Photo by Central Studio

GEORGE AND DICK RATH

In "A Study in Endurance"

mentioned, where one brother throws the other around under his legs.

"We were working on that one night in the hayloft," said George, "when I slipped and threw my brother out of the barn door, knocking the wind out of him, and spraining his wrist. This put a stop to our practice for a while, but we went after it again as soon as he was able. And after a while we managed to get an act together."

They then were ready to start and conquer. They went first to Seattle, and after a few weeks their funds dwindled; but they did not send home for money because their parents said they would be back in a short time, and of course they didn't want to do that. With only fifteen cents between them, they landed an engagement and drew some money in advance. Hard luck seemed to pursue them, for George threw his shoulder out of place after three days' work, and they had to cancel that engagement.

"Our luck changed then," chimed in Dick, "and we went along very nicely for the following two years, which brought us to Washington and on the Keith circuit, where we had the pleasure of meeting you."

The Rath boys have, indeed, originated a new act, but, after all, they have not lost their fresh, buoyant spirit in the glare of professional life.

"Our work is easy for us," insisted Dick, "except that we have to keep in practice, for two reasons. First, we condition ourselves for doing the act we are now doing—thirty-eight tricks in seven minutes—six times in one hour—is some pace. The best reason, after all, is that we just enjoy and love our work."

George weighs one hundred and sixty-two pounds and is twenty-three years old. Dick is twenty-one and weighs one hundred and forty-two. They are going back to Twin Falls, Idaho, to spend the summer on the ranch, and they said to me as I left—said George, while Dick nodded approvingly, "If you are out that way, we would like to have you drop in and see where we started, and we'll show you what we love the best after all—the stage set with the rising and setting sun and the winds to ventilate and fill our lungs—just to do things."

The Hidden Kriss

by

Edmund Mitchell

Author of "The Call of the Bells"

BOOM—boom!

It was the mellow sonorous chime produced by a wooden mallet tapped gently on a suspended bamboo tube—the telling of the hour and at the same time a testimony that the watchman was awake.

"Two o'clock! Great Scott, I had no idea it was so late."

The words were uttered by a young man some five and twenty years of age. Altho he had spoken aloud, he was alone—seated on a little roofed balcony that communicated with a spacious sleeping apartment thru wide-opened French windows. On a rattan table before him was a big book over which he had been poring.

Leaning back in his chair, the burner of midnight oil stretched his arms in leisurely fashion. The face was refined and intellectual-looking, but there was a suggestion of the athlete in the well-built frame and in the supple movement of muscles beneath the suit of silk pajamas, which was the only garment worn. With hands held high, for a few moments a rigid attitude was maintained.

Faintly borne thru the soft moisture-laden atmosphere of the tropical night came the plaintive notes of the gamelan—sweet, bell-like notes, with the rhythmic tap of a finger-drum to punctuate the melody. The young man dropped his arms and listened.

"These Javanese are certainly fond of music," he murmured. "When they start in on a concert, it is always an all-night affair." As he mused, a hand went lingeringly to the book, and drew it a little closer. "Time for bed, I know, but I've got to finish this chapter first. It's a mighty interesting story."

* * *

Once more the sounds of the night were unheeded—the native orchestra in the distance, the shrilling of cicadas among the trees, the occasional thud of a big moth blundering to its doom against the shade of the reading lamp. Another hour passed. The gamelan still played on, the student was still absorbed over his volume.

It was an ancient-looking quarto, bound in white sheepskin, with mildewed stains and cockroach-gnawed edges that betokened long years of neglect. The letter-press was in Dutch, an unfamiliar tongue to the reader, as was shown by the frequency with which he consulted a little dictionary.

At last, with the turning of a page, the close of the chapter was in sight—and something else besides, for between the leaves of the book was a loose half-sheet of paper, faded to a yellowish hue, but with four or five lines of manuscript showing distinctly in black. Hastening to the end of the printed paragraph, the reader now handled this slip carefully, for it looked ready to crumble away between his fingers.

For the moment he was just mildly wondering what the written words would tell, but soon his keen attention was aroused. He pushed the quarto away, and, seizing a letter-pad and a lead-pencil, began a translation of the manuscript, phrase by phrase. The task completed, this is what he read:

"I am firmly convinced that the secret of the hidden kriss is in the possession of Masmitro, the old custodian of the Water Palace, to whom it has descended from generation to generation, his office being a hereditary one. Cornelius Van Kuyper. Batavia, 19 March, 1681."

* * *

The young man leaned back in his chair and pondered. Cornelius Van Kuyper—he knew the name well—it was preserved in the annals of his family. In the middle of the seventeenth century two young Dutchmen, sons of an Amsterdam merchant, had sought their fortunes abroad. The elder brother, Cornelius, had secured an official post in the Netherlands East Indies. The younger, Adolph, had emigrated to America. It was Adolph who had founded the rich New York banking house which in the course of a few generations had, amid democratic surroundings, dropped the titular Van and become known simply by the name Kuyper. To this family the young man, Max Kuyper, himself belonged, and here he was in Java visiting the home of his distant relative Jan Van Kuyper, owner of one of the oldest and largest plantations in the island. It was surely by a strange chance that this faded fragment of paper should bring the two branches of the family so closely together—that the descendant of the one old-time brother should be the discoverer of the other brother's memorandum. It seemed as if that night centuries and oceans had been spanned.

Then there was the written statement itself supplementing the printed story which had so deeply interested Max Kuyper. Had old Cornelius Van Kuyper followed up the clue of his recorded surmise and discovered the hidden kriss? Or if the mystery remained unsolved to the present day, could the Masmitro family be traced and the zealously-guarded secret even yet be won?

A fascinating vista of inquiry was opened up. The ruins of the so-called Water Palace Max knew well; they were within a few miles of the Van Kuyper estate, and the young traveler from a world where most of man's handiwork is so very new, had positively reveled in the contemplation of vine-entangled towers, moss-grown gateways, subterranean corridors tenanted by myriads of bats, artificial lakes smothered by the broad leaves of water lilies, ramparts riven asunder by mighty trees, everything in the grip of the devouring jungle, a picturesque maze of moldering masonry and riotous vegetation. An ancient romantic setting for a thrilling modern romance! It was close on dawn before Max broke himself from waking dreams, and replacing the slip of paper, carried the old quarto from the verandah into the adjoining bed chamber. The gamelan had at last ceased and all the world slumbered.

* * *

Java is a land of early rising for those who have outdoor duties to attend to. So it was not until the midday meal that Max had met his host and relative, Jan Van Kuyper. The plantation owner, a bronzed and bearded man of fifty, had been busy among his coffee trees and tobacco plants all the morning. Max knew too well not to introduce any serious subject of conversation while the famous "riz tavel" was being discussed; to the young American it was a daily source of amused wonderment to behold the complex assortment of meats, vegetables, sauces, and condiments heaped upon the Gargantuan pile of rice that forms the substratum of a Hollander's breakfast in the tropics. So while Van Kuyper appeased his appetite, Max confined himself to small talk with the charming young hostess of the home, the planter's only daughter.

Anna Van Kuyper was a beauty of pronounced Dutch type—blue-eyed, fair-haired, with rounded features and a dimple in each cheek when she smiled. Reared in Java, her education had been completed in Europe, and she spoke English with a neat precision in the choice of words and phrases, the delight of which was only enhanced by her quaint foreign accent. During the month they had spent together, Anna and "Cousin Max," as she playfully called him, had been very good friends; they had ridden together over the plantation, she had driven him in her automobile to many places of interest, and it was she who had stimulated him to improve his rather rudimentary knowledge of the Dutch language by daily reading and conversation.

* * *

Coffee had been served and the native attendants had withdrawn before Max opened the subject of his discovery. He spoke in English, for Van Kuyper, unlike most of his countrymen in Java, knew the language well and was proud of his proficiency.

"You saw that old quarto I yesterday rummaged out of the teakwood trunk in the library?" Max began.

"You showed it to me," replied the planter.

"Have you read it?"

"Oh, no. That is one of the family heirlooms. And the usual fate of heirlooms is that they are locked away for safekeeping and then forgotten."

"Well, it is a very curious old history of the Dutch East Indies. And reading it last night I found an interesting legend about the ruins of the Water Palace close to your estate."

"There are many legends associated with these ruins. Which one do you refer to?"

"The story of the hidden kriss."

"I know it. The Sultan who abdicated handed over—or was compelled to hand over—all his regalia. But at the last moment he secreted his kriss, in his case the real symbol of rank as well as a magnificently-jeweled weapon. It has never been found to this day, and I suppose the story goes back quite three hundred years."

"Precisely. But the book says more than this. Attached to the historical fact that the kriss mysteriously disappeared is a legend that there will never be real and abiding friendship between the Javanese and their white conquerors until the hidden weapon is found and added to the surrendered regalia."

"That's how the crafty old Sultan kept the quarrel open," laughed Van Kuyper. "He had an eye to a future revolution—to possible recovery of his throne."

"No doubt," concurred Max.

Anna had been listening intently.

"These royal jewels," she interjected, "are in the museum at Batavia. I have seen them—the crown and scepter, necklaces and armlets, coat of chain mail, signet ring, purse, inkstand, betel-nut box, and several other things. Many natives here pay an annual pilgrimage to worship the sacred relics."

"Showing the tenacity of their loyalty through hundreds of years," commented Max. "And so long as the Sultan's sword has not been surrendered, the Javanese believe that native rule will yet be restored and the usurping Hollanders driven into the seas. Under outward calm there is no real peace in Java today."

"The natives are disarmed and helpless," commented Van Kuyper.

"Certainly. But it is by brute force that they have been held down. A whole nation has been enslaved—deprived not merely of their weapons, but of their land, coerced into tilling the soil for government profit, compelled to grow produce of all kinds to be sold to their rulers at a trifling fixed price far below market value, driven to forced labor on the government plantations and in the government tin mines and salt works. For three hundred years the poor, helpless Javanese have been trampled under the heel of an iron despotism."

* * *

The young American's face was all aglow with fine scorn and indignation. Van Kuyper looked at him in half-smiling toleration.

"You certainly seem to have been reading a good deal since you came among us," he remarked. "But let me tell you, my friend, that the forced culture system has been the making of Java. It led to rapid agricultural development and taught the listless natives how to work."

"But at the same time," retorted Max, "it robbed them of their nationhood, just as an individual slave is robbed of his manhood. The white man's rule in Java has been an armed instrument for extracting wealth from the toil of the natives, a scandalous system of peonage and spoliation, as proved by the hundreds of millions of dollars that have been remitted during the Dutch domination to Europe. But this material side of the question, bad as it is, is the lesser evil. There is the moral side—the ruthless destruction of racial pride and independence, the suppression in a whole people of every incentive to self-advancement."

"Oh, you don't know the Javanese. They are an effete race—lazy and improvident, devoid of initiative, quite incapable of governing themselves."

"If so, then it is the long centuries of oppression that are responsible for the lamentable result. Contrast the Japanese. For generations they resolutely excluded the foreigners, worked out their own destiny, developed their own civilization, and when they did come to admit the white men, were able to preserve their independence and take a stand of equality among the nations of the world. What the Japanese are today, the Javanese might also be if their despotic rulers had not deliberately crushed the national spirit out of them."

* * *

Anna, following every word, was hearing for the first time arguments that combated all previous teachings of her life.

"It is a tremendously interesting question," she murmured.

"A vital question of the hour," concurred Max, "a lesson for America in the Philippines, for Great Britain in India, for the white man in contact with so-called subject races everywhere."

"And what has been putting all these thoughts into your head?" asked Van Kuyper, as he lit his cigar.

"I am a great reader, as you know," replied Max, earnestly, yet pleasantly. "I had read a lot about Java before coming here, because, tho an American first and foremost and all the time, I am none the less proud of my Dutch descent. It was to supplement my reading by study on the spot that I took the chance of a year's leisure to visit your beautiful island. But the book that has given me the clearest insight into the lessons of the past is that old quarto I found yesterday, the property of your ancestor, Cornelius Van Kuyper, as his book-plate shows."

"Yes, he was a book-collector in his day. You will find other volumes that were his property in that same teakwood box."

"Which I shall look thru certainly. But meanwhile I want to tell you of a surprising discovery I made last night—or rather in the early hours this morning. It brings me back to the legend of the hidden kriss. I found between the pages of the book a brief commentary on this story written by Cornelius Van Kuyper himself."

"Oh, this is truly delightful," exclaimed Anna, enthusiastically.

"Certainly very interesting," commented her father. "What does he say?"

"Permit me to fetch the volume," replied Max.

"Or bring it onto the verandah," suggested the host. "It is more pleasant there."

* * *

A few minutes later the three were gathered on the broad verandah communicating with the dining room, and the ancient-looking quarto had been opened at the proper page. While Van Kuyper examined the little faded sheet of paper, Max handed to Anna the translation he had made.

"I think my rendering is quite correct," he said with a smile. "You see I am getting on with my Dutch."

Anna read his penciled words.

"This means," she said, "that in the time of old Cornelius Van Kuyper there was a possible clue to the mystery. But that is nearly two hundred and fifty years ago."

"Yes, but in the changeless East a clue even so old may still be a clue."

"I know of no native hereabouts named Masmitro," observed Van Kuyper, as he handed over to Anna the original document for her examination.

"Perhaps not. But the tradition survives among the natives here."

"Certainly," remarked Anna. "Do you know, Cousin Max, that down in the native kampong, when they sit around till all hours of the night listening to the gamelan, it is just such legends that the reciter sings to the accompaniment of the music? They are silent when white people are about, but I have often listened to their stories when a little child."

"Well, Anna, may we not still be able to follow that clue? Native names change, but if the traditional legend itself survives, so will the traditional name. Read the words Cornelius Van Kuyper wrote. The office of custodian at the ruins used to be a hereditary one, descending from generation to generation. There may be a Masmitro surviving yet, even tho the family name be altered."

Father and daughter exchanged glances.

"What about old Sastro?" asked Van Kuyper.

"I was also thinking of him," replied Anna.

"Who is Sastro?" asked Max.

"Oh, an old fellow," answered Van Kuyper, "perhaps sixty or seventy years of age. He has always lived among the ruins—his family has a hut just within the main gateway. They have been there as long as I can remember."

"Let us start, then, with Sastro," suggested Max, "Won't you help me, Cousin Anna, to find the Sultan's kriss? I cannot speak Javanese—but you can. And this quest will give me an excuse for staying a while longer with you, Mr. Van Kuyper, if my company has not already grown tiresome."

"You are welcome, my dear fellow," responded the planter warmly, "to stay as long as you choose. Our home is yours —the pleasure of your visit is ours."

"Thank you," replied Max, extending his hand. "From the first day I came here I felt we were not merely relatives but friends. Friends are discovered; they are not made."

Anna, too, clasped hands.

"It will be a great happiness to me, also, if you remain. I shall do everything in my power to help you to find the hidden kriss."

"It must be a weapon of price," remarked Van Kuyper. "Those old Sultans sometimes put a fortune in precious stones into the ornamentation of their swords."

"But there is something far beyond gold and jewels to think about in this case," replied Max. "Remember that when the kriss is discovered and added to the Sultan's surrendered regalia, then only will true friendship be established between the Javanese and the whites. Think what that means—a new era of understanding, new treatment for these people, education, enlightenment, self-government, in course of time, instead of the tyranny which even today is only thinly veiled."

"Oh, we have already started a system of primary schools," protested Van Kuyper, "and the forced cultures have gradually been abolished."

"Yes, the Dutch government may at last have been awakened to the duty it owes to modern thought and progress. But the natives themselves have to be won over to whole-hearted contentment and co-operation. The smoldering rancor against their oppressors must be swept away. They must be roused from the lethargy of hopeless servitude. The memories of a glorious past which thru centuries they have nourished in their secret hearts must be used now for their own advancement. Their power to do things, or at all events to attempt things, must be restored. They must become brothers of the white man, no longer slaves. Then shall we witness the birth of a new nation of thirty millions of souls on the most lovely island God has created."

He was looking at Anna now. Her face caught the reflection of his impassioned zeal. Her own eyes lighted with enthusiasm as she pressed her hands against her bosom.

"I begin to see what you mean," she murmured. "It is splendid—oh, it is a noble dream."

"Well, to make the dream a reality," responded Max, "we have first of all to find the sacred kriss. The natives will accept this omen—they will realize that at last, without wars or bloodshed, the hour of their restoration to power has come. And we'll find the kriss," he went on gaily. "I feel convinced that old Cornelius Van Kuyper did not write these words in vain."

II

Three months had passed, during which Max and Anna had explored again and again every nook and cranny of the ruined Water Palace. In its day, perhaps five hundred years ago, the edifice or rather group of edifices had been truly magnificent, covering at least forty acres, with sculptured gateways and spacious courtyards, throne room, mosque, and treasury, detached mansions for courtiers and women folk, secluded gardens and bathing ponds, barracks for the soldiery, storehouses and kitchens, massive forts at intervals along the circumvallating wall, and beyond all the broad moat traversed by a balustraded causeway constructed of huge blocks of stone. But now what a change—the fierce jungle fighting silently but relentlessly to reclaim its own, undermining, upheaving, overthrowing, thrusting hardwood wedges into every crevice, smothering with greenery where as yet it could not push down and destroy! A tragic scene of vanished splendor, yet one of haunting beauty and romance.

* * *

At the outset the explorers had asked the old native Sastro to be their guide, for the double purpose of securing his assistance and gradually gaining his confidence. Sastro had soon shown that he knew the ruins as a man knows his own home, for even in the dark he could direct the visitor's footsteps down winding stairways and along half-buried galleries dripping with water and covered with moss. He was courteous at all times, but grave and taciturn, speaking only when spoken to, explaining only when asked to explain. And after Max and Anna had become so well acquainted with the place that they could repair to any desired spot without his guidance or assistance, they were conscious that the figure of the aged man was always hovering near them, watching their movements from among the trees or from behind some age-blackened wall.

Van Kuyper was busy with his plantation, and after a first visit to the ruined abode of the old Sultans, left his daughter and Max to conduct alone the quest for the hidden kriss. But of an evening he was always interested in an account of the day's proceedings. And altho for him the romance of the adventure had soon worn off, he could not be blind to another romance in process of making. For it was abundantly evident that the young people, in their eager search for the sacred relic, had soon found themselves desperately in love. The father was satisfied to let events run their course; Max Kuyper was in all respects a desirable son-in-law, and if the young man's visionary dreams for the betterment of the natives were to keep him in Java, or at all events bring him frequently to the island, Anna's marriage would not involve the painful severance of home ties.

Max could now talk Dutch with tolerable fluency, and he had even learned some Javanese so as to enable him to converse directly with Sastro and the members of his family. For these natives knew no word of the white man's tongue—it has always been the policy of the Hollanders in the East that the conquered should never learn the language of their conquerors, so that the lordly isolation of the dominant race might be maintained.

Many an hour was spent by Max and Anna in the garden that surrounded Sastro's hut near the main gateway, where the causeway of solid masonry across the moat afforded the only entrance to the ruined palace. The old native's household was composed of his wife, a woman still in middle age, a son of about twenty years, and a daughter three years younger than her brother. This girl was very beautiful—she might have been a nymph in bronze. But she was blind. Seripa was her name; Karto, the name of her brother.

* * *

Sastro was of pure Javanese stock, but his wife had obviously an admixture of Malay blood in her veins. The girl favored her father; she had the exquisitely neat figure, the satiny olive complexion, the regular deliciously-molded features of the typical Javanese, while her bearing had the gentle serenity and graceful courtesy of her people. But the son showed a marked reversion to the Malay strain in his breeding. He was of browner hue than his sister, and altho of slight build, his well-knit muscular frame, with strength and suppleness revealed in every movement, was thoroly characteristic of the Oriental race of seafarers.

Karto's countenance habitually wore an expression of impenetrable impassivity, but he was at little pains to conceal the resentment inspired by the intrusion of the white visitors into his home. When Seripa played on the gamelan for their amusement—the blind girl was rarely skilled in producing the sweet chiming music of the gongs—he would sit apart, taking no share in the conversation, but watching with a somber, distrustful scowl.

The plan of campaign adopted by Max was to approach the subject of the hidden kriss only after friendship had paved the way for confidence. The legend had been mentioned more than once in a seemingly casual manner—Sastro had even answered a few questions bearing on it without betraying either surprise or suspicion. But the name Masmitro, that of the ancient hereditary custodian of the ruins referred to by Cornelius Van Kuyper, had not yet been spoken.

* * *

One day Max was seated close to Seripa, and the thought came to his mind that her blindness was due to cataract, which a surgical operation could remedy.

"Sastro," he asked, "what would you say if I could make your little girl see—if she could look into your face and know her father?"

"My lord, it is impossible," replied the old man gravely.

"Not at all, my friend. I am convinced that her blindness can be cured."

This was as the sowing of the first tiny grain of mustard seed. It took many days and much patient argument before Sastro would even assent to a surgeon from Batavia being brought to examine his daughter's eyes. The result confirmed the diagnosis Max had made—a simple case of cataract, a successful operation virtually guaranteed.

At the announcement, the blind girl trembled with joy of expectancy. Both her father and mother were not less deeply moved. Only Karto, the brother, interposed his objections: "Allah had made Seripa blind. It would be a crime against Allah to interfere with Allah's decrees."

In the end, however, Seripa made the railway journey to Batavia. Anna accompanied her, and remained with her at the hospital. And ere long the girl was home again, radiant with happiness, blessed with vision, altho her eyes were still carefully shielded from the full daylight glare.

The gratitude of Sastro knew no bounds, and mingled with his thanks was profound admiration for the white men who could accomplish such miracles.

One morning soon after Seripa's return, Max and Anna were seated among the ruins. Close by stood the old man, his elbow resting on a broken column. Max decided that at last a favorable moment had arrived.

"Sastro," he began, "we have spoken of the legend of the hidden kriss. You know that when it is found and restored to the regalia, then peace and friendship will descend upon this island. The Javanese will become as brothers to the Dutch; they will learn all the white man's knowledge, and so in time they will come to rule again in their own land."

The native remained silent for a moment. At last he replied:

"It is the Sultan's rule that will come back again. It is the son of the Sultan who will appear to claim the sacred kriss."

"No, it is not now a Sultan's power, but knowledge and brotherhood that are henceforth to rule the world. Make it clear to him, Anna"—Max turned to his companion and invoked her more efficient linguistic aid—"that the legend means peace and goodwill, a glorious future of liberty for the Javanese, if the wise and just men of both races frankly join hands."

With her fluent Javanese, Anna was able to explain and amplify these thoughts. The Oriental mind, even in the humblest ranks of society, is fond of a metaphysical argument, and soon the dawning comprehension on the old man's face showed that he had grasped the idea that the restoration of native rule might be accomplished by other means than the mere reappearance in the flesh of a defunct race of rulers. Again this conversation was as the first scattering of seed in fertile soil.

* * *

That night in the mid-watches a weird scene was enacted among the ruins of the Water Palace. One part of the mosque was still in tolerable repair, a small domed chamber containing the sacred niche that points toward Mecca, with a raised platform in front of it on which the Sultan used to prostrate himself in prayer. In a vault right beneath this platform stood Sastro and his son Karto. They had entered by a narrow subterranean passage and had swung behind them a pivoted block of stone which completely closed the aperture. In Karto's hand was an oil lamp of ancient pattern that sent dancing rays of light up into the groined roof of massive construction serving as a support for the entire edifice above.

Sastro advanced to an arched niche exactly beneath the sacred niche in the upper chamber, and before this he spread his praying carpet. Karto followed, and the two men knelt down, the lamp resting on the stone pavement behind them. Then followed prostrations and murmured incantations, the synchronized movements showing that father and son were going thru a ritual with which both were perfectly familiar. At last Sastro leaned forward, and sliding back one of the flagstones that formed the floor of the niche, disclosed a narrow cavity. From this he drew forth a roll of crimson silk.

Seated on the carpet he now unwound the roll, and soon revealed a short sword, its straight scabbard of patterned gold, the guard of carved ivory, the handle also of gold, shaped like a dragon and studded with diamonds, emeralds, and rubies, which scintillated like living fire in the flickering lamplight. With deepest reverence, both kissed the sheath before the father drew forth the blade, elaborately damascened with vicious snake-like curves—the typical royal and ceremonial kriss of the Malay potentate. Producing from his belt a metal cruse, the old man proceeded to oil the blade with scrupulous care and loving touch. Then the weapon was restored to its scabbard, the scabbard was again wrapped in the folds of silk, the bundle replaced in its hiding place, the protecting stone drawn forward into its accustomed unobtrusive place.

During the ceremony not a word had been spoken. Now there were more genuflections, each man knocking his forehead three times on the pavement above the buried kriss. Thereafter, still in silence, they left the vault by the way they had come, carefully closing behind them the revolving door of stone. A few minutes later they emerged into the upper air from amidst a dense thicket of bushes fully a hundred yards distant from the Sultan's place of prayer.

* * *

The Javanese Mohammedan of the present time is, as a rule, the mildest Mussulman on the face of the earth. The religion of the Prophet had been forced upon his ancestors after their Brahminism had become intermingled with Buddhism, so that a blend of all three creeds resulted and has persisted until this day. But where the modern Javanese has come into close contact with the pure Malay stock or the Arab, he, too, may become a fanatic son of Islam. The old man Sastro was of the mellowed type, with no strong religious convictions or intolerant prejudices. His son Karto, however, when a mere boy, had fallen under the influence of an Arab *hadji* in the neighboring town, and had become a zealot of his faith, indoctrinated with the teachings of Pan-Islamism that had subtly filtered from among the Senussi in central Africa all over the Mohammedan world. Karto was a Moslem heart and soul, in the pride of his religion and in his scorn for every other creed. In his blood from the mother's side was the Malay strain, hardly recognizable in his sister, but in his case the predominant trait of heredity. And it is in the Malay race that lurks the fatal tendency to frenzied running amuck that makes the individual Malay a dangerous human animal at most times—superlatively dangerous when his passions chance to be stirred.

* * *

Altho all the world in Java were familiar with the legend of the buried kriss, only two knew the actual hiding place—Sastro and his son Karto. Already in the father's heart there were whispered promptings to surrender the sacred weapon. But as yet he had been afraid to approach Karto on the subject. After his last visit to the mosque, however, the old man, seating himself on a mat in front of their hut, proceeded to explain to the youth the arguments which Max and Anna had employed.

For a few minutes Karto listened with calm impassiveness, but when at last he divined the other's meaning, he sprang to his feet. The full moonlight revealed the quivering emotion on his face as he raised a threatening hand.

"If you do this thing," he cried in a voice vibrant with suppressed passion, "I will kill both them and you. I have spoken." And he rushed away into the dark solitudes of the encompassing forest.

Within the hut, Seripa, startled from her sleep, heard the angry words and trembled. She did not know why the threat should have been uttered, but she guessed instinctively that Max Kuyper was in danger—

the kind, white man who had restored her eyesight and whom she had come to love with timid reverence as if he had been some demi-god. Her love was that of a child, for it spread itself to Anna, too—the rich and powerful planter's daughter who had not scorned the little Javanese girl, poor and blind, but had brought to her all the tender affection of a sister. Yes, yes, Seripa murmured eagerly to herself, even if it cost her own life she would save from harm her generous benefactors.

* * *

In the early dawn Seripa arose. She noticed that Karto had not returned—that the corner where he was accustomed to roll himself in his sleeping mat was unoccupied. Noiselessly she stole forth from the hut, then sped away across the moat, keeping close to the protecting shadow of the balustrade. The sun was just rising when she reached the rich planter's mansion.

Anna listened to the girl's story, and then without making any comment, allowed her to hurry back home, so that her temporary absence might pass without arousing suspicion as to where she had been. It was quite probable that the quarrel between Karto and his father had relation to the hidden kriss. If so, Max was on the verge of the great discovery upon which he had set his heart, unless indeed the son's threat had frightened the old man and effectively sealed his lips for all time. Success, on the other hand, was now fraught with grave danger, for Anna knew well the paroxysm of blood-letting fury to which such a youth as Karto might be roused. She sent a message to Cousin Max asking him to join her on the verandah for the early "little breakfast" of coffee and rolls which was customarily served in their bedrooms.

Max received the news with great delight, and was inclined to laugh away the fears which Anna entertained. He was not afraid of Karto, altho quite willing to make an effort to win the young native over by peaceful persuasion. So he at once proposed that this very morning they should visit Sastro and play the final card so long held in reserve. As a concession to Anna's anxiety, Max consented to slip a revolver into his pocket. He suggested that Anna should remain at home, but this proposition the young lady indignantly spurned. Within an hour their horses were saddled and they were on their way to the Water Palace.

As they approached along the causeway they saw Sastro, according to his wont, squatted on the ground in the shadow of the ruined archway. The old man rose to greet his visitors, but, after a courteous salaam, he took his stand in the center of the entrance as if he meant to block their passage.

Anna interpreted his silent attitude.

"Are we no longer welcome here, Sastro?" she asked, with a playful smile of surprise.

"Forgive me, great lady," he replied, with grave dignity. "But there is danger among the ruins. I would beg of you to stay away for your own sake."

"What kind of danger?"

"I cannot explain," was the stolid answer.

"Where is Karto?" asked Max, with a glance around.

"I do not know," responded the old man, folding his hands across his breast.

"Well, we want to talk with you at all events," continued Max. "Come with us to the courtyard of the mosque. It is cool and pleasant over there, and we shall be alone."

"If you insist, my lord, I obey," replied the native, standing aside. "But again I warn you—there may be danger."

"Thank you, we are not afraid," answered Max as he led the way.

* * *

A few minutes later, in the open court yard and at a little distance from the domed place of prayer, Max and Anna seated themselves on a fallen pillar of stone, while Sastro at their courteous bidding settled himself upon the pavement at their feet.

In accordance with Oriental custom, a minute or two of meditative silence was allowed as fitting prelude for a conversation of importance. Then, as was proper also, Max began with a few platitudes about the weather, the prospects of the rice harvest, and so on, to all of which the native staidly responded. After this preliminary skirmishing, the real business of the conference was attacked.

"Sastro," Max began, "you know the hiding place of the sacred kriss."

"That is a matter about which I no longer wish to speak," he answered coldly.

"Because your son Karto threatened you last night," was the quick rejoinder.

A little start revealed Sastro's surprise. "How do you know that?" he asked.

"I know more things than you imagine. For instance, I know about Masmitro."

"Masmitro!" fairly gasped the old man. "He was my uncle."

"Yes, and the hereditary custodian of these ruins. Interpret for me, Anna. Make it clear to him that a whole lot of facts are in my possession. I want to know when his uncle died and how he came to leave no son to carry on the trust that had descended to him."

* * *

For ten or fifteen minutes Anna conversed with Sastro, and Max was quite able without any translation of their words, to pick up the gist of what was said. It amounted to this, that the last Masmitro had died childless—his two sons had lost their lives in a volcanic outburst among the nearby mountains. Masmitro had taken preliminary steps formally and legally to adopt his nephew, Sastro, but before this could be completed, sickness and death had overtaken him. Yet not before he had disclosed to the son of his choice the secret of the hidden kriss, as Sastro now at last admitted, reluctantly but with proud fearlessness, when Anna pressed the point home.

With a new basis for argument, Max now contended that this very fact of the broken succession indicated Allah's will that the trust should be dissolved. It was a long and tedious argument, but at last the old man was brought back to his previous conviction that the time had indeed arrived when the royal kriss should be surrendered and an era of new hope inaugurated for his downtrodden countrymen.

The question of Karto remained. He had threatened his father as well as Max and Anna. But Sastro, now that his mind was finally made up to do the thing he had been contemplating for some time, brushed all thought of fear aside. He rose to his feet, and with simple dignity announced his willingness to conduct his white friends to the secret repository.

Within a few minutes the three figures had penetrated the thick clump of bushes whence Karto and Sastro had emerged into the moonlight a few hours before. Here was disclosed a little flight of crumbling moss-grown steps, down which the old man led the way. At the foot he drew from a crevice in the wall the ancient oil lamp, lighted it, and holding the tiny flame aloft, afforded guidance along a straight narrow passage of hewn stone. At the far end of this a dead wall was encountered. But at a touch from Sastro some hidden bolt was released, and the huge pivoted block, yielding to the pressure of his hand, swung into a recess beyond and revealed the entrance to the further chamber.

Without formality now, the old man advanced to the niche, then passing the lamp into Anna's care, knelt on the pavement and, displacing the slab, drew forth the silk-enveloped package. But he had only just regained his feet when a fierce yell broke the tense silence, and at the narrow doorway there stood revealed the figure of Karto, a long vicious-looking dagger in his upraised hand. The cry and the apparition had come with such startling suddenness that the lamp dropped from Anna's unnerved fingers. The vault was plunged in utter darkness.

It was for the sake of the guiding flash of light that Max instantly discharged his revolver, its muzzle harmlessly directed into the void beyond the spot to which they had penetrated. And that momentary flash brought a second and even more terrifying surprise—the vision of Seripa behind Karto in the doorway as she flung herself upon him and dragged him down onto the stone pavement.

Again all was black and for a moment still. Then came one deep groan, followed for a few brief instants by a sound like the beating of the wings of a wounded bird. Silence again, profound.

For a few seconds Max hesitated. His fingers had closed on the little box of wax vestas in his waistcoat pocket. But to strike a light might be to bring the dagger of the fanatic to his own heart. Just an instant's conning of the chances! Then with a muffled sputter the tiny torch shone forth. Held at arm's length, its gleam fell on the revolver ready in the other hand for prompt defense.

But there was no need for shooting. Karto lay upon the floor in an unmistakable attitude of death. Seripa had vanished from the scene.

When the lamp was once more alight, the manner of the swift tragedy was easily read. In the fall from Seripa's sudden and unexpected onslaught from behind, Karto's dagger had slashed his neck and severed one of the great arteries.

It was sad and pitiful—Seripa's anguish and self-reproach most pitiful of all. The young girl had fled into the jungle, only dimly conscious that something terrible had happened. At nightfall she had crept back to her home, there to learn that Karto was indeed dead. For long hours she had wept and wailed. But with time came the consoling reflection that the fatality to her brother had averted a still greater calamity. The vower of vengeance had been watching among the bushes, and she in turn had been watching him and had read the murderous intent in his eyes when he had stolen after the party of three down the steps into the subterranean corridor. Seripa's subsequent actions had been simply the unguided impulse to save the lives of the kind friends who had bestowed upon her the gift of sight as if for the pre-ordained purpose that her vision should be their help in the hour of danger.

If Sastro grieved for the loss of his son, his feelings were veiled beneath the stoical fatalism of his race and his religion. "Allah knows best" was his only comment. The old man had accomplished his purpose, and when after a few days he headed a procession of his countrymen bearing the bejeweled and long-hidden kriss as a gift of enlightened friendship for the acceptance of the Dutch resident or "elder brother," he was acclaimed as the emancipator of his race and the apostle of better and happier things to come. For with wonderful celerity the news had spread thruout the island from Anger to Bangoewangi, that the ancient symbol of royalty had been found—that the dawn of peaceful freedom for Java and the Javanese was at last breaking.

And great were the native rejoicings on the Van Kuyper estate when, a month later, the silver-toned gamelan rang wedding chimes for the daughter of the home and the man who had come from far across the seas to find his bride and at the same time make glad the hearts of an oppressed people.

OLD PATHS

By ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH

THE paths of other years run out
To ghostly gardens sweet,
Whence on the winds of memory come
A drifting fragrance sweet.

Oft down those paths the spirit goes
To thresholds of the past,
Where vain is watch or longing voice
Or knock on doors shut fast.

The ivies twine about the feet,
And strange are scenes once known;
Tho many pilgrims start, each finds
The journey's end alone.

The paths of other years—why seek
The fading ways to trace?
Before us pleasant valleys lie,
Bright with the morning's grace!

The Concatenated Order of Hoo-Hoo

by William Eliot Merrill

CONSIDERING the intensity with which American business men follow their various pursuits, it is generally conceded that the present tendency toward devoting certain portions of the week to recreating and relaxation has had a most salutary effect. The American people must also have their morsel of humor at frequent intervals—whether it be in the vaudeville "joke," or in the so-called comic supplements. An organization that can make men boys again and bring back the cheery laughter and care-free spirit of youthful days, performs a function that has a deep psychological influence.

As one of the oldest members of the Concatenated Order of Hoo-Hoo, number 1213—for every member has a number—I feel a personal interest in recording some of the history of this mystic organization. The roster is a real "Who's Who," compiled with the careful system of Burke's Peerage. Hoo-Hoo was originally a trade organization, composed of men who were engaged in the lumber business or allied industries, and the word "concatenated," which, translated, means linked together, was utilized to add to the high-sounding dignity of the title. Hoo-Hoo started as a fellowship organization pure and simple, but soon developed a serious purpose.

Every member has sniffed the odor of the pine and listened to the screeching saws of a mill. He feels almost a family interest in Hoo-Hoo, with its motto of "Health, Happiness and Long Life." An emergency fund is maintained by voluntary contributions, and the death benefit fund has been lately covered by an insurance policy guaranteed by a strong old line life insurance company. Hoo-Hoo is somewhat different in form from other orders of a like nature, as each member, in joining, becomes directly a member of the national organization, for there are no state or local lodges.

The interests of the order are looked after by Vicegerent Snarks; each state having one or more Vicegerents. There have been initiated into the order nearly thirty thousand Hoo-Hoos scattered all over the entire world. The headquarters is located at St. Louis, Missouri, and Mr. E. D. Tennant, of St. Louis, is Secretary-Treasurer of the order. Here the official organ of Hoo-Hoo is published, giving the world news of the organization.

Hoo-Hoo is just another expression of the hunger for jolly good-fellowship and friendship among business men, and it has proven a strong tie and bond of acquaintanceship that makes the world brighter for the wayfaring stranger who hails with delight the appearance of the insignia of the Black Cat. Hoo-Hoo takes cognizance of the value of truth, and recognizes, at the outset, that the first requisite in order to enjoy life is health; the next is happiness, and the next is to have a long term on this earth, which purposes are promoted by getting together and helping one another.

JULIUS SEIDEL
Snark of the Universe of the Concatenated Order of Hoo-Hoo

The order was originated in 1892. A railroad accident in Arkansas had delayed a party of men returning from a meeting of the Yellow Pine Manufacturers Association. In the party was Mr. Bolling, Arthur Johnson, a lumber newspaper man of Chicago, who, during the interval of waiting, suggested the idea of organizing a fraternity of what he called "our camp-following kind." The idea was to band together as brothers those who were in kindred lines of business, and yet not actually engaged in the lumber industry. It was first proposed to call it the "Ancient Order of Camp-followers," but when they came to improvise an initiation ceremony, humor bubbled to the surface, and the first thing they knew they were duly and officially christened "Hoo-Hoo."

From this unpretentious beginning has sprung an organization that has wielded a potent influence in the progress and development of the lumber business and allied industries. It has also been the pattern for many organizations that have followed.

The Snark of the Universe, as might be surmised, is the head of the order, a position altogether honorary and without salary. The Concatenations, or meetings, for the initiation of members are held at frequent intervals, and in these meetings the good humor of Hoo-Hoo prevails. The emblem of the order is a black cat, and as a cat is supposed to have nine lives, so everything in Hoo-Hoo goes by nines. There are nine supreme officers—Snark of the Universe, Senior Hoo-Hoo, Junior Hoo-Hoo, Bojum, Scrivenoter, Jabberwork, Custocatian, Arcanoper and Gurdon, who form an executive board, and one officer who acts as Secretary-Treasurer and business manager, a position decided upon at an annual meeting of the order held in San Francisco in September, 1915.

EMERSON D. TENNANT
Secretary-Treasurer of Hoo-Hoo

General meetings of the order occur once a year on the ninth day of the ninth month, and the dues are always figured with the numerals of nine.

The present supreme head of Hoo-Hoo, or Snark of the Universe, is Mr. Julius Seidel of St. Louis, a man who has devoted himself to the work of the organization for many years. Mr. Seidel was born in St. Louis and was launched into the lumber business at the age of fifteen, when he entered the service of the Eau Claire (Wisconsin) Lumber Company. He started at the bottom, learning how to pile, load, grade and ship, as well as manufacture lumber. At twenty-two he was city salesman, and later was member of the Board of Directors and secretary of the Company. Always associated with the operative end of his business, he never relinquished his hold of its practical side. He realized that there are constant changes going on in business, and that the leaders must be right there to know what these changes mean. A man of ideas, he soon had notions of his own to work out, and they were completed because he was an irredeemable optimist in finishing a task. He knew how to work and to save and learned early in life that artificial props were useless, and that a tub must stand on its own bottom. Starting with a yard a little less than an acre in extent, with a two-horse and a one-horse team, he now has eleven acres covered with 4,200 feet of railroad switch sidings to supply his trade.

Summing up his life work in the wisdom of content, he recalled his mother's maxim that "If we have done our best, we have done our duty." His aim to be a master of the work, rather than a second, third, or fourth-rater, was achieved.

Such a man would naturally be chosen leader of an organization so closely connected with his vocation, the lumber trade, and few men have more fully exemplified the ideals of Hoo-Hoo than Julius Seidel of St. Louis, who finds the inspiration of life in the daily work and daily duties right before him, not forgetting the moments of relaxation when the fraternal spirit of Hoo-Hoo reigns supreme.

The future of Hoo-Hoo does not appear to be waning with the disappearing forests, for wherever the products of the forest are marketed, there the spirit of Hoo-Hoo reigns.

TRADE MARK REGISTERED.

The Woodbox That Made Theatrical History

by

Quincy Kilby

FOR forty years, for forty potent years, a useful, unassuming woodbox stood in the business office of the Boston Theater. The room itself was small and was entered by means of four steps leading downward from the level of the lobby. It contained a desk with a revolving chair, one other chair, a copying-press, a washstand, a soapstone stove with a grate that burned cannel coal, and this woodbox, which held the kindling for the fire. For years the box was covered with carpet, which was afterward replaced by artificial leather. Being cushioned, it made a really comfortable seat.

The office was a favorite gathering-place for managers, actors, and agents, with a sprinkling of business or newspaper men, and often have I seen as many as eight individuals crowded into that little room, one sitting in each chair and one on the box, two on the steps, one on the washstand and one on the soapstone stove, soapstone being fortunately a non-conductor of heat. One more might be attempting to roost on the copying-press, while all would be animatedly discussing interesting topics, chiefly theatrical.

During my long years as treasurer of the theater I had occasion to see many famous men seated upon the humble fuel-holder, and to hear many words of wisdom or of humor fall from the lips of celebrities whose repute was world-wide. Long before my time Edwin Forrest was wont to rest thereon, as were all three Booth brothers—Edwin, Junius Brutus and John Wilkes—Charles Fechter, Joseph Jefferson, W. J. Florence, Barney Williams, the elder Hackett, John E. Owens, John S. Clarke, William Warren—the list is endless. Many noted clergymen and lecturers, numbers of famous authors and critics, all the great managers of the day, all the favorite minstrel performers, every champion pugilist, many a mayor and governor, and a plethora of plutocrats, press agents, poets and politicians, all found a resting place on the old woodbox.

Today it reposes in the sewing-room of my own apartment in Brookline, serving in its quiet age as a repository for shirtwaists, while drowsily ruminating over bygone glories of the days that were. As I look upon it in the calm seclusion of its corner, many a face rises before me, and many a wise or clever saying comes back to mind, made when the woodbox stood in stolid state and bore the weight of men who molded history.

The first to be mentioned should be our well-loved manager himself, Eugene Tompkins, who often stopped for a friendly talk with the rest of us. I consider it decidedly unusual that employes should welcome the presence of their employer at all times, but we were always glad to see him, for he never gave us cause to fear him. And yet he had that about him which forbade anybody's presuming on his good nature. One or two anecdotes will show the manner of man he was.

While the theater was closed in the summer, the building was in charge of a day and a night watchman, who relieved each other at seven in the morning and at the same hour at night. One morning I happened to come down at the time for changing shifts and met the two watchmen going out together to take a drink, meanwhile leaving the theater entirely unprotected. As was my duty, I reported the fact to Mr. Tompkins. Instead of losing his temper and discharging both men on the spot, he said: "That is pretty serious, but I'll tell you what to do. You say to the day watchman, 'Ed, if I were in your place, I wouldn't ever leave the theater to itself, as you did the other morning. If the boss ever found it out, he'd be awful mad.'" I did as he said and the message took effect. The two men never left the building unprotected again; they retained their positions, and they never suspected that I had reported them.

At another time he was to make a grand production of "The Black Crook" at the World's Fair in Chicago, and had imported from England one hundred jeweled armors, some of which were the finest that had ever been shown in this country. They had arrived in Boston and been thru the Custom House and one Saturday morning were reposing in the theater, ready for shipment to Chicago. I asked Mr. Tompkins if he would have them unpacked, in order to know what they looked like, but he replied that he would wait until he saw them in Chicago. A few hours later, however, he told me, "If you'll come down here on Sunday morning, you can see those armors." I answered that I thought he wasn't going to unpack them in Boston. "Well, I wasn't," he replied, "but Jim Russell wanted to see them, and the janitor said he'd open the boxes, so I told him to go ahead." Jim Russell was one of our stage hands, and not one of the principal ones either, but he wanted to look at the armors, and Mr. Tompkins arranged it so that he could. Is it any wonder we all loved such a manager? When he died, he remembered his old employes more liberally in his will than any theatrical manager has ever done before or since.

Joseph Jefferson often sat on the woodbox and chatted sociably with whomever happened to be present. At one time his engagement was to be followed by that of a vaudeville company. In speaking of the latter he said to me, "I always like to see a vaudeville company, because everyone is doing his best all the while. An actor may play a part until he is tired of it and may grow extremely perfunctory, but a vaudeville performer has to put his best foot forward all the time, for he knows if he fails to make a hit he will not be engaged in that house again. We see more honest performances among the vaudeville people than among actors."

In 1901 the library of the late Frederic W. French was sold at auction, his theatrical collection being one of the great ones of the time. In the catalog of his belongings were two pictures painted by Mr. Jefferson himself. I called his attention to the items and he said: "I wonder how he happened to own any of my pictures. I never knew Mr. French." "I think I can explain that," I answered. "I know that when the effects of William Warren were auctioned off, Mr. French bought quite a lot of stuff, and perhaps these pictures came to him in that way." "Very likely," replied Mr. Jefferson, then adding, with a twinkle in his eye, "I don't like the way you use that word 'stuff.'"

* * *

One of the most interesting personages who were in the habit of coming into the office was Colonel Mapleson, the operatic manager. He knew everybody on the lyric stage the world over, and everybody of any consequence in England, and many were the stories and reminiscences he had to relate. Here is one which I have never yet seen in print:

While the present King George of England was a young naval officer, there came a time when he had spent his entire allowance of pocket money, and was short of funds. He, therefore, wrote a nice letter to his grandmother, Queen Victoria, asking her to give him a hundred pounds. One night in an Australian harbor, while sitting with the others at the officers' mess, he suddenly burst out, "What do you think of that old grandmother of mine? I ask her for a hundred pounds for spending money, and she not only refuses to give it to me, but adds a lot of grandmotherly advice about living within my income."

Another young officer spoke up, "That's hard luck. I'll give you a hundred pounds for the letter." And Colonel Mapleson said that the youthful prince sold Queen Victoria's letter for a hundred pounds and considered it a great joke.

* * *

In my opinion, the greatest manager I ever met was Maurice Grau, at that time impresario of the Metropolitan Opera Company. His grasp of ideas and his memory for figures were marvelous. If you mentioned any opera, he could tell you offhand what its receipts had been during any of his previous engagements in the city, whether at the Boston Theater or Mechanics Building. Not only that, but he could also tell how much rival organizations had played to in the same operas. I never heard where he gained the latter information, but it was always correct. Considering Mr. Grau the best authority on the subject of prima donnas, I once asked him whom he considered the best singer in the world. "Sembrich is the best singer in the world," he replied, "but Melba has the best voice." One action by Mr. Grau that particularly pleased me was when, after the death of his father, he paid the old gentleman's debts, tho neither legally nor morally could he have been held responsible. for them

John Philip Sousa, the bandmaster, once said to me as he sat on the woodbox, "No band can make a success in this country without a personality at the head of it. Gilmore's Band was a gold mine while Gilmore himself was conducting, but when he died it ceased to be a paying proposition, even with so fine a musician as Victor Herbert as its leader. Money can hire the best musicians, but it takes a name and the presence of the owner of that name to make a band draw." The truth of this assertion has been since borne in on me by the success of Creatore's Band and Duss's Band, not to speak of the permanent hold of Sousa's own band on the public, while on the contrary I have seen several praiseworthy organizations go to the wall for lack of a name to conjure with.

* * *

One Monday forenoon George Primrose, the minstrel, sat on the woodbox while he told us of a new song he had, which he was to offer that night for the first time here. We asked him what it was like, and he sang to us "A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," which had never been heard anywhere in the city. It was but a few months before that simple minstrel song had become almost our national hymn.

Primrose prided himself on his quickness at putting on or removing burnt cork, and would sit in the office until within ten minutes or less of the time when he was due on the stage. Suddenly he would glide away, and in an incredibly short time might be seen stepping out of the wings, having completely changed his costume and blacked his face in the meantime. I remember one engagement when he, with several others, was doing a plantation sketch, in which they all were made up as old darkies. At one of the matinees I stood in the lobby with a friend, expatiating on George's wonderful celerity in changing from black to white. "You can see him now over at that side of the stage," I said, "with his face and hands blacked, and those old rags on. Now you notice when the curtain falls on the sketch, and then watch that little door that leads from the stage to the auditorium, and I'll bet it won't be nine minutes before he comes thru that door in his street clothes, with every particle of burnt cork removed." To my intense astonishment, it was only two minutes before he stepped thru the door, looking as I had promised. "By Jove, George," I gasped, "you certainly have broken all records this time." "Yes," he replied, "I didn't go on in the sketch this afternoon. Joe Garland did the part for me." If he hadn't told me that, I should be prevaricating to this day about the most remarkable quick change ever known.

After the team of Primrose and West had parted for good, he said to me, "I miss Bill every night in the dressing room. We were together twenty-six years, and I can't get over being away from him." I know he would have been pleased if they could have come together again, but West died shortly after that.

Andrew Mack, the Irish comedian, was one of my callers. (I visited at his house once and was surprised to hear his mother call him Willie. His whole name is William Andrew McGlone.) He was fond of telling me about his brother Tom, known to the public as the minstrel comedian Tommy Lemack. Tom was once introduced to Buffalo Bill in these words, "Mr. Lemack, let me make you acquainted with Mr. Cody, Buffalo Bill." Tom acknowledged the introduction and said with a serious countenance, "What part of Buffalo do you come from, Mr. Cody?"

* * *

Rev. Minot J. Savage was no stranger to the office. I remember that one spring we had had a great deal of bad weather, but Decoration Day had turned out to be pleasant and delightful. Mr. Savage spoke of the fact and remarked what a blessing it was that the day should have been so fine. "But you must remember," I observed, "that on that pleasant day the public stayed away from the theaters and remained out of doors. If it had been stormy, the theaters would have been crowded." It was a new viewpoint for him, and he acknowledged that pleasant weather at such times was not an unmixed blessing.

Louis Aldrich had been a member of the old stock company at the theater for years, and was ever after a welcome visitor to the office. Many are the legends of the mischief in which Louis was concerned in the stock days. At one time Shirley France was playing a part in which he had been captured and tied to a tree. Aldrich crept behind him, out of sight of the audience, and jabbed him with a bradawl thru the canvas of the scenery, much to the pain and disapproval of the victim. France stood it just as long as he possibly could, and then in desperation walked off the stage, tree and all, greatly to the astonishment of the audience, who had not imagined that a man of so slight a frame could uproot and bear away a mighty oak.

In the old days the actors used to celebrate the end of a long run by cutting loose on the last night and saying all manner of things not in the text. On the final evening of a spectacular play, Aldrich suddenly walked down the stage and addressed himself in these words to Napier Lothian, the leader of the orchestra:

Farewell, farewell, a long farewell,
  A long farewell to you.
No more I'll say, "She's mine. She's mine,"
  Which is your music cue.

Steve Brodie, the bridge jumper, the King of the Bowery, once played a week's engagement with us, and on the following Sunday night Robert G. Ingersoll delivered one of his many lectures in the theater. Brodie was sitting on the woodbox that evening, when in came Mr. Farrell, who was Ingersoll's brother-in-law and manager. I introduced the two, and Brodie startled us by saying, "How is the Colonel nowadays? You know he defended me for killing that man up in Albany." It was spoken in such a matter-of-fact way that for the moment Mr. Farrell and I felt that killing a man up in Albany must be a commonplace occurrence. Brodie's play was a lurid melodrama called "On the Bowery," and I recall with delight his defiance of the villain. "Who are you?" demanded the latter. "Steve Brodie, the King of the Bowery" was the proud reply. And oh, the soul-satisfying applause!

* * *

Nat Goodwin sometimes came in for a chat, and I was reminded of the time when we two played together in amateur theatricals, and of that day in the spring of 1875 when I met Nat on School Street, and he said, "Quin, have you got a velvet coat that I can borrow? Because if I can get a velvet coat, I can have a chance to play at the Howard next week with Stuart Robson in 'Law in New York.'" It is needless to say that I owned no such garment, but he found one somewhere, went on for a small part and gave his imitations, and it was not many months before he was on the stage for good, and was being recognized as one of our funniest comedians.

One of the most magnetic men I ever knew was J. K. Emmett, the exponent of "Fritz." He would sit quietly in the office, rarely saying anything, but everyone present would feel a cordial liking for the man. He fairly seemed to radiate magnetism. Tho famous as a German comedian, he was of Irish descent, as his name would indicate. He had an admiring following all over the land, and since his death no one has come up to take his place.

Louis James was once the leading man of the establishment, and he, too, was known as having a boyish love for mischief. For several years before becoming a star, he supported Lawrence Barrett, and at times made that gentleman's life a burden. On one occasion the play of "Richelieu" was presented for the first time that season. The actors were not up in their lines, and the piece hitched badly all the way thru. Before the evening was over, Mr. Barrett sent word to all the company that he wished to see them on the stage, after the final fall of the curtain. Everyone was on hand, and the tragedian blurted out, "Ladies and gentlemen, this is probably the worst performance of 'Richelieu' that has ever been given in this country." Louis looked at him sympathetically and asked, "Do you refer to your performance, Mr. Barrett, or ours?"

* * *

That brings us to Napier Lothian, who conducted the orchestra of the Boston Theater for forty years. He was a frequent visitor to the office, and from his perch on the box would flood us with enough entertaining information to fill an encyclopedia. He became so familiar with the stage from his long years in the conductor's chair that he absorbed an unquestioned ability to act, and on several occasions played principal comedy parts with Maggie Mitchell or Lotta. At one time he saved the performance of "The Shaughraun" by his dramatic ability and retentive memory. Louis James, who was playing the leading juvenile part of Captain Molineux, was called suddenly out of town, and there was no actor to be had who could assume the part at short notice. Everything was at a standstill, and there was danger of the theater's being closed, when somebody thought of Lothian. Like a trained soldier he stepped into the breach and gave a thoroly creditable performance, thus saving the day. It was a truly remarkable feat.

Mr. Lothian liked to tell a story on himself, of a time when he and Louis Aldrich were coming by boat from New York, and no staterooms were to be had for love or money. They debated what they should do, when all at once Lothian discovered that William Stuart, the New York manager, was sitting in the purser's office, evidently on terms of intimacy with that individual. He had met Mr. Stuart before, and feeling that perhaps he might be of help to them in securing a room, stepped up to the window with a cheery "How do you do, Mr. Stuart?" "How do," replied Stuart, shortly. "You don't seem to recognize me," continued Lothian. "No, I don't seem to," acknowledged the manager.

"Perhaps you'll remember me if you think of Scott's novel, 'The Heart of Midlothian,'" suggested the musician. "Oh, how do you do, Mr. Hart," said Stuart, promptly. Aldrich snickered, and they gave it up as a hopeless task.

* * *

The late R. H. White, the dry goods merchant, was a frequent visitor, and we often reminded him of the time when he was an actor for five minutes. It was in 1890, when "The Soudan" was having the most successful run of any melodrama during the theater's existence. In the scene which represented the departure of the troops from Trafalgar Square, the greatest number of people were shown that have ever been upon that enormous stage at one time. We attaches of the house often went on as supernumeraries in that scene, and were in the habit of inviting our friends to make their theatrical debuts therein.

One evening Mr. Tompkins persuaded Mr. White to go on with him, having at first secretly instructed Harry Rose, who was playing a policeman in the piece, as to what he should do. The minute the curtain was up, the policeman grabbed Mr. White and hustled him across the stage, in full view of the audience, who had no suspicion as to whom they were seeing. Mr. White made a swift clutch at Mr. Tompkins' coat, and hung on like grim death, while the two went flying the entire width of the stage together, to the extreme delight of those who were in the secret. As soon as they had reached the wings, the merchant fled, no more to return to the boards.

The following morning I sent a boy to Mr. White's store with a note for him and a silver quarter. The note told him of his discharge as an actor, and requested a receipt for the money tendered him for his services. From my scrap book at home I copy the receipt:

Boston, November 8th, 1890.

Received of Eugene Tompkins twenty-five cents, payment in full for services as an actor, Friday, November 7th, 1890.
$0.25 R. H. White.

With this he sent the following letter:

Boston, November 8th, 1890.

Mr. Kilby:

Dear Sir: Your note with payment enclosed for services rendered duly received and receipt for same herewith enclosed. I regret in the interest of the future success of the "Soudan" that you see fit to discharge me without the usual customary notice in the profession. I certainly endeavored to do my part well, and I appeal to my brother actors to bear testimony to the fact that the public did not appreciate my talents is no fault of mine, as my career was cut short by a d—— policeman just as I was about to make the greatest hit of my life.

Yours truly,
R. H. White.

Dear old Denman Thompson was so welcome a caller that we presented him with a key to the office for his permanent use. To the general public Mr. Thompson was a genuine New Englander, both on and off the stage, and many a time I have heard people speak of seeing him on the street and saying how countrified he appeared among city surroundings. But I once had occasion to visit him during the summer at his home in West Swanzey, New Hampshire, and was surprised to find that he seemed not at all like a native to the manner born, but rather gave the impression of a banker on his vacation. Few theater-goers probably realize that Mr. Thompson was an actor for many years before he played Joshua Whitcomb, and that he had to assume all the roles which naturally fall to the lot of a stock comedian. He had a fine Irish dialect, and I remember his saying that one season when he was in the company at Toronto, John Brougham came to present "The Rivals," the star assuming the part of Sir Lucius O'Trigger, while Denman was cast for Bob Acres. Later in the same season, Stuart Robson played "The Rivals," with himself as Bob Acres and Thompson as Sir Lucius. I once saw an extremely rare portrait of Mr. Thomspon as Mose, the tough fireman, in "A Glance at New York," which would make apparent a versatility unsuspected by his latter-day admirers. We were in the habit of calling him Governor, and he seemed to like it. He was a very generous man, and at the end of one of his engagements he presented to each of us of the office staff a jeweled stickpin of considerable value. My own is still one of my most prized possessions.

We of the office were not in the habit of receiving gifts from visiting stars, the only other case that I recall being after Henry Irving's memorable engagement, during which he drew the greatest house of his history up to that time. Bram Stoker was the English actor's manager, and he gave us each a box of cigars. I will do Mr. Stoker the justice to say that he was not a user of tobacco, but he must have bought those goods on account of their gaudy labels, for as smokes they were jokes. None of us ever tried one of the cigars, and we could offer them to anyone who knew the real thing without the slightest danger of the box's being depleted. Finally we used to show them off by laying them in the coalhod, setting fire to them, and watching them as they burned up without the necessity of a draft. Mr. Irving himself was a very free-handed man and would never have made such a mistake, but Bram Stoker was of different clay.

How like life it is. The audiences pass, the actor dies, the woodbox still remains.

U. S. Grant—His Life Struggles

by The Editor

AN experience covering many years of newspaper and secretarial work at Washington in the afterglow of the Grant administration, furnished Mr. Louis A. Coolidge an early glimpse of men and affairs of those times. He was later Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and is the dean of distinguished Washington correspondents. In the busy days of business executive responsibilities, he has written a biography of Ulysses Simpson Grant* that is recognized as a historical text-book. It is written from the standpoint of a close observer, one who knows human nature in its relation to public sense. At the outset, he clearly states that Grant had two distinct careers—each of its own right meriting a place in history.

Biographers have been lavish in comment on the military fame of Grant, but in that other and more important career, they have not been so generous in their discussion or information as has Mr. Coolidge, who has pointed out very succinctly how the administration of President Grant was the beginning of the great industrial and constructive era of the country. There is never a time that the author loses his poise. While firm in his admiration and conviction, he does not throw the spotlight so strongly that the shadows are too sharp. He has made Ulysses Simpson Grant human—one of us. He has furnished a volume that will be a standard in schools and colleges, because of its lucid style and its comprehension of the political as well as the military history of the country during the life and career of Grant.

Sketches of Grant's life, from the birthplace at Point Pleasant, Ohio, to that haloized passing on Mount McGregor, are given with the touch of an artist. Life in and around the country village reveals few comforts and no graces—this was the environment in which Grant spent his early boyhood.

The name "Ulysses" was the choice of Grandmother Simpson, who had been reading Fenelon's "Telemachus." "Hiram Ulysses" was the name of boyhood, but at West Point he was rechristened "Ulysses Simpson" thru a mistake made by his Congressman in making out the papers. The neighbors called him "Useless," and he was nicknamed "Uncle Sam" at West Point, while his soldiers called him "Unconditional Surrender."

His early boyhood was spent at Georgetown, Ohio, as thousands of American boys grew up in the then new Middle West. His father was a thrifty man, a good debater, and had a pride of ancestry which he traced back to Matthew Grant, who came over from England in 1630 to Dorchester, Massachusetts. In early youth, Grant displayed a love of horses that continued thru his life. At eleven he was at the plow, breaking up the ground, plowing corn, and otherwise defying modern child labor laws.

The schooling of young Grant was in the

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*"Ulysses S. Grant." By Louis A. Coolidge. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company. Price, $2.00.

border states, and he was an observer. It seems as tho Mr. Coolidge has given a more intimate and close view of U. S. Grant than even the Autobiography furnishes. He has limited the inconsequential and brought out the high lights.

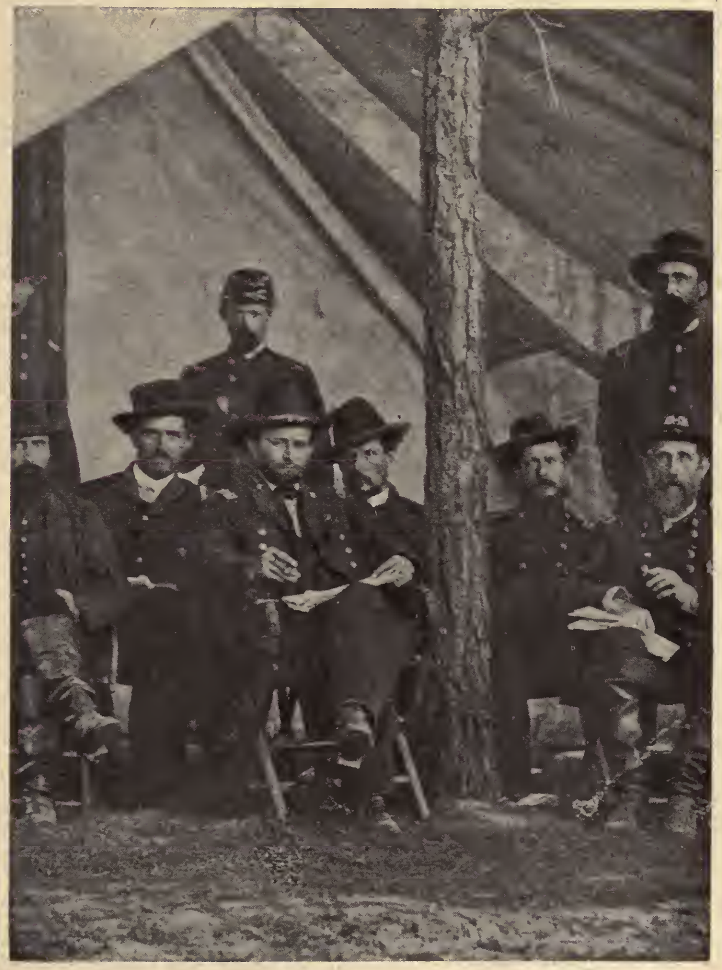
GRANT AS LIEUTENANT-GENERAL

When Senator Thomas Morris, at the suggestion of the father, Jesse Grant, appointed young Ulysses to West Point, it was the first intimation the lad had of a life career. At first he said "I won't go"—because he felt he could not pass the examination, and a military life had no charms for him even when he actually started for West Point. After he arrived, he had no intention of remaining in the Army after graduation—and even graduation seemed to the homesick boy one of the impossibilities. He took little interest in his studies, but mathematics came to him intuitively. He loved to browse among the novels of Cooper, Scott, and Bulwer at the library. He mingled with the highly-pedigreed young Southerners, who later commanded armies in the Confederacy. He was known as "Sam Grant," and General Longstreet of the Confederacy insisted that he was a boy with a perfect sense of honor and a scrupulous regard for truth—rather a negative character, except that he was a daring horseman and had proven the hero of West Point in feats of horsemanship displayed when General Winfield Scott visited the parade ground.

Step by step the character of Grant is unfolded by Mr. Coolidge, always with a rigid selection of the facts that tell a human story. When Grant left West Point, there were 7,500 men in the regular army—not enough of an army for the number of officers, so he started in life as a supernumerary at Jefferson Barracks, near St. Louis. After a few months, he was ordered South with his regiment, to participate in the struggle with Mexico. At this time he fell in love with Julia Dent, daughter of Colonel Dent, the owner of a large plantation near St. Louis. It was while courting her that he was ordered South, and before following his regiment, rode out to see his sweetheart. On the road he had to cross a creek, which was ordinarily a dry run, but during the rains was swollen to overflowing, with a rapid current. Grant has written the keynote of his life in relating this incident: "I looked at it for a moment to consider what to do. One of my superstitions had always been, when I started to go anywhere or to do anything, not to turn back or stop until the thing intended was accomplished. I have frequently started to go to places where I had never been, and to which I did not know the way, depending upon making inquiries on the road; and if I got past the place without knowing it instead of turning back, I would go on until a road was found turning in the right direction, take that, and come in by the other side. So I struck into the stream, and in an instant the horse was swimming, and I being carried down by the current. I headed the horse toward the other bank and soon reached it, wet thru, and without other clothes on that side of the stream."

Keeping on, however, he borrowed dry clothes from his future brother-in-law, and thus attired, declared his love. It was not until 1848, after the close of the Mexican War, however, that he was married.

The pictures that the author so graphically gives the reader impresses them that Grant's career was more intensely tragic and human, in many respects, than that of Lincoln. After serving in the Mexican War, and those long, wearisome days in the barracks, U. S. Grant found himself retired from the army—a life failure. He had tremendous handicaps to overcome. Lincoln began as Grant did, but Lincoln succeeded step by step, and Grant was a confessed and acknowledged failure at forty. He had to struggle for a living. He was a failure as a farmer, and he landed



GRANT AT COLD HARBOR, VIRGINIA, JUNE 14, 1864
Sitting at left of picture is Col. John A. Rawlins, Chief of Staff; standing behind Grant is Col. Theodore S. Bowers; sitting at Grant's left (*head showing near tree*) is Col. William L. Duff; sitting at right of picture is Gen. John G. Barnard

in New York, bankrupt and penniless on his return from San Francisco, where he had been relieved from the army. It was his classmate, General Buckner, later of the Confederacy, who helped him. There was no joy at home when he returned, as his younger brothers were all doing well, but with all his West Point training and education, Grant was a confessed failure. He returned to his family in Missouri, and settled on an old, unbroken tract of land which his father-in-law had turned over to his wife, and with grim humor called it "Hard Scrabble." He worked hard, but chills and fever came along, and he had to give up farming and move into St. Louis, where he tried the real estate business, with the same result.

He confessed to voting for Buchanan for President, and then secured a place in the Custom House. In the meantime, his brothers were all flourishing, and Mr. Coolidge lets the curtain fall dramatically on this overture in the one sentence:

"And then came Sumter and the call for troops." He describes the processes of Grant's mind during those months, for Grant was not slow in realizing what war meant, and offered his services—he who had been a failure. He was living at Galena, Illinois, at that time—and of the undrilled, unskilled, ununiformed and unarmed bands of volunteers pouring into Springfield, one of the best came from Galena, hastily drilled by Quartermaster-Captain Grant.

On the point of leaving the work, discouraged, he was requisitioned by Governor Yates, and set to work mustering in additional regiments of volunteers. This work did not last long, and on his return to Galena, he wrote the Adjutant-General of the Army, tendering his services and offering the only suggestion he ever made about his rank: "Having served for fifteen years in the regular army, including four years at West Point, and feeling it the duty of everyone who has been educated at the government expense to offer their services for the support of the Government, I have the honor, very respectfully, to tender my services until the close of the war in such capacity as may be offered. I would say, in view of my present age and length of service, I feel myself competent to command a regiment if the President, in his judgment, should see fit to entrust one to me. Since the first call of the President, I have been serving on the staff of the Governor of this State, rendering such aid as I could in the organization of our state militia, and am still engaged in that capacity. A letter addressed to me at Springfield, Illinois, will reach me."

No answer was ever received to this generous offer. The letter was buried among the Department papers, which indicates that it was necessary to follow up letters in those days as well as today. Yates would have secured an appointment for him, but he declined, saying he didn't want rank till he had earned it. "What kind of a man is this Captain Grant?" Yates asked a bookkeeper from the Galena store, "though anxious to serve, he seems reluctant to take any high position. . . . What does he want?"

"The way to deal with him," was the reply, "is to ask him no questions, but simply order him to duty. He will obey promptly."

Yates immediately wired Grant: "You are this day appointed Colonel of the Twenty-first Illinois Volunteers and requested to take command at once." His commission was dated June 16, 1861. Little did this bookkeeper realize that he had helped to direct the career of one of America's greatest men.

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With the cohesion and yet sweeping interest of a romance, Mr. Coolidge carries his hero step by step, not overlooking the handicaps and shortcomings. He pictures the new commander, with no uniform, and able to purchase one later with three hundred dollars borrowed from a friend. His rustic clothes and stooped shoulders contrasted with the strut of the militia colonels. He tells an enlightening story of Logan and McClernand, two Democratic Congressmen. While they were making stirring speeches to his men as colonels, Grant was called upon for a speech, and simply replied: "Go to your quarters," in the clear, carrying voice that was to be the real voice of command. Drill and discipline and work were the order of the day in Grant's camp, and his military tactics are contained in one expression: "Find out where your enemy is. Get at him as soon as you can, strike at him as hard as you can, and keep moving on." A description of the first skirmish is interesting, because of the lesson it revealed of Grant's independence in responsible command. It occurred to him that the enemy was as much afraid of him as he had been of the enemy, and to the close of the war he never experienced trepidation upon confronting the enemy; his anxiety was to have his men in the best shape possible and *know* how the enemy was situated.

As General Sherman remarked: "When I go into a battle, I am always worrying about what the enemy is going to do. Grant never seems to give a d——, but goes ahead." Elihu Washburne, a "down-east" Yankee Representative in Congress from the Galena district, was naturally proud of the way in which Grant handled the Galena Company, and it was always Grant's feeling in later developments that this quiet and shrewd Yankee had much to do with his first appointment at Springfield. The author has clarified Civil War history of much useless rubbish. He discovered where Grant translated into terms of conquest the cry, "We must cut our way to the Gulf with our swords."

Already dreaming of possibilities in that famous Vicksburg campaign, Grant's first experience in statecraft was with a Kentucky legislature, then playing with neutrality, which gave him an insight into the border state situation. Grant issued a proclamation—a simple, but honest declaration, which did much to save Kentucky for the Union. Reconnoitering, Grant dispersed Polk's army, and would have demanded the surrender of the beaten forces and withdrawn, had not his green troops, elated over what seemed a great victory, commenced to ransack the camp. Grant then set fire to the tents, but the enemy had a chance to rally, and his men were surrounded and attacked. They would have surrendered had not Grant insisted that they had cut their way in and now must cut their way out, forcing them to the boats. This little flash of Union victory was hailed as due to McClernand, the soldier politician. Grant said little, because he had already begun to feel the fangs of military jealousy.

Those weary weeks of waiting before Donelson were trying. Grant was in trouble with Fremont, then Major-General of Volunteers, and Lincoln, also, was having difficulties with the "Pathfinder," who had issued a proclamation confiscating the property of all persons in Missouri who had taken active part with the enemies of the United States, and declaring free their slaves. This was the proclamation that Lincoln annulled, knowing that the border states could not be held to the Union with such an act at this time. James Russell Lowell and other enthusiasts of the North were bitter toward Lincoln for this act. Halleck, who succeeded Fremont, was a West Point soldier, a former San Francisco lawyer, and had seen service in Mexico.

THE HERO OF APPOMATTOX

Halleck thought very little of Grant, who was left to vegetate at Cairo, and received him with scant courtesy when he urged action and disclosed plans for marching on to Donelson. Without orders or permission, Grant started, wiring Halleck: "I shall take and destroy Fort Donelson on the 8th and return to Fort Henry." This seemed like a wild expedition, but Grant felt that it was time to strike. It was at Donelson that Grant sent back to his old friend Buckner the memorable and historic message: "No terms except an unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works." Buckner was the comrade who had helped him in New York when he was penniless, only eight years before. It is related that, after the surrender, Grant tendered his purse to his old benefactor.

GRANT, THE SILENT COMMANDER

Fort Donelson was the first substantial victory of the Union forces, and gave heart to the North. In fact, more men had fought at Donelson than ever before on American soil. Hereafter Grant was known as "Unconditional Surrender Grant." While the country was praising Grant, Halleck was silent. Grant was overlooked in the promotions, but Lincoln singled out his name alone and sent it in later as Major-General of Volunteers. Grant had already fought his way, unfriended, to high rank. The intrigues all about him in those days would have crushed a spirit less sturdy.

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The entire history of the Civil War is related so lucidly in Mr. Coolidge's own inimitable style that the tedium of chronological succession in reading history is eliminated. The description of General Grant at Donelson is supplemented in the picture given by General Horace Porter at Shiloh: "I can recall only two persons," he declared later, "who thruout a rattling fire of musketry always sat in their saddles without moving a muscle or winking an eye; one was a bugler, and the other was General Grant." It was Jefferson Davis who wrote years later that "the fortunes of a country hung by the single thread of a life that was yielded on the field of Shiloh"—referring to the knightly Johnston, who fell while rallying his men.

In these engagements, Grant never seemed to know when he was beaten, and never doubted ultimate success. During this time the Union losses became so heavy that Northern enemies began to call him "Butcher Grant." The Northern press defiled itself with slanders, declaring that Grant was drunk before the battle, loafing behind, and letting others fight. These were the heart-tearing libels he met in the thorny path on his way to fame. After another engagement, Halleck asked for higher rank for Sherman, but did not mention Grant. Grant requested relief from duty altogether, and asked to have his command defined.

When he was attacked in Congress, the brother of General Sherman, Senator John Sherman of Ohio, alone almost, dared to come to Grant's defense. There was an attack by Senator Harlan of Iowa, who declared that the Iowa troops had no confidence in Grant, who was unfit for the high position which he held. It was then that Lincoln made his plea: "I cannot spare this man. He fights." After two months, Grant was restored to his command at Memphis, and began that notable campaign toward Vicksburg, daily receiving rebukes that would have overwhelmed a less courageous spirit.

Vicksburg was to be the great crucial test, and while Grant's plans did not receive favor, even with Lincoln, he forged ahead despite all obstacles. The pictures of Grant at the time when he was Major-General seemed to appeal to popular fancy, but Grant continued his daring plans to seize Vicksburg, realizing that he was on trial before the country.

* * *

In April, the month in which most of our great wars were begun, Grant launched that marvelous campaign of two months, which ended in the fall of Vicksburg. This campaign has been pronounced by military experts one of the most marvelous of history, and the credit of conception and execution with all details is given to Grant. His military fame, as the author insists, would have been complete then, but as he himself said: "One of my superstitions is that in positions of great responsibility everyone should do his duty to the best of his ability when assigned by competent authority, without application or the use of influence to change his position."

He had now justified the trust of Lincoln, and even Halleck, his most severe critic, insisted that "In boldness of plan, rapidity of execution, and brilliancy of results, these operations will compare most favorably with those of Napoleon about Ulm." Lincoln at once named Grant a Major-General in the regular army. It was at Vicksburg that Charles A. Dana, of the New York *Sun*, sent by Stanton to see what Grant was doing, became his enthusiastic friend and advocate. Dana, with the faithful Rawlins, was with Grant constantly, and in his confidence. In every great career, there seems to be that faithful and unswerving friend. Grant's weakness was liquor, and it was Rawlins who saved him many times. It was Dana, the civilian, who was an important factor in fixing Grant's reputation with Stanton and Lincoln.

One is tempted to linger with the author's fascinating descriptions of the war, but the distinctive feature of the book has been to present Grant in his political career. One could not pass over those days after he was called to the East, when Lincoln, shortly after that memorable address at Gettysburg, had suggested a revival of the rank of Lieutenant-General, a title which Washington alone had borne, and given the modest soldier from the West the rank of General-in-Chief of all the armies of the United States. When he arrived in Washington there were still carping criticisms. Sherman appealed to him to remain in the West and make sure of things there. Grant's modest entry into the national Capital to receive his commission from Lincoln was characteristic of the man. For the North, the war really began at Gettysburg and Vicksburg; in fact, it began when the genius of U. S. Grant was recognized.

The spectacular cry, "On to Richmond!" had been dominant until Grant's arrival in the East. "Lee's army will be your objective point," he ordered Meade. "Wherever Lee goes, you will go also." He realized that when Lee was defeated Richmond would fall, for he considered Lee, at that time, the real heart of the Confederacy. During these gloomiest of days, Grant kept the fixed purpose before him. He called on Sheridan, who sent Early's army whirling up the valley, and Sherman made his march on to the sea. Even in these days, the author points out, the unreserved confidence given to Grant by Lincoln, despite the mistakes he was making from time to time—but he never relaxed on the one purpose, and that purpose was consummated at Appomattox.

* * *

Only two men are now living who were present at Appomattox—General Horace Porter and Robert Todd Lincoln, the son of Abraham Lincoln. It was the magnanimous spirit of Grant that led Lee to negotiate for peace after the failure of Gordon's assault. When Grant received the note, he pushed on to the front to meet Lee. The story of Appomattox is one that never wearies the American reader—when Grant, in his simple way, wrote swiftly and clearly, without erasure, not hesitating to deliberate on a single word, the terms of surrender, which were accepted. When he looked up and saw General Lee there in his new uniform and presentation sword, worn because the Confederate baggage train had been destroyed, Grant interlined that the officers should retain their side arms and the mounted men their horses. In this act, Ulysses S. Grant proved his real greatness. When General Lee mounted to ride away, it was Grant who walked by his horse, touched his hat, and saluted.

This closing act of the Civil War was sent in a simple telegram of three lines by Grant to the Secretary of War. Grant went to Washington, talked with Lincoln, and declined the invitation to Ford's Theater on the night that Lincoln was assassinated. And in that hour of the nation's grief the country looked toward Grant. He had an aversion to being lionized. He was sent to Richmond to stay Sherman in his hot-headed determination, and he did it firmly and friendlily. As graphically pointed out by Mr. Coolidge, at the very crest and zenith of his renown, Grant found himself in Washington, encumbered with high military rank, but shorn of power, for he was now curtailing the expenses of war, cancelling orders for munitions and supplies. He pursued his work for peace with the same earnestness with which he had conducted his campaigns in war.

The contest with Johnson, and his grasp of the perilous situation in Mexico, indicated that the "silent commander" had but begun his work. The reconstruction policy of Lincoln was thrown to the winds by Johnson, and Grant found himself at odds with the President, and with five Radicals in the Senate, led by Senator Charles Sumner, who was always the unrelenting foe of Grant, because of his almost fanatical views on the question of indiscriminate negro suffrage. Lincoln contended that the seceding states had never left the Union, and should be treated accordingly. Johnson, narrow and disputatious, incurred the enmity of nearly all the Northern leaders, but he recognized in Grant not only the strongest personal force in the North, but a man for whom the South had the highest esteem and confidence.

He sent Grant notes, and used to drop in at his office and home. Grant accepted the President's attentions without comment, and without committing himself, but the strife culminated in the impeachment proceedings against Johnson, which only failed by one vote of the necessary two-thirds. These men who saved Johnson were held up to public scorn in the North, and the speculation is even made as to what would have been the result in the South with Grant or Sherman or one of the military leaders of the Civil War in supreme command, for they, paradoxical as it may seem, were less actuated by vindictiveness and personal ambition than the politicians who had remained at home, now ready to garner the fruits of victory. It might have been better for Grant had he remained away from Washington during these times, comments Mr. Coolidge. Sherman had asked him to do so, but Grant felt that his duty lay there, and upon his head fell many blows.

* * *

The biography contains the most complete and clear account of the days succeeding the war of any single volume published. These events were pointing toward Grant's nomination for the presidency and foreshadowing his memorable administration. As acting Secretary of War after the suspension of Stanton, Grant was still in the thick of the turmoil, and the break with Johnson came on the removal of Sheridan, in which the enemies of Stanton were at work.

His election as President seemed to follow as a logical sequence, and his inauguration marked an era of good feeling—but Grant refused to ride in the same carriage with Johnson from the White House to the Capitol, for he could not forget that Johnson had impeached his integrity. The formation of the Cabinet and the political measures of those early days of the administration were the beginning of the reconstruction period of American development. It was the real beginning of the Republican party, and a utilization of the protective tariff to build up the country after an exhausting war.

Pressing problems came thick and fast, but Grant had little skill for handling men of Sumner's type. He differed somewhat from Lincoln, who had a way of dropping in at Sumner's house to drink a cup of tea and keep the irascible Massachusetts statesman in good humor. As chairman of the committee on foreign relations, Sumner had power. It was at this time that the expansion of the United States of America began. The arbitration with Great Britain, which resulted in the Geneva awards, was due to Grant's unrelenting persistence. Even then Grant was not afraid of such an outcome as war with Great Britain, for he felt that Sheridan could have taken Canada in thirty days with trained and seasoned troops.

GRANT WRITING HIS MEMOIRS AT MOUNT McGREGOR

Grant was an expansionist. He seemed to foresee what has happened. With Hamilton Fish in the Cabinet, there were world plans ahead. Sumner finally broke with Grant over the San Domingo affair, but in the meantime the Geneva award had been made, and one of the first really great triumphs of arbitration scored. The chapter on the San Domingo tragedy is worthy of being read and re-read in the light of recent events. Mr. Coolidge has given it more clearly and comprehensively than in any other record extant. He followed the debates in Congress and the activities of the Cabinet. Sumner followed him relentlessly, but Grant steadfastly pursued his purpose. It was then that the Cuban problem first began to appear. From that day events pointed to the consummation of the country assuming the proportions of a world power in '98.

The "legal tender" decision to meet the financial crisis, further intensified the courageous statesmanship of Grant. He bravely met the inherited problems of the South in all their repulsive phases. He faced courageously the tragical blunders of reconstruction, and proved that he had been sincerely a friend of the South, favoring the prompt restitution to Confederates of full rights of citizenship, against persistent opposition. His famous "Let us have peace" was not idly phrased and has been a historical classic. The black record of carpet-baggers and politicians controlling the Southern states thru the negro vote, were the dragon's teeth that had been sown and presented bitter problems.

With frankness and candor the author has given the story of amnesty and the causes that led to political party disaffection. He pays his respects to the Boston Brahmins who never ceased to harass the sturdy Grant. The volume is a complete and illuminating history of political events and parties thru those most momentous epochs of history. The tariff, the civil service and the Indian reforms are touched upon—and there is a most subtle scorn and satire directed at the futile activities and failures of over-zealous and insincere reformers in those days that have been repeated in later times.

* * *

The Greeley campaign of 1872 is graphically portrayed, showing the disaffection of the Liberal Republicans—with the usual results repeated again and again in political history. The author began his newspaper work on the Springfield *Republican*, with Mr. Samuel Bowles, who was included in that group of journalistic leaders who sought to defeat Grant. Mr. Coolidge went to Washington as secretary to Senator Lodge in the early '90's, and events in the latter part of Grant's administration came to him direct from the lips of the participants.

As in his military career, Grant's public life seemed to have attracted volleys of slander and vituperation, such as seldom came to a public man. All thru the scandals of the "Credit Mobilier," the Back Pay Grab, and the Sanborn Contracts, the author has revealed that Grant was criticized more for his manner than the matter of his deeds. The veto of the Inflation bill and the Resumption act, when John Sherman was chairman of the Finance Committee, furnish a glimpse of the sturdy and unswerving statesmanship of the "silent commander." This veto was written by Grant in his own handwriting.

With keen observation, it is pointed out how the solid South was in the making, and every chapter and every page reveal what are apparently new facts and instances reflecting a light on the record of Grant that had already passed into an oblivion of the past. The Whiskey Ring and the fight for the Chief Justiceship are all utilized in revealing the real Grant; the Grant whom few people recall, in the glow of his military fame. Defeated in many of his own personal ambitions because of his frank detestation of the hypocrisy of the reformers, Grant seemed drawn irresistibly to his friends. In the disputed election upheaval of 1876, Grant's calmness in handling this vexatious problem which brought the country close to another civil war, is a thrilling record of his masterfulness.

The electoral commission, organized and supported by the Democrats, failed to carry out its purpose, and whether Tilden was elected or not elected, the settlement of that dispute is a reflection upon the cool-headed judgment of U. S. Grant. Upon the close friendship of Roscoe Conkling hangs the story of the stalwart three hundred and six votes in the 1880 Chicago convention.

In a review of his administration is summarized in vivid detail two decades of national history in a more fascinating way than is to be found in any other record. In telling the story of Grant's life, a stirring history of his times is presented. The closing chapter of the book, describing Grant's trip around the world, reaping honor and adulation that had been accorded to no other President of the Republic, was the overture of the third-term struggle.

Grant returned to Galena, and then the feud between Conkling and Blaine set the party ablaze. It is felt today that when

Grant left the White House he should have said good-bye to politics. He knew statecraft, he knew military operations, but he did not know politics. Then comes the end of a life of struggle, bitter opposition and calumny, with triumphs unparalleled. There is a tenderness as one contemplates the stalwart hero humiliated in that fatal financial crash. As in many of life's maelstroms in which he was drawn, Grant was the innocent victim of his friends and confidants. Nothing daunted, with the sweat of death upon his brow, with the same courage with which he had met failure, defeat and discouragement, in the hope of retrieving the fortune that had been swept away, he hastened to complete the "Memoirs," which have given to the world the details of a life and career that is a cherished heritage in the annals of American history.

Tenderly the author dwells upon the last days, and has summarized in the life of U. S. Grant a most notable biography of the American Statesmen Series. He has proven conclusively how U. S. Grant launched his great life career in the face of a life failure, and turned defeat after defeat into decisive victory—proved himself more than a military hero, more than a leader to whom the North and the South turned in grateful remembrance, but was the constructive executive and statesman of his times. The subsequent prosperity and development of the nation were essentially the result of Grant's tenacity in economic and political convictions, revealing that it is quite as important for a nation to have its internal and economic affairs as firmly concentrated upon a fixed policy as it is in military operation.

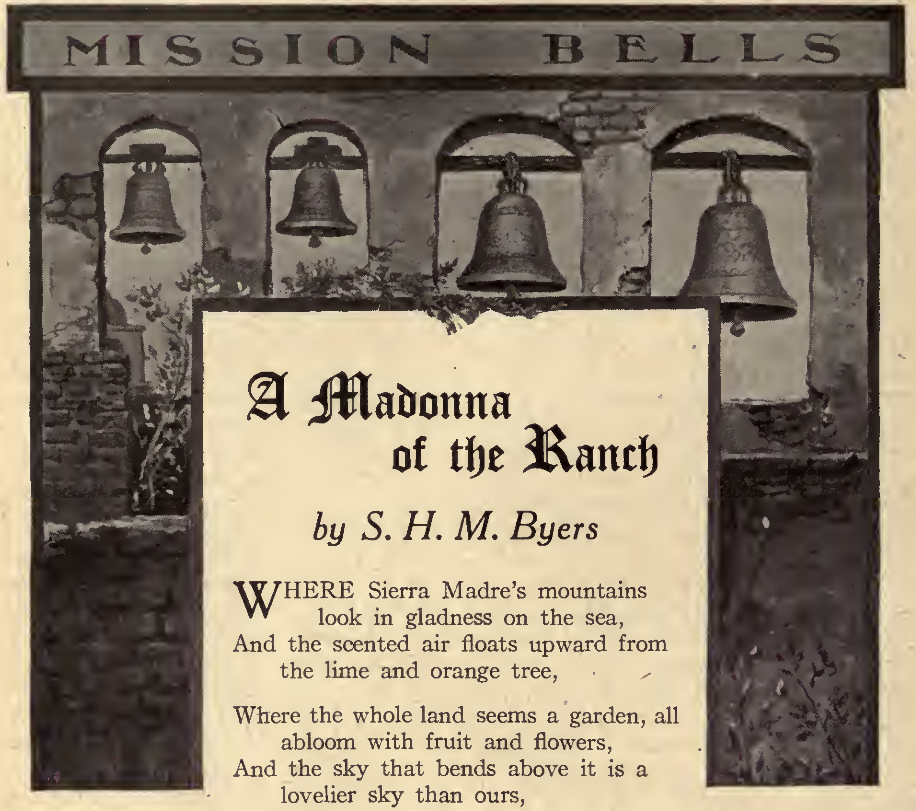
The book will revive among those who lived in the times of Grant a keen interest in the course of events today, showing the origin and source of many of the troublesome problems that have come and disappeared with the passing of years. There is not a school or a college in the country that should not possess this book. There is not an American boy or girl who can be thoroly conversant with the history of America, immediately preceding this day and generation, that will not find here one of the most completely satisfying and inspiring biographies that has been published, because it is more than a biography—it breathes with the spirit of the men who made history.

THE APPEAL OF THE FLAG

By JAMES W. GIBBONS

THE old flag rose at sunrise—
  The red, the white, the blue—
And said, "You've oft appealed to me,
  Now I appeal to you.
I gave you peace and happiness,
  I made you strong and free;
And after all I've done for you,
  What will you do for me?"

The old flag waved at twilight;
  The sunset gun was heard,
It echoed back the answer
  From the nation's soul so stirred:
"You gave us everything we have,
  You old red, white, and blue—
Life, fortune, honor, homes and all;
  We'll give them back to you."



A Madonna of the Ranch

by S. H. M. Byers

WHERE Sierra Madre's mountains
look in gladness on the sea,
And the scented air floats upward from
the lime and orange tree,

Where the whole land seems a garden, all
abloom with fruit and flowers,
And the sky that bends above it is a
lovelier sky than ours,

Stretching there along the ocean for a hundred leagues or so,
Are the grand old mission ruins of the strange and long ago.

Here and there a pilgrim passing, thinking of the days agone,
When these half-forgotten ruins were as splendid as the dawn—

Breathes a sigh half exclamation that a people should forget
Such a heritage of glory, ere its sun be wholly set!

Never make a seeming struggle, ere the struggle be too late,
For the saving of the temples that have glorified the state.

In the name of Junipero, him who laid the stepping-stone
For a grandeur and a glory that you proudly call your own—

Let a cry go to the mountains, and from mountains back to sea,
That these ruins be re-builded for a future yet to be.

Be re-builded in the beauty of each arch and belfry low
Pedro Benedetto painted in the strange and long ago.

In my mind again I see him, in the long sweet summer days,
Cowled and hooded at the mission, now in painting, now in praise.

Never yet had Grecian statue half so beautiful a face,
Never Phidias had chiseled such a form of strength and grace.

As the outlines, half-discovered, in the thin old robe he wore,
Painting pictures of the padres standing in the mission door.

Little wonder that the missions by the coast-line up and down
Saw and praised the new Adonis, in the old Franciscan gown.

Not so much as priest they praised him; 'twas the gift he had to paint,
And they thought him somewhat worldly, and not born to be a saint.

In the old ranchero mansions he was welcomed everywhere,
And the black-eyed senoritas saw no padre to compare.

At the old Presidio dances he was there among the gay—
When the guardsmen rode at races, he could ride as fast as they.

There was something in his manner that was very hard to guess;
Like a secret one discloses, yet keeps hidden none the less.

Very mortal one had called him—not to praise nor yet condemn—
Not too holy to be human, good as many priests were then.

Love it seemed he never thought of, save for beauty as it lay
In the color on the canvas that he painted day by day.

All the life about the missions, brown-robed padres kneeling there—
And the neophyte processions as they went to early prayer,

These, and low-browed Indian maidens in the sunshine on the sand,
Weaving blankets, making baskets, pounding out their corn by hand.

All he painted, and the missions, not in ruins falling low,
But in noble mission grandeur of the days of long ago;

Sketched great herds of grazing cattle, vast in numbers everywhere,
With the young vacqueros guarding from the mountain lion's snare.

Painted saints, and boy-like angels, on the mission walls within,
And the brown-robed padres walking ere the vespers would begin.

Painted threshers with the oxen tramping out the harvest grain,
As they did in days of Boaz, they were doing now again.

As they did in gray old Egypt, in a time most out of mind,
So they tossed the new grain upwards to be winnowed by the wind.

Painted sunsets full of glory, such as only there are seen,
Like the crimson gates of heaven when the ocean is serene.

Sketched the guardsmen of the mission, at the old Presidio,
And the Indians of the desert where the holly-bushes grow.

Painted black-eyed senoritas from the ranches far and near,
And the fleet and wondrous horses of the new-world cavalier;

Silver-spurred and gay rancheros hast'ing to the coming race,
To the bull-fight, and the bear-fight, at the old-time fighting place.

Photo by Putnam & Valentine, Los Angeles, Cal.
SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO MISSION

All, he painted, when the labors of the
mission would allow,
Yesterday some Indian maiden, some
young caballero now.

Yet he found not in the faces on the
canvas that he drew,
Any soul behind the picture, any eyes that
looked him thru.

"I would paint the virgin mother on this
canvas white of mine,"
"Just a pure sweet country maiden like
the girls in Palestine."

Long he sought for it, the one face that
in very truth could be
All his waking mind could fancy, all his
dreaming eyes could see.

Long he waited, dreamed and waited, till
the sunset of a day
When the vesper bells were ringing in a
sweet half-saddened way—

Came a footstep, almost noiseless, to the
open mission door,
Came a fair and girlish figure bearing gifts
for yonder poor.

In her hands were golden poppies, in her
face a beauty lay
Like the roses and the lilies that she
gathered by the way.

Thrice she came, the lovely Inez, when the
vesper bells would ring,
Came the same soft footstep answering to
the old bells carolling.

Thrice she came, and quick departed,
leaving little gifts of love,
While the vesper bells kept ringing in the
old bell tower above.

Just a glimpse, and Benedetto in that fleeting moment felt
She was here, the one he dreamed of, here were eyes that knew to melt.

Here were eyes of gladsome splendor, here were cheeks of such a hue—
Not a blush-rose in the garden ever lovelier color knew.

Just a tint of brave brown olive in a face beyond compare—
Just a harmony of color with the midnight of her hair.

"He must go,"—the padres said it, "he must find from whence she came,
He, the youngest, he must thank her, in the oldest padre's name.

Not for long he sought to find her; not
for long does beauty hide—
Being conscious it is beauty, knowing how
'tis glorified.

Where the great ranch of her father
stretched for twenty miles and more,
Where the old adobe mansion looked
straight downward to the shore,

Where in half-way Spanish splendor lived
the rich old ranchero,
Like an old Castilian noble of the long,
longtime ago,—

There where swept the purple blossoms
from the bougainvillia vine,
Where the lemon on the terrace left an
odor half divine,

There he found her, with her pigeons, by
the gray old terrace wall,
Talking with them as companions, with a
name for each and all.

Once that greetings kind were over, thru
the garden aisles they go,
Talking of the grand old missions, looking
on the sea below.

Talking of the olive orchards, of the herds
of sheep and kine,
Of the golden yellow poppies, and the
purple-laden vine,

Of "El Camino Real," stretching yonder
by the sea,
Where the brown-robed padres pilgrimed
with their thoughts for company,

Where the cavaliers rode gaily to some
evening serenade,
While some senorita waited at the half-
closed window shade.

Photo by Putnam & Valentine, Los Angeles, Cal.
SANTA BARBARA MISSION

Heard their silver-mounted bridles as they jingled light and gay,
Saw the all-beribboned gallants as they galloped on the way.

Yonder, too, beheld the ranchos of her father's kith and kin,
Owners of the boundless acres where the Indians once had been.

Once they gazed to where the purple of the far-off islands were,
Tho they talked of isles and ocean, yet his thoughts were all of her.

Might he paint her? 'Twere a treasure for the missions beyond bound,
He would paint her on the terrace, with her pigeons all around.

He would paint her with the poppies, gold and yellow, on her breast,
And her hair all loose and tangled by the soft winds of the west.

Deep she blushed, all seeming happy, as she answered, soft and low,
"If my simple face be worthy, then I answer, be it so."

So he painted on the terrace, where the orange blossoms fell,
Never yet in all his painting had he painted half so well.

Every grace of face and figure, every charm her being knew,
In a soft idyllic beauty on the happy canvas grew.

Day by day he came and painted at the
dear accustomed place,
Finding ever some new beauty in the
gladness of her face.

Feeling ever some new feeling, something
stranger to his heart,
Something not of paint and brushes,
something not akin to art.

In her face the rapturous colors, like
enchantment rose and fell,
In her eyes there seemed a secret that
her lips might never tell.

Once he touched the golden yellow of the
poppies that she wore,
And a thrill went thru his being that he
never felt before.

Was it love? He dared not think it—he
a priest of solemn vow,
He would thrust it from his bosom, he
would put it from him now.

Yet he painted on, forgetting all the
danger that could lie
In the crimson of her blushes, in the
starlight of her eye.

To herself it seemed as dreaming, as she
watched the painter's hand,
Saw herself as if transfigured by some
wondrous magic wand.

Once she heard the far-off music of the
low wind in the firs,
Never dreaming while she listened that
his soul passed into hers—

Till a day, when all was finished, and the
painter was alone,
Gazing on the perfect picture, that was
sweet love's very own—

Photo by Putnam & Valentine, Los Angeles, Cal.
ARIZONA INDIANS

She beheld him kneel and kiss it, from her vine-clad hiding place,
As Pygmalion kissed the marble of his Galatea's face—

So he kissed the perfect likeness, on the eyes, and lips, and hair,
Never knowing, she, he painted, stood behind him smiling there.

Till the soft leaves, all a rustle, like the footsteps of an elf,
Made him half forget the picture, when he saw her very self.

All confused, she spake and said it: "Now I know you love me well,
Long I, too, have kept a secret; you have broken here the spell,

"Am I she for whom you're longing?
Dare you, then, to love me so?
Dare you break the cords that bind you,
would you rather let me go?"

"Hear me, lovely Inez, listen: I was born
in old Seville,
I a priest at one and twenty, I a priest
against my will.

"Orphaned as a child, a guardian taught
me all the church's rules,
I should be a priest or nothing, and
consented, fool of fools.

"I whose gifts had made me famous in
the salons of the great,
Never then had been a football, in the
fickle hands of Fate.

"I was fettered down to routine, all was
narrow that I knew,
In your face was heaven's gladness; I
was born again in you.

"Is it sin, then, if, recanting, I undo the
cord that held—
Kept me where my life belonged not,
where for long I had rebelled?

"I am loved; what is there greater? Gift
that heaven to mortals gave,
Strong are vows, but love is stronger;
love can reach beyond the grave.

"Who shall care what comes tomorrow, if
but love itself remain,
Binding into one forever souls that
yesterday were twain!

"Would I rather that you leave me?
Heaven itself can answer No,
While your eyes are shining on me, every
joy is here below.

Photo by Putnam & Valentine, Los Angeles, Cal.

A CALIFORNIA LANDSCAPE

Photo by Putnam & Valentine, Los Angeles, Cal.

SAN FERNANDO MISSION

"Stood the gates of heaven open, bidding me to enter there,
Where all things are as enchanted, perfumes gladdening all the air—

"Leaving thee behind, I would not, tho the lights forever shone,
Tho the angels were about me, yet I still would be alone.

"Let us go, the world's advancing, thought has broadened everywhere,
Heaven is reached by good deeds only, not alone by psalms and prayer.

"In the new world that we'll live in, love itself shall master be,
And I still will be a painter, finding fame for thee and me."

* * * * * *

In the records of the missions, Pedro's name no more appears—
It is gone, the padres lost it in the going of the years.

But in Seville there are pictures of the missions known to fame,
On the lower right-hand corner still is Benedetto's name.

And among them one is fairer, greater far than all the rest,
It is Inez of the missions, with the poppies on her breast.

And the stranger passing sees it, and he stops to gaze awhile,
Looking at the perfect beauty that upon him seems to smile,

And a something seems to tell him from the days that long are flown,
"He who painted this sweet picture, painted it for love alone."

Some Important Heraldic Charges
Their Meaning and Symbolism

by Leonard Wilson, F.S.A.Scot.

Associate, Society of Genealogists of London; member, Société Académique d'Histoire Internationale de Paris, National Genealogical Society of America, etc.

"Every man of the children of Israel shall pitch by his own standard, with the ensign of their Father's house.—Numbers ii: 2."

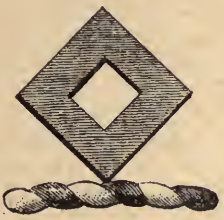
"And the children of Israel did according to all that the Lord commanded Moses; so they pitched by their standards, and so they set forward, every one after their families, according to the house of their Fathers.—Numbers ii: 34."

NOTE.—*The writer of this article will be glad to answer, free of charge, any inquiry relating to heraldry or family history. Inquiries should be addressed to the Genealogical Editor, the* NATIONAL, *and should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for the reply*

THE term "mascle" is taken from the word *macula*, meaning "the mesh of a net." The mascle is similar to the lozenge, except that it is "voided of the field," that is, that it has the center cut out to within a certain distance of the edges. When such heraldic figures are joined by the angles, it produces a charge called "mascily," or "masculee," which, if carried completely to the outer edge of the shield, is hard to distinguish from fretty, the difference consisting in the latter being composed of interlaced bands and the former of flat plates.

In Glover's Roll, mention is found of "*Richard de Rokele, Masculey d'ermyn et de goulz. Thomas le Fitzwilliam port mesme. Le Comte de Kent* (*Hubert de Burgh*) *Masculee de veree et de goules.*"

"Le Conte de Winchester is, in the same document, said to bear '*de goules a six mascles d'or voydes du champ*,' proving thereby that in the thirteenth century the mascle and the lozenge were identical, as 'the voiding of the field' constitutes nowadays the only difference between them."



MASCLE

Being voided, the mascle naturally shows the field within or thru it. Armorists are divided in opinion as to the origin of this device, but the majority agree that it is taken from the mesh or mash in net. In early heraldry the lozenge and the mascle were probably one. It is sometimes described by heralds as a "lozenge voided," and others hold that it represents spots in certain flints found in Brittany.

It differs from the fusil in being shorter and broader, and in always being voided. Like other charges of lozenge form, it is always set erect upon the field of a shield, a proof that in the early days of heraldry the lozenge and mascle were evidently held to be identical, as shown by the shield of the famous Hubert de Burgh, Earl of Kent, which was blazoned as "Masculee." His seal proves it to be "lozengy vert and gules."

Guillim, in this connection, remarks: "This is the mesh of a net, which in Holy

Writ is the hieroglyphic for persuasion, whereby men are induced to virtue and verity, and so may seem after some sort to be caught.” Sir John Ferne says they may signify, “when borne in a red shield, the bearer to have been most prudent and politic in the stratagems of war, for that colour is dedicated to Mars.” “Therefore,” adds Guillim, “the bearing of mascles is of greater honour than many other charges are, that in vulgar estimation are more accounted of.”

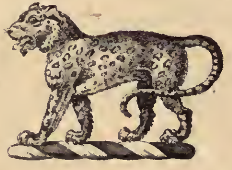
Whittemore observes that “the mascle has been not only anciently but frequently carried in arms all over Europe. Heralds make it to represent first the eye or ring to fasten a coat of mail, and so a piece of armor fit for a military badge. Others, with Sir John Ferne, make it to represent the mesh of a net, signifying that the first assumers of it had been prudent and politic in military affairs. Some mascles were granted by King William of England to William Roumare for his military conduct and bravery in the Holy Land against the Saracens. Sir George Mackenzie says that mascles look like mirrors, and upon that account are carried by the name of purvis, deriving the name from the French word *pourvoir*, to see.”

Sloane-Evans, in remarking that the mascle “should be as long as it is broad,” says further: “It must be ever remembered, therefore, that there is a great difference of ‘proportion’ between the mascle and the lozenge, altho both are composed of four equal lines. Leigh is of opinion ‘that they can be and are borne solid (not voided in the center), tho, by our irregular practice, we do not rightly distinguish between the proportion of the lozenge and the mascle, caused much by our carelessness in drawing.’ Guillim says ‘that if they represent the Mashes of a Net, they should be voided, not otherwise.’ Besides (as Mackenzy observes), ‘if the Mascle doth represent only the Mash of a Net, why was it cut like a Macle or Mascle?’ wherefore he rather credits Columb, who asserts ‘that these Mascles were first used in the Arms of the House of Rohan, who chose them because the flints of the lands in that Dutchy are all marked with this figure; which, being a thing so extraordinary, gave occasion for them to carry them in their Arms; and these Spots, in that country, are termed Mascles, from the Latin, *Macula;* whereupon the Dukes of Rohan give for their motto, *Sine, Macula, Macla.*’ (The Mascle is, at any rate, in the present day, understood to be voided.)”

> The shield is formed of polished gold,
> On which a ruby Mascle glows;
> In this a Honeysuckle bold
> Its charms in native fulness shows;
> And in each corner of the chief—
> In base as well—in bold relief,
> An Oak-leaf lies with varied hue,
> Meet emblem that of bravery true,
> Which nerves the heart of one who'd gain
> The bondage of affection's chain.
>
> —*Anon. Roll of Arms.*

LEOPARD

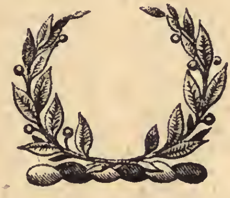
It is said that the leopard and the lion were in heraldry originally one and the same animal. It is, in any case, judging by the early representations of arms, exceedingly difficult to distinguish between them, and the cases are not infrequent where the blazon calls for “a leopard-like lion or a lion-leopard.” Some authorities hold that they are distinct heraldic bearings, that a leopard should always be depicted in his natural colors, and consequently there is no reason to particularize it in the blazon. This is not apparent, however, from the early Rolls of Arms, in all of which the animals are called leopards or lions. The earlier heralds called a lion a lion only when he was rampant; even those on the shield of England, tho in all respects represented as lions, were by them technically called leopards. There seems good reason to believe that until the middle of the fifteenth century the lion was only termed a lion when he was depicted in the rampant attitude, those passant or passant guardant being entitled a lion-leopard or simply a leopard.



The following is quoted from the Roll of Carlaverock: “On his Banner were three Leopards, courant, of fine gold, set on red; fierce were they, haughty and cruel, to signify that, like them, the King is dreadful to his enemies; for his bite is slight to none who inflame his anger; and yet, towards such as seek his friendship or submit to his power, his kindness is soon rekindled."

According to Sloane-Evans, "the leopard doth denote Valiant and Generous Warriors, which enterprise hardy things by force and courage, activity and promptitude." The ensign of Rollo, first Duke of Normandy, A.D. 900, showed a leopard, and William, the sixth Duke of Normandy, introduced two leopards as the royal standard or flag of his kingdom. One authority says that the leopard is "a fierce beast, said to be engendered between a lion and a panther or between a lioness and a panther. The leopard's head is always represented with a full face with both eyes, which is never the case of a lion's head, it being always represented sidewise with one eye only. This, however, is true only of ancient heraldry, as in modern times it is borne in the same position blazoned in the same terms as a lion.

LAUREL



Laurel, in heraldic blazonry, is held to be the "emblem of victory and triumph." According to the Encyclopedia Britannica, it is "a native of the woody and sub-alpine regions of the Caucasus, of the mountains of northern Persia, of northwestern Asia Minor, and of the Crimea. It was received into Europe in 1576, and flowered for the first time in 1583. Ray, in 1688, relates that it was first brought from Trebizonde to Constantinople, thence to Italy, France, Germany and England," in which country "it is well respected for the beauty of the leaues and their lasting or continuall greennesse."

"Among the Greeks the laurel was sacred to Apollo, especially in connexion with Tempe, in whose laurel groves the god himself obtained purifications from the blood of the Python. This legend was dramatically represented at the Pythian festival once in eight years, a boy fleeing from Delphi to Tempe, and after a time being led back with song, crowned and adorned with laurel. Apollo, himself purified, was the author of purification and atonement to other penitents, and the laurel was the symbol of this power, which came to be generally associated with his person and sanctuaries. The relation of Apollo to the laurel was expressed in the legend of Daphne. The victors in the Pythian games were crowned with the laurels of Apollo, and thus the laurel became the symbol of triumph in Rome as well as in Greece. As Apollo was the god of poets, the Laurea Apollinaris naturally belonged to poetic merit. The various prerogatives of the laurel among the ancients are collected by Pliny. It was a sign of truce, like the olive branch; letters announcing victory and the arms of the victorious soldiery were garnished with it; it was thought that lightning could not strike it, and the emperor Tiberius always wore a laurel wreath during thunderstorms. From its association with the divine power of purification and protection, it was often set before the door of Greek houses, and among the Romans it was the guardian of the gates of the Caesars. The laurel worn by Augustus and his successors had a miraculous history; the laurel grove at the imperial villa by the ninth milestone on the Flaminian way sprang from a shoot sent from heaven to Livia Drusilla. Like the olive, the laurel was forbidden to profane use. It was employed in divination; the crackling of its leaves in the sacred flame was a good omen, and their silence unlucky; and the leaves when chewed excited a prophetic afflatus. There is a poem enumerating the virtues of the laurel by J. Passeratius (1594)."

Guillim says that "laurel leaves were considered in ancient times as remedies against poison, and were used as tokens of peace and quietness. Laurel branches were held in honour in the temples of ancient Greece." The laurel is the badge of the ancient Clan of Graham.

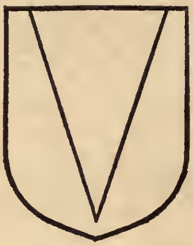
THE PILE

The pile is said by some to derive its name from the Latin *pilum*, a javelin or dart. The pile is "an heraldic figure representing those piles on which bridges are built, or other edifices raised from the ground. These are said to have been granted to such as have been very useful in founding colonies, etc."

"The pile is supposed to represent the large pieces of wood used by engineers in the construction of bridges, or of buildings on insecure or marshy ground. It is, therefore, well fitted, Guillim states, for an engineer or for one who has shown great ability in any kind of construction. It has also occasionally been adopted as a 'difference' in the arms of members of one family. When only one pile is found borne upon a shield, it very much resembles a pennon or small pointed flag, and it may be that this was intended when only one is represented."

It has been otherwise described as "an ordinary in the shape of a wedge; broad at the chief and tapering to the point."

It has been thought by some that the pile represents the sacred nails driven into the hands and feet of our blessed Lord. A story is told by Froissart in referring to the pile about the first unfurling of his banner when just created Banneret on the field of battle.



"In days gone by, any very conspicuous deed of valor was very often rewarded immediately upon the close of the day with some advancement or gift. When this was the case, should the banner or pennon of the good knight be one that had never waved above a conqueror's head, it bore, as at first, its swallow-tail end. But when victorious and honored by the commander, the points were torn off and the pennon carried square.

"Sir John Chandos, one of the Knight Founders of the Order of the Garter, appeared upon the field with his maiden banner to be displayed upon the field for the first time just before the Battle of Naveret, in Castile. 'He brought his banner in his hands, rolled up around the staff and said to the Prince of Wales (the Black Prince): "My lord, behold! here is my banner. I deliver it to you in this way (still rolled around the staff) that it may please you to display it, and that this day I may raise it; for, thank God, I have land and heritage sufficient to support the rank, as it might be".' Then the Prince and King—Don Pedro, King of Castile—took the banner, which was of silver, with a sharp red pile, between their hands, by the staff, and, displaying it, tore off the ends and returned it to him, the Prince, saying, 'Sir John, behold your banner. May God grant you may do your duty!' Then Sir John Chandos bore his banner, so displayed, to his own company, and said, 'Gentlemen, see here my banner and yours; preserve it as your own'."

The right to display a square banner upon the field was also an indication of high rank, as no one of less degree than a baron was permitted to do so.

Robert de Chandos has as principal charge on his escutcheon "Or a pile gules." Sir Guy de Brian has "Or three piles azure," "three piles gules" for de Basset, and "argent a pile engrailed sable" for Sir Robert Forneus.

The pile is included among the honorable ordinaries in heraldry, its thick end being bounded by the chief line, and its sides meeting and forming an acute angle near the base of the shield. The effective services which the Roman *pilum* or javelin did were those recorded by Lucan:

But no dire crime could stain the stranger's steel,
Nought could do mischief but the Roman Pile.

The ancient pile of the Romans was shaped somewhat like a dart without feathers, but thicker at the great end, and waxing smaller taper-wise, being about five feet in length and sharpened at the point end with steel. "And such were the offensive arms of the Hastiti and Principes (as Polybius of the Roman Militia affirmeth). And generals themselves have borne them in their Marches, perhaps to encourage the Soldiers by their examples; all of which is proved by the excellent Lucan, Lib. I., who, lamenting the misery of a Civil War, thus complains:

. . . Totis concussi viribus orbis
In commune nefas, infestisque obvia Signis
Signa, pares Aquilas, et Pila minantia Pilis.

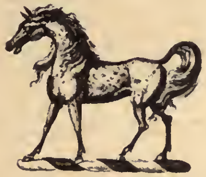
Translated:

. . . Where arm'd to impious war
The force of all the quaking world from far
Is met; dire Standards against Standards dash,
Eagles 'gainst eagles; 'gainst Piles, Piles do clash.

"The pile as a charge in heraldry is," says Guillim, "well fitted for an engineer or for one who has shown great ability in any kind of construction." Another authority says: "This is an armorial figure more frequent in Britain than in any other nation. It is of conal form, more oblong than the gyron; the point does not end in the center, but proceeds farther into the field and sometimes to the extremities of the shield. The English describe it as an ordinary, composed by a twofold line, formed like a long wedge, and when but one in the field, the great end possesses the third part of the shield. The English ascribe to it many significations in arms."

Morgan says: "It is a fit figure to be given to generals and commanders, who have ordered their army in battle after the form of a wedge, and have obtained victory by that form." "The Art of Heraldry" says that "the pile represents in armory such pieces of wood which make all the foundations of buildings and fortifications sure and firm in marshy and watery ground," and that "it is a fit symbolic figure for those who have founded governments and societies." It is said that Edward III of England gave the pile to Sir John Chandos for his armorial figure upon the occasion of his valor against the French, and as one of the founders of the memorable Order of the Garter. This Sir John Chandos was well known to the French, for almost all their heralds take notice of his arms.

"Sir George Mackenzie says: 'Besides the former signification of the pile, when there are three of them in the field, they are thus to represent the three passion nails as symbolic, assumed by such as returned from the Holy Land.'"



HORSE

The horse is a charge frequently met with in heraldry. The white horse of Kent still distinguishes that county and is said to be one of the oldest heraldic devices. Speaking of the horse, Sloane-Evans observes: "'The horse of all beasts for man's use, is most noble and beneficial, either in peace or war. And since his service and courage in the field is so eminent, it may be marvelled, why the Lion should be esteemed a more honourable bearing: But the reason is, because the Horse's service and strength is principally by help of his rider; whereas the Lion's is his own.' 'The Horse is naturally stubborn, fierce, haughty, and proud; and of all beasts, there is none that vaunteth more after victory obtained, or is dejected if he be vanquished; none more prone in battle, or desirous of revenge.' 'The Horse is the Symbole of War, a creature that doth foretel the Battail a-far off.' Both Guillim and Morgan speak of the Saliant posture of the Horse as the most noble. The author of 'The Sphere of Gentrie' has quaintly remarked, 'that Dame Nature hath seldom been so indulgent and friendly to any one beast besides a Horse, as to excel both in swyftnesse of pace, quicknesse of spirit, courage, and magnanimity.' Many noble and ancient families bear this charge."

It is blazoned Passant when walking, Courant or full speed when running, and cabré or effray when rearing. "'If the Horse be not mounted he fights averse, turning his heels to his Adversary, but the Lion encounters affront, which is more manly.' A manly lion might be perhaps equally happily described as a 'rara avis.'

"Another old writer on the subject declares that 'the Horse has always been a most favourite Beast among all nations, as being more useful to Man than any other of the Creation, either in Peace or War, for Service or for Pleasure. He is naturally courageous, haughty, jealous of being outdone by another, tractable, docile and fleet, very beautiful, and knows his Master, and therefore is looked upon as the emblem of War; surpassing the Lyon in this Particular, that the Lyon once betaking himself to Flight does not return, whereas the Horse complies with his Rider, flies or retreats as he is directed, and charges again when it is proper. Some authors have also represented the Horse as the Symbol of Empire and Command.'

"Notwithstanding all these complimentary utterances, the horse is comparatively rarely found as a charge in arms. The coins of Cunobelin, one of our ancient British kings, frequently have a horse upon them, while the famous white horse of the

Saxons is still preserved to these latter days in the device of the county of Kent, a white horse rampant on a red ground, and in the various white horses cut on the surfaces of the chalk downs in several places in the South and West of England. The removal of the upper layer of soil lays bare the gleaming white of the chalk; and the 'scouring of the white horse,' the removal of any growth that may tarnish its brilliancy and blur its outline is, in one case at least, a great local festival, and a means of preserving in a rough and ready way the memory of Alfred's great and crowning victory over the Danes.

"The galloping horse, a portion of the arms of Hanover, made its appearance in the national arms on the accession of George I, and continued therein till the pressure of the Salic law necessitated the withdrawal of Hanover from the British scepter.

"Chivalry owed even its name to the 'cheval' that bore its rider in the shock of battle, and we should have expected that as one recognition of its services we should have found it more frequently employed as a device than is at all the case. War and the chase were the two great occupations of the knight, and in each of these the horse was indispensable."

On this same subject Whittemore observes: "For his commendable and useful qualities, long before the use of armors, the horse was with the Romans a sign of honor proper to those of the equestrian order and from it came the title of honor Chevalier. The horse being an emblem of the sun, surnamed the vigorous courser, was represented with wings. This fabulous white-winged horse was supposed to have sprung from the blood of Medusa, one of the three Gorgons. Perseus, the son of Jupiter by Dannae, was reputed to have killed Medusa in the garden of the Hesperides in Libya (Africa), and to have flown thence into Asia thru the air mounted on a flying horse. This fable arose from the figure of a horse on the prow of the swift sailing ship with white sails, named Hippocriff, or the winged horse, in which Perseus made a voyage to Africa.

"A white horse was the standard of Cecropia, a city of Greece, founded by Cecrops, the chief of the Egyptian colony. This badge recalled that the finest white horse had been brought by sea from Egypt into Greece. The city was enlarged by the Greeks, who dedicated it to Minerva, surnamed Athena. Hence, the city derived the name of Athens, capital of Attiqua. The manufactures and commerce of Cecropia made Athens the emporium of Greece, but under the Athenians, who were an imaginative people, the useful arts degenerated into useless productions called the fine arts; and the useful writers declined into awakened dreamers or poets who invented mythology—or history turned into fable. Hence the tradition of the white horse arriving by sea was arranged into a sacred pedigree of which the following is the substance: 'Nepthune created a white war horse to endow Athens. This swift animal was given to Mars, the god of War, for the defense of the country and the standard of Attica.' The city of Agos likewise had deified the horse Arion. The Thessalians adored thus the immortal horse Xanthus, who spoke to his master Achilles.

"A warlike people in the North of Asia, fighting with scythes derived hence the name of Scythians. (Cossacks in a Northern dialect.) They took arms and conquered Persia, whence they placed on the throne a kind of their own nation. Their standards and coins exhibited a sagittary, an emblem of the great skill of the Parthians as archers and horsemen. They were so intrepid in shooting their arrows, when retreating, that their flight procured them great victories."

* * *

The white horse of the Saxons which appears upon a red shield at one time belonged to Westphalia, and for many hundreds of years has been displayed by the House of Brunswick. Whittekind bore on his banner a black horse, but when converted by the eloquence of Charlemagne to Christianity, he changed it to a white charger.

Who's Ready

by Edna Dean Proctor

GOD help us! Who's ready? There's danger before!
Who's armed and who's mounted? The foe's at the door!
The smoke of his cannon hangs black o'er the plain;
His shouts ring exultant while counting our slain;
And northward and northward he presses his line:
Who's ready? O forward!—for yours and for mine!

No halting, no discord; the moments are Fates;
To shame or to glory they open the gates;
There's all we hold dearest to lose or to win;
The web of the future today we must spin;
And bid the hours follow, with knell or with chime:
Who's ready? O forward!—while yet there is time!

Lead armies or councils—be soldier a-field—
Alike, so your valor is Liberty's shield!
Alike, so you strike when the bugle-notes call,
For country, for fireside, for Freedom to all!
The blows of the boldest will carry the day;
Who's ready? O forward!—there's death in delay!

Earth's noblest are praying, at home and o'er sea,
"God keep the great nation united and free!"
Her tyrants watch, eager to leap at our life,
If once we should falter or faint in the strife;
Our trust is unshaken, tho legions assail:
Who's ready? O forward!—and Right shall prevail!

Who's ready? "*All* ready!" undaunted we cry,
Our hands on our rifles, our hearts beating high;
"No traitor, at midnight, shall pierce us in rest;
No alien, at noonday, shall stab us abreast;
The God of our Fathers is guiding us still:
All Forward! We're ready, and conquer we will!"

This remarkable poem, written by Miss Edna Dean Proctor, July, 1862, and published during the Civil War, seems to have a peculiarly prophetic and appropriate timely interest. The ringing words of this poem have been set to music by Miss Marion Hayden. It was sung at Annapolis on April 24, with tremendous success, and promises to be one of the popular songs of these epochal times.

The Man Who Loosened up Education

by Mary A. Laselle

MANY persons believe, with Hawthorne, that character is unconsciously molded by the objects upon which one's eyes often rest in childhood, and the eyes of young Frank E. Spaulding, as he walked across the meadows of Dublin, New Hampshire, in the middle '70's, on his way to the little school building where he received his early education, must have been raised many times to Mount Monadnock, as it towered above the surrounding hills.

In very much the same manner in which the little New Hampshire boy looked up at the mountain, do many educators in this year of grace look up at Superintendent Spaulding, as his figure stands out on the educational horizon, a masterful leader of the progressive forces in education.

A man who has been labeled "a czar" by the conservatives, "a kindly human dynamo" by the progressives among his teachers, and "a genius" by members of his school board, is bound to be a fascinating study.

It is always interesting to look down the path that a successful man has climbed, for his distinction is oftentimes foreshadowed in the years in which he is in training.

Dr. Spaulding's growth in power has been constant rather than meteoric. It may be briefly summarized thus: From the country schools of Dublin, he entered Amherst College, from which he was graduated in 1889. Then came two years of teaching, followed by four years of work at the Sorbonne in Paris, and the universities of Berlin and Leipzig. Upon his return to America with a Ph.D. from Leipzig, he was given an honorary fellowship at Clark University. A successful superintendency at Ware, Massachusetts, and another at Passaic, New Jersey, were followed by ten splendidly productive years at Newton, Massachusetts. Here it was that keen vision, efficient management and organization, and skill in bringing the teaching force up to a most satisfactory degree of efficiency, brought the Newton schools into high repute, and their superintendent into national prominence.

Dr. Spaulding's work was eagerly scrutinized, for never was the educational world so in need of great leaders as in these days, when changing concepts of education and the broadening and deepening of the school curriculum to meet the needs of the entire community have led to a demand for educational vision and executive ability of the very highest order.

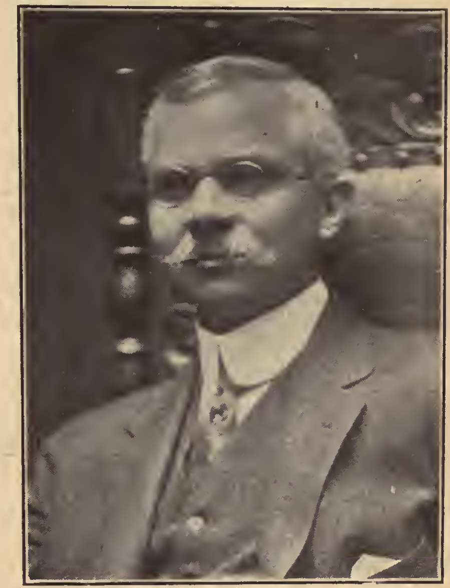
For hundreds of years education has been tied up in neat, air-tight packages, labeled "Ancient Languages," "Higher Mathematics," "Science," etc.—packages which many thousands of young persons made no effort to open, as they knew instinctively and thru the experience of others, that there was nothing in them to supply the physical, mental and moral nourishment needed for the stress of their life in this twentieth century.

It has been the great work of Dr. Spaulding to examine these educational packages very carefully and to estimate the number of human beings in the community who were being fed by them. Educated himself, as we have seen, in the universities of two continents, he has ever firmly held the truth that culture is not necessarily limited to a few professions, but that it is quite consistent with any honorable vocation, and he has always seen clearly that the state is bound to train its workers in intelligent and skilful methods of workmanship and to supply such a variety of food in the educational dietary as will nourish all types of minds and meet all conditions of modern life.

Superintendent Spaulding's first great task in Newton was to induce a very conservative residential city to erect a vocational high school, which in respect to building, equipment, grounds, and methods of instruction, is unsurpassed in the country. Pessimists among the wealthy taxpayers asserted that there were no pupils in Newton to occupy such a building; but in 1917, six years after it was erected, it numbers eleven hundred pupils, and additions must be made to the building at once. This influx of pupils is not due to any great increase in the population of the city, but to the liberation and proper direction of a very great amount of energy which had been lying latent in a type of pupil to whom the ordinary high school made no appeal—a pupil who becomes, under excellent vocational training, a worthy, intelligent citizen, a producer and a thinker, instead of an underpaid, undernourished, unimaginative or anarchistic drudge, for whom the slightest drop in the economic scale means absolute poverty for the individual and an added burden and a menace to the state.

A school report is not usually regarded as interesting reading; therefore, superintendents of schools in the large cities began to hunt up the map of Massachusetts and to scrutinize the area about Boston in the effort to locate Newton, when certain school reports from that city were received; for here was a man who was evidently doing big things for which he could account not only in the cold black and white of statistics, but also in a literary style which made the events recorded most interesting reading. College classes in pedagogy and business administration began to study these reports, and Harvard and Columbia and other great universities wrote in each year for more and more copies.

It was quite evident from these reports that the rare combination—a big organizer, an expert financier, and a broad-minded educator, who saw the needs of modern life very clearly—was occupying the position of superintendent of schools in the city of Newton.



DR. F. E. SPAULDING

Recently elected superintendent of schools of Cleveland, Ohio, at a salary of twelve thousand dollars a year, with absolute freedom of action during the term of four years

Then, too, a wonderfully good system of reading, one that contained a vital spark that has caused it to sweep thru nearly every state and city in the country, had originated in the mind of this same superintendent. He had also assisted in the educational survey of a great city and had served on a state board of immigration.

It is not strange, therefore, that in 1914 Minneapolis induced this superintendent, who was very greatly needed to advance the cause of vocational education in that city, to take up work in that wider field. The amount of work accomplished in

Minneapolis in less than three years has been prodigious. The establishment of junior high schools and of a girls' vocational school of phenomenal growth, and the complete reorganization of the school curriculum to meet the needs of the city, as those needs were revealed in a survey made at the suggestion of Dr. Spaulding, have been among the many noteworthy features of work that has attracted the attention of the educators of the country.

And now this superintendent has been called to Cleveland, at an immense salary, as educators' salaries go—the highest paid in the country—and, best of all, with the promise of an absolutely free hand for four years. Cleveland is triumphant, while Minneapolis mourns thru the editorial columns of its leading papers and thru formal resolutions and regrets; for this man has proved that he has the power in a large way to loosen up education, to untie the bands in which thought has been swaddled, to liberate human energy and direct it into the channels in which it must move if this country is to have a self-respecting body of skilled, intelligent workers who, thru their service to the community, state and nation, are the very best citizens in a democracy, its bed-rock and solid foundation.

A school superintendent touches most directly the life of six classes of persons: the members of the school board, school principals, teachers, pupils, parents, and the large taxpayer who has no children. A representative from each one of these classes was questioned as to the lasting impression made upon him by Superintendent Spaulding. The replies are characteristic:

Member of the School Board: "Dr. Spaulding had a genius for organization. He would be a leader in any big business."

A Director of a Vocational School, who, for a number of years, was intimately associated with Dr. Spaulding in the carrying out of his progressive policies, says: "If Dr. Spaulding had entered the steel or railroad business—in fact, any large industrial enterprise—it is quite likely that he would now be making many times twelve thousand dollars a year. He has unusual power of practical analysis of any subject, and his plans and actions are based on needs and conditions, not on precedent and theory.

"He has always abundant confidence in his associates, expects their best and only their best effort in all things. His own splendid professional spirit is contagious, and his tremendous capacity for work is envied by those who wish to do their best. There is nothing petty or small in his makeup, and he cannot understand it in others. It is a liberal education to be associated with him, and the teachers and people of Cleveland have much that is good to look forward to."

A Teacher: "He was a kindly human dynamo."

A Pupil: "He put the life right into us."

A Parent: "The children worked hard, but they loved to work."

A Taxpayer: "It took a lot of money to run our schools, but the schools put the city upon the map."

THORNS

OH, you've got to know your business
  In this little world of ours,
Sharp thorns will grow on loved ones
  The same as on the flowers.
And when they're in a passion
  And the soul is stirred, you see,
You've got to watch for prickers,
  'Cause they're touchy as can be.

—*Bennett Chapple.*

The Chantey Man's Songs

by W. S. Birge

THE true chantey songs of over half a century ago, when our old New England clippers flaunted their flags in every sea, are well-nigh a thing of the past:

The old clipper days were jolly, when we sailed the Seven Seas,
And the house flags of our merchant ships were whipped by every breeze.
It was good-by to your mother and the pretty girls on shore,
For we're off around the howling Horn, bound down the Singapore.

The true halyards chanteys, the kind most often sung, were all arranged in the form of a long solo-line, followed by a short chorus line, a second solo-line which rhymed with the first, and then a long or drawn-out chorus line:

They say "My horse is dead and gone,"
And they say so, and they hope so,
They say "My horse is dead and gone";
Oh! poor old man!

There is a "long drag" to this song, and the "po-o-o-or o-o-old ma-a-a-an" rounds out the brief last line until it is as full of measure as the first. The rhythm is that of concerted action at hauling ropes; the "breath control" of the singers is regulated, not by the rules of *bel canto*, but by the character of the job.

For one long month I rode him hard,
And they say so, and they hope so!
For one long month I rode him hard,
Oh! poor old man!

If he's not dead, I'll ride him again,
And they say so, and they hope so,
If he's not dead, I'll ride him again,
Oh! poor old man!

THE WIDE MISSOURI

Oh, Sharlo Brown, I love your daughter,
Awa-a-a-ay my rolling river,
Oh, Sharlo Brown, I love your daughter,
Ah! ah! We're bound away awa-a-a-ay
'Cross the wide Missouri.
Oh, Nancy Brown, I love you dearly,
Awa-a-a-ay my rolling river,
My heart is yours, or very nearly,
Ah! ah! We're bound away
'Cross the wide Missouri.

The words are not always the same, even to such tunes as "The Wide Missouri." The Chantey Man himself often varies the text according to his fancy and imagination.

The words to "Reuben Ranzo" and other narrative songs were less likely to be changed:

Hurrah for Reuben Ranzo!
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!
Hurrah for Reuben Ranzo!
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!

Ranzo was no sailor,
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!
Ranzo was a tailor,
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!

But sometimes the character of the work would seem to demand a longer chorus, as in weighing anchor. "Outward Bound" was a favorite in the old days.

"All hands man the capstan!" would be followed by the mate bawling, "Heave away there!" And then the Chantey Man would begin his song:

THE CHANTEY MAN—
We're outward bound from New York Town;

ALL HANDS—
Heave, bullies, heave and pawl!

THE CHANTEY MAN—
Oh, bring that cable up and down.

ALL HANDS—
Hurrah, we're outward bound!
Hurrah, we're outward bound!

To the Battery Park we'll bid adieu,
Heave, bullies, heave and pawl!

To Suke and Moll and Sally, too,
Hurrah, we're outward bound!
Hurrah, we're outward bound!

"The Maid of Amsterdam" is notable as an example of the rare three-line solo chantey, and for its extended chorus:

In Amsterdam there dwelt a maid,
Mark well what I do say:

In Amsterdam there dwelt a maid,
And she was mistress of her trade.
And I'll go no more a-roving
With you, fair maid,
A-roving, a-roving;
Since roving's been my r-u-i-n,
I'll go no more a-roving
With you, fair maid.

Her cheeks was red, her eyes was brown,
Mark well what I do say:

Her cheeks was red, her eyes was brown,
Her hair, like glow-worms, hanging down.
And I'll go no more a-roving
With you, fair maid,
A-roving, a-roving,
Since roving's been my r-u-i-n,
I'll go no more a-roving
With you, fair maid.

Another capstan chantey, and one of many versions, was "The Rio Grande":

The ship she's a-sailing out over the bar,
Away Rio! Away Rio!

The ship she's a-sailing out over the bar,
We are bound to the Rio Grande.
Oh, away Rio! Oh, away Rio!
Oh, fare ye well, my bonny young girl,
We are bound to the Rio Grande!

Where are you going to, my pretty maid?
Away Rio! Away Rio!

Where are you going to, my pretty maid?
We are bound to the Rio Grande!
Oh, away Rio! Oh, away Rio!
Oh, fare ye well, my pretty maid,
We are bound to the Rio Grande!

The following is often sung on going into port after a long voyage. It is suggestive of a pay day and a time ashore:

I thought I heard the captain say,
Leave her, Johnny, leave her;

You may go ashore and touch your pay.
It's time for us to leave her,
It's time for us to leave her.

"A Long Time Ago," a halyards chantey that was a favorite on the Cape Horn traders:

I wish to God I'd never been born,
To me way, hay, hay-yah!

To go rambling round and round Cape Horn,
A long time ago.

Around Cape Horn where wild winds blow,
To me way, hay, hay-yah!

Around Cape Horn thru sleet and snow,
A long time ago.

Still another capstan chantey, "The Fishes," which ran:

Oh, a ship she was rigged and ready for sea,
Windy weather! Stormy weather!

And all of her sailors were fishes to be,
Blow, ye winds, westerly, gentle sou'westerly,
Blow, ye winds, westerly—steady she goes.

Oh, first came the herring, the king o' the sea,
Windy weather! Stormy weather!

He jumped on the poop: "I'll be capt'n," cried he,
Blow, ye winds, westerly, gentle sou'westerly,
Blow, ye winds, westerly—steady she goes!

Oh, next came a flatfish, they call him a skate,
Windy weather! Stormy weather!

"If you be the capt'n, why, sure I'm the mate."
Blow, ye winds, etc.

There was never a better chantey for topsail halyards than "Mobile Bay." It had its origin in the cotton trade between our southern ports and the looms of Great Britain:

Oh, have you ever been in Mobile Bay?
Roll the cotton down!

A-rolling cotton for a dollar a day?
Oh, roll the cotton down!

Oh, a pleasant place is Mobile Bay;
Roll the cotton down!

Where a white man gets a nigger's pay,
Oh, roll the cotton down!

And a nigger get's a white man's pay,
Roll the cotton down!

A-rolling cotton for a dollar a day,
Oh, roll the cotton down!

The discovery of gold in California, in 1849, led to the establishment of that great trade from the Atlantic seaboard, around Cape Horn to the Golden Gate. Those famous clipper ships like the "Paul Jones" and the "Flying Cloud" gave origin to that wonderfully popular chantey, "The Banks of the Sacramento":

Round Cape Horn in the month o' May,
To me hoodah! To me hoodah!

Round Cape Horn in the month o' May,
To me hoodah, hoodah, hay!
So blow, boys, blow,
For Cali-forn-ee-O!
There's plenty of gold,
So I've been told,
On the banks of the Sacramento!

I'll bet my money on a bob-tailed nag,
To me hoodah! To me hoodah!

I'll bet my money on a bob-tailed nag,
To me hoodah, hoodah, hay!
So blow, bullies, blow,
For Cali-forn-ee-O!
There's plenty of gold,
So I've been told,
On the banks of the Sacramento!

The sailor man was never more interesting than when recounting in story or song his own personal mishaps of the wrongs done him ashore by the boarding-house masters, crimps, and shoddy dealers. The following is one of his many versions of that ever popular chantey, "Blow the Man Down":

Now I'll give you a warning afore we belay,
Away, hay—blow the man down;

Don't never take heed of what pretty girls say,
Oh, give us some time to blow the man down!

The setting of most of the "Blow the Man Down" chanteys was Liverpool and New York, and the Western Ocean packet liners running between those ports in the thirties, forties and fifties had a hard name. The crews were a "tough set," and were called packet-rats instead of sailors. One of the line of packet ships famous in those days was called the "Black Ball," and the meaning of the word "blow," as used in the chantey at that time, was to strike, or knock down.

The "Bucko-Mate" of a Black Ball packet must not only be a good sailor man in all that pertained to the handling of a ship, but he must likewise be capable of man-handling every jack-tar aboard the ship. The mate that couldn't handle every man in his watch was soon deposed, and the victorious opponent would fill his place.

There was more truth than fiction in this chantey:

A blow with a fist and then it's a fall,
If you're a sailor aboard a Black Ball.

One chantey song describes how he went a-walking and fell in with a policeman. When a Chantey Man goes a-walking something generally happens. There was no exception in this case, as the song goes on to tell:

As I was a-walking down the Bowery Street;
Way, hay—blow the man down;

A saucy young policeman I happened to meet.
Oh, give us some time to blow the man down!

Says he, "You're a Black Ball by the cut o' your hair,"
Way, hay—blow the man down;

"You're a packet-ship rat by all's foul and all's fair,"
Oh, give us some time to blow the man down!

"Oh, policeman, policeman, you do me great wrong,"
Way, hay—blow the man down;

"I'm a Flying-Fish sailor just home from Hong-Kong,"
Oh, give us some time to blow the man down!

"No; you've sailed in a packet that flies the Black Ball,"
Way, hay—blow the man down;

"You've robbed some poor Dutchman of boots, clo's and all,"
Oh, give us some time to blow the man down!

A "Dutchman"—name given to a half-witted person, a fool, a bungler, was used regardless of nationality.

"Whisky Johnny" was always a popular chantey with sailor men, and seemed to carry a kind of swing with it capable of driving a crew to the limit:

Oh, whisky is the life of man,
Whisky! Johnny!

It always was since time began,
Oh, whisky for my Johnny!

Oh, whisky makes me wear old clo's,
Whisky! Johnny!

Gave me black eyes and broken nose,
Oh, whisky for my Johnny!

I think I heard the Old Man say,
Whisky! Johnny!

I'll treat my men in a decent way,
Oh, whisky for my Johnny!

He'll treat his men in a decent way,
Whisky! Johnny!

He'll grog them all three times a day,
Oh, whisky for my Johnny!

Among the classics of the sea, if a chantey song can be called a classic, is the following:

"LOWLANDS"

I dreamt I saw my own true love,
Lowlands, Lowlands, hurrah, my John;

I dreamt I saw my own true love,
My Lowlands a-ray!

"I am drown-ed in the Lowland Seas," he said,
Lowlands, Lowlands, hurrah, my John;

"I am drown-ed in the Lowland Seas," he said,
My Lowlands a-ray!

I will cut my breasts until they bleed,
Lowlands, Lowlands, hurrah, my John;

I will cut my breasts until they bleed,
My Lowlands a-ray!

I will cut away my bonny hair,
Lowlands, Lowlands, hurrah, my John;

I will cut away my bonny hair,
My Lowlands a-ray!

No other man shall think me fair,
Lowlands, Lowlands, hurrah, my John;

No other man shall think me fair,
My Lowlands a-ray!

HAUL AWAY THE BOWLINE

Haul on the bowline, the main and foretop bowline,
Away, haul away, haul away, Joe!

Haul on the bowline, the packet-ship's a-rollin',
Away, haul away, haul away, Joe!

Haul all together, we're sure to make her render,
Away, haul away, haul away, Joe!

Haul, my bully boys, we'll either break or bend her,
Away, haul away, haul away, Joe!

The bowline was a line which square-rigged vessels used, when sailing on the wind, to draw the weather leeches of their courses and topsails forward.

SALLY BROWN

Oh, Sally Brown of New York City,
Aye, aye, roll and go;

Of pretty Sal this is a ditty,
I'll spend my money on Sally Brown.

Oh, Sally Brown is very pretty,
Aye, aye, roll and go;

Prettiest gal in all the city,
I'll spend my money on Sally Brown.

"Paddy Doyle's Boots" was sung, or we might better say cried, in furling the heavy, board-like lower sails:

We'll *drink*
Aye,

Whisky and gin,
Aye,
And pay Paddy Doyle for his boots.

It was a weird spectacle to see a dozen men crying that thru the breaking of a gale, as they lay stretched along the great tossing yard, perhaps struggling for their lives to furl the heavy canvas.

With everything drawing aloft and alow,
She's a Liverpool packet; Bully boys, see her go.

THE WIND BEGINS TO BLOW

For now we're in the Gulf Stream,
An' the wind begins ter blow.
Lay aloft, take in yer tops'ls
Or it's overboard yer go.
For it's blow ye
Winds aloft!
An' it's blow ye
Winds below!
An' it's clear away
Yer runnin'-gear,
For it's blow, blow, blow!

Yet another halyards chantey:

They call me Hanging Johnny,
Away-i-Oh!

They call me Hanging Johnny,
So hang, boys, hang!

I'll hang you all together,
Away-i-Oh!

I'll hang you all together,
So hang, boys, hang!

"Homeward Bound" was a universal favorite in the old clipper ship days:

We're homeward bound, oh, joyful sound!
Good-by, fare ye well,
Good-by, fare ye well!

Come, rally the capstan and run quick around,
Hurrah, my boys, we're homeward bound!

Our anchor we'll weigh and our sails we will set.
Good-by, fare ye well,
Good-by, fare ye well!

The friends we are leaving, we leave with regret,
Hurrah, my boys, we're homeward bound!

Oh, heave with a will and heave long and strong,
Good-by, fare ye well,
Good-by, fare ye well!
Oh, sing a good chorus, for 'tis a good song,
Hurrah, my boys, we're homeward bound!
We're homeward bound, you've heard them say,
Good-by, fare ye well,
Good-by, fare ye well!
Then hook on the catfall and run her away,
Hurrah, my boys, we're homeward bound!

We're homeward bound, may the winds blow fair,
Good-by, fare ye well,
Good-by, fare ye well!
Wafting us true to the friends waiting there,
Hurrah, my boys, we're homeward bound!

The old Clipper days are over and the white-winged fleets no more
With their snowy sails unfolded, fly along the ocean floor;
Where their house flags used to flutter in the ocean winds unfurled.
Now the kettle-bellied cargo tubs go reeling round the world.

The few clipper ships left to us are a proud tribute to the past. Their day is gone forever, but the skill and courage that made them famous must surely remain as our heritage.

But 'twas jolly while it lasted, and the sailor was a man;
And it's good-by to the Lascar and the tar with face of tan;
And it's good-by mother, once for all, and good-by girls on shore;
And it's good-by brave old Clipper ship that sails the seas no more.

There were chanteys for all kinds of work aboard ship that the sailor was called upon to do, and furnished one of the most picturesque features of the old sailing-ship days. It was a logical outgrowth of the sailor's work, giving it character and diversion as characteristic of the sea as the sailor himself.

Taxation as a Natural Science*

by Alex. Mackendrick

IT has been wisely said that man's business on earth is not to make laws, but to discover them. This, if we consider it well, is at bottom all that the greatest and wisest among men have done. Moses, Socrates, Copernicus, Newton, Darwin—why need we extend the list—have done nothing more than discover and lay bare an eternal first principle, one of those laws of God, parallel to which runs the road of human well-being. Each in his turn has "descried some point of the eternal power hid yester eve," and to that extent each has been a revealer, a pathfinder, a savior of society. Each has helped to widen the gulf that separates the human spirit from that of the beasts that perish. Each in his own way has lifted the veil that hides the nexus between cause and effect, between the forces whose sweep includes the universe, and those shifting and temporary manifestations of them that greet our senses. What, indeed, with reverence be it asked, are the teachings of Jesus but uncoverings of the laws of Nature, and the setting-forth of these in contrast with the laws written in statute books? "Ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time," he reminds His disciples, "but I say unto you"—and there follows an unfoldment of one of those psychological or spiritual laws in obedience to which man attains his highest blessedness, but which hitherto, tho endowed with eyes and ears and reasoning faculties, men have neither seen, heard, nor understood. Rightly interpreted, the burden of all wise teaching and the lesson that flows from all human experience is "learn Nature's laws and conform your actions thereto; cease the making of artificial laws except such as bind you in obedience to the eternal verities."

That this lesson may fitly be carried into that field of activity where human arbitrariness seems most to hold sway, may come as a surprising suggestion to many convention-ridden minds. That the comings and goings of that much detested figure, the collector of taxes, may be made amenable to the control of a natural law and thus become at once a cause and sign of social health and well-being, has hardly yet entered into the collective understanding of the human race. That it may be possible, even here where the vagaries and eccentricities of human action seem least accountable, to discover a principle to traverse which is to dissipate force, while to co-operate with which is to magnify it—surely gives promise of a revelation of great significance. The raising of public revenue is a problem that has worried the minds of rulers and governments since the beginning of history. Every empirical method that human ingenuity has been able to devise has been adopted and in its turn abandoned. Kings and emperors in primitive times filled their government coffers by the simple method of appropriating the earnings of their subjects by physical force. At a later stage the process of tax farming, or selling for a fixed price the privilege of collecting all that could be laid hands upon, superseded the cruder methods of a less-evolved society. In more modern and enlightened times, however, and in obedience to that scientific spirit which men cannot forever disregard, attempts have been made to establish so-called "principles" with their appropriate axioms, as bases or datum-lines from which to determine each citizen's payment for the benefits of government. But in every taxation system that has yet been put in operation, the alleged principles bear the mark of the experimenter's workshop and show no indication of having been molded upon the laws by which Nature holds human beings together in the relation of mutual ministrants to each other's happiness. The generally accepted "principle," for example, of ability to pay, may be sought for in vain among Nature's scale of charges. For it costs the man of wealth no greater effort to do himself a service than need be expended by the poor man. That a certain measure of enjoyment may be purchased at the cost of so much effort and no more, is a law as inviolable as that of the equivalence of forces in mechanics. No taxation system has yet conformed itself to this law of Nature which regulates man's terrestrial activities, that payment must be proportional to the benefit sought for.

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*"The Principles of Natural Taxation." By C. B. Fillebrown. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co. Chicago: $1.50. 276 pp.

It has been reserved for this generation to catch sight of the leading given by Nature in the matter of public revenue. Gradually as society grows, there comes into existence, as tho by a pre-ordained natural adaptation, a fund sufficient to defray the expenses of government and to provide the facilities for that larger life which is the heritage of man as a social being. It may be that our rebellious kickings against the unscientific systems of the past may not have been altogether in vain, if it can be shown that we have thereby been led towards an understanding of the way of Nature—the way that is constant, self-enacting and absolutely just. The luminous and suggestive words, "Natural Taxation" were first adopted, we believe, by the late Thomas G. Shearman as the title of his book, published in 1895. Like all great and fundamental truths, the doctrine so clearly expounded by Mr. Shearman did not take immediate hold of the public mind. This was probably inevitable. Before the full acceptance is possible of a simple principle based upon natural law, it is necessary to throw off those excrescences of error, the growth of which has been promoted by the attitude of revolt against the untruths of the past. This process of shedding outworn theories compounded of inflamed tho noble sentiments and erroneous reasonings, has been going on during the past twenty years. But with the lapse of time these divagations of judgment are gradually dropping into their appropriate places in the sociologist's museum of human errors, and, it is to be hoped, will trouble us no more. Meantime, the elemental truth towards which human instinct has been stretching as the plant does to the light, is penetrating the understandings of men. Mother Nature points the way and her children must follow.

* * *

The purpose of the foregoing is to introduce to readers of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE the recently published work on "The Principles of Natural Taxation," by Mr. C. B. Fillebrown, whose name is already familiar to students of tax problems. The book opens with an interesting preface and an exhaustive introduction, followed by copious quotations from "the authorities" on the subject, and closing with the "sidelights" provided by the series of expository and critical pamphlets published by the author during the last few years. The book is gratefully dedicated to the professors of political economy. The obvious purpose of the work, as indicated in the introduction, is to exhibit the process thru which the cruder thought-forms in which the idea of natural taxation had first clothed itself have been gradually transformed into the more attractive dress in which it now claims the attention of economists and society-reconstructors. It is needless to recall the various planks in the platforms of the revolters against the existing taxation systems; the denunciations of private ownership of land, the assertion of "natural rights" to an equal use of the earth, and the denial of many of the accepted axioms of the orthodox political economists. It may be that these have been but "the needful preludes of the truth." In any case and whatever purpose in the final evolution of things has been served by those temporary manifestations of that stubborn idealism which persists in the search for a better economic system, it is with the theory now presented to us that we have to deal, and not with the errors thru which men have stumbled in their efforts to reach the truth. It would be equally unphilosophic to judge of the truth of Christianity by the cruelties of the Inquisition or the persecutions by the churches in medieval times, as to estimate the value of the claim now set forth for a scientific system of taxation by recalling the errors in expression and the exhibitions of class animosities in the earlier efforts at economic reform.

Natural taxation presents itself as the scientific equivalent of the imperfect popular term hitherto known to us as the Single Tax. It is the same with a difference, but the difference is similar to that between the grub and the insect, the chrysalis and the butterfly. It is the single tax divested of the crude thought-vestures in which it had been wrapped by injudicious friends, and standing forth as an idea that continues its appeal to the highest scientific reason and the soundest common sense; which satisfies the inherent human instinct for justice and fair play; and which leaves the imagination at liberty to discern, if it can, the ultimate results in an enlargement of human freedom and power of self-expression. That the principles underlying Nature's system of taxation are clearly expounded, a careful reading of Mr. Fillebrown's book will show. The meaning of the expression "natural taxation" is, indeed, indicated in the words themselves. Nature has rigorously determined that each man and woman must pay the full value of all the governmental and social privileges enjoyed within the pale of a civilized community. This sum he pays annually to the owner of the particular spot of Mother Earth upon which he elects to settle. The payment is called rent, but it is in reality a tax exactly proportioned to the value of the services society may be expected to confer upon the occupier of that particular area of land. In the words of Mr. Shearman, "It is not merely a tax which justice allows; it is one which justice demands. It is not merely one which ought to be collected; it is one which infallibly will be and is collected. It is not merely one which the state ought to see collected; it is one which, in the long run, the state cannot prevent from being collected. The state can change the particular landlord; it cannot abolish rent." The possibility of this rent which the occupier so willingly pays and which the land-owner so inevitably receives, is conditioned upon the fact that society has provided a public service—roads, sanitation, protection, postal facilities, schools, etc., enjoyment of which is exactly proportioned to the rent attaching to the space one may occupy. And Nature, who never leaves her arrangements half completed, has appointed her own tax-gatherers and named them landlords. It is only to follow the plain leadings of Nature, if we ask those tax collectors to apply the sums so collected (minus a remuneration proportionate to the commissions usually paid such functionaries) to maintaining those public services.

* * *

Such, very briefly stated, is natural taxation, the principles of which are luminously set forth in the book under review. It is a notable contribution to the literature of the subject, and written as it is in a spirit of reasonableness and freedom from class-bias or asperity of any kind, it is to be hoped it will be as widely read as it certainly deserves.

Heart Letters

The making of a book by the people is a most fascinating process. Thousands of letters were received every week when Heart Throbs *and* Heart Songs *were in the making, bringing contributions and selections direct from the homes of the people. The beginning of the new book* Heart Letters *has been most inspiring, and promises to be the most fascinating book yet published. Next month we will print a large number of* Heart Letters *contributed by subscribers. Send in some letter that indicates the heart impulse of your favorite author or public man, or it may be some old letter in the garret written to mother or father during war times, or perhaps some love letter that tells a life story. When these letters are collected in one volume, you will have a bundle of human documents that never has been excelled.*—Editor.

NOW that the national organization of Red Cross workers has so wonderfully justified its existence, it may not be amiss to read a letter from the first president of the society, even tho written at a time when she had resigned from it. Under her leadership in the early days relief was extended to those who suffered from the cruelties inflicted by both man and nature in all countries. In this connection it is interesting to note that the Iron Cross was bestowed upon Miss Barton by the German emperor for her services at the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war.

Oxford, Mass., June 22, 1908.
Mr. H. O. Knerr,
Allentown, Pa.

Dear Mr. Knerr: Your beautifully expressed and intelligently thought letter has waited too long for a reply. But its excellence may have been one of the prime reasons for the delay.

Not alone your appreciation but your understanding of the principles of the Red Cross are far in advance of the community in general; and with the most faithful and labored instruction of twenty years, only a small portion of our people came to rightly comprehend it, but they trusted blindly where they could not see, and in that trust, never withdrawn as I believe, they grew very dear to me.

I need not say to you that I have now no connection with the Red Cross, but I retained a branch which I once endeavored to unite with it, viz., "The First Aid for the Injured."

I have just attended the third annual meeting of the Red Cross at its headquarters in Boston, and with your kind permission will send you some papers which will give you an idea of its work and progress.

Again thanking you for your interest and courtesy, I most cheerfully append to this the name which I have worn so long.

Very sincerely yours,
Clara Barton.

* * *

TRAGEDY and love, experience shows, often walk hand in hand. In 1853 a sea captain left home and wife and sailed for foreign shores. Tho his wife wrote him faithfully, by some strange accident her missives did not reach him. Brooding over the fact, longing for some little word from the woman he loved, and fearful lest she were losing interest in him, he turned to verse to express his feelings toward her. The poem reached her, but she never saw her husband again, for he was drowned on that ill-fated voyage, and this poem, "I Love Thee Still," became one of her greatest treasures:

I LOVE THEE STILL

Hast thou thought that e'er for thee
I could cherish enmity?
That I could forget to love?
That I could unfaithful prove?
Think again, thy friend I've been
While years have passed away.
Trust me, then, and do not deem
My words unmeaning, when I say
I love thee still.

Dost thou care no more for me?
Must we cold and distant be?
We, who foot to foot have stood
And the same glad path pursued.
Think again, in sun and gloom
I have been always true.
Here's thy heart, no longer room.
Mine tells in every pulse anew
I love thee still.

Friends should never lightly part,
There are chords within the heart
Which, if once, they lightly break
Friendship's strains will ne'er awake.
Think again, e'er thou wilt go
Let memory wander free,
She will bring some hours, I know,
When truthful were these words to thee
I love thee still.

And does falsehood prompt them now?
Did it when death pressed my brow?
When the rosebud fallen and I
Dreamed that 'neath the shades I'd lie.
Think again, I'll ne'er forget
The friend who could not part.
Trust me, then, tho thou should'st yet
Spurn mine image from thy heart.
I love thee still.

* * *

THESE two letters picture a romance as ardent as it was short-lived. The beauty of thought and expression, the restraint and courtesy displayed, surely entitle these gentlemen to be called idealists rather than worldlings, as they so humbly consider themselves:

My dear Mrs. Kenneth:

This goes to you tonight with a box of arbutus blossoms—the flowers you told me you loved best. As your flowers I thought of them as I searched the woods for them. You will not refuse them a welcome. Let them tell you, if they can—if anything can—of my reverence for you. Their fragrance is but faintly typical of the sweetness your life has breathed upon mine. In the presence of these pure blossoms—in your presence I tremble as I allude to the last dance on the lawn.

Perhaps you will forgive me the exquisite joy of that half hour in the moonlight, when I tell you that since yesterday, when I learned the truth, my hair is almost white. You were so young; you had come all the way from Washington, I did not catch your name, and then when you were chosen maid of honor, I felt sure. I am a worldly fellow, Mrs. Kenneth, but I think as I sit writing here alone tonight that in that other world where souls are unveiled, you will not blush to have inspired the worship of even a worldly fellow's heart—the worship my heart will always give you.

Faithfully yours,
John Thurston.

March 8th, 1902.
Calumet Club, New York.

My dear Mr. Thurston:

Your box of arbutus came last Sunday morning. Dolly, my wife, died the night before. When I read your letter, I laid the blossoms in her hands. I, too, am a worldly man. I had grown used, I fear, to the precious things of life. I cannot put a finger on my regrets—I never knowingly hurt her, but as your letter lies before me now, it comes to me with bitter pain that I did not always worship on my knees.

In that world where souls are unveiled, Dolly sees clearly now, and it may be that she knows you loved her best. God forgive me. She was worth the homage of both our lives. Her death leaves me quite alone. When you are in Washington you can find me at the University Club.

Richard Kenneth.

March 12th, 1902.

* * *

THE following letter, from one friend to another, describes the emotions aroused in the breast of the writer by the words of a preacher of the wild country thru which the stranger was passing, to his assembled congregation. Such power and eloquence appear at times in these solitudes and cause one to reflect that talents like those of the blind preacher should be given a wider field for recognition than the narrow bounds of a country church:

Dear A:

One Sunday, as I traveled thru the County of Orange in Virginia, my eye was caught by a cluster of horses, tied near a ruinous old wooden house in the forest, not far from the roadside. Having frequently seen such objects before, in traveling thru these states, I had no difficulty in understanding that this was a place of religious worship.

Devotion alone should have stopped me to join in the duties of the congregation, but I must confess that curiosity to hear the preacher of such a wilderness was not the least of my motives. On entering the house, I was struck with his preternatural appearance. He was a tall and very spare old man; his head, which was covered with a white linen cap, his shriveled hands and his voice were all shaking under the influence of a palsy, and in a few moments I discovered that he was perfectly blind.

The first emotions which touched my breast were those of mingled pity and veneration. But how soon were all my feelings changed. The lips of Plato were never more worthy of a prognostic swarm of bees than were the lips of this holy man! It was a day of the administration of the sacrament, and his subject, of course, was the passion of our Saviour. I had heard the subject handled a thousand times; I had thought it exhausted long ago. Little did I suppose that in the wild woods of America I was to meet with a man whose eloquence would give, to this topic, a new and more sublime pathos than I had ever before witnessed.

As he descended from the pulpit to distribute the mystic symbols, there was a peculiar, a more than human solemnity in his air and manner which made my blood run cold, and my whole frame shiver. He then drew a picture of the sufferings of our Saviour—His trial before Pilate, His ascent up Calvary, His crucifixion and His death. I knew the whole history; but never, until then, had I heard the circumstances so selected, so arranged, so colored! It was all new, and I seemed to have heard it for the first time in my life.

His enunciation was so deliberate that his voice trembled on every syllable, and every heart in the assembly trembled in unison. His peculiar phrases had that force of description that the original scene appeared to be at that moment acting before our eyes. We saw the very faces of the Jews—the staring, frightful distortions of malice and rage. We saw the buffet; my soul kindled with a flame of indignation and my hands were involuntarily and convulsively clinched.

But when he came to touch on the patience, the forgiving meekness of our Saviour; when he drew to the life—His blessed eyes streaming in tears to heaven—His voice breathing to God a soft and gentle prayer of pardon on his enemies, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do"—the voice of the preacher, which had all along faltered, grew fainter and fainter, until, his utterance being entirely obstructed by the force of his feelings, he raised his handkerchief to his eyes, and burst into a loud and irrepressible flood of grief. The effect was inconceivable. The whole house resounded with mingled groans, and sobs, and shrieks of the congregation.

It was some time before the tumult had subsided so far as to permit him to proceed. Indeed, judging by the usual but fallacious standard of my own weakness, I began to be very uneasy for the situation of the preacher. For I could not conceive how he would be able to let his audience down from the height to which he had wound them, without impairing the solemnity and dignity of his subject, or perhaps shocking them by the abruptness of the fall. But, no; the descent was as beautiful and sublime as the elevation had been rapid and enthusiastic.

The first sentence with which he broke the awful silence was a quotation from Rousseau: "Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ like a God!" I despair of giving you any idea of the effect produced by this short sentence unless you could perfectly conceive the whole manner of the man, as well as the peculiar crisis in the discourse. Never before did I completely understand what Demosthenes meant by laying such stress on delivery.

You are to bring before you the venerable figure of the preacher, his blindness, constantly recalling to your recollection old Homer, Ossian, and Milton, and associate with his performance the melancholy grandeur of their geniuses; you are to imagine that you hear his slow, solemn, well-accented enunciation, and his voice of affecting, trembling melody; you are to remember the pitch of passion and enthusiasm to which the congregation were raised, and then the few minutes of portentous, deathlike silence which reigned thruout the house; to see the preacher, removing his white handkerchief from his aged face, even yet wet from the recent torrent of his tears, and slowly stretching forth the palsied hand which holds it, begin the sentence—"Socrates died like a philosopher," then pausing, raising his other hand, pressing them both, clasped together, with warmth and energy to his breast, lifting his sightless balls to heaven and pouring his whole soul into his tremulous voice—"but Jesus Christ like a God!" If he had been indeed and in truth an angel of light the effect could scarcely have been more divine.

Whatever I had been able to conceive of the sublimity of Massillon, or the force of Bourdalone, had fallen far short of the power which I felt, from the delivery of this simple sentence. The blood, which just before had rushed in a hurricane upon brain, and in the violence and agony of my feelings, had held my whole system in suspense, now ran back into my heart, with a sensation which I cannot describe—a kind of shuddering delicious horror! The paroxysm of blended pity and indignation to which I had been transported subsided into the deepest self-abasement, humility and adoration. I had just been lacerated and dissolved by sympathy for our Saviour as a fellow creature; but now, with fear and trembling, I adored him as "a God!"

If this description gives you the impression that this incomparable minister has anything of shallow, theatrical trick in his manner, it does him great injustice. I have never seen in any other orator such a union of simplicity and majesty. He has not a gesture, an attitude, or an accent, to which he does not seem forced by the sentiment which he is expressing. His mind is too serious, too earnest, too solicitous, and at the same time too dignified to stoop to artifice. Altho as far removed from ostentation as a man can be, yet it is clear from the train, the style, and substance of his thoughts that he is not only a very polite scholar, but a man of very extensive and profound erudition.

This man has been before my imagination almost ever since. A thousand times as I rode along I dropped the reins of my bridle, stretched forth my hand and tried to imitate his quotation from Rousseau; a thousand times I abandoned the attempt in despair, and felt persuaded that his peculiar manner and power arose from an energy of soul which Nature could give, but which no human being could justly copy. J. W. C.

Bargains in Farms

By

Hayes Robbins

ON a fine, springy, sunny May morning it was that I started out to look up bargains in farms. A pair of bluebirds had been prospecting the bushes in a vacant lot opposite for a week. The store wagons were delivering new hoes all along the block. Just the afternoon before, the postman had brought a seed catalog and a farm agency booklet. One of those resurrection days for brain-fagged men, when weary grows the street parade, and tulips bloom in Union Square and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land.

Perhaps you have never heard the voice of the turtle. Neither have I. The farm booklet writer has. He "lists" it with the clucking hen and the humming-bird and the groaning apple-tree among the vocal charms of country life, knowing very well that all men have music in some corner of their souls, in May, and that you will read on and on and on. Something like this is what I found by reading on:

> Dandy little home place, two acres, neat six-room cottage, painted, blinded, and yarded; fruit; shade; grand well water. Only twenty miles out, six minutes to trolley; easy living in poultry alone—given away at $1,100. Best of reasons for selling. No more wage slavery; be a free man and have something to hand down to your children.

That siren song is a terrific lure to the bored man on salary—in May. If he doesn't feel the sap stirring in his dry bones, there is simply no sap there.

Assume that he is human. The idea begins to whirl in his brain, but he is determined to remain calm and judicial and hard-headed. Six minutes to the trolley, he concedes, will enable him to keep his job and go back and forth for a year or so until the farm is on a paying basis. Then he can resign with dignity. Yes, that does solve the big, immediate problem, he growls, springing to his feet and pacing the floor. The tone of hot argument doesn't mean anything, especially since nobody else is present. He has decided, and he knows it.

He doesn't know, just yet, what is expected of him in those six minutes. All time calculations in real-estate advertising are expressed in terms of the frightened kangaroo, bounding over his native plains. They pre-suppose a man of lungs and legs and grit, willing to try and try hard.

He accepts those "best of reasons for selling" somewhat hypnotically, perhaps with a twinge of sympathy for the life tragedy of the broken-hearted owner, and lets it go at that. It doesn't occur to him just then to turn the idea over and around and dissect it and ruminate on it.

Reading on, he notices that the next place has a bathroom and overlooks a lake. He had not thought of these things particularly, but they strike him with considerable force. Next his eye falls on "Pine Grove," in heavy letters—suggestive of hammocks and Sunday-school picnics. Immediately the idea of pines grows upon him. He finds with rising excitement that this place has all the advantages of all the others, besides a second-hand churn, a cow that has never been out of the family, and a farm pung needing slight repairs—all thrown in for quick sale. The pine timber alone will pay for the place, and he will get a steady income from renting camp sites.

* * *

I bear the farm agent no ill-will. He actually does help many an uneasy man out of a rut he doesn't like into one that he does. The agent by nature is a man of faith and vision. He is born that way. The future is more real to him than the irrelevant glaring present. But this is to be said as well of all prophets and seers, and in praise. It does not necessarily prove an agent a liar. Sometimes he fails to please, but think what he must do to please. He must show the sanguine, effervescent, cocksure, "you-can't-fool-*me*" farm bargain-hunter a $10,000 place for not to exceed $3,000, payable by the month. Something like that may have been my own May-morning expectation, for instance. I was not accommodated.

In fact, before it was all over, the farm bargain-counter came to know the writer of this travelogue a great way off. At first I kept a little memorandum of farms seen and the reasons why I didn't buy them. Then I managed to get on with just a numerical count, after that trusted to memory, and finally lapsed into dull-eyed forgetfulness.

The owners of some of these estates were not at home—had not been for years. They never would be again—one could see that. Those who had not run away greeted us almost with tears at the thought that somebody may have come this time with a real notion of buying the old home. I know they hated to leave, and I recognized ever so many signs, too, that they even more hated to stay. The postmaster had told me so, for that matter, and so had the station agent and the assessor and the chairman of the town board.

I can recall offhand three or four of these pathetic incidents, and the trouble of trying to decide between pity and farm hunger. Every time the farm hunger drove matters close down to the point of business, these good people would break down utterly. And every time I yielded to pity they would follow me down the road and offer to "shade" the price $50, and throw in a few more hens. What was one to do? This accepting somebody's $10,000 old home for $3,000 is an idea you must get used to, and steel yourself to it.

Once the prize came almost within grasp, and I hardened my heart. On a few acres of greensward stood a handsome stone and shingle bungalow commanding a wide view. To support such an establishment in suitable style there was ample room in the rear to raise poultry, and do it with the leisurely dignity many intelligent people associate with pre-visions of the profession as a hard-luck or old-age resort when all else fails. I asked the agent rather hopelessly, as we drove up the long ascent, why we need spend time looking at anything so far beyond our reach.

"You leave all that to me," he replied, with a meaning wink, adding in a confidential half-whisper, altho there was nobody within shouting hail: "Fact is, the parties here run into bad luck—just got the place built and failed up. Now the man's off running down a job, and the madam's here trying to unload. I'm told it would be an almighty risky thing to shake $3,000 in her face if you don't mean business."

* * *

Not having that sum by me at the moment, I saw no prospect of waving it before the lady's eyes, however eager to try the experiment. We mounted the stone steps, glanced at the rugs and wicker furniture of the wide porch, and were let in by a charming hostess to a room of exquisite taste. Here were deep window seats piled with cushions, beamed ceilings, bookshelves, and stone fireplace and a cheery blaze; down a low step a delightful dining-room in weathered oak, with built-in accessories; on beyond, a kitchen with every modern contrivance; then a tile and porcelain bath, a blue chamber, a pink, and others of tints beyond the ken of man. There was a cemented cellar, hot-water heat, and a laundry—it was all too good to be true. Before we were half way around I nodded full authority to the agent. Then came the tense moment, and the sun stood still over Gideon.

"Hm," the agent observed, a bit uneasily I thought, "as I understand it, ma'am, your rock-bottom figger on this property is—is—"

"Nine thousand dollars," she replied effusively. "It cost twelve."

When we were a mile or two away, I may have roused up and made a sound. The agent at all events mumbled something about misunderstanding the deal, wrong tip, and would look it up. Then he showed, by way of healing consolation, a trig little six-acre place, two acres in rebellion, one in secession, and most of the remainder in daisies, paintbrush, hardhack, and sheep laurel. The square cottage hard on the road was enchantingly new, the front walk neatly bordered with clam shells, the door in one porchless corner overtopped by a huge round window upstairs, strikingly like a leaded-glass cartwheel, to which the agent pointed as a bit of "tasty art" not often seen in country districts, and adding value to the estate. Price, $2,200.

"Cluss to your figger," he protested doggedly, when I involuntarily clucked to the horse.

* * *

Many miles from the bungalow bargain, in a picturesque mountain region, I attempted for a time to concentrate on abandoned farms. The hidden wealth of these idle acres stirs one's cupidity merely in reading about it. One studies photographs in home and fireside periodicals, of charming old deserted houses, colonial doorways, massive hand-hewn timbers, huge fireplaces and brick ovens, ancestral elms over all. There must be so many of these gems scattered about that you will need only to take your choice. You like to think about them. What you find at the end of the first week is that somebody else has thought about them first. One after another has become a gentleman's country estate with a "No Trespass" sign extending its welcome at the driveway entrance.

While engaged in learning this large general fact by heart, my eye fell one day upon a dulcet advertisement of an old homestead which I knew at a glance was intended for me. There was a fine old shaded mansion in sight of a beautiful lake, with twenty acres of good "strong" soil, and all on the main stage road. The owner lived nearby and could not manage two places. He met me at the station with a drooping gray mare and a week's supply of groceries, feed and kerosene in the well-seasoned buckboard. We jogged rhythmically thru a village street lined with white houses in green blinds, each apparently occupied by an elderly maiden lady who kept hens. After a dusty half hour, we rounded a mammoth barn, which proved the key to the first view of Pearl Lake. The wide border of mud and stumps, I learned, came from the local habit of drawing off water for a sawmill. It had never been so low before, and never would be again. In time, all students of marketable scenery come to know that "lake" is a term commonly used in applied geography to denote a glorified town reservoir or a millpond leading a double life.. I mean the small, low-priced bargain lakes.

The road crossed this Grasmere of my fancy on a long wooden bridge. On the near side rose a huge barracks, lavish of windows and "stoops," with a dance pavilion hard by—the boarding emporium of the Widow Schwartz, mighty of reputation to "hash up a good feed," so my garrulous companion in shirtsleeves informed me, with a jerk of his thumb. On the far side, we passed first the home of Mr. Schwerin, next of his brother-in-law, Schmidt. The name of the third neighbor I could not catch, but a whiff of sauerkraut came from the kitchen door. Hereabouts I was to live, then—a man with a command of the prevailing tongue limited strictly to "Ach! Himmel!"

* * *

Up a wooded rise we came upon the remnants of the old colonial home. For a first impression I noticed that half the roof had fallen in, most of the chimney was down, and all the window sashes gone. One could safely walk around the edges of the floors to view the interior woodwork. The soil was strong. Upon trying to kick up some of the rocks in the former garden, I judged that their roots lay somewhere in the Tertiary Period. Pearl Lake might be seen by climbing a tree, should one find himself overmastered at times by hunger for the vision.

My friend must have thought me cold and unresponsive in that I did not hail the bargain with the anticipated transports of joy. "Remember, I'm giving you the place for a song," he urged. Whereas at the moment a song seemed rather an extravagant price. Then he showed what could be done with a small outlay to make the old homestead the show place of the town. "Man alive," he burst out, with a sweep of arm, "you could be the king frog in the puddle around here. I've tried it and I know."

* * *

That settled it. Two kings in one puddle would never do. So I put aside the batrachian crown and went to see a bargain some miles beyond and out of sight of Pearl Lake, which did not seem a fatal objection. It was to be on the main turnpike four miles from a good town, mail delivered, school nearby, fine neighbors, spring water piped to the house. The agent also spoke of the view with much emotion.

We drove out on a broad country road and came at length to what the agent had casually mentioned as a gentle rise. He was conservative, as agents ought to be. The gentle rise rose by twists and turns thru dense forest at an up-angle of say twenty degrees, comparing favorably on an eastern scale with the Denver & Rio Grande. It occurred to me that I might have stumbled upon the very road Emerson had in mind in speaking of a certain broad highway lined with stately elms, which dwindled after a little to a country lane, then to a path, then to a squirrel track and ran up a tree.

Out of the woods near the top of the hill we caught a delicate scent of boiled turnips, which intensified and solidified as we drew near a new cabin set on four posts near the roadside. The owner was just applying a coat of bright green paint, and his offspring in great force were chasing a pair of geese around the bare glebe in front. The geese were in single file and so were the offspring, in the relative order of height and leg-power. My neighbor-to-be had just "bought off a chunk" of my farm-to-be, and another of his countrymen was dickering for the place beyond, so that I could see for myself there was a brisk call for "cultivatable loom land" hereabouts. It was the coming section. And here was the crossroad to the schoolhouse, with a signpost, from which I noted that of the original four miles from town we had already come five. But the agent was quick on the trigger:

"This'll be your best way over to the mail stage," he remarked, and I think he really felt hurt when I mustered courage to hint, in a reminiscent vein, that only yesterday the mail route passed right by my own door-to-be. "Now I thought I told you about that. It certainly used to, and I allowed, of course, it did now, but I learnt last night that they'd changed it over to the valley road a while back. Now, friend, you'll always find some p'int about every place—some little kink that don't just suit. *And*, it ain't more'n a mile to cross-cut it right back thru from your own place around the swamp, if you don't mind a wire fence or two. That all comes into real country life, you know, —part of the fun of the thing. And lemme tell *you* this, you'll have a lot more quiet here and that's what you folks are after, comin' up here all wore out—there won't be so much passin' by all the time, and dust and racket, and all that. Say, just look back there—ketch that view?"

* * *

Back there was the view, and a very gentle and approachable one indeed, requiring no effort to ketch. Something in the panorama sent my thoughts flying still farther back to another mountain farm I had visited, after poring over a ponderous atlas with the agency chief, and seeing for myself that the place was only three miles from a railroad station, whence a short train ride would take the children to high school in a fine, large town. Arrived on the scene, it developed that by following wood roads one might, perhaps, make the station in three miles, down the bank of a deep ravine, thru a primeval forest, across a mountain torrent, over a bold ridge, and down a series of cliffs to the river valley. Around by the traveled road it was seven miles, while the high-school town, not to be outdone, had moved three stations farther down the railroad line.

These distance phenomena were nothing new to me after a trip thru Arizona. There I had learned not to step across rivers merely because they look only three feet wide, or walk off thru the sagebrush in ten minutes to a butte five miles away—but here in New England the thing seems, somehow, too downright real and tangible. You cannot get the same unearthly atmosphere, the picturesque, shifting, haunting glamour. Everywhere it is seven miles to a railroad instead of three, but there is no charming illusion about it—you can see for yourself at a glance that it is so, and frequently more so.

* * *

We spent half an hour stumbling over a rocky hillside looking for the spring, and at length located a length of rotted wooden trough in deep grass near the house. It was a moment of triumph for my guide. The water *had* been piped to the house—sometime. But veins do change, he moralized, and this one may have struck underground, and would be all the better for it "once we could git a line on the intake and foller it thru." Not to dwell too long upon it, he led the way admiringly to a decrepit little building in a tangle of wild asters and joepye weed. "All she needs is a coat of paint," he chanted, then cast an eye my way with a quick gleam of penetration. "I bet you'll fix it up bungaloo-like. It's one of them solid old story-and-a-halfs, see? Built to last forever. They don't put no such timber into your new gimcrack houses. *And* you could be the whole cheese around here."

A story-and-a-half house is one where you bump your head just as you get to the top of the stairs, and again when you stand up in a bedroom anywhere except along the middle. We broke in thru a kitchen window. For one favorable thing, much of the plaster still clung to the walls. For another, the floors sloped to the edges uniformly, and not in billows. My friend had seen floors that "kinked up and down in reg'lar hills," but not in any house of a sort he would want to show *me*. The big old chimney with the fireplaces on all four sides had been torn out to make room for a fine "ketch-all off the settin' room," a practical improvement which every woman would appreciate. There was a good thatch of moss on the roof and little rows of witch grass grew in the cracks of the kitchen floor. A tottering barn, of fair proportions for a town hall, occupied the foreground across the road, but from a certain knothole in the hay mow an unbroken view of the distant valley lay before one's enchanted eye.

And it is true that the agent who could offer me a fine view touched my weakest spot. Had there been two knotholes, say three inches apart, I might have bought this farm. Instead, I traveled many miles on the lure of an advertisement leading to a "magnificent view," which proved, on inspection, to be largely a matter of opinion. In the foreground a swale adapted to the raising of cranberries; in the middle distance a long railroad embankment, over which rose the summit of a low hill perhaps half a mile beyond. This majestic prospect was to be snapped up "tomorrow at ten o'clock" if I did not speak first. My breathless rival either missed his train or sprained an ankle in his frenzy to arrive on time, and thereby lost his heart's desire, for I noticed a month later that the same matchless view might still be had by the "first party acting quick."

* * *

This agent, I well know, believed me an impostor with no notion of buying, merely out for a ride. He told me, with almost too pointed emphasis, of a mother and daughter from a certain great Babylon, where much respect is paid to wits as a means of livelihood. They had come to the mountains to buy a summer home, and scoured portions of two counties with an obliging agent as chauffeur, taking copious notes, and arguing earnestly on prices. At the end of two weeks they went home renewed in health, full of happy memories of a well-spent vacation. And left no address.

Commonly the highest reliance of an agent in escorting you to a bargain is to prove it a money-maker. Either the hay or the apples, or the chickens will do it, or your fortune will come in selling off building lots if you are forehanded enough to buy before the general advance of American civilization brings the trolley line thru and the rush of settlers begins. He knows you will rise to the bait of easy riches if to nothing else.

With one such dollar-diplomat I rode

many hilly miles in a state of mild wonder about the Eldorado that was to burst upon us. The guide discouraged conversation and plied the whip. Enough, that the right man on the place could be independent in five years. At the top of a gentle rise (my travels were full of them), we came upon a monumental red barn (also of barns). Wide hayfields to the north and south, pastures to the west. The open sesame to affluence in five years was a dairy farm with milk route in connection. Eighteen "head" were kept, and it seemed a sure thing.

Still, I had not thought of driving a milk wagon as the life calling in which I would transcendently shine. It must be the agent had thought otherwise. For all the vision of innumerable nickels raining into my coffers, I could not make it seem tempting. The sight of eighteen head in a long, patient row of rhythmic mastication outside the barnyard fence stirred no responsive chord. That very summer a farmer friend who milked near that number twice a day had allowed me to try a hand on the easiest Jersey in the herd. Perhaps in more scientific circles it would have been called original experimentation, nay, research work. It was original at all events, and it was work, a conviction the cow presumably shared, howbeit she lost very little in the operation. If, now, I should hire a deliveryman and do the milking myself, a little figuring showed that at the speed record already established, it would be just about possible to get thru with the eighteenth cow on the morning round in time to begin over on the night attack.

The agent let me off at the nearest trolley crossing, in a silence which I still recall very well. A bolder spirit bought this bonanza, and has only three years more to wait for his independence. I sometimes think of that oncoming date with a twinge of baffled greed, but it is too late. At the golden moment I had weakened.

Nevertheless, I bought a farm.

THIS AIN'T TOO LATE

By EARL H. EMMONS

A-ROLLIN' round in comfort, I had never give a thought
  For many years, to my old pardner Jim;
Then sudden come the blow and all my memories were fraught
  With debts of gratitude I owed to him.

And lumps, somehow, got in my throat, and tears come to my eyes,
  While sendin' flowers and letters to his kin,
And then I tried to think his soul, somewhere up in the skies
  Looked down and saw how much esteemed he'd been.

But 'way down in my heart I had a feelin' all the while,
  How small was anything I now could do,
Compared, a few short hours ago, to one bright word or smile;
  And that's why I am sendin' this to you.

You know, it's blame uncertain who will be the next to go,
  And you or me, it like as not, might be;
So let me tell you now I'm not forgettin' what I owe,
  For nice and thoughtful things you've done for me.

You're straight and true and where you go the world seems better there,
  And when folks ask, these things I'm goin' to state;
I'll tell them just how fine you are—that's better than a prayer
  And flowers when you're gone—and ain't too late.

Are We Ready?*

by

Joe Mitchell Chapple

VIBRANT with the spirit of virile America, on the eve of Patriot's Day, with memories of the Pilgrim Fathers—we welcome this great hour. Amid the blaze of our colors in every city, village and hamlet, blending with the verdure of the newborn spring, the thought uppermost in the mind of every American is *"What can I do for my country?"* until it has swelled into the grand chorus of the Union.

In Europe, the United States was misunderstood. Today, thank God, Europe and the whole world understands. Our country, with its pacific ideals, has been transformed into an aroused America, stinging under the lash of injustice and inhumanity.

Is there one in this great throng who is not ready to rise and pledge his life and everything he has, unreservedly, for his country? If so, he does not belong here. He is unworthy the name of American.

The time has come when the sword must be drawn; when all the concentrated genius of the United States must be mobilized with but one mind and purpose—and that to conquer!

When the President of the United States read his war message—the greatest state paper of these epochal times—he voiced the throbbing heart of a nation. Firm and tender, without passion, he proclaimed to the world the high duty of the hour. The resolution passed by Congress was not only a declaration of war, but a pledge to maintain Lincoln's humanity and Washington's ideals—our priceless heritage.

As I left the Capitol on that early morning, the flag waving aloft in the breeze was silhouetted against the great dome bathed in pure white light. The four flags at the feet of the statue signalled the message to the four quarters of the globe.

Back of the dome was its shadow clearly outlined in the morning mist, where the stars were challenging the searchlights and the sun for the franchise of the skies. Above, clear and distinct, was the statue of Liberty; at its feet was a shaft of light, like a star of the east. The stalwart arm of that statue, sculptured in the heavens, pointed the path of Duty—to the East—to the East—

This scene recalled another, one hundred and forty-two years ago this very night, when, as the moon rose o'er the Bay, the lanterns were placed in the lonely belfry of Old North Church. The hurry of hoofs in the village street—thru the gloom and the light—the fate of a nation rode forth that night with Paul Revere.

And so it seemed that the light gleaming from the Capitol dome signalled to the world a message of hope—with a call to arms.

We answer tonight with the Minutemen of old—"Ready!"

There is in America no such thing as an

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*Speech delivered on the occasion of the National Defense dinner in Boston, April 18, at which Ambassador James W. Gerard was the guest of the evening.

age limit. Not one who breathes the air of this free land is exempt from service in the hour of need.

In the glow of the hearthstone are women ready for their work, not as women, but as Americans. They are proving their ability to protect to the utmost their sovereign rights.

This is not a time to be harsh. It is a time to arouse the loyalty of the people to a realization that this is the hour of supreme test for our republic.

The issue today is not pro-Ally, not pro-German, not even pro-American—it is pro-Humanitarian.

I can hear tonight the voice of Patrick Henry as he electrified the burgesses of Virginia, and aroused the spirit of Liberty, which has burned ever since like an eternal Penates on the hearthstones of America.

We are no longer listening to the song of the siren—to loll in lax indolence and ease, for we now behold the very principle fought for at Lexington, menaced and marked for destruction by a tyrannical power insisting that nations shall submit to the piracy of submarines.

It is democracy combating the Dragon of Dynasty.

The breaking of sacred oaths and treaties, the devastation of Belgium, the enslavement of citizens in conquered territory, ruthless murder on the high seas, the slaying of women and children in peaceful villages by bombs dropped from the sky, the unscrupulous use in warfare of poison gases and disease germs must cease—or civilization becomes a mockery.

The spoliation and starvation of Poland, the crushing of Servia, and the persecution to the death of Syrians powerless to defend themselves, the wholesale massacre of the long-suffering Armenians—all this has stirred human sympathy to the depths.

* * *

Decatur's daring and brave boys "made safe the world" from pirates that menaced commerce and American lives in European waters in years past.

The freedom of the high seas—aye, of the heavens—*must* and *shall* be maintained!

In the language of Patrick Henry: "We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne" of the Teuton Autocrat, and have implored him to stop the barbarous and lawless practice of unrestricted warfare.

Now—one hundred million freemen in the new world have determined to join in overthrowing the last vestige of military oppression. It means even the emancipation of the Germans themselves from the heavy yoke of the Hohenzollern.

The air vibrates with the spirit of victory which will bring hope for all nations small and weak, now held captive under the rule of despots.

Now is the time to re-dedicate ourselves to the noblest impulses of citizenship. Tonight is the time for joining hands and hearts—not only with our associates, but extending to those of foreign birth among us the handgrasp of fellowship that will make them know that Baron von Steuben, Lafayette, Kosciusko and Pulaski did not fight in vain, and that their names are woven in the very warp and woof of American history.

* * *

Intrigue and insidious diplomacy, enwrapped in the dignity of kings, are dispelled in the dawn of world democracy.

The veil has been lifted. We now see the purpose of this world war—when two hundred million Slavs threw off the shackles. Russia has caught the breath of '76—at last—at last. The Duma stands before the world with a declaration for democracy, as epochal as that of our Continental Congress, when Liberty Bell rang out at Independence Hall.

In this great sacrificial struggle, reeking with the blood of ten millions of men, is tyranny's atonement and democracy's enthronement.

A new light is breaking that will penetrate to all shores and shatter the feudalism of a thousand years.

The old order has passed—the conquests of Alexander, Caesar, and Napoleon have given way to a new order. The eyes of the world are upon *us* to uphold the sacred pledge given on bended knee by the Pilgrims for the divine promise of individual liberty.

The old Commonwealth of Massachusetts has made answer—"We are ready!"

In every crisis, the banner of the old Bay State is flung to the breeze. "By the sword she seeks tranquil peace under liberty"—what more fitting battle cry for today?

* * *

The hour for universal military training is at hand. So long as one American holds back—there is need of it. It is only justice to those who are ready to bare their breast and stand in the breach when danger threatens.

American mothers today would blush for the son who is not ready to march forward with firm step to serve his country. There is no room around the American hearthstone to coddle petty personal interests.

This does not mean forgetting the gentleness and kindliness of Lincoln—of the development of brute force. It does mean a spirit that would conquer the brute power which throttles all noble impulses of humanity.

"Is life so dear, or peace so sweet" as to be purchased at the price of shame and slavery?

You know what course others will take. I can see in every flashing eye before me the soul's beacon light, proclaiming your determination to do your part and maintain the majesty of American citizenship—even to the perils of death.

Yes—we will stand by the President, and the President will stand by the people—listening, as did Lincoln, to the rights of the humblest.

To go back or weaken now would be to mock the glorious dead and betray the unborn children of a hundred years!

We fear not the specter of the Grim Reaper, whom we meet day by day in peace as well as war!

What greater honor can come to man than to stand—or fall—in the radiance of the Red, White, and Blue, inspired by the spirit of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," and enwrapped in the folds of Old Glory, now waving its message of hope for liberty triumphant—blazing the path of Duty—to the East—to the East—

Are you ready?

LADY SUMMER

OH dear! who is that lady, pray?
She looks familiar, quite!
I'm sure 'twas but the other day
I knew her as a mite!

Ah, now I know! 'tis little Spring!
And grown up grand and tall!
And wasn't she a pretty thing
Upon my garden wall?

Oh, there, she's gone! I scarce can see
The print of her small feet.
My little Spring—that used to be
So frail and fair and sweet!

—*Winifred Virginia Jordan.*

LET'S TALK IT OVER

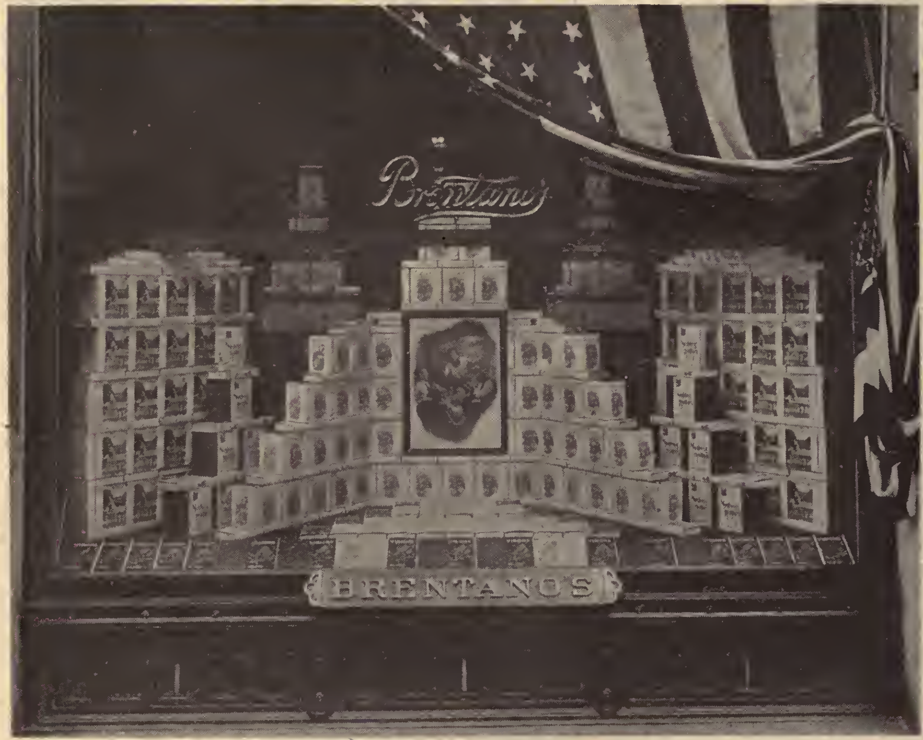
READERS of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE will be interested in the new book, "Patriotic Heart Songs." It was compiled from "Heart Songs," which the enthusiastic readers of the NATIONAL helped to make. The book includes words and music of patriotic songs, and was published in response to a demand that was irresistible. When Congress declared war, a spirit of patriotic feeling was aroused, growing every day, the like of which has not been felt in this country for years. The old trite but true saying, "Let me make the songs of a country and I care not who makes its laws," was apparent in the suggestions of the people as to the songs we selected for this collection. The old songs that have stood the test of time are still the more popular. No new stirring martial air has appeared to meet with general or popular favor. This is due, perhaps to the sentiment back of this war; not an impassioned or emotional expression, but a deliberative, quiet purpose, based on the ideals and sentiments in the old national songs to maintain fundamental ideals of democracy.

"Patriotic Heart Songs" contains the national airs of many other countries, indicating that all patriotic songs harmonize in purpose if not in the music itself, in a marked manner. Messrs. Grosset & Dunlap, New York, the publishers, will distribute the book widely thruout the country. No matter how many musical collections you may have in your home, "Patriotic Heart Songs," with its suggestive cover of the Red, White and Blue, and glimpsing the patriotic spirit of '76 to 1917, is a volume that should be included in every musical library. It is just as important to have the colors unfurled inside the home as outside, and an investment of sixty cents in a handsome, cloth-bound book of two hundred pages, is seed well sown in keeping alive in the home a spirit of love of country. The interest manifested by people of other nations in having their songs included in a book carrying the colors of our country is most significant. It indicates that we have assumed the world responsibilities of the hour, fortified by the songs that stir the hearts of nations in this crisis to one common purpose.

* * *

SEVERAL readers have called our attention to the Fifth Avenue Easter display of a Chapple Publishing Company book at Brentano's, New York. The display of "A Vendetta of the Hills," the recent novel by Willis George Emerson, was observed and appreciated, not only by the publishers, but by all the friends and readers of the NATIONAL. Draped with the Stars and Stripes, one of the ideals associated with the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, the display was especially appropriate, as the purpose is to have all publications express as far as possible significant phases of national and American life, whether of effete East, wild West, sunny South, or the new Northwest.

"A Vendetta of the Hills"—a California story—has met with great success. In his later story, "The Man Who Discovered Himself," now running serially in the NATIONAL, the author carries a message to the down and out.



A FIFTH AVENUE EASTER DISPLAY

Willis George Emerson's new novel, "A Vendetta of the Hills," with one of the illustrations framed, occupying the center of the stage at Brentano's, New York, Easter week. A fitting tribute to the younger publishing houses in general and to the Chapple Publishing Company's books in particular

Willis George Emerson, author and business man, is one of the few busiest of the business men of the country who have achieved distinction as a novelist. Writing stories has been his hobby ever since earliest childhood. Even when he followed the plow all day as a farmer boy, he was planning out a complete story to tell his brothers and his mother at night after the chores were done. The conclusion of Mr. Emerson's new story, "The Man Who Discovered Himself," will be awaited with interest, dealing, as it does, with problems that concern the life tragedies and romances of American homes not only in novels but in real life.

WITH our country in the midst of war, there must surely come home to every woman the fact that all should join hand in hand to protect, reverence, and honor our flag and to teach the children their duty in loyalty, and to always salute the Stars and Stripes. Never before in history has woman so well shown her ability as now. She has stepped into almost every field, not only in the professions, but into hard daily labor. While so many are clamoring for women to organize for a fight for the ballot, all who are eligible to do so should join the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and unite in commemorating the memory and valiant deeds of ancestors who helped to make America free. Perhaps if more were known of this society, there would be a greater desire on the part of women who can do so to become members.

On July 11, 1890, the Sons of the

American Revolution gave a dinner in Washington, at which sixty were present, twenty of whom were women. Senator John Sherman of Ohio was one of the speakers. In his address he spoke of the pleasure it was to have so many women present, altho they were not eligible to membership in the society. He said that, altho the women did not do the fighting, they remained at home and kept things going—raised cattle and crops to feed the army, spun the yarn and wove the cloth to make the clothes for the soldiers, looked after the homes and children, and did much to keep the country alive. Senator Sherman's address was printed in a Washington paper the next day, and Mrs. Mary Lockwood, a prominent club woman, after reading it, began the preparation of a protest against giving all the honor for winning freedom to the men of the nation.

She then began a movement to organize the D. A. R., and called attention to the work of Mollie Pitcher, told the story of Hannah Arnett, Deborah Sampson, and the women of Pepperill Bridge and others. Miss Mary Desha, of Washington, immediately offered her assistance to organize a society of women descended from soldiers of the American Revolution. Some work was done thru the summer, but the society was not officially organized until October 11, 1890. Seventeen women were present at that meeting. Mrs. Harrison, wife of President Harrison, was one of the first to join, and became the first president-general. During the presidency of Mrs. Fairbanks, Memorial Continental Hall was dedicated. The society now has ninety-four thousand members, and its object is patriotic education first, so that the coming generation will carry on this work that is now so well begun.

Every woman who can trace her ancestry to one who fought to save our country, our liberty and honor should belong to a chapter, for this society has come to stay as long as the Stars and Stripes shall wave over American soil and homes.

* * *

MORE and more the "Let's Talk It Over" department seems to possess the glow of the hearthstone. Seems like dropping in on the family circle of readers when I go thru a stack of letters that tell me what I should do next. You may not realize it, but this was the first department of its kind in a periodical that carried the colloquial title of "Let's Talk It Over." And there has been some real talking

CLINEDINST D. WASHINGTON C.

MRS. GEORGE THACHER GUERNSEY
Of Independence, Kansas, who has been recently elected president-general of the Daughters of the American Revolution

during all these years. All the letters somehow keep me in touch with the home folk.

One little miss writes me that "My new pet bulldog I named 'Joe Chapple' because he likes magazines so well he just chews 'em up like he does sister's stockings." Then there are letters from those dear grandmothers who, in trembling characters, reflect the sweet tenderness of age and motherliness. There is also the irate traveling man who spatters ink when he says: "Imagine the spectacle of newsdealers saying they can't get me a copy of the NATIONAL. I tried many places but they always tell me it is 'non-returnable'—so I have returned to the subscription list to have my address changed each month."

So it goes—the bitter with the sweet. The newsdealers, however, are learning slowly but surely that it pays to serve their customers with what they want.

* * *

IN these stirring times, that awaken patriotic enthusiasm concerning the flag of our country, we often hear a certain poem repeated, "Your Flag and My Flag." The author who has given the world this priceless tribute to Old Glory is Wilbur D. Nesbit. The poem was written only a year or so ago.

Born in Xenia, Ohio, in 1871, young Nesbit attended the public schools in the good old American way, and began his business career as a devil in a print shop of Cedarville, Ohio. After he felt that the "world was surely his'n," he journeyed to Anderson, Indiana, where he was a reporter on the *Herald*. An advancement was recorded when he became city editor of the Muncie, Indiana, *News*. On to Indianapolis he directed his career, and there became advertising manager of a clothing firm. While he was doing this work, he first ventured into verse, almost under the very eyes of James Whitcomb Riley. The verse was an advertisement for a special sale of men's trousers, and he called it "Those First Long Pants of Mine." It attracted the attention of literary folk, as well as advertisers.

He was soon writing his head off with a long lead pencil on the Indianapolis *Journal*, and covered almost every position on the staff. In Baltimore, he next flung his editorial lance, writing a daily column on the *American* of that city. He was called back to the Chicago *Tribune*, then to the Chicago *Evening Post*, where he began the now famous series "Sermons in Song." His books have an individual charm. They are Nesbitish right thru. "The Gentleman Ragman," "The Trail to Boyland," "The Land of Make-Believe," "A Friend or Two," "An Old, Old Wish," "My Company of Friends" is a list of titles that sound like best sellers. Like many ambitious writers, Wilbur Nesbit has had his fling as a playwright. He wrote the book of "The Girl of My Dreams," a musical comedy that was a pioneer in the elimination of slap-stick and suggestive lines—and later a little play that will soon appear in moving pictures, which has the wholesome impress of Nesbitian know-how.

The Indiana Society and the annals of the old Chicago Press Club would be incomplete without frequent mention of Wilbur Nesbit as toastmaster or as one whom "we have with us tonight." It has always been a mystery how he became so prominent in the Indiana Society—but Wilbur is a versatile fellow, and insisted that while he was born in Ohio, he was really reared a Hoosier. For nearly ten years he has been president of Chicago's famous "Forty Club," the most ancient of the Bohemian organizations in America, excepting the one in San Francisco. His enduring fame, however, will cluster about that wonderful tribute to the flag which is attuned to national thought. It is recited in the schools, and every time a public speaker has designs on a patriotic address, Nesbit's lines are used. It is recited at national political conventions—everywhere and anywhere the lines of Wilbur Nesbit have a ring of national sentiment that rivals "The Star-Spangled Banner" itself.

Time and time again the poem has appeared, like an old favorite, in the Congressional *Record*. Congressmen are partial to it as a peroration. Innumerable songs have been written to the ringing words, which awaken patriotism. His publishers in Chicago have produced the poem in colors, and made a poster for schools. It appeared in the form of postcards sent home by the soldier boys on the Mexican border.

In future editions of Nesbit's poems no page will be more thumbed than that containing "Your Flag and My Flag," as published and copyrighted by P. F. Volland Company, Chicago:

Your flag and my flag!
And how it flies today
In your land and my land,
And half a world away!
Rose-red and blood-red
The stripes forever gleam;
Snow-white and soul-white—
The good forefathers' dream;
Sky-blue and true blue, with stars to gleam aright—
The gloried guidon of the day; a shelter thru the night.

Your flag and my flag!
To every star and stripe
The drums beat as hearts beat
And fifers shrilly pipe!
Your flag and my flag—
A blessing in the sky;
Your hope and my hope—
It never hid a lie!
Home land and far land, and half the world around,
Old Glory hears our glad salute and ripples to the sound!

Your flag and my flag!
And oh, how much it holds—
Your land and my land
Secure within its folds!
Your heart and my heart
Beat quicker at the sight;
Sun-kissed and wind-tossed—
Red and blue and white.
The one flag—the great flag—the flag for me and you—
Glorified all else beside—the red and white and blue!

* * *

ESTABLISHED in January, 1914, as a result of an extensive investigation carried on by a representative group of Boston alumni, the Alumni Social Service Bureau, of Boston, represents a country-wide effort during the past few years to utilize the time, initiative and energy of that vast body of college graduates which flows into the large centers of population every fall. Prior to the establishment of the Bureau, there was no clearing-house for social service work in Boston or vicinity.

Head workers of settlement houses, boys' clubs, associated charities workers and others were greatly handicapped in their search for volunteer workers, partly because there was no central agency to which they could go to record their demands and secure assistance, and partly because they did not have a hold on any particular group in the community. In most instances they were obliged to make a hit-or-miss campaign for volunteers, and if their field of work did not appeal to a potential volunteer he was very apt to be lost to social service work unless by chance a social worker in a different field should encounter him and succeed in enlisting his services.

WILBUR D. NESBIT
Author of "Your Flag and My Flag." Besides being a poet, Mr. Nesbit is a thoro business man, and for eight years has been using the ability to write things that appeal in the production of commercial literature. He is also vice-president of one of the country's leading advertising organizations

What effect does the Alumni Social Service Bureau have on this situation? In the first place, it provides a clearing-house for the recording of the demand for volunteer workers and produced a limited supply of the same. It is true that all the agencies which have applied for assistance could not be aided, but those which applied promptly and were the most persistent in their efforts have, in many instances, been aided, especially if their work had real human interest.

In the second place, the Bureau finds itself in a position to secure a large amount of data covering the graduates of many different colleges and their ability and experience in social work. It is able to make a concrete appeal to these men, because the directors and the executive secretary of the Bureau are all college graduates. A college graduate is more apt to listen to an appeal to participate in community life when it is made by a fellow-alumnus than when it is made by a person engaged in professional social work who has nothing in common with him.

The progress of the Alumni Social Service Bureau has been slow, but sure. The results have not been sensational to date, but they have been indicative of a healthy growth in the future, and they have shown the necessity for pushing the work forward with renewed vigor. It is a pity to think how many graduates fail to realize their responsibility to the community during the first few years following their graduation. A trained college man owes a greater debt to the community than those whom we are accustomed to call less fortunate. There should be an agency in every large city to impress this fact on all college graduates, but most particularly on the young men. It is, perhaps, a trite statement to say that the benefits of social service work are by no means confined to the individual or the family or the group in the community with which the volunteer works. The volunteer himself is greatly benefited, partly by the knowledge that he is doing a good work which affords little or no reward, but largely because he obtains an idea of how the "other half lives." If he is any kind of a man, he becomes broader in his viewpoint, more charitable to all his fellow-men, and last, but far from least, much more humble than most of us are apt to be in this day and generation.

HOME OF J. MORRIS WIDDOWS IN CONNERSVILLE, INDIANA
It is here that he writes his poetry and composes his music, doing it at spare moments, generally on stormy days or by candle light, when it is not feasible for him to be outdoors on his farm

* * *

DOWN in the southeastern corner of good old Hoosierdom lives a man named J. Morris Widdows—spelled with two D's. He has the Hoosier impulse and has written a book of verse and music that is widely circulated. He enjoys the distinction of being farmer, poet, song writer and music publisher. His books have merited the commendation of General Lew Wallace and James Whitcomb Riley. "Take Me Back to My Indiana Home," his first song, appealed very much to the late Paul Dresser, author of "On the Banks of the Wabash," and was popularly received. Mr. Widdows has written a sequel to the state song of Indiana, called "On the Banks of the Whitewater." What he has accomplished in his picturesque Hoosier farm home indicates how environment and surroundings have little to do with the aspirations and activities of the average American.

* * *

IT was, indeed, a corner of Paradise. Horticultural Hall was all ablaze with the blossoms of tulip and jonquil, those happy harbingers of returning springtime. And how refreshing, after the winter, seemed this riot of bud and blossom at the Boston Flower Show. On one side were the acacia trees, a perfect mass of golden flowerets, and then the roses—radiant and supremely content with their own loveliness. Carnations of all shadings were there in profusion, and orchids—why, I saw over fifty thousand dollars' worth of orchids in one little room. Over in one corner were the fuchsia, begonia, petunia, geranium, and rose geranium that used to be mother's first and last concern on winter nights and mornings. Hyacinths and tulips of all sorts and colors, yet there has been not much of an improvement or change in tulips during the last hundred years. I recalled the scene as I rode across Holland a few years ago and looked upon the original Haarlem, all ablaze with tulips of varying hues.

Music and canaries added to the spell, and when the music was silent, the canaries started singing. You did not want to talk; you just wanted to look and breathe in the exotic scents of this revel of bud and bloom. From conservatories of the Back Bay and Brookline came contributions, showing that flowers are eternal and unflagging in their hold upon human nature. There was one florist's exhibit, showing how tables should be decorated—from miniature trellis vines to ornate Pompeian fountains.

* * *

IN my travels I am impressed with the hunger and desire of the average man for sympathetic appreciation of his ideals. His life habit of repression of these ideals as not appropriate to his business soon withers his hopes and he shies from declaring them, even in the glow of the family hearthstone. Going far afield, he finds a kindred soul willing to put aside for the moment the routine of everyday life and talk of the things that have been furtively admired as coyly as a young maiden with her first love letter.

J. MORRIS WIDDOWS
Farmer, poet, song writer and music publisher; author of "Rainy Day Poems" and the popular song, "Take Me Back to My Indiana Home," dedicated to James Whitcomb Riley, of beloved memory

Best of all is love; love, the finest expression of creation; love that feeds the imagination, man to man; love that understands; love that gives.

Reduced to the last equation, we find that the spirit of Rotary brings understanding, glorifying that age-old comradeship of the Crusader. In the words of the greatest of all books, we are told that "Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom, and with all thy getting, get understanding."

What more comforting when the clouds gather than to look into the eyes of a friend who sympathizes and understands. What more glorious than the unqualified joy of that same friend in the moment of our triumphant achievement or prosperity?

It has been said that all of John Locke's writings, even his "Essay on Human Understanding," were intended to counteract the enemies of reason and freedom in his own age. This is obviously true of his works on Social Polity, written at a time when the principles of democracy and toleration were struggling with the divine right of kings. That the people, in the exercise of their sovereignty, have the right to govern themselves in the way they judge expedient for the common good, and that the civil government, whatever form it assumes, has no right to interfere with religious beliefs not expressed in actions inconsistent with civil society, was the essence of his political philosophy. He saw that things in this world were subject to such constant change that no society long remained in the same state. Rotary is an expression of a like spirit.

LOUIS VICTOR EYTINGE
Editor of *Postage*

While there are material benefits of Rotary, they are but incidental. Every club is supposed to include in its membership men who are leaders in their respective lines. If they are undeserving, they cannot long remain Rotarians, for they realize that support must be deserved. In many cases the man has been inspired to build his business up to Rotary—rather than ride on the wheels of Rotary. In Rotary you think of a man as a man, and naturally repress saying or doing anything that might unwittingly wound his sensibilities. This is the idealism of tolerance.

Rotary is an all-encircling organization in which men of every belief, political, religious, or social, may come within the circle of tolerant and humane understanding and have his beliefs sympathetically respected.

* * *

ROMANCE and tragedy intermingle in the life of Louis Victor Eytinge. The story of "wild oats" and his reclamation contains a revelation of what is possible in the self-redemption of a man. Briefly, the story, in all its grimness, tells that he served a term in the Ohio Penitentiary for forgery—his early life was that of a waster and wastrel. Beside this, Nature had made him the victim of tuberculosis, and upon his release, his relatives sent him to Arizona—a remittance man, paying him one hundred dollars monthly to help him find himself.

On the way he met another "lunger" from Wisconsin—booked for the same destination. They were soon boon companions, and even roomed together. In his idleness, Eytinge forged two drafts, and was preparing to leave Phoenix. He wanted to have a good time with his German barber friend before he left, and they took a drive in the country. Eytinge returned alone. The barber was found—near him a bottle which had contained chloral hydrate, and somewhat farther away a bottle which had held chloroform. It was generally known that both drugs had been in the room occupied by the men for several weeks—used in the treatment of their common ailment.

Whatever happened, no one knows but Eytinge—and he refuses to tell his story until the people about him are in a mood to be fair to him. He had escaped to California and offered to return to face the forgery charges, feeling that he could easily prove his innocence of the other charge. He appealed to the court to have a chemical analysis made of the stomach of the dead man, but this was never done. The only evidence in the case was circumstantial—but he was convicted to a life sentence by a jury voting seven to convict and five to acquit. There were no marks of violence on the body of the barber, and no examination was made to determine whether or not he died a natural death. The feeling against Eytinge was so bitter that he was indicted on a charge of having shot the man, despite the fact that there was found no gun-shot wound and that Eytinge's gun was a new one which had never been fired.

In that penitentiary, under a life sentence, the reformation of Eytinge began. He discovered himself and his genius; he utilized his God-given talent, selling the handicraft of the prisoners and doing it by mail. His letters began to attract the attention of advertising men all over the world, and thus he made his impress upon the public, despite prison walls. As the evidence accumulated year by year, there seems to be no doubt of Eytinge's innocence of the charge of murder, but the local prejudice against him was implacable. The Associated Advertising Clubs of America and leading periodicals published his story and published the evidence—but nothing has yet been done.

In the meantime he was made editor of a periodical called *Postage*, and associated with him is Mr. Lewis R. Hovey, of Haverhill, Massachusetts. This publication, in itself, shows what the world might expect from the reborn Eytinge. No one can meet him and fail to realize the frankness and candor of his nature. He doesn't seek to cover up the mistakes of the past, but lets them stand an impressive warning to others.

Thousands of his new-found friends feel that he has been sufficiently punished, and that the genius of the reclaimed Louis Victor Eytinge belongs to the world. His prison service has served its purpose. Congressmen and Senators, business men all over the country, are writing to the Governor of Arizona and the pardon board because they are convinced that the ideals and purposes of American citizenship would indeed suffer if simple justice is denied in this case. Officials, thru personal prejudice and passion, are able to visit upon persons a vengeance as trying as that ever pictured in the dark pages of Charles Dickens.

If there were nothing else that would be an irresistible plea for the freedom of Louis Victor Eytinge, it would be the service that he has performed to the business interests of the country in the publication called *Postage*, which has marked a new era in epistolary lore.

LEWIS R. HOVEY
Who is publisher of *Postage*, edited by Louis Victor Eytinge

MORE compliments! Truly, we begin to feel as embarrassed and shy as a blushing young debutante. But there! We must be careful to uphold our dignity and not get too cocky over these things. Here is a letter that made us "sit up and take notice:"

> Your address was a masterpiece. You combined solid fact with splendid oratory, and with the display of a most remarkable personality. You have a magnetism which has never been more than equaled and seldom approached. I know of no speaker who gets so close to his audience. Your hearers forget the platform, forget everything save that you are a part and parcel of themselves. You not only talk to them, but you make them talk to you, completing the circuit of extreme effectiveness. N. C. F.

Development of Chain Stores System

Will be Important Factor in Solving High Cost of Living Problem

by W. C. Jenkins

THE recent incorporation of the American Stores Company, with headquarters at Philadelphia, and the announcement that the new organization will consolidate and operate the 1,223 stores owned by the Acme Tea Company, Robinson & Crawford, The Bell Company, Childs Grocery Company and the George M. Dunlap Company, served to awaken considerable interest in business circles of the eastern states.

The total business of the various stores which are included in the combination amounted to $46,197,128 during the year 1916, the merchandise sold being mostly teas, coffees, spices, meats and all lines of groceries. Modern warehouses, three well-equipped bakeries and scientific distribution systems are included in the properties acquired by the new corporation. The company manufactures a large proportion of the goods it sells, including all its bread and cake. Operations are conducted in Philadelphia, eastern Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland.

Many people paused to inquire the significance of this new undertaking, and its effect upon merchandising conditions in the districts in which operations are conducted. Manifestly the purpose is to break away from long-established methods of trading and to set up a system of concentrated management on a scale never before attempted in Philadelphia and adjacent cities.

There have been small combinations of this character operating in the eastern states for several years; in fact the companies that are taken into the new organization are in themselves merchandising institutions operating on the same plan. Their success is well known to the business men of the east, and their consolidation into the American Stores Company seems not only logical, but prudent, especially in view of the changes which have taken place in merchandising during recent years. It means that the chain of stores system can be better supplied with the large capital and the experienced men necessary to conduct merchandising in the most economical manner, to the end that consumers may not be burdened with middlemen's profits and the costly waste that arises under the customary methods of buying and selling.

The early and conspicuous effects of the consolidation will be a relocation of the stores so as to permit of more extensive and economical operation, greater economy thru combined buying power, elimination of duplicating truck deliveries, and shortened routes by the recharting of delivery services from the different warehouses, and generally more economical conduct of business thru centralization of management and reduction of overhead charges.

The consolidated companies have a remarkable history, which tells of the great opportunities for commercial development which this country has offered conscientious and honest merchants during the past twenty years. Each unit in the consolidated organization commenced operations in a simple way and grew rapidly from the start.

* * *

The firm of Robinson & Crawford was founded in 1891, with one store. It finally operated 186 stores.

The Bell Company began with one store in 1890, which was conducted by James Bell. In 1905 Mr. Bell controlled twenty-eight stores. James Eagles began in 1898 with a single store and had acquired ten others by 1905. In that year the two systems were consolidated, and at January 1, 1917, 214 stores were conducted by the Bell Company. In 1914 the firm built a large modern bakery, with a capacity of four hundred thousand loaves of bread a week, which is now being operated to its full capacity.

Childs Company started business in Camden, New Jersey, by S. C. Childs, in 1883. In 1891 eleven additional stores were added—other additions were made from time to time, until on January 1, 1917, 268 stores were in operation. The company owns a large modern warehouse in Camden and has practically completed a baking plant with a capacity of four hundred thousand loaves of bread a week.

George M. Dunlap Company began in 1888 with one store. On January 1, 1917, 122 stores were in operation, four of which are for the sale of meat only.

The Acme Tea Company, the largest of the group, opened its first store in 1885. It now operates 433 stores, located in eighty cities and towns. This company owns a large, modern warehouse and recently erected a bakery with capacity for one million tons of bread and twenty tons of cake per week.

The consolidation of these companies into the American Stores Company brings together 1,223 stores under one managerial system, and it is expected that this number will be greatly increased during the present year.

The economic aspects of the chain-of-stores system, and particularly this recent consolidation of large organizations, is worthy of close study by sociological workers and students of political economy. It is, without doubt, the most feasible solution of the high cost of living problem which up to this time has been suggested, for it eliminates much of the waste that attends operation by the single unit system. Moreover, it forces the middlemen from the field of merchandising, thus saving his enormous profits for the benefit of the consumer. In short, it elevates the business of trading into the realms of a science, where economy in operation and reliability in service are the dominant factors.

Such a corporation is necessarily responsible, and when a person goes into one of its stores to make a purchase, he has every reason to believe that the prices charged will be reasonable; and if he likes the goods and can afford the price, he may safely assume that he is not being cheated. The vast investments of the corporation in real and personal property, much of which cannot be removed, in themselves impel the officers of the corporation to maintain a high regard for reliability in merchandise and fair dealings in trade. These factors are the governing influence which automatically dominates a chain-of-stores system conducted on such a comprehensive plan as is proposed by the American Stores Company.

* * *

This is an age of specialization, particularly in buying and selling the common necessities of life. All branches of industry do not require the same amount of capacity and knowledge. The farmer is not expected to possess the same business qualifications as the merchant; on the contrary, he may do well enough with the knowledge of a few sorts of cultivation. The merchant, however, must be well versed in the nature and quality of many different kinds of merchandise. He must have some knowledge of the extent of the demand, and of the general market conditions. He must be constantly informed of the price current of the metropolitan cities, and he must know the means of transportation, its risk and expense, and the customs of the people he does business with, besides other matters of knowledge too numerous to mention. It is not surprising, therefore, but rather a necessary consequence, that the merchant who possesses all these requirements operates with a distinct advantage over

THE ACME TEA COMPANY'S BAKERY IS ONE OF THE LARGEST IN EXISTENCE

the man who does business largely by guess and in a haphazard manner.

With an efficient organization of this nature, there is no necessity of basing business on probabilities or fancies. The company will be guided by experts in every branch of finance, and tradesmen who can judge probable market and banking conditions, and who carefully study the crop statistics of the country, thus enabling the officials to forecast with considerable certainty the coming business conditions, and trim the company's sails accordingly.

It is easy to understand how a large corporation of this nature can buy and sell to much greater advantage than the merchant with no fixed purpose or plan, and who conducts his business loosely and without enthusiasm. The corporation officials have gotten to the very core of prospective commercial requirements, and its knowledge is such that it can tell what is most likely to happen, and can avoid the pitfalls which an ordinary merchant cannot foresee.

The plan is based upon the same principle as is the holding company system of operating public utility properties, and which has saved hundreds of millions of dollars to the American people during the past twenty years. It is a plan whereby many different properties may be operated under a system of concentrated management which insures the highest efficiency, and the greatest economy, for at the head of every department is a trained specialist in his own particular line.

In the public utility field a system of reports has been devised by the holding companies which in themselves have a most important place, since the distribution of these reports among the department heads each month tells in no unmistaken language where there has been a preponderance of activity, and also a lack of energy, on the part of the operating officials. This acts as a stimulus to the best endeavor, and at the same time creates a friendly rivalry among the different companies. In other words, it is competition of a nature that works no harm to the public, and is of good advantage to the companies.

The effect of concentrated management under the holding company plan of operating public utility properties is plainly apparent to every householder, for while he has seen the price of every article of merchandise advance by leaps and bounds since the beginning of the war, the price he is paying for street-car fares, gas and electricity remains the same. In many localities lighting rates have actually been reduced during the past three years, the ability of the corporations to make such reductions being traceable entirely to the economies of the holding company and its system of concentrated management.

Reasoning by analogy, the possibilities thru wide operation and concentrated management in merchandising seem to offer similar opportunities for satisfactory financial returns from trading, and at the same time establish lower prices to the consumer on every article of merchandise. What the traction and lighting companies have been able to accomplish in the way of low rates, the merchant may also bring about if the principle of trading is placed upon a similar basis.

The day will never return when public utility properties will be independent units as they were twenty years ago, for the uneconomic aspects of the old system taught costly lessons to thousands of investors, as well as to the general public.

It has been shown that under the holding company plan, when the individual concern becomes a part of an organization composed of many companies, the stronger supports the weaker, and each gets the benefit of larger credit, expert engineering advice, and highest efficiency in management at a minimum cost.

The efforts on the part of the American Stores Company to free business from its many disagreeable fetters must be generally commended. It is one of the first signs of daylight to those economists and sociologists who have been endeavoring to solve the great high cost of living problem. The far-reaching influence of the improved system of merchandising cannot be determined, but in a general way its advantages can be understood, and therefore the efforts of the new corporation should be encouraged.

When the mail order store was just established, many people regarded the innovation as a partial solution of the high cost of living problem. The mail order houses have been of material assistance in keeping prices within reasonable limits, and the system has grown until the different companies do an annual business of over a billion dollars. But the mail order system has its limitations; also its disadvantages, for the majority of people have no inclination to buy articles from a pictured description; they must see the real article. Then again the expense of shipment and return on many rejected articles is great, and this expense must, in the final analysis, fall upon those customers whose purchases are satisfactory.

The chain-of-stores corporation can buy merchandise as cheap as the mail order houses. It can sell at lower prices, since the element of expense on rejected articles has been eliminated, for the purchaser can inspect goods before he buys and determine whether they meet his requirements.

What are the correct ethics of trade? has been an ever-present problem since men began to deal with each other, and the philosophers of every age have offered opinions on the subject. The ancients said: "All trade is a bad thing. It is robbery; and in fact it is a cowardly mode of robbery."

Aristotle held that all trade was essentially base and he and his followers had no difficulty in condemning the profits of merchandising. But whether the ancients liked it nor not, trade was found to be a necessity, and in the Middle Ages there was a reconciliation, and everyone agreed that it was essential, and its profits were, therefore, to a certain extent legitimate. It was during this period that an attempt was first made to establish a system of ethics under which just and moderate profits could be permitted and unjust or immoderate profits condemned. It was conceded that every article had its value or proper price, represented in the cost of the raw material and labor involved in its production, and so long as a trader was content with a price based on this cost and a fair additional sum for his services, he rendered a valuable service to society by furnishing the articles it wanted in the times and places when they were needed.

That every article has a value or fair price based upon its cost of production, and that trade is legitimate or illegitimate according as the merchant bases his charge upon this cost, was at one time the general opinion of the people, and is held by many persons at the present day. In fact, this is the fundamental principle of Carl Marx' book on Capital. But the attempt to establish the ideal has been attended with much difficulty, for the reason that it makes no provision for losses on articles which are found to be unsalable.

A trader cannot be compelled to leave the goods on his shelves because people will not pay the price which has been set upon them. He must be permitted to sell them at a loss, and make extra profits on the articles that the public will buy to make up for his failures on the things that the people will not purchase.

Attempts to prohibit a trader from selling articles for more than they cost have resulted in the disadvantage of the people as a whole. At one time there was a scarcity of wheat, and those in possession of the available supply were anxious to advance the price, but the church threatened them with everlasting penalties in the next world, and the local magistrates threatened immediate bodily inflictions. The price stayed as it was and the consumption went on at the same rate as before. Finally the supply was exhausted and then came a famine in which whole communities were desolated. If there had been an advance in price, it would have induced people to be more economical in the use of bread; the old supply would have lasted until the new crop came in and the famine would have been averted. This incident serves to illustrate the fact that in certain cases high prices are not without their compensating advantages. But when high prices prevail as a consequence of uneconomic methods of conducting business, the situation is very different, and any efforts that have for their object the lessening of expense, or the application of more scientific systems, should meet with universal approval.

Every person who trades with merchants cannot but be often impressed with the lack of system and the clumsy manner in which merchandising is conducted in many cases. Manifestly trade under these conditions must be carried on at an excessive cost which the customers are compelled to pay, and it is perhaps not strange that prices often rise beyond all reason.

There is only one solution for the high-price problem, and that is the application of concentrated management of many stores, when the officials are provided with ample finances so that purchases may be made in the best market and at the lowest prices. The business is thus elevated to its proper scientific domain, as is the lighting and traction service of this country, and both rich and poor share in the resultant economies.

Institutions like the American Stores Company have a proper place in the commerce of this country. They signify the dawn of a better day.

ACME TEA COMPANY
ACME TEA COMPANY

THE MODERN WAREHOUSE OF ONE OF THE PHILADELPHIA CHAIN STORES SYSTEM

Company, Attention!

Squads Right—March!

CATCHING the spirit of the nation—which is to "get ready" in every way possible for the world struggle against militarism and autocracy—the Editor of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE wrote the Secretary of War, suggesting that "Infantry Drill Regulations," as established for the United States Army, be printed in such a form that they could be scattered broadcast over the entire country, for the guidance of the Home Guard, and other military organizations that have sprung up, and are still springing up everywhere.

The men just entering organizations want these drill regulations for study; others want them for reference.

The Secretary of War approved the suggestion and transmitted, thru the office of the Adjutant-General, a copy of "Infantry Drill Regulations" with corrections to April 15, 1917, *Part I* of which, appears in the June issue of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

This *Part I* we have now issued in pamphlet form for more convenient distribution, page for page as it appears in the revised official war document No. 453.

Part I covers "Orders, Commands and Signals," "School of the Soldier," "School of the Squad," "School of the Company," "the Battalion," "the Regiment," "the Brigade."

Send sixteen cents in stamps for the booklet. Orders for twenty-five or more will be sent postpaid, or by express, prepaid.

The Chapple Publishing Company, Ltd.
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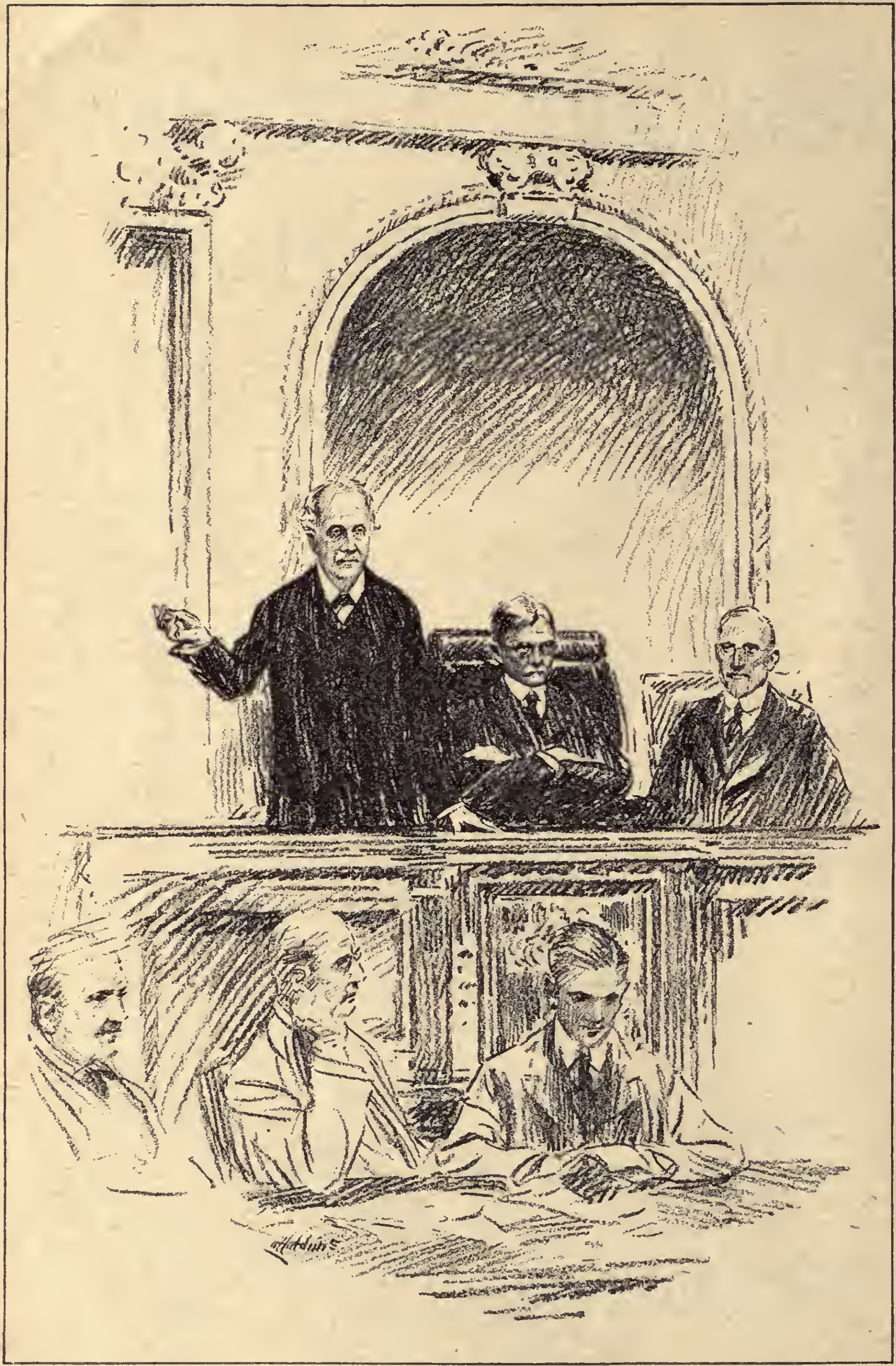

THE RT. HON. ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR ADDRESSING THE UNITED STATES SENATE ON THE WORLD-WAR CONDITIONS

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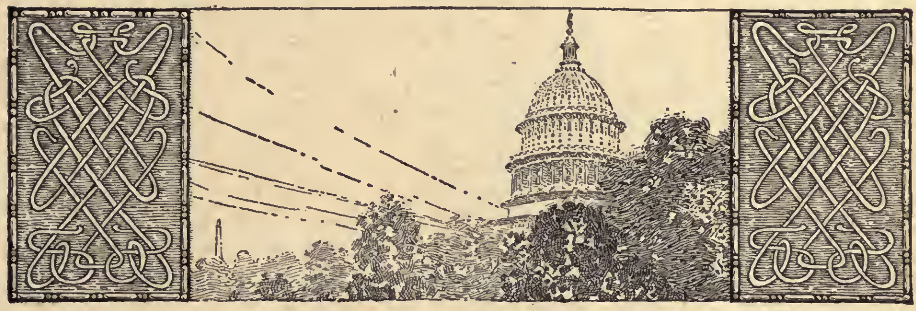


AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON

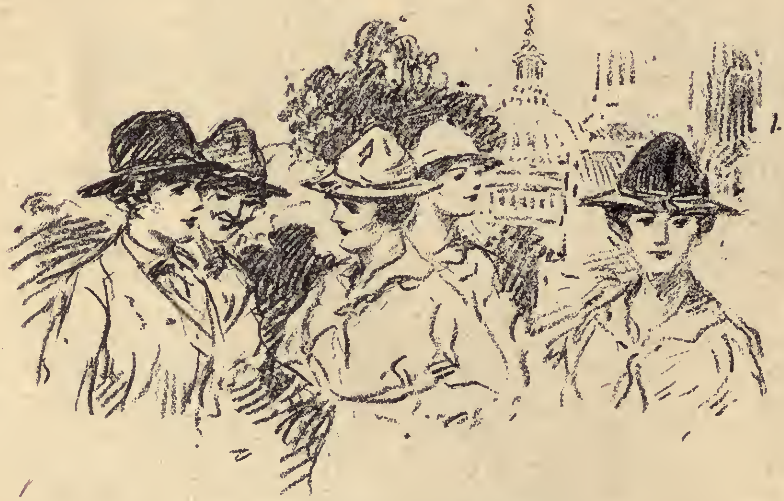
BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

IN these times every day is Flag Day. The month of June, containing the official date for the annual celebration, also includes the day of registration for the selective draft. With this event comes the solemn realization of the responsibilities of citizenship, supported by the offer of life itself for that priceless privilege. The ready response to this most drastic measure is a test that reveals the earnest loyalty of young America. Millions of men in the flower of manhood and in the flush of successful careers will serve their country to the point of personal sacrifice, with a spirit and enthusiasm that is inspiring.

STANDING near the statue of Rochambeau in Jackson Park, I looked upon the State, War and Navy building and thought of the dramatic scenes that centered there on June five. Over the entrance were the flags of the Allies, and the sight brought a thrill with the thought that our young men are not enlisted to fight under our flag alone, but to uphold the flags of all nations representing the ideals of civilization established by the Stars and Stripes. In the building are enrolled the names of those registered, not merely as voting citizens, but as militant supporters of the republic. Registration booths in all parts of the country revealed personal tragedies, for each individual case had its pathos. Many homes are represented by only sons; many young husbands, leave wife and babies, for "somewhere" under the flag. While it might have been more ideal to have had this great army gathered under a system like unto the one which inspired the Minute Men and the volunteers of the North and the South during the Civil War, in these practical, businesslike times the real spirit of democracy appeared in the selective draft system: "Why should not all serve alike?" While it means a sacrifice for those chosen, it is even more to those endeared to the young men who in the flush of youth naturally would not shirk adventure or the excitement of service. Nearly every home in the country will be represented in the great Army of Civilization. It reminded one of Lincoln's letter to Mrs. Bixby, to find the record of one mother who wrote proudly of her six sons serving the colors.

Reports from the training camps are most encouraging. The American young man is taking up military training with all the earnestness with which he conducted business. One of the English Commission remarked to me: "I have reached the conclusion that it will not take many months to make a most effective army out of these young men. With a little training, the initiative spirit develops quickly under the stress of necessity, such as will come in actual service. The achievement of Americans under arms, unharassed by traditions, and the suppression of individuality that comes with so many years of military discipline, will mark a new epoch in military history."

Across Executive Avenue from the War and Navy Departments, the President, as commander-in-chief of our Army and Navy, is spending June days in directing the preparations for the next act of the world war tragedy. He will maintain his policy of remaining in Washington to keep in close touch with every situation. June will witness the heavy work of Congress completed—but still in session for emergencies, with the fires banked, ready to "steam up" at short notice.



WASHINGTON GIRLS IN KHAKI

THE address of Mr. Balfour at the Press Club served to soothe the impatient ones who feel that matters are moving rather slowly at Washington. When the magnitude of the task is considered, and the myriad of details not known to the public are fully realized, the people are likely to be more tolerant. In every department at the Capital, in the embassies, in the stores, in the streets, everywhere, the foremost topic—diverted tho it may be for the moment—is the war. With these waiting days comes that apprehension which is even more wearing in its suspense than actual participation in the war so much talked about.

WAR times have revealed the splendid spirit of American women and their essential activities in public service. One woman whose work is known, not only in her own state, but in Washington and thruout the country, is Mrs. Eleanor Thomas Beeckman, wife of Governor R. Livingston Beeckman of Rhode Island. She is the daughter of General Samuel Thomas of Columbus, Ohio, and as a young girl was a great help to her father, who served with distinction in the Civil War and was president of several railroads at the time of his death.

Reared in the atmosphere of active social and public life, with her distinguished father, she continued this work after her marriage with Governor Beeckman in 1902, a wedding counted a great social event. From the very start she has most ably assisted her husband in his brilliant political career, and in her own way is noted for many charitable deeds.

During the hard times in 1914, Mrs. Beeckman established a Women's Free Employment Bureau, which gave employment to a number of women who were otherwise more or less destitute. She headed the women's contingent of fifteen thousand women who marched in the Rhode Island preparedness parade in June, 1916. She founded the Newport Chapter of the American Red Cross, the first chapter in Rhode Island, and has been its president since its organization. Few women have been more active in the Red Cross cause. As "first lady" of Rhode Island, she is loved and esteemed because of her unselfish and energetic devotion to those things that concern the people and public welfare.

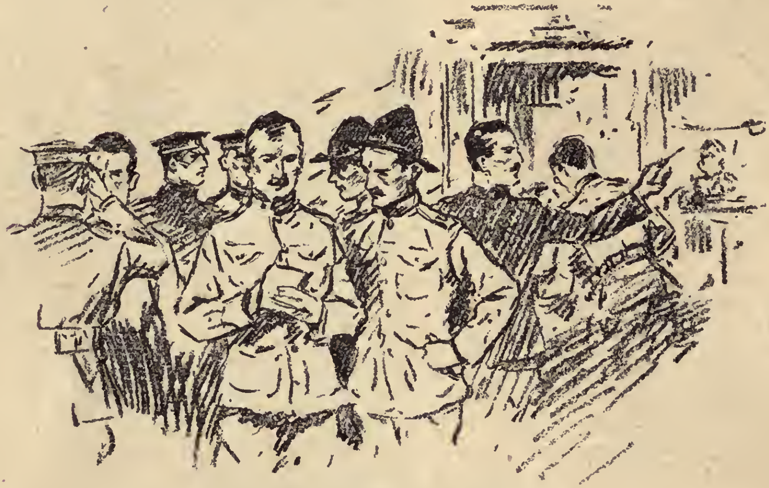
Photo by Koshiba

MRS. R. LIVINGSTON BEECKMAN
Wife of the Governor of Rhode Island

NATIONAL crisis accelerate routine work in Senatorial offices. As one Senator remarked, "There seems to be a lot of rapid-and-ready-letter-writers these days." An effort is made to answer all letters promptly, some by form letter, but these are the days when the Senator reads very carefully all mail concerning details in reference to the war. Every district has felt the awakening of military ardor, and most of this freshet of correspondence to Senators or Representatives concerns commissions and positions.

It is felt that the selective draft bill will meet the needs of the hour. In the discussion of this measure there was something of a repetition of the war resolution discussion. Speaker Champ Clark made an earnest and eloquent plea which aroused a great deal of enthusiasm, but it was evident then that a roll call would reveal a majority in favor of the measure, as suggested by the President. Representative Swagar Sherley of Kentucky replied to the Speaker.

On the Senate side the discussion was led by Senator Vardaman, and a stirring speech was made on the same day by Senator Reed. Missouri figured conspicuously in opposition to the measure. There was a notable review of American history in Senator Reed's address, delivered in a voice considered one of the best in the Senate.



THE BUSY WAR DEPARTMENT

Senators sometimes speak for hours on measures which they realize are hopeless, knowing that the verdict will be against them, but they feel that it is up to them to give an account of their conviction and stewardship in speeches. When Senator John W. Weeks spoke on the selective army bill, there was a feeling that here was a man who knew. His clear-headed discussion of the question as a business proposition was refreshing. Oftentimes some of the most important conferences occur in the cloak room. Members not intending to speak gather there and advance suggestions to members speaking in the forum.

The clear statement of important propositions, without emotion or prejudice or excitement of floor discussion carries conviction, and oftentimes there is a colloquy in the cloak room that surpasses in piquant interest many that appear in the *Record*. When I saw Philander Knox and Johnson of California conferring in the second row, I realized that men begin to understand each other and have their measure taken in the Senate for what they are, and not what they intended to be. In the Senate an emergency may arise that will call for expression, action, or judgment, that will make or unmake a public career.

DAY by day the opinion is growing that this is to be more than a "paper war." The late Hon. Joseph H. Choate, whose long years and wide experience made him a keen observer of world events, insisted that we are going into this war on the American plan—"Go in first and get ready afterward." "While our part heretofore has been the supplying of arms and food for the fighters at the front, now I believe we should send a fighting force ourselves," he declared. The presence of twenty thousand regulars at the front, he believed, would have a most inspiring effect, not only upon Europe, but this country as well.

Former President Roosevelt has had his conference with the President, and was offered a Major-General's commission by Governor Whitman of New York. Plans were being made for recruiting a division of Rough Riders. A census of New York state is now being made to provide war duties for every man over sixteen and under sixty-four. Mr. Choate seemed to think we cannot maintain national honor without a liberal hand, and the sooner we get started to get ready, the better it will be. He referred to the opinion of M. Bergson of France, whom he considered one of the great thinkers of the age—thinking not only for Europe, but for America as well—and Bergson believes that the presence of American soldiers under the American flag and American leaders, together with the Allied troops in the trenches of Europe, will mean much to hasten the dawn of peace. With the reports that are coming day by day of the smashing attacks on the west front, indicating British and French victories, America's entrance into the war seems to have already had its influence.

HENRY P. DAVISON
Head of the house of J. P. Morgan & Co., who has sacrificed an income of over $1,000,000 a year to become head of the American Red Cross War Council, an organization which will collect funds and send them on this country's biggest charitable and relief organization. This is one of the few posed pictures ever made of Mr. Davison, and was taken May 12

WHEN business men leave their offices and go to Washington to take a desk and subordinate positions, do clerical work without pay, giving advantage of all their ability—that's what I call a new and most inspiring phase of patriotism. It recalls the fact that George Washington never received a penny of remuneration for all the services he rendered the country.

Among those who have earnestly enlisted in the work at Washington is Henry P. Davison, of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Company, who has taken active charge of the work of the Red Cross, a gigantic task, and one for which he is peculiarly fitted. Mr. Davison has had a wide business experience, and has been closely associated with the Allies, and perhaps knows the needs and necessities of the Red Cross as well as any business man of the country. He has literally taken off his coat, and is hard at work, with responsibilities in many cases more exacting than in his own private business.

Harris & Ewing

COMMITTEE ON COAL PRODUCTION TO AID ALLIES

An official committee composed of government officials and fifteen of the leading coal operators in the United States are working to increase the coal production of the country and systematize its transportation so as to insure its equal distribution to agencies needing it most. The committee maintains that the country's coal supply is ample if it is handled efficiently. (*Left to right, standing*) James J. Storrow, Boston; Daniel B. Wents, Philadelphia; J. F. Wellborn, Denver; S. D. Warriner, Philadelphia; Erskine Ramsey, Birmingham, Ala.; George W. Reed, Chicago, secretary of the committee; C. M. Mederell, Chicago; H. N. Taylor, Kansas City; W. W. Keefer, Pittsburgh, and E. L. Pierce, Syracuse, N. Y. (*Seated, left to right*) W. S. Gifford, director Council of National Defense; F. S. Peabody, Chicago, chairman of the committee; Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior; George Otis Smith, Director U. S. Geological Survey, and Van. H. Manning, director Bureau of Mines

After a long and illustrious career with the Union Pacific, Judge Robert S. Lovett, chairman of the Board of the Union Pacific Railway, has also gone to Washington to offer his services, as has Daniel Willard, president of the Baltimore & Ohio. Eliot Wadsworth, of the Red Cross, met a friend from Arkansas, who said naively: "I will see what I can do for you when I get back home." "It is not necessary to go back home," said Mr. Wadsworth, "just take that desk and go right to work." His name is Joseph R. Hamlen, vice-president of a large lumber concern in Little Rock, Arkansas. Hon. Charles E. Warren, National Committeeman from Michigan, came to Washington with General Crowder of the U.S.A. Details in reference to the Army bill, drawing up the contracts and papers, required the work of experts and attorneys. Mr. Warren, who is a prominent Michigan attorney, was added to the list of willing workers, and took a desk in the Munsey Building. More than that, he enlisted in the regular army, and was given the rank of major, so his work at the very start carries with it the character of military authority. The Red Cross depends upon the continued financial support of the American people for its splendid work. More prominent people will remain in Washington during the summer this year than in former times, helping with the gigantic work growing out of the conscription measure and war preparations.

AMONG the most charming entertainers at recitals is Mrs. Lucile Harrington Dole, and the most attractive feature of all is that she recites verse of her own making. She has been counted by many admirers as the successor of Riley in her interpretation of child-lore. She gives child poems of various countries in the costume of the country, with suitable music and settings, and these, with the child recitations of her own writing, comprise an entertainment not like anything else. Some of her verse has been illustrated by Mr. Willy Pogany, the Hungarian artist. She studied at the American Academy of Dramatic Art, with Miss Cheatham. Mrs. Dole has long made a study of the piquant and charming details and dialect so closely associated with child life. She also renders the folk poems of different lands in costume.

Ira L. Hill's Studio MRS. LUCILE HARRINGTON DOLE

LETTERS are pouring into the Executive Office by the thousands from those desiring commissions. Correspondents realize that President Wilson is commander-in-chief of the Army and the Navy, and therefore, send their applications to him. If they knew that two days' delay is occasioned by this procedure, they would probably be content to write to the War or Navy Department direct, because all such letters are referred, automatically, thru the various departments, and the President seldom sees even a small fraction of the daily epistolary pleas. Five hundred letters a day are despatched by the White House stenographers; the rest are handled by departments and bureaus. Brevity has become the order of the day in all official communications. The average White House letter is about four lines in length.

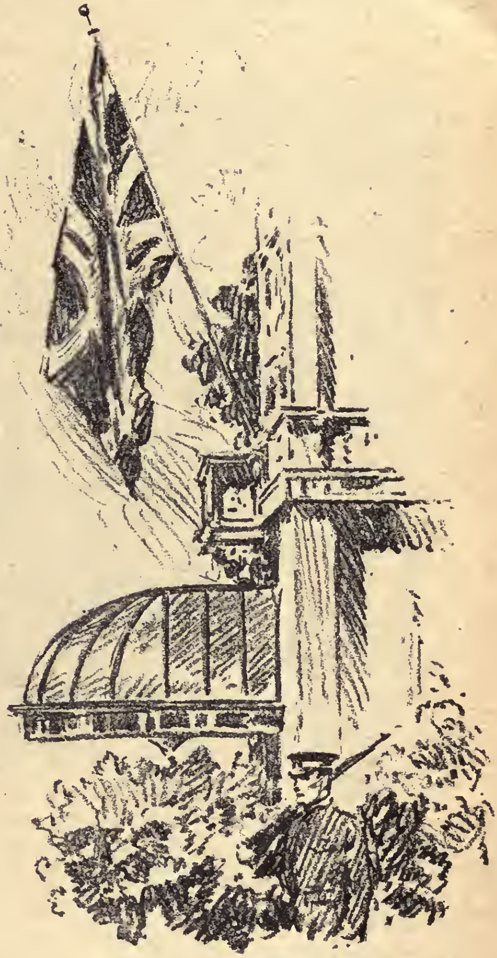
WHEN it comes to questions of national defense, the United States Chamber of Commerce has been keen to grasp essential features of the war situation. President Rhett sent a letter to the Council of National Defense in reference to inquiries from employers of labor as to whether or not there is in contemplation the adoption or suggestion of any uniform system of taking care of the dependent families of employes enlisting in the military and naval service of the country. The experience in England and Canada, as he points out, indicates that it would be desirable to adopt a systematic method in order that those who enlist may feel assured that those dependent on them will be properly taken care of, while at the same time the industries of the country may not be crippled. Secretary Baker of the War Department has indicated that voluntary civilian assistance in caring for dependent families of men enlisting is most desirable, and has invited the Chamber to make thoro investigation of the subject. Mr. F. A. Seiberling, of Akron, Ohio, who was elected chairman to investigate and report to the Department, suggested that only temporary arrangements be made until a uniform and adequate system could be determined and adopted. A meeting of the committee was held in Washington, and have taken up the matter systematically to get at a basis for recommendations that will further emphasize the broad lines of the business and industrial patriotism of the United States.

JACKIES OFF DUTY

HEADQUARTERS of the British and French Commissions were not far apart on 16th Street, which was formerly called "Executive Avenue," where many new embassies and legations are being located. The Franklin MacVeagh house was used by the English Commission, and the reception rooms on either side were filled with typewriters—evidence that business and not social life prevailed. Here the Rt. Hon. Arthur J. Balfour made his headquarters and penned that dispatch which carried the joyous news to England that America was in the war in dead earnest, and arranged details for a two-hundred-million loan to meet immediate emergencies. Not far distant from the French Embassy, at the home of Henry W. White, the French Commission was domiciled, ablaze with the tri-colors of the three nations.

With the British Commission was Mr. Butler, who, every morning at the Shoreham, gave out information from which the newspaper men assembled soon had columns on the wires. A perspective of the personal doings of the commission day by day, which might be called "court gossip," was handled so that the newspaper men were apparently satisfied that the story and situation had been fully covered. Meetings were arranged for newspaper men to interview Mr. Balfour, Admiral Chocheprat, General Bridges, Lord Percy, Lord Cunliffe, and all the members of the commission. It would seem that not a scrap of information escaped the vigilant news-ears, but woe be to him who tried to misinterpret a sentence or phrase with so many witnesses present! At first it was difficult for newspaper men to understand clearly the words, phrases, English and accent that differ from American colloquialism, but the education was mutual, and Mr. Butler, with his very pleasing and earnest way of dealing with matters, soon made friends and learned many new phrases. At the French Commission it was not so easy, because of the language, but the newspaper men gave fair and comprehensive reports and wide publicity to interpreted statements given out with expressive French gestures and Gallic sparkle.

When the foreign commissioners arrived, three things were uppermost in their minds—ships, food, and munitions. The daily conferences at the Shoreham, which became the rendezvous of the diplomatic corps, seemed like a cabinet council in itself, for even newspaper men were not backward about making suggestions. The one thought was—"What after the war?" The problems of sending troops across the water were studied from every angle. What the Allies wanted, and wanted immediately, was money and food. There was a feeling that the munition problem was to a great extent solved in the gigantic inter-nation co-partnership formed not by deftly-worded contract or legal papers—the people just made up their minds. Lord Cunliffe, governor of the Bank of England, went to the Treasury Department to receive a check for two hundred millions, but this was only a starter on the budget of two billions for foreign loans. These figures are becoming staggering. The Senate and House appropriation committee room books are already bulging with figures reaching the tenth decimal point. Over four hundred and ten millions were turned over to the President unreservedly —one hundred and five millions for the Navy, two hundred and five millions for sundry civil purposes, and one hundred millions for the Army.


ON GUARD AT THE BRITISH COMMISSION HEADQUARTERS

IN the corridors of the Capitol hangs a portrait of Henry Clay, which is considered one of the best paintings of an orator in the country. The figure is posed in a sweeping, two-arm gesture that was characteristic of Henry Clay. An artist friend remarked, on seeing this portrait, that the paintings in the Capitol are peculiarly appropriate, even tho they may not measure up to a critic's point of view. A painting seen in the Capitol is more likely to be remembered than if glimpsed in a show window or trotting through an art gallery as a tourist. In all the departments are portraits of the various Secretaries, that hang together in dignified array like portraits in ancestral halls. An interesting sidelight of American history is a study of the faces representative of various generations, noting the changes in physiognomy, for styles in features seem to change as well as in clothing. Such a study discloses also the good, bad and indifferent of portrait painters.

GEN. JOSE MARTÍ

Son of the great Cuban liberator and commanding general of Cuba's armed forces, with his wife. She was sightseeing in Washington while her husband was here to offer the resources of Cuba to the United States in the war with Germany

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MANNERISMS of the various Senators afford an interesting study for the gallery. When Senator Hoke Smith arises, with an amendment to offer, it is always done with a suave courtesy. Senator LaFollette pops up, and there's an exclamation point coming, with trouble in sight. One of the newer Senators, Wadsworth of New York, exemplifies what long training in legislative work accomplishes, for few have had such opportunities as young Jimmy Wadsworth of New York. When he makes a point, everybody can see it; and it doesn't require intricate legal interpretation.

Another one of the young Senators, Fred Hale of Maine, is making his mark. His speech on the increase of military establishment reminded some Senators, who were colleagues of his distinguished father, that the Pine Tree State has furnished good timber in its Senatorial representatives. A pleasant-looking man at all times and in all circumstances is Senator John W. Weeks, of Massachusetts. He never seems perturbed and is always ready with a sagacious suggestion. It may be trite, but if there is one man who has to be "shown" everything in the proceedings of the Senate, it is James A. Reed, of Missouri, whose voice always fills the Senate chamber when he arises to ask a question. Senator Dillingham of Vermont has that deliberativeness and dignity which is a good balance for Senatorial discussions. Senator J. Ham. Lewis is the busiest man—he calls his stenographer and answers his correspondence in the marble room, furnishing a picture of activity that is inspiring.

When the Senate adjourns, there is often an interesting conference among the Senators, as they sit perched on the little monorail car, taking a joy-ride back to their offices. The Senatorial tunnel is not so popular in summer—its patrons are more numerous when bleak winds blow over Capitol Hill. A visitor soon learns that when he rides in the elevator with a Senator, he must first ascend to the floor the Senator wants, whether that be his own stop or not.

MILITANT moments passed in the Senate during the discussion of giving Colonel Roosevelt permission to raise a division of volunteers to go to the front in France.

From the first it looked like defeat, but undaunted, the friends of the Colonel kept their eye on the ball, and it helped hurry things at Washington. When the measure failed in the House, the Colonel was not discouraged, but with sparkling teeth exclaimed, "Keep moving!"

Partisan lines were thrown to the winds, for no one can gainsay the fact that the spirit of Roosevelt commends itself mightily to the American people. Almost every city, town, village and hamlet had its volunteer ready to go to France—or anywhere else—with Teddy. It was a triumph for the Colonel when the House reversed its decision, and the Senate set the stamp of its approval upon the measure, altho it was passed on up to the President who tactfully put to sleep the ambition of the former President for any leading part in war affairs.

VICE-PRESIDENT THOMAS R. MARSHALL
Throwing the first ball at the opening of the season in Washington. The President was unable to attend the opening. The exercises included a patriotic drill by Griffith's players and a flag-raising, at which Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Franklin D. Roosevelt, played the principal role

"The lucky cuss," exclaimed a Senator, when it appeared that another opportunity for fame had come to Teddy. "You know," he continued, "if Joffre had not arrived and Teddy had not come forward, Congress would have still been hanging fire on the Army bill. When the crowds shouted in the street for Joffre, and saw a real military hero in the flesh, waves of popular clamor began to beat upon the walls of the Capitol, and the Representatives and Senators heard the summons from their constituents."

The Colonel made a special trip to Chicago the week before the Joffre party arrived there, and at a meeting held in the Stock Yards pavilion delivered his message of "farm and arm," with a new invoice of Rooseveltian epigrams that helped along war preparations and gave the administration courage to ask for more power to meet war conditions.

THE time has arrived when every American man, woman and child should realize that we are at war, and that each will be expected to do something. The fact that our own soldiers have not fallen in battle and the cries of the wounded and maimed are of other peoples, only emphasizes the possibility of this condition coming to us. The Red Cross are already fortifying with an accumulation of materials for emergency. Their campaign has been most gratifying in results. This is one organization which can never have too much money or too many supplies on hand, and it is fitting that the organization retains the aspect of volunteer help thru individual contributions. The government will take care of soldiers and their dependents as conditions arise, but the Red Cross, in its broad and comprehensive plans, covers necessities that may demand immediate aid when official formalities of government delay.

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OFFICERS AND WAR COUNCIL OF AMERICAN RED CROSS

The first meeting of the officers and the newly-appointed War Council of the American Red Cross was on Saturday, May 12. (*Left to right, front row*) Robert W. DeForest, vice-president; Woodrow Wilson, president of the Red Cross; former President William H. Taft, chairman of the executive committee; Eliott Wadsworth, actual executive head of the organization. In the back row are Henry P. Davison, chairman of the War Council; Grayson P. Murphy, Charles D. Norton and Edward N. Hurley, all members of the War Council. Cornelius N. Bliss, Jr., the only other member of the council, is not present.

At the beginning of the war, France sent too many of its men in uniform and did not keep enough at home to support the men at the front. This is a lesson remembered, but what would have happened had not France made this supreme sacrifice? English armies on the west front found themselves hopeless without adequate munitions and supplies in the early days of the war. There cannot be a surplus of food in war times. Over twenty-five million men, formerly producers, are now under arms and must be fed. It will require the cultivation of every foot of tillable land in the world to meet food demands. It seems a mockery to find the tango beaux at the afternoon teas, the moving-picture houses filled with young people who should be working during the daylight hours. This is the year in which the glory of working the soil is being exemplified, and everyone who does not produce something for the sustenance of the race is a "slacker"—for only by toil can the soil be cultivated. It was inspiring to see the soldiers at Plattsburg busy in the fields as well as on the parade grounds.

College boys give a lift here and there, making up, in part, for the scarcity of labor, for every minute and every hour of the growing and reaping seasons counts.

What have you planted; what have you cultivated? What will you reap when the season closes, if the black clouds of a world war still hang over us? Utilize those idle moments of early morning and late at night in coming close to Nature. Nurturing something that grows will give a satisfaction supreme. It is a time for helping one another—not for standing by and watching others work. Join with them, no matter whether it be in the ditch, on the farm, or in the factory. This is a busy year and no time for an idle moment. Every country which has made war preparations will come out of it stronger and better for it. The lolling, idling times of ease are not for 1917, and busy will be made the hours of rest and recreation from the regular routine of our vocations.

LORD EUSTACE PERCY
British blockade expert; he has proved one of the most popular of the British commissioners in Washington. He is attached to the foreign office in London

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WHENEVER I pass thru Statuary Hall in the Capitol, I look for familiar faces in certain places. The other day I missed the statue of Senator John J. Ingalls from its accustomed place. Ingalls is the author of that wonderful poem, "Opportunity," which is quoted everywhere. Now, I find him in the back row, near the corner where the women meet the Congressmen for a conference. On the opposite side is the statue of Glick of Kansas, and people were asking, "Who's Glick?" Such is fame. If the gallant and chivalrous Ingalls could have been given a spot in Statuary Hall that he would have preferred to any other, would it not have been in this point of vantage, where he could smile down upon the ladies, handsome and otherwise, as they gather to personally present their respects and wishes to the tired and weary Congressmen?

ALTHO "Star-Spangled Banner" is officially our national song, it was proved to us beyond a doubt, when we were compiling "Heart Songs," that "My Country, 'Tis of Thee" is first in the hearts of the people. During the preparation of the new book, "Patriotic Heart Songs," which contains the words and music of the national songs of all the Allies, we found that the same melody was used by no less than twelve different countries and principalities. The German Empire sings to it the words of "Heil dir im Siegerkranz"; in Bavaria it is "Heil, unserm König, Heil!"; in Switzerland, "Rufst du, mein Vaterland." The British "God Save the King" is as familiar to us as the words of our own song. Brunswick, Hanover, Norway, Prussia, Saxony, Weimar and Wurtemberg have also set this music to patriotic words.

THE CAPITOL AT NIGHT

The genesis of the song is most interesting. As "God Save the Queen," its first public performance is said to have been at a dinner in 1740, celebrating the capture of Portobello by Admiral Vernon, when it was sung by Henry Carey as his own composition, both words and music. The fact that Henry Carey was the author of both is testified to by J. Christopher Smith, Handel's amanuensis. In 1745 it became publicly known by being sung at the theaters as a loyal song or anthem during the Scottish Rebellion. The Pretender was proclaimed at Edinburgh, September 16, and the first appearance of "God Save the King" was at Drury Lane, September 28. For a month or so it was much sung at both Covent Garden and Drury Lane. Words and music were printed about that time also.

How far "God Save the King" was compiled from older airs is still a matter of conjecture. Several exist with a certain resemblance to the modern tune, among them a Scotch carol, "Remember, O Thou Man," dated 1611, on which ground "God Save the King" is sometimes claimed for Scotland. Of the words, "God Save the King" may be found in the English Bible (Coverdale, 1535).

It is known also that "God Save the King" was used as a watchword in the navy as early as 1545, with the countersign, "Long to reign over us." "God save King James" is the refrain of a ballad of 1606; and "God Save Charles, the king, Our royal boy, Grant him long to reign, In peace and joy," is the opening of another ballad dating probably from 1645.

The national song of the German empire, "Heil dir im Siegerkranz," was written by Heinrich Harries, a Holstein clergyman. It was originally in eight stanzas, but was reduced to five and otherwise slightly modified by B. G. Schumacher, appearing as a "Berliner Volkslied" in the *Spenersche Zeitung* of December, 1793.

OUR own song, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," or "America," as it is most generally known, was written by Dr. Samuel Francis Smith, in 1831 or 1832, while he was a student at the Andover Theological Seminary, Andover, Massachusetts. Samuel Francis Smith was a native of Massachusetts, born in Boston on October 21, 1808.

The circumstances under which the present national anthem was written are best described by the author himself:

> The hymn was the fruit of examining a number of music books and songs for German public schools, placed in my hands by Lowell Mason, Esq. Falling in with the tune in one of them, and being pleased with its simple and easy movement, I glanced at the German words and, seeing that they were patriotic, instantly felt the impulse to write a patriotic hymn of my own to the same tune. Seizing a scrap of waste paper, I put upon it, within half an hour, the verses substantially as they stand today. I did not propose to write a national hymn. I did not know that I had done so. The whole matter passed out of my mind.
>
> A few weeks afterward I sent to Mr. Mason some translations and other poems; this must have chanced to be among them. To my surprise, I found later that he had incorporated it into a program for the celebration of July 4,

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VERSATILE BRITISH OFFICER

Major-General G. T. M. Bridges, chief military representative of the British commission in Washington, has a distinguished war record. At the beginning of the war he entered with the rank of colonel and a reputation won in the South African war. Since then he has been promoted five times and has been especially mentioned seven times in dispatches. His versatility is illustrated by his ready wit in purchasing a cheap fife and drum in a village near Mons and personally leading the retreat of a detachment of British Tommies who had dropped by the wayside exhausted

1832, in Park Street Church, Boston. I pray that the spirit of the simple verses may be the spirit of our people evermore.

In 1914 the original manuscript of the hymn was presented to the Harvard Library by the children of the author, in recognition of the affectionate loyalty of their father to his alma mater. Dr. Smith graduated from Harvard in 1829. The first draft of "America" is certainly one of the most precious bits of original manuscript which any American library could desire to own, for its words are on everyone's tongue, especially in these stirring times.

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CLAPBOARD QUARTERS OF MODERN ARMY SCHOOL REPLACE TENTS

The time-worn description "tented city" will not fit the newly-opened officers' training school at Fort Myer, Virginia. The students are quartered in shed-like houses, shown at the right in the picture. Back of each house is a bathhouse, where the luxury of showers can be enjoyed. The Fort Myer camp, pitched on historic ground, formerly owned by Robert E. Lee, is almost in the shadow of the Arlington wireless towers, and in sight of the Washington monument and the Capitol

DESPATCHES giving the details of a naval engagement in the English Channel off Dover read like a narrative of a John Paul Jones engagement. Six German destroyers are reported to have been sunk. The story recounts the use of pistols and cutlass, a hand-to-hand conflict resulting in death grips, and is a "thriller." There is a description of Midshipman Gyles who, altho wounded in the eye, kept the foremost guns in action and assisted the depleted crews to load. While he was thus employed, a number of frenzied Germans swarmed out of the rammed destroyer, and, shouting furiously, swept aft under the blinding flashes of the forecastle guns. Amid the crew of dead and wounded, half blinded with blood, the middy met the onslaught single-handed, no defense except an automatic pistol. Grappled by a German who tried to wrest the revolver away, he continued until overcome by cutlass and bayonet. The description of the helmsman, wounded four times by shell fragments, who remained at the wheel during the engagement and only betrayed the fact that he was wounded by reporting to his captain, "I'm going off, now, sir," then fainted, is a picture of war-time stoicism. The English account is replete with thrilling evidence of British victory, while the German version minimizes the destruction, and graphically describes the blowing up of the British destroyer and other vessels. The two stories are a fantastic contrast, but both are exciting accounts of personal heroism that stir the blood.

IN the discussions with the British Commission, the question arose as to the effect of the war resolution on articles of war contraband. Food supply was naturally uppermost. Several representatives contended that cotton is a food crop—indicating how closely the line is drawn. The wool of Australia is needed in the United States, owing to the shortage of clip in this country. A more equitable balance of trade conditions between Allied nations is a natural consequence, recognizing that competition in the old sense of barter and beat has passed. The other fellow's condition must be considered.

With shoe factories in New England closing for lack of material, and with wealthy people cutting down on their expenses, is brought about a new relation of supply and demand which will work a certain amount of distress. Money saved on many articles does not help conditions. Federal control of the nation's food supply may lead to the elimination of manipulative speculation and, perhaps, may establish a custom that will be more effective than a pretentious array of remedial legislation to correct conditions.

Recruiting campaigns over the country were a disappointment and led to action for the selective draft. The certainty of this law's passage may have deferred enlistment, but people are insisting that unless the government is ready to take care of volunteers, enthusiasm is lost. Open-air recruiting meetings were held in Washington, with bands playing and flags flying. Theater lobbies were utilized, where pretty girls smiled on the recruits as they "signed up for Uncle Sam." Under the new law, every young man from twenty-one to thirty is on the list, and exemptions may be given a wider latitude than was at first planned in the first drastic draft.

IAN MALCOLM

Head of British "Heart-ache and Hope" bureau; member of Parliament and parliamentary private secretary to the Right Honorable Arthur J. Balfour, who had a well-earned vacation as a member of the British commission visiting America. In England he is chairman of the Red Cross committee on wounded and missing, an information bureau which requires the card indexing of a million soldiers and the services of five hundred clerks to take care of the work. W. R. Castle, Jr., of Honolulu, will have charge of a similar bureau for the United States war activities, and Mr. Malcolm is teaching him something of the work

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IT was a busy day in the Navy Department. The outer room, with a business-like array of chairs, was filled with reporters, who had come to hear the story of the torpedo destroyers, on which they had been unwittingly scooped. Face to face with newspaper men, Secretary Daniels knows how to placate them.

Contributions of supplies for the men in the Navy from patriotic women were on exhibit. The outfit seemed to include enough clothing in a kit to provide for a trip to the Arctics. There were jerseys, sweaters, rubber boots, oilskins, etc. Uncle Sam is going to take good care of his sailor boys.

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THE STUDY IN THE FRANKLIN McVEAGH HOME

Where the Allied conferences were held. This room, which is large and handsomely furnished, is on the third floor

In one room, admirals and rear-admirals conferred, preparing for cruises. In war times, people know little of the real activities of the Army and Navy Departments, and the privileged visitor sees enough, even in the bureaus, and along the corridors, to know that something is doing.

EVERYTHING is spick and span in the committee rooms. Blotters lie on the desks, pens and pencils are arranged with mathematical precision, each chair is in its appointed place. That's the way it starts—but at the finish scattered papers indicate that the members of the committee manage to muss things up, so far as the movable objects are concerned, to say nothing of the matters in discussion. A sightseer stood looking upon the unsullied blotters, and could not resist the facetious remark: "Good thing there's an ample supply of blotters, for it will take an endless number to blot out the many errors that are charged to Congress."

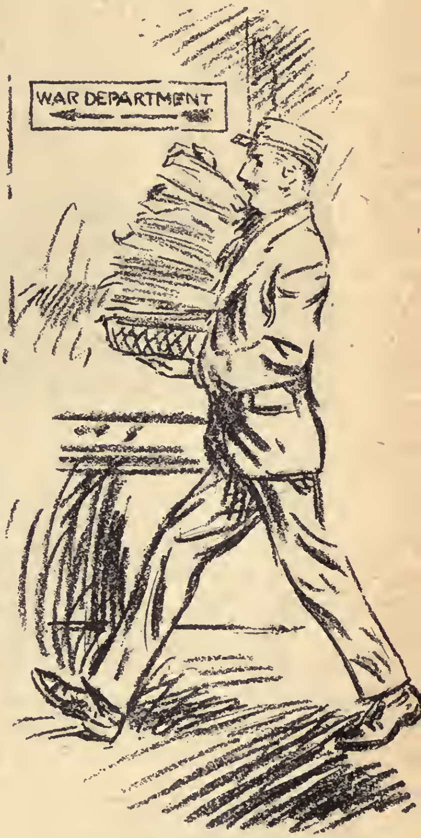
So it goes. Everybody takes a fall out of Congress, tho it be the only real governing body of the nation. It is the one point of contact between the people and governmental affairs, for very few of the hundred million Americans can hope for direct communication with the executive or other departments.

SIGNALS in the Capitol building are as significant as those in a railroad switchyard. A red light gleaming over the door of the House announces that a session is in progress. A red light above the door of the Senate indicates an executive session, and means "keep out." Three white lights welcome the public to the galleries of the Senate chamber. Visitors found one day recently that Senators could not discuss the leaks of executive session without showing some temper. The Senate is ever jealous of its ancient and established prerogative—that of being the one legislative body with the privileges of the star chamber session. In these days of pitiless publicity, wireless, dictaphones and phonographs, full reports of executive sessions are easily given.

This same day Senator Stone had his little fling at Colonel Roosevelt. That was enough for Hiram Johnson, and the discussion was merry for a while. Finally a conference report was adopted, and Senator Chamberlain breathed a sigh of relief when the military bill had crossed the rips of the conference report.

WHEN the war resolution was duly engrossed, becoming a part of the country's archives, it was realized that only a beginning had been accomplished. Then came the activities of Congress — the $7,000,000,000 bond issue, and the loan of $3,000,000,000 to the Allies. We are loaning to the Allies as much money as was required to finance the entire Civil War.

Discussion in the Senate and House on the various measures was free from party rancor, and subdued in tone. Patriotic fervor is increasing thruout the country, and Congressmen are hearing more frequently from their constituents. The drastic espionage bill was modified. Press censorship was hotly contested, for it was felt that the tendency to drift to the opposite extreme must be checked. There has been much ironical comment occasioned by the drift of legislation in this republic toward concentrated power, while joining the struggle for democracy in its contest against autocracy.



A LARGE PERCENTAGE OF THE PRESIDENT'S MAIL

THE psychology of a theatrical manager is somewhat parallel to that of men in political life—he must understand the whims and idiosyncrasies of humanity. One manager insisted that he could not let it be known that his star or his matinee idol were married. "You have no idea," he declared, "how it simply kills public interest. Altho they may suspect that he has a wife and family of seven, nevertheless, they like to think of him as just a young man—as the dream man.

"It has been demonstrated over and over again that the marital ties soon sever the popular interest, and the giddy girl or the gay boy soon lose their interest in knowing that this or that glorious twinkling star or matinee idol is ensnared in the meshes of matrimony. You know"—and he smiled grimly—"it stirs up business when they just think of the actor and actress without family, heart and fancy free."

THERE is a lawn in front of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE office—the result of a long, hard struggle. It was originally a gravel pit, with plenty of sand and rocks. Farmer Shipp insisted that the grass would never grow, but the agricultural editor of the NATIONAL disagreed with him, and his judgment was vindicated. The lawn was a success. This year the farm epidemic came our way. We discussed long and far into the night what would grow in sand and gravel. One insisted that the last of May was too late for planting, so we appealed to Charles Lathrop Pack, president of the National Emergency Food Garden Commission at Washington. He told us that garden recruits should keep in mind that there are a number of vegetables that still can be planted, and those who have not started should do so *now*. He sent us, post haste, one of his garden primers (furnished to anyone on request), and advised us to get busy. When it came we discovered, much to the dismay of the croakers, that some vegetables can be planted in states on a line drawn east and west thru Iowa and to the north as late as June, and some even later.

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BOY SCOUTS CULTIVATE GOVERNMENT'S RECLAIMED LAND

A part of Potomac Park, the beautiful tract of land reclaimed by the United States government from backwaters of the Potomac River, is being planted in food stuffs by Washington Boy Scouts. A number of vacant lots owned by the government are being cultivated by government employes. Every department is co-operating, even the executive force of the White House

Navy beans are one of the best late crops to plant on a light soil or on meadow or blue grass, we found out. Dry beans may be planted as late as June 15; late potatoes up to July 1, if the seed bed is in good shape and the seed sound. Sweet potatoes can be grown with success on sandy land. Sweet corn of short-season variety may be planted up to July 15 or even a little later. Late cabbage may be set as late as July 1; the limit on planting string beans is July 15. As late as July 1 cucumber seed may be sown. Good tomato plants of the short-season variety may be planted any time in June. Squashes and pumpkins may be planted in June among sweet or field corn, or, if there is room, separately in hills about eight-tenths of a foot apart. Lettuce grows best if planted in early spring or fall. Late or winter radishes may be sown early in August. With proper watering, however, successive crops of good radishes may be grown thruout the summer. Table beets to be pickled, canned or stored for winter use, may be planted in June.

"Let every garden soldier go to it for food F. O. B. the kitchen door," added Mr. Pack, "then write for the canning primer and get instruction on how to conserve the result of your efforts."

Finally the sod was turned over—just an inch and a half of loam. More loam was brought in from the Blue Hills and elsewhere. It was decided to have beans, as the most appropriate crop for Boston. The soil was turned with a spade. Then came the harrowing tale of the harrow, and seed time. Finally, after many conferences, the garden was planted. The smell of new-turned earth was refreshing. Every one of the one hundred and six farmers in the NATIONAL MAGAZINE is going to turn to and pull weeds.

THE WASHINGTON GIRL SCOUTS
Will cultivate a vacant lot owned by the Daughters of the American Revolution. The first seeds were planted May nineteen

The idea to plant beans came from the flourishing plant of the genus bean which is growing in the editorial office. A bean dropped out of a package that arrived one day, and editorial thrift planted it immediately in a flower pot containing a palm. The bean is even now rivaling the palm in height; some critics claim in beauty, also. Just a matter of how you look at it. The bean has a very beautiful leaf, and when the pioneer bean in the flower pot had begun to blossom, we began to plant beans in the garden. A photograph will be taken every week to show the wonderful fertility of Boston soil. Everybody will be pulling weeds while the picture is being taken. After that, there won't be so much enthusiasm.

UNCLE SAM has asked his people to endorse his note. He has waived demand and protest. This endorsement can be given only by signing an application for a Liberty Loan Bond.

Everyone is talking Liberty Bonds these days, and Secretary McAdoo is on a real fiduciary campaign that recalls Kipling's "Pay! Pay! Pay!" In these days patriotism is put to real test. It is one thing to volunteer and another for young America to willingly make the sacrifices demanded by the selective draft system.

The war is re-making the United States as well as Europe. It is bringing the citizens of our republic to a closer understanding of one another. It is developing a strong and vigorous spirit among the men on the muster roll, and stimulating thrift among those at home that will eliminate all profligacy and waste.

There must also be an army at home behind the army at the front to sustain, to uphold—and each of us left behind can do something to strengthen the fighting line. The "bit" that can be handled by the greatest number is investment in the Liberty Loan, which is an expression of confidence in the United States of America.

While the low rate of interest may not be attractive, the character of the security and its immunity from taxation is a citizenship privilege that must be considered in comparing it with other investments. So much for the practical side.

On the other hand, it establishes a bond indeed between the citizen and the government. It is axiomatic that when people are personally and financially interested in the securities of the government, there is a feeling of ownership that is *real* rather than *ideal*.

Then, too, there is the matter of conscience to be considered. In the possession of these bonds, which protect all other possessions, there is the supreme satisfaction of duty performed. It is difficult for the average person to understand that "to give is to gain," that what might seem a sacrifice often proves a blessing—indeed, the real propagation of prosperity itself, personal, as well as public.

To purchase a Liberty Bond does not mean to hoard money, but rather to increase productive effort to a point where such activity becomes the custom, and saving becomes a habit. How can a person of moderate means claim to be a patriotic citizen, and yet respond in the negative, or an ashamed silence to the interrogation: "Have you bought your Liberty Bond?" The money invested in the bonds does not leave the country, but rather increases the government securities upon which the increased circulation of money for future prosperity and development is based.

Uncle Sam has put the proposition squarely before you. It is either a Liberty Bond or the shackles of militarism. Every man may now exercise his own free will in repaying, at least in part, the debt which he owes for the privileges of citizenship.

Don't be a Bond Slacker. The note is due.

Mr. Balfour's Address in the Senate

by William Eliot Merrill

FOR the first time in the history of the United States, the *Congressional Record* includes an address by a former Premier of Great Britain, delivered in person on the floor of the Senate. As Mr. Balfour was making his address to Congress, I thought of the contrast between this spectacle and Pitt pleading for the American colonies in the House of Parliament over one hundred and forty years ago. Mr. Balfour's remarks were given with the same precision and unction as when he has so often addressed the House of Commons within the historic walls of Westminster. His appearance in the halls of American Congress will not soon be forgotten by those who looked upon the tall, slightly-stooped form of the philosopher and statesman, as he summarized the world situation with a simplicity indicative of his broad and democratic instincts.

While the historic clock in the Senate registered less than fifteen minutes, the speaker covered a period of time, past, present and future, of momentous import in the history of civilization. There was breathless attention on the part of the Senators, such as is seldom given any speaker, to say nothing of those in the galleries, who felt that they were witnessing an event of historic importance in the annals of the nation.

In introducing Mr. Balfour, Vice President Marshall said:

Senators, for more than a century and a quarter the one great reason for the existence of this body has been to preserve the equality of all men before the law. A few days since we had the pleasure of greeting the representatives of that people whose shibboleth is "fraternity." Today we honor, and in turn are ourselves honored, by receiving the representatives of that people whose forbears centuries ago, in an age of almost universal absolutism, compelled their king, anointed tho he was with the holy oil of consecration, to give to them the Great Charter of human liberty. It were mere prophecy to say that without that Great Charter the republic either of France or of America would be or have a hope of being.

May I express the hope that at the end of this most horrific warfare, when the representatives of liberty, fraternity, and equality shall take their seats at the council table of the nations, they will not arise therefrom until they shall, so far as human ingenuity can do so, guarantee to every people the right to be free from the fear of assault from without or oppression from within until they shall write this legend in the firmament, above the sun rising for a newer and, if not a better, at least a safer, civilization: "I shine only for the wise; they are not wise who are not just." In the words of one woman lawyer, for whom I have profound respect, the wise Portia, to Antonio, Bassanio's best friend:

> Sir, you are very welcome to our house;
> It must appear in other ways than words,
> Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.

I have the honor and the great pleasure of presenting to you the foremost champion of Magna Charta, the Right Hon. Arthur James Balfour, British secretary of state for foreign affairs.

MR. BALFOUR. Mr. President and gentlemen of the Senate, you, Mr. President, have in graceful and pregnant sentences brought to our recollection the common origin of those liberties which, whether in France, in

Britain, or in the United States of America, we all rejoice in and are all determined to defend. You have also in warm words of welcome spoken kindly of the mission of which I have the honor to be the head, and to which you are now paying the rare, the very rare, honor of welcoming within your walls. Gentlemen, on their behalf not less than on my own, I most sincerely thank you for your welcome. I know well that it is not a welcome to individuals. The kindness which each one of us as individuals has received since we came to this great city will never be forgotten by any one of us. It has been kindness, abundant, overflowing, generous, unlimited; but, gentlemen, behind that kindness paid by individuals to individuals, behind the expression of a hospitable and generous feeling to guests within your gates, there is, after all, something much deeper, something much more important, something which is, after all, the animating spirit which brings this great assembly here today.

Photograph from the Committee on Public Information

RT. HON. ARTHUR J. BALFOUR AT WASHINGTON'S TOMB AT MOUNT VERNON

* * *

The original object of our mission, if I may so express it, was mainly a purely business one. We came here to discuss matters of the deepest moment for the conduct of that great war in which both our nations are involved. We came here to explain to your leaders and statesmen what were the needs from which the Allies mainly suffered, and to lay freely at the disposal of those responsible for the conduct of your affairs the results of our own experience, the consequences, perhaps I ought to say, in some cases of our own errors and blunders during two years and a half of strenuous and sanguinary fighting. That was the original object; that was the business side of our mission. But the reception which you have given us here, the treatment which we have received from the President, from the Cabinet, from the House of Representatives, from the Senate—that treatment raises the whole level of our mission from a purely business operation to a great incident in the common life of two great and free peoples.

Gentlemen, I do not think the importance of that is easy to overrate. I believe that the consequences will not be measured by any mere record of the transactions that may take place between our various governments, nor will the effects of it vanish when we ourselves, in consequence of the calls of duty elsewhere, leave your hospitable city. No, gentlemen, this mission and the French mission which is associated with it, mark a new epoch in the relations of our three countries, and I believe that in the alliance thus cemented lie secure some of the greatest hopes, some of the proudest expectations, which we dare to entertain about the future of civilization.

Gentlemen, it is not, however, your kindness of heart alone which has given this significance to contemporary events. That significance is forced upon our notice whether we be citizens of America, or citizens of France, or citizens of Britain; but I speak especially at this moment of citizens of America and citizens of Britain. It is forced upon our notice by the unwearied efforts of an unconscionable German propaganda. Whether we live on the other side of the Atlantic or on this side of the Atlantic, we English-speaking peoples have never organized ourselves for military purposes; we have never been military states; and, when the war broke out, undoubtedly the Germans looked around the world, estimated the value (from their point of view) of the nations with whom they might be concerned, and, profoundly contemptuous of our views of civilization, whether they were British or American views, they decided that neither Britain nor America counted in the struggle by which they hoped to obtain the domination of the world. They found us unprepared; they found us unmilitary; and because we were unprepared and because we were unmilitary, they jumped rashly to the conclusion, firstly, that we were afraid to fight, and, secondly, that if we fought we would be wholly negligible quantities. I think they are beginning, possibly, to find out their mistake.

How, gentlemen, did that mistake ever arise? It arose from the utter incapacity of the German ruling class—and it is only of the German ruling class that I speak today—to estimate value except in terms of drilled men and military preparation. They saw that England and America were prosperous, were unwarlike, were immersed in the arts of peace and involved in the industrial interests incident to a peaceful civilization, and they drew from that two conclusions: They drew from it, in the first place, the conclusion that because we were commercial, we were, therefore material; that we were incapable of high ideals or great sacrifices; and the further conclusion that even if we determined late in the day to pursue those high ideals and to make those great sacrifices, we should be so utterly incompetent in the arts to which they had devoted so much of their attention that our interference in the war would be a thing which they could leave wholly on one side. On that miscalculation have been wrecked, and will be wrecked, all their hopes. It was their fatal blunder, a blunder from which they will never recover, but a blunder which has saved civilization.

Gentlemen, I speak with confidence about the issue of this great struggle, a confidence which is redoubled since you have thrown in your lot with those who have been fighting since 1914. I see, indeed, suggestions that Germany, incapable of winning by arms, is going to win thru the illegitimate weapon of submarine warfare. I believe it not. I do not at all minimize, I do not wish to minimize, the gravity of the submarine menace. After all, in the two years and a half during which the war has been going on, more than one difficulty of like magnitude has met us and more than one difficulty of like magnitude has been overcome.

The question of munitions is a case in point. I do not wish to detain you on such an occasion with details, but at the beginning of the war it became evident that Germany had recognized the importance of the munitions question, had been preparing for this war thru years of peace by having at her disposal a supply of ammunition greater than all the rest of the world put together, and at one time it almost looked as if the cause of civilization and liberty were to be crushed under the multitude of shells and the weight of artillery. We have surmounted that difficulty. It was a very great one.

I do not deny that the submarine difficulty is a very great one. I do not deny that it will require every effort made, either in Britain or here, successfully to overcome it; but that those efforts will be made, that this menace will be overcome, that the United States of America, like Great Britain and her dominions, will throw themselves into the task with ungrudging efforts, and that those efforts will be crowned with success, I do not doubt for a moment. This war is not going to be settled by the sinking of helpless neutrals or by sending women and children to the bottom by torpedoes or gunfire. It is to be settled by hard fighting, and when it comes to hard fighting, neither America nor Britain nor France need fear measuring themselves at any moment against those who have risen up against all that we hold dear for the future.

* * *

I therefore, gentlemen, look forward—not, of course, in a spirit of light and easy and unthinking confidence, but with firm faith—to the future of this war. It requires every man and woman on this side of the Atlantic, as on the other side of the Atlantic, to throw their united efforts into the scale of right. That effort unquestionably will be made, is being made, will be made yet further, and, being made, I doubt not that it will be crowned with success, and that posterity will look back upon the union of these peoples, symbolized by such meetings as that which I am now addressing, as marking a new epoch in the history of the world; an epoch in which all the civilized nations roused themselves in unity to deal with one of their number which has forgotten its responsibilities, forgotten its duties, and which, in unscrupulous lust for universal domination, has brought the greatest of known calamities upon the world.

Gentlemen, I have detained you too long, but I was led away by my subject. On my own behalf and on behalf of my friends around me, I beg to thank you for the unique honor which you have paid to us, and, thru us, to our country, to our cause, which is your cause, and to the future of civilization, which is yours as much as ours.

Joseph H. Choate

by

The Editor

THE long and active life of the late Hon. Joseph Hodges Choate was crowned with a distinction unrivalled. He was conceded to be one of the first citizens of the republic. His illustrious career closed as he would have wished—in the activity of public service, proclaiming with his undying eloquence the ideals of his country. His last words at the banquet given to the British and French commissions were the most inspiring that have been uttered by any citizen on the great war crisis. Never can I forget that closing, when he urged his countrymen to fear not, but go forward! Honors of fourscore and five years were his, and how the hearts of that great audience went out to the speaker as he struck the keynote of the great world crisis.

In his biography is chronicled the career of a distinguished American citizen. Joseph Hodges Choate was born in Salem, Massachusetts, January 24, 1832. Up to almost the last day of his life he went to his office at 60 Wall Street, and kept in touch with affairs. Had he not been a lawyer in New York, he might have been President of the United States. The youngest of the four sons of Dr. George Choate, he was graduated from Harvard University in 1852, and from the Harvard Law School two years later. He began practicing law in Boston, but soon went to New York, where he early achieved notable success in his profession. He was counsel in the famous General Fitz John Porter case, prosecuted the infamous Tweed ring, the Chinese exclusion cases, and appeared in the famous Income Tax cases and Behring Sea disputes of the late 90's. His ready wit and humor, sound reasoning and knowledge, allied with other felicitous qualities of disposition, caused him to be greatly in demand as counsel in jury trials. One friend has written of him:

"Mr. Choate has often been heard to ascribe both his success in particular causes, and his general success at the bar, to good luck and to happy accidents. On the contrary, never was success more plainly and indisputably the result of a combination of qualities altogether personal and peculiar. In perfect possession and equipoise of all his faculties, in the intuitive possession of all the uses to which trifling circumstance or accidents may be put as they arise, in the instant appropriation of them, transformed by the magic of his wit into the very means of attack or defence that his cause demands, are seen the same marks of genius for his profession that distinguish the great military leader from the martinet.

"His almost constant engagements in the trial of jury causes has not prevented frequent arguments on points of law before the highest courts of the state and the Supreme Court at Washington, nor his employment before the Surrogate's Court in many most important and intricate testimentary causes. His distinction in the social and public life of New York has been as marked as his professional success."

An ardent Republican, he began his

political career as a champion of John C. Fremont, "the Pathfinder," and was actively identified with many subsequent campaigns. A candidate for the United States Senate in 1897, he was defeated by T. C. Platt. In 1899, he was persuaded by President McKinley to succeed John Hay as Ambassador to the Court of St. James. During his incumbency he was signally honored by being made a Master of the Bench of the Middle Temple of England, the first American so designated since the election of the five signers of the Declaration of Independence.

THE LATE HON. JOSEPH H. CHOATE

It was during the Coronation of King Edward VII that I first met Ambassador Choate. On that occasion I gained admission to the Abbey with a letter signed by President Roosevelt, saying: "Joe Chapple is a good fellow and has done excellent work." Mr. Choate told the story many times since, with a twinkle in his eyes:

"It was the night before the day of the Coronation," related Mr. Choate, "and I thought the last American who had intended to witness the ceremony had arrived, when a cab laden with luggage stopped in front of my house and a man jumped out and rang the bell. It was Joe Chapple. He said he had come over to attend the Coronation. I was thunderstruck.

" 'But man, that is impossible,' I argued.

'There has been a tremendous rush for seats, and they have all been allotted.'

" 'Well,' replied Chapple, 'I have come here to attend the Coronation, and I am just going to do it. I have a letter from the President.'

"Well, to make a long story short, Chapple did see the Coronation."

After the Coronation, I went to North Berwick, where Mr. Choate was enjoying a holiday with Hon. Arthur J. Balfour, then Premier of England. As we walked down to the Bradbury Hotel, I told him the story. He listened interestedly, but all the while I knew he had the facts. When I had finished, he burst into hearty laughter.

"Joe," he said, "if they would send fellows like you over here, we would not need ambassadors."

He wrote a letter then and there, thanking the British Empire for their courtesy to the wayfaring newspaper man, which included the surveillance and escort of Scotland Yard men during the day of the Coronation.

* * *

Even amid the busy whirl of New York activities, he illustrated the splendor of maturity. His famous address on Abraham Lincoln, delivered at Edinburgh, is considered one of the classics in American oratory. His notable addresses on Alexander Hamilton, Benjamin Franklin and Ralph Waldo Emerson revealed the wide scope of his scholarship. His record in establishing friendly relations with England is a matter of international knowledge, and has borne full fruition in these troublous times. Held in endearing esteem by the British people because he always seemed to understand them, his simple democracy and originality, with no straining for effects, made him at once loved and admired. A classmate at Harvard of Phillips Brooks, he held fast his faith in the church he represented. A friend of the distinguished men of his time, he was a friend of everybody, because Joseph H. Choate was the personification of friendliness. As one eminent English editor wrote, when Choate departed from England: "America should not send us such cultivated, charming and broad-gauged men. Adams, Lowell, Phelps, Bayard, Hay and Choate—what other country has sent us representatives to compare with them?" In his last address before leaving England, he confessed frankly that he was homesick and glad to return, but expressed an appreciation of the mother country that will ever be cherished by the English people.

* * *

Choate's humor was all-pervading, and had become proverbial. His remark, after the first social functions in London, that the first qualifications of a successful ambassador should be a good cook, is still current, as is his tribute to Mrs. Choate, that if he were "reincarnated" and could be what he wished to be in the after world, he would be the "second husband of Mrs. Choate." With a limpidity of expression that was always human, he never feared the trite. He seemingly clarified and glorified even the most ordinary expressions or ideas.

In later years, I have enjoyed delightful chats with him at his summer home at Stockbridge, Massachusetts. What a heritage it is to have enjoyed the friendship of Joseph H. Choate, walking in the shade of the old elms in this historic New England village, in the community where Jonathan Edwards lived and died. This friendship was not confined to those he may have chanced to meet in person, but to all who ever read or heard his words, so fraught with friendliness and kindliness. He exemplified American citizenship in its highest and broadest sense, and his name will be associated with the history of his country, quite as distinguished as tho he had occupied high public office, for he ever retained the franchise of the people's affection.

The Man Who Discovered Himself

A Message to the Down-and-Outers

by Willis George Emerson

Author of "A Vendetta of the Hills," "The Treasure of Hidden Valley," "Buell Hampton," etc.

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Illustrations by Arthur Hutchins

SYNOPSIS.—*Victim of a dread disease, fifty-year-old Marsh Gordon, intent on providing a good home and even luxuries for those dependent upon him, struggles for years as an humble shoe-pegger. Miriam Gordon, his wife, is a woman who has come to care only for money and the position and comforts money will bring. She accepts every sacrifice her husband makes with no compunctions, even when she sees him ill and alone. Anxious for social position, she encourages the attentions of Burn Hopkins, a rising young attorney, to her older daughter, Bernice, but keeps her husband out of sight by providing him a little one-room cottage in the back yard of their home at Venice, California. Here he stays when not at his work. For companions he has his books. He is, however, proud of his capable wife, and denies her nothing in his power to give her. Uncomplainingly he accepts the social ostracism which she forces upon him. The only really bright spot in his life is his little daughter Bessie, who spends as much time as her mother will allow in her father's company. At last the day comes when his cough has taken such a hold upon him that he is not able to go to his work. Thinking that a day in the air and sunshine will benefit him, he goes to the hills accompanied by Bessie, and there they spend a happy day, gathering tiger-lilies and cowslips. Refreshed by the short rest, Marsh returns to his work, but finally is obliged to stay away longer. This time he loses his position entirely, and makes up his mind to take Miriam's advice to go to the desert. The night before the twenty-fifth anniversary of his own marriage to Miriam, she announces to him that Bernice is to be married on the morrow, and hints that he should absent himself from home that day. Hurt beyond measure by her utter disregard of him, he leaves his savings of nine hundred dollars for her and a letter, and taking but thirteen dollars and ten cents for himself, he starts alone for the desert.*

CHAPTER X

Toward the Land of Exile

THE night was still young, and Venice-by-the-Sea was all aflame with lights and astir with gayety. As he passed the thorofare leading to the pier, Marsh Gordon could hear the strains of music from the cabarets, the strident voices of the "barkers" in front of show booths, the shuffle of feet in the dancing halls. But he moved on, toward the interurban car-line terminus.

Here was a little throng waiting, and, profiting by the occasion, was a wheedler of small coin, whose specialty lay in guessing the weight of individuals. He stood beside a portable weighing-machine.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I can guess your weight within five pounds. Step onto the scales. Get your correct weight. If I'm right, one nickel. If I'm wrong, nothing to pay at all"—this was the patter of the speculator in avoirdupois.

Gordon listened. Yes, he would like to know his weight at the start of his tramping expedition. There happened to be no customers in sight at the moment, so, overcoming his natural shyness, he moved toward the man at the machine.

"Come along, mate," said the fellow, encouragingly. "You won't bust the springs, that's certain. Ninety-seven pounds," he ventured by way of prophecy, once he had run a hand over the customer's lean anatomy. "Step up now, and see how close I am."

Gordon complied—timidly, for eyes in the throng had begun to turn round now, yet submissively, for he had committed himself too far to recede.

The needle swung round slowly, and after a few hesitating oscillations came to rest.

"Ninety-eight pounds," the proprietor of the machine announced, in the loud tone again of the commercial spieler. "Only one pound out. A nickel—thank you. Next—ladies and gentlemen. I can size you all up, from ninety-eight pounds of skin and bone to two hundred and fifty of solid brawn."

* * *

Ninety-eight pounds of skin and bone! Gordon, quite flustered by having attracted so much attention, had slipped into the comparative obscurity of the crowd. But he had heard the taunt, and when, a few minutes later, he climbed onto the car for Los Angeles and took his seat in a quiet corner, it afforded him food for reflection.

Only ninety-eight pounds in weight! Yet he knew that his height was close to five feet eleven, altho the cobbler's stoop in his shoulders might make him look somewhat less tall. There was an ominous disparity between the two figures. He remembered the days when he weighed around one hundred and fifty, when his condition had been one of fine muscularity, without an ounce of superfluous fat to cumber his well-set-up frame. The loss of weight was the measure of the inroads which the lung trouble had already made upon his physical condition. Ninety-eight pounds of skin and bone left—he realized that the loss of a few pounds more must mean dissolution. He was neither depressed nor dismayed by the reflection. He was just glad that he had now the certain knowledge of the narrow margin of endurance upon which he could reckon.

The hour's ride to Los Angeles was a restful experience—he stepped down from the car with something of his old spryness and agility. Then he shouldered his swag, and passed from the depot to the street, encountering a throng of theater patrons hurrying to catch the late cars for their homes in outlying towns. The lights, the stir and the bustle, pleased him. He seemed to be entering a new world, or re-entering an old world from which he had been long debarred by the bonds of slavery.

On foot, enjoying the slow, leisurely walk, he made his way in the direction of the Southern Pacific railway station. There was no need to hurry; he already knew that no train would be available until the early hours of morning. One hand now held both the kit of tools and the strap of his bundle; the other hand, in the side pocket of his coat, rested on the ten little rolls of dimes in their canvas sack.

He was within a stone's throw of the station and approaching a cigar stand. The man behind the glass show-cases appeared to be a bluff, kindly sort of individual. Gordon, mustering up his courage, stopped before him.

"A five-cent cigar, please," he asked diffidently, after depositing the grip on the sidewalk at his feet.

"What kind?"

The question was a poser; the would-be purchaser had not smoked a cigar for ten years—the nomenclature of the different brands was out of his line.

"Oh, any kind—a mild one," he answered, depositing his nickel even before venturing to take a cigar from the box now proffered to him.

"Fine night," remarked the vendor, as he rang up the cash register by his side. "Some matches?" And taking the answer for granted, he passed over a little box of safeties.

* * *

Gordon was nervously toying with the unwonted cigar between finger and thumb, making as yet no show to light it. The man's friendly manner encouraged him to get to the real business he had in view.

"Would you mind changing some dimes for bills?" he asked, half apologetically, as he produced the money bag and laid three or four of the rolls on the counter.

For a moment the man behind the cigar boxes bestowed a close scrutiny upon the maker of this somewhat unusual request. It was nervousness, no doubt, that caused Marsh Gordon to cough. He turned aside his face, raised his lean fingers to his lips, and tried to repress the hollow, sepulchral sound that issued. The cigar-merchant did not utter the words, but his eyes spoke them eloquently enough: "Poor old chap."

At last Gordon controlled the paroxysm. His swag had dropped onto the sidewalk beside the grip. He picked it up and readjusted it on his shoulder, tramp fashion. At the very moment the sound of railroad cars being shunted in the depot close by could be heard.

Again the eyes of the two men met.

"Going out on the desert?" asked the dealer in tobacco. "I would say that's the place for you—with that bad cough," he added, softening the remark. "Oh, I've seen lots of chaps like you boarding the S. P. trains. And some of them come back all right. Now, how many dimes have you there?"

"I want to change ten dollars," replied Gordon, as he made up the indicated amount, placing the rolls side by side on the counter. "Don't think I've been robbing my kiddies' banks," he went on, with a grim but wistful smile. "I just did a little saving on my own account this way."

"Oh, that's all right," was the reply, as the dealer broke one of the rolls and counted the contents. Then he swept the other nine, uncounted, into a drawer, and, opening the cash register, produced a crisp ten-dollar bill. Gordon accepted it thankfully; he could have wished for assorted bills of smaller denominations, but was too diffident to give further trouble.

"You'll find the amount all right," he remarked. Then he folded the bill and bestowed it in a flat leather purse beside a couple of silver dollars.

"Oh, I'm not worrying about that. And here, mate, just have this cigar on me. Smoke my health some night under the stars." And Gordon, a trifle bewildered, found himself the possessor of a big rotund club-house—with a red and gold band—of a quality, he could guess that only rich men could afford.

"I surely will," he answered, with the courteous dignity which the kindly gift deserved. "Good-night, and thank you very much indeed."

Swag on shoulder, looking the tramp and feeling the tramp by now, he passed on his way toward the railway station. But he wondered. He knew that the hardened hobo was in the habit of commandeering largesse, mostly in the form of meals. The voluntary generosity came as a surprise. No doubt it was the very thing he himself might have done had the positions been reversed. But this was not in his thoughts. He was just moved by such an unlooked-for manifestation of sympathy and kindness—the sympathy and kindness which, if exercised generally, could make the whole world kin, the down-and-outer a brother to be succored, not hastily judged, spurned, and kicked aside.

The ticket office was still open, and he lost no time in purchasing with his remaining dimes and one of his dollars the ticket that would carry him a few hours later from the city of plenty to the verge of the desert wilderness. He took a seat in one corner of the spacious waiting-room. He was wakeful, without any inclination to sleep, and as many nights, perhaps without a bed, were in view, he thought that the new experience might commence right now. There were others besides himself on the seats, awaiting trains with heads pillowed upon rolls of bedding swathed in canvas, evidently accustomed patrons of the Hotel of the Beautiful Star, as the French tramp gaily describes his sleeping quarters.

* * *

He happened to have taken a place near to the lunch-counter room, and from this quarter, thru the wide-open doors, there came wafted to the wanderer's nostrils the fragrance of coffee and of beefsteaks in process of cooking. Marsh Gordon, hitherto sustained by the excitement of his departure, began to feel hungry. He had the cold collation in his swag—chicken and rolls. But that he had designed as his first meal on the morrow—out on the desert—with the food itself a tender reminder of his loved ones at home. No, he would not change from this intention. But he felt that he must eat now—should eat now. And the suggestive odors of a hot, juicy steak were terribly inviting. He touched the bulging shape of the silver dollar in his purse longingly, not in the spirit of the miser, but in that of the reckless spender.

Well, in any case, he was a hobo now, free from all care or thought of the morrow. "Homeless, ragged and tanned"—the song of the vagabond came back to memory. And in the mood of the song, he picked up his bundles and almost swaggered into the lunch room. Perching on one of the revolving stools, he bestowed a glance at the card of prices, then boldly ordered a sirloin, thick-cut and underdone, with coffee and cream for liquid accompaniment.

For years and years he had never so

much enjoyed a meal. To his own surprise he ate it with hearty appetite, lingering over each delicious morsel, revelling in the mild stimulant of the piping-hot coffee. When he stepped out again into the waiting-room he felt refreshed, restored—a changed man.

"No ninety-eight pounds of mere skin and bone now," he muttered, with a grim smile, as his eyes chanced to rest on a penny-in-the-slot weighing-machine. "I've half a mind to see how much I've gained already."

But he restrained this ironical impulse and settled himself once more in his chosen corner. He lit his five-cent cigar, and, altho unknowingly he was breaking the rules of the waiting-room, at this late hour of night, or rather early hour of morning, there was no one to gainsay the liberty he was taking.

Long, long ago he had given up the use of tobacco, for his wife's sake, ostensibly, because she complained that the smoke got on her nerves, but really for the sake of increasing the domestic economies. He felt no such obligation now, and every whiff seemed to soothe and comfort him, not only mentally, but physically as well. Of course he knew that the doctors would say that the smoke was a deadly irritant to his poor lungs. But he did not feel it that way, had not the slightest need to cough or expectorate, and smoked himself contentedly into a state of placid somnolence.

"All aboard for the San Bernardino Valley train!" It was the cry of a colored porter that woke him with a start to consciousness that the day had dawned and that his train was ready on the platform. He clambered aboard, and deliberately chose the smoking car—the car for all the fraternity of tramps, to which he now belonged.

CHAPTER XI

Miriam's Emancipation

It was the day following the wedding. Everything had gone off splendidly. Bernice had looked her best—a charming bride. The bridegroom, handsome, debonair, yet duly impressed with the seriousness of the occasion, had shown to fine advantage. Little Bessie, as the flower maid in attendance on her sister, had won all hearts by her beauty and her winsome ways. The ceremony at the church had been attended by the best society in the town. At the wedding breakfast in the bungalow the chosen guests, a bevy of bright young people, had enjoyed themselves to the full. The health of the happy couple had been drunk in champagne, and they had been driven away in their beautiful new limousine amid showers of rice and old shoes. Miriam and Bessie had been carried off to a dinner and theater party in Los Angeles, and it was close on midnight before they had returned home, tired but delighted at the close of a perfect day.

* * *

Despite the fatigue and excitement inseparable from so great an event, Miriam had risen at her accustomed hour. She had started Kioto on the breakfast preparations, and, peeping into Bessie's room to find the child still sound asleep, had resolved to allow an extra half-hour before waking her to dress for school. Meanwhile she would fill up the time by straightening out her own apartment, where considerable confusion reigned. In one corner was a little heap of discarded wrapping papers, and garments were lying all around in odd places, quite contrary to the methodical habits usual with their owner.

Miriam was soon launched into the task of putting things away. She moved about leisurely, now hanging up a cloak in the closet, next folding a lace shawl and restoring it to its accustomed box, perfumed with old lavender, dusting a little table here, settling a cushion there. At last tossed onto the sofa, she encountered the long pair of white gloves which she had worn at the wedding. She picked them up, and began to pull out the fingers, finally neatly folding the gloves and wrapping them in tissue paper. Then she stepped over to the drawer of the dresser, where gloves and handkerchiefs and ribbons were kept. Here, too, was considerable disorder, which she proceeded to rectify. Soon her fingers encountered something out of the ordinary, and she drew forth the letter that had been placed there for her finding. At a glance she recognized the handwriting on the envelope—"To my dear wife Miriam." Before springing open the lightly-sealed cover, she guessed the nature of the contents.

"So he has really gone to the desert—just as I supposed when I found his bed undisturbed yesterday morning."

* * *

With these murmured words she settled herself comfortably in an easy chair, and then unfolded the epistle. Its length somewhat surprised her, also the key enclosed. But she let this last slip to her lap, where she likewise placed the tiger-lily, without as yet reading the inscription that accompanied it. Then she proceeded, calmly and deliberately, to read her husband's parting message.

The opening sentences left her equanimity still undisturbed, but when she reached the passage that revealed the secret of the hoarded money, her lips parted, she uttered a little ejaculation of excitement, and sat bolt upright in her chair. As she proceeded, a gleam of quiet satisfaction came into her eyes. Then, with recovered command of her emotions, she went on to the close.

"Well, that's all right—the very best thing that could have happened," was her comfortable reflection as she dropped the hand that held the letter. "He acted very sensibly indeed in going away quietly, without any fuss or tears or sentimental display. I like him all the better for that, and I'm sure I hope he will recover his health out on the desert, altho any such result seems to me quite unbelievable. At all events one in his condition should not be among well people—he must have known the terrible risk we were all running by his presence here, Bernice and Bessie, not to speak of myself, whose good health has been so necessary for the sake of the dear girls. But to think of him having saved all that money! My word, I never dreamed before that he could have been such a miser. He never made it possible for *me* to put away a dime each day. And there have been times—many, many times—when fifty or a hundred dollars would have relieved me of no end of anxiety and made things quite different in the home. How often have I gone without a new hat, or Bernice with a made-over frock from last year. And he had that secret hoard in his trunk all the while. Goodness! Even after twenty and more years a wife keeps discovering new things about her husband. However, he saved the money—so far, so good. As he says, it will provide for me and Bessie for perhaps a year, and I'll be able to keep the Jap boy and settle down to my china painting in real earnest, without having to worry all the time."

While this train of thought was passing thru her mind, she had folded the letter and replaced it in its envelope. She now took the tiger-lily in her hand and read the words on the paper pinned to the stem.

"'For Memory.' Poor, impracticable Marsh! A sentimentalist all the time. If he had had less sentiment and more go-ahead energy, we would have been better off today."

Miriam had risen to her feet now. She laid the key of the trunk on a little table, covering it with the letter. Then she crossed the room, tore the scrap of paper into four, and tossed the fragments, together with the already wilted flower, among the rubbish in a corner of the room.

* * *

At this very moment Bessie, dressed for school, her eyes aflame with excitement, burst into the room.

"Mamma, he hasn't come back yet. Last night he didn't sleep in his bed again."

"Your papa, child?" Miriam's voice came without a quiver. "Oh, you needn't worry about him. He has gone out on the desert, as I told you yesterday morning, to see if the dry air there won't do his cough good."

"And he went away without bidding me good-bye," faltered the child, tears welling into her eyes.

"Oh, I've got a letter," replied Miriam, laying her hand on the envelope resting on the table. "He sends you his love, dear, also to Bernice, and hopes to be back soon, feeling strong and fit again."

"Poor, dear daddy—all alone," Bessie murmured, the big tears now rolling down her cheeks. "Can't I read his letter, mamma?"

"No, my child," replied her mother with quiet decisiveness. "There are things in it intended only for me, as you can readily understand. But he tells me to give you his fond love, as I said, and just wanted not to distress you, and us all, when he slipped so quietly away. So there is no need whatever to be anxious about him. He'll get on fine in the dry, desert air, and is to write us frequently. Now run away, Bessie, and tell Kioto to serve breakfast. I'll be thru tidying up here in a few minutes."

Bessie had been trained to rules of strict obedience. She never dared to argue with her mother. So, with rueful countenance, she turned and went to do her bidding.

* * *

When Bessie had departed for school, and Kioto a little later had also taken himself off, Miriam visited her husband's room in the backyard. Her first act was to open the trunk, and after she had lifted out one of the sacks of dimes and read the inscription on the tag, $100; she was content to run her hand over the eight others, leaving them undisturbed meanwhile. She had found the bags covered only by an old suit of clothes.

"My, but he was taking risks," she exclaimed, "having all this money here. Really he was just as irresponsible as a child, and it was a child's trick to keep on hoarding dimes and never change them into currency, or better still, deposit them in a savings bank at good interest. Now, what am I to do with all this small silver? Such an accumulation of chicken feed I never heard of before. The bags together must weigh pounds and pounds. This one by itself is quite a load to carry—a thousand dimes."

She lifted the sack from the table. "Five or six pounds, certainly," she decided to herself. Then she sat down and reflected for a few minutes.

Presently her mind was made up. Carrying two bags at a time, she first of all transported the cash to the bungalow sitting-room. Then she telephoned for a taxi-cab, put on her hat and jacket, and, while waiting, studied the little bank passbook which she had taken from her bureau. Inscribed on the leather cover were the names of both husband and wife—Marsh Gordon and Miriam Gordon. The account had been a family one—a joint account against which either party could check.

"Well, in any case, he never drew a check all the time we were married," Miriam said to herself, arriving at a decision. "So that will be all right. Besides he gave me the money—he does not want it for himself. And if he should chance to fall among bad companions, who knows but that he might be tempted to draw a check, perhaps a big one? Therefore, it will be safer in my own name, for many reasons."

Satisfied on this point, she was ready for the chauffeur, who had just announced his arrival by a toot on his horn. She carefully superintended the man as he carried out the sacks of silver and placed them in the tonneau.

At the bank she owed no explanation—she gave none beyond the casual remark that the unusual quantity of dimes represented domestic economies over a considerable number of years. She received a temporary receipt—such a big operation in counting would have to be performed after regular bank hours. The new passbook would be ready for her next morning, and the new account be duly opened on the bank books in accordance with her instructions.

Miriam walked home. She was exhilarated by this unexpected access of wealth—permeated with a sense of well-satisfied independence. She felt assured now that she would be able to overcome all the final obstacles to her successful career as a painter on china. Before long her name would be quite famous and her artistic products in great demand. As she walked along the sea-front, this thought delighted her. She was thankful, too, that she had got the bulky accumulation of silver safely and unobtrusively transferred to the bank—that she, solely and exclusively, held the secret of its possession, that neither Bernice nor Bessie knew anything about the matter. Then, what a consolation to think that there need be no more pinching and paring all the time to make things meet at each week's end!

* * *

Miriam Gordon, indeed, just like her husband, had at last been liberated from slavery. His renunciation had brought for her emancipation. The irony of it all—unselfishness and selfishness had achieved the same end.

That very evening, with her masterful readiness for action, Miriam was able to effect another arrangement for her additional comfort at home. Her husband's spare clothes and small personal belongings were packed into the trunk that had been more than half empty after the removal of the silver. The trunk itself was consigned to the cellar of the bungalow. The Japanese boy Kioto assisted in these operations, prior to departure after his routine dish-washing duties.

* * *

Two hours later he returned with a push-cart, which brought his own belongings, and he was duly installed in Marsh Gordon's room. As the equivalent of board and lodging, Kioto was to give extra hours of service and do some of the laundry work besides. This would mean for Miriam, not only diminished laundry bills, but complete release from heavy household duties. For she had already trained Kioto to be quite a good cook, and the youth, like all his race, was only too keen to be entrusted with such additional responsibilities which, in the end, would insure advancement to the position and pay of a fully qualified culinary artist.

Altogether an ideal arrangement, reflected Miriam, as she crossed the yard after bidding Kioto good-night. Bessie was already abed and asleep. Miriam felt that the child would resent the intrusion of Kioto into her father's room—that she would, in her childlike way, look upon the change as a sort of desecration. But Miriam would soon settle that. All thru their lives she had tried to keep her daughters' minds free from mawkish sentimentality. With Bernice she had succeeded admirably, and now she must take Bessie a little more strongly in hand.

The Japanese boy-student, now alone, surveyed his quarters with placid satisfaction. It was the well-filled rows of book shelves that had made the new proposal put forward by his mistress quite irresistible. Detailed examination resulted in his being specially attracted by a historical classic in twelve portly, calf-bound tomes. He drew forth Volume I and placed it on Marsh Gordon's reading stand.

So while the old occupant of the room was gaining fresh experiences in life under the desert stars, his youthful successor, not less studious in his tastes, was poring over the fascinating pages of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." Readers may depart or die, but books go on forever.

CHAPTER XII

The Buzzards' Roost

It was high noon when Marsh Gordon descended from the railway train. He had so arranged his blanket roll and tool kit that he carried both together, slung from the walking stick across his shoulder. He looked around him inquiringly, to find himself in a small town nestled between two parallel ranges of hills. Behind him lay the rich fertile valley lands of Southern California. Beyond in the opposite direction ran the narrowing gorge thru which the train was now puffing on its way toward the wilderness.

This was not a desert town, for it was surrounded with orchards and fields of alfalfa, the vivid greenery of which betokened abundant water. Yet the air was desert air—hot, but crisp, dry, and exhilarating. Gordon breathed it deep down into his lungs with intense satisfaction; such an atmosphere was as balm to their lacerated tissues. He coughed just a little. But on the present occasion there was no paroxysm; rather his malady was simply taking note of changed and improved conditions.

He moved slowly along the main street, heading eastward, following the train. Most of the local men were clad simply in shirt and trousers, and the old shoe-pegger in his town clothes, coat and vest, collar and tie, soft felt hat and nicely blackened shoes, looked quite a swell by contrast.

More than one passerby gave him a pleasant "good-day" to which he as cheerfully responded. But he proceeded on his leisurely way, for there was nothing in the town to detain him. He had his dinner in his swag, and, altho he had not breakfasted, the sustaining influence of his beefsteak supper during the small hours still abided with him. So he was well content to saunter on for a few miles toward the goal of his pilgrimage, the desert beyond the narrow gorge. He would rest in some shady spot when he was tired, and eat when exercise and fresh air had given an edge to appetite.

The afternoon was well advanced when, all alone now, the cultivated fields changed to sagebrush and cactus, he halted by a little irrigation ditch that crossed the roadway. Twenty or thirty yards up the stream was a clump of willow trees. Toward these he bent his steps, and sat down in the cool and umbrageous shelter. Everything was still and silent but for the ripple of the flowing waters and the gentle swish of the desiccated wind blowing in from the desert and rustling the foliage overhead.

Spreading his blanket on the sand, and using the grip as a table, the wanderer partook of his first meal in the lonely wilderness. The cold chicken, rolls, and apples tasted fine, and for accompanying vintage there were copious cups from the ice-cold stream fed by mountain snows beyond the foothills. He was eating the home food, thinking tenderly of home, and hardly felt himself to be as yet the full-fledged hobo. He looked, too, more like a gentle tramp, a refined and educated tramp, so that had there been fish in the brook and a rod in his hand, he might have sat as a picture of some old-time Izaak Walton.

He lingered over the meal, then smoked the plump cigar which his friend at the tobacco stand had bestowed upon him. "A kind-hearted chap," he reflected, as, according to the conditions of the gift, he pledged the health of the donor with appreciative whiffs of the fragrant weed from Havana. He bethought himself, too, that this would probably be his last indulgence of the kind for many a long day to come. A reserve fund of ten dollars would not run to two-bit cigars.

In the cool of the declining afternoon he resumed his journey—at an accelerated pace—for he felt wonderfully fit and well, and it would be advisable, too, to find some place of shelter for the night. He had read that the desert is always cold after sundown; even now in late July, after a day of grilling heat, he could feel a "bone" in the air that meant a chilly night to follow.

The shadows were falling when, ahead of him, he spied the lights of another little town, or rather a little cluster of shacks this time, grouped around a railroad siding. Here he would be able to get a cup of coffee and find some wind-protected corner where he could sleep wrapped in his blanket, his grip for pillow and the starry firmament for canopy. He was the vagabond now, and must play the full part, even tho the memory of his narrow spring bed in the screened room at home caused a pang of wistfulness.

He passed one or two cottages and reached the station buildings—a small waiting room and ticket office, a freight house with loading platform, beyond and at a little distance back, a row of antiquated railroad coaches transformed into dwelling places for Mexicans employed on keeping the road bed in repair. Everything was in darkness except for the signal railway lamps. But about a hundred yards further along there was a brightly-burning log fire, with a group of figures squatted around. Here was warmth at all events, and he would be able to gain some information as to where he was and where a cup of coffee could be obtained.

* * *

Thus the guileless pilgrim came to find himself amid a gang of hoboes—regular road agents, among whom he looked as incongruous as a pigeon among crows. But they rose to welcome him, slapped him on the shoulder, and, when, somewhat taken aback at sight of their grimy, unshaven visages and unkempt, ragged garments, he would have beaten a hasty retreat, insisted on his staying and gave him a cosy place near to the camp fire built from old railroad ties.

"Make yourself comfortable, old scout!" exclaimed one burly tough, who was apparently the leader of the gang. "What's the news?"

"No news," replied Gordon, fairly bewildered and quite at a loss for a better answer.

"Well, you've just come in time, sporty," remarked another member of the band. "We were a-goin' to rush the growler."

"I don't understand."

"Oh, we know where we can get this here bucket filled with dago red in spite of all their damned prohibition. And we was just chippin' in. Pass the hat, Bill. The old gent will cough up, sure."

Gordon gave a little cough in the proper meaning of the word, then politely answered: "Certainly, altho I don't want to drink, I'll pay my share."

He reached to his hip pocket and drew forth his purse. At the mere sight of it a buzz of eager expectation ran round. All the group bunched closer together.

"Guess you'll be good for a plunk," suggested the leader, craning forward with talon-like fingers, ready, if necessary, to make a get-away grab for the spoil.

A genially-smiling, smug-looking, rotund individual held a battered hat right under Gordon's nose.

"Cough up, cough up," he said insistently, as if he was making a collection at a charity bazaar.

"I'm very sorry, but I'll have to ask you to change a ten-dollar bill," replied the victim of all this importunity.

"Bully, old rooster. Boys, it's a sawbuck," cried the man with the bucket. "I'll fetch the booze and bring back the change."

"Thank you," and with a pleasant smile Gordon transferred the ten-dollar bill into his custody.

"Then Pedro and the Goat will go with you," said the leader. "That change will be too big a chunk of temptation for you to be luggin' around all alone, Dave, my son."

Dave swung the bucket and smiled with understanding. The three custodians of the ten-dollar bill and each other's honesty went off together, vanishing into the deepening obscurity of the night.

Gordon resumed his seat by the log fire, perturbed by the unwonted companionship of such a crew of obvious ruffians, but making up his mind to bid them goodbye just as soon as he received his change. He was unconscious of the hungry, avaricious eyes that were now fastened on his shoes and hat, and were even sizing up his garments. Some considerable time passed, but Gordon continued to warm his lean hands by the genial blaze and paid no heed to the muttered remarks around him.

At last the three who had gone to fetch the bucket of dago red were heard returning in the distance. They were jabbering away like three brothers who had already participated in at least a few libations while discharging their mission. Presently their forms were silhouetted as they came within the ring of radiance.

One of the group in waiting stirred up the fire by turning over and pushing together two of the burning railroad ties, causing a column of sparks to shoot upwards and cast a lurid glow over the surrounding growth of desert scrub.

"I say, boys," called out the boss, "why in h—— don't you hurry up with the booze? You must think us an easy lot to let you fellows fill up while we're almost perishing for a drink."

"Keep your hair on," replied one of the two hoboes who carried the bucket between them. "You don't wish us to spill any of this here red ink, do you? And you don't suppose our friend with the blind pig let us go without standin' treat after we had bought a whole bucket of this stuff?"

"Bring me the change," said the boss.

"Sure," replied Dave, the cashier of the trio.

* * *

Gordon coughed behind his hand and rose to his feet. He approached the leader of the road agents, as much as to say: "I am ready for the little transaction to be closed." But the other had reached out his hand and was now carefully counting the silver coins. After he had satisfied himself that the change was right, he calmly pocketed the whole amount.

"Sit down, man, sit down," he said, pointing to the log from which Gordon had arisen. "I'll attend to you presently. Boys, give our angel a drink of that dago red."

Gordon remained standing, and when an old battered oyster can filled with the wine was pressed toward him for his acceptance, drew back a pace or two.

"No, thanks," he said. "I very seldom touch liquor."

"So you won't drink with us?" demanded the cup bearer, in an angry, menacing tone. "Well, I'm not so d—— pertic'lar." And he quaffed the contents of the can at a single draught, then glared again at the offender.

"If you ain't one of us," shouted the leader, "then who the h—— are you, anyhow? To begin with, I'm going to swap coats with you, right now."

And before Gordon fully realized what

was happening he found himself grabbed by the shoulders, his coat slipped over his arms, and a disreputable, tattered substitute flung at his feet.

"And your shoes will just suit me, old sport," cried another rascal coming up from behind and pushing him down with a backward movement of a brawny arm. "Yes, give me your shoes, and do it P.D.Q. Do you know what that means?" While he asked the question the ruffian was removing the articles of footwear he had coveted.

"The waistcoat's for mine," piped a treble voice, as another pair of arms encircled the prostrate figure. "I ain't worn one for five years, and this is a dandy."

* * *

Thus was Marsh Gordon, spick and span but an hour before, despoiled of his raiment, even to shirt and trousers, being left only his underwear, and this by way of favor at the peremptory demand of the leader of the gang. The latter had pounced upon the gun-metal watch before the abstractor of the waistcoat had got away with his particular share of the loot.

"Quit now, boys, d—— you," shouted the boss. "We'll forgive the old bird the rest of his outfit. This here ticker was just what we was requiring." He held it to his ear to make sure it was a going concern.

"Excuse me," faltered Gordon timidly. During the momentary respite he had staggered to his feet, presenting in his white undergarments a ludicrous, yet pathetic figure. "Surely, gentlemen, you don't mean to take my watch?" he pleaded. "It was a gift to me from my wife."

This appeal only called forth guffaws of brutal laughter.

"Give us her address, and we'll see that the old lady gets it back again," cried one of the soulless villains.

"We'll take her your fond love," sniggered another.

"I guess the watch remains right here," said the leader decisively, as he slipped it into the fob of his trousers.

"And my kit of tools?" answered Gordon anxiously, pointing to the grip resting beside the log on which he had recently been seated. Already his blanket roll had vanished.

Instantly half a dozen hands grabbed at the grip.

"'Pon my word, boys," observed the boss, watching the scuffle, "looks as if the old gent might be a bit of a road agent himself. A safe-breaking outfit, mebbe."

But even as the words were spoken, the box burst asunder, and its contents were scattered on the sand amid a bunch of eagerly-clutching, grimy paws. Soon one man had possessed himself of a knife and was feeling its sharp edge with satisfaction, another of an awl that promised various utilities outside those for which the tool was primarily intended, while a third was laughingly holding up the shoe-pegging hammer with the remark: "Guess we can try our hand at prospecting, fellers."

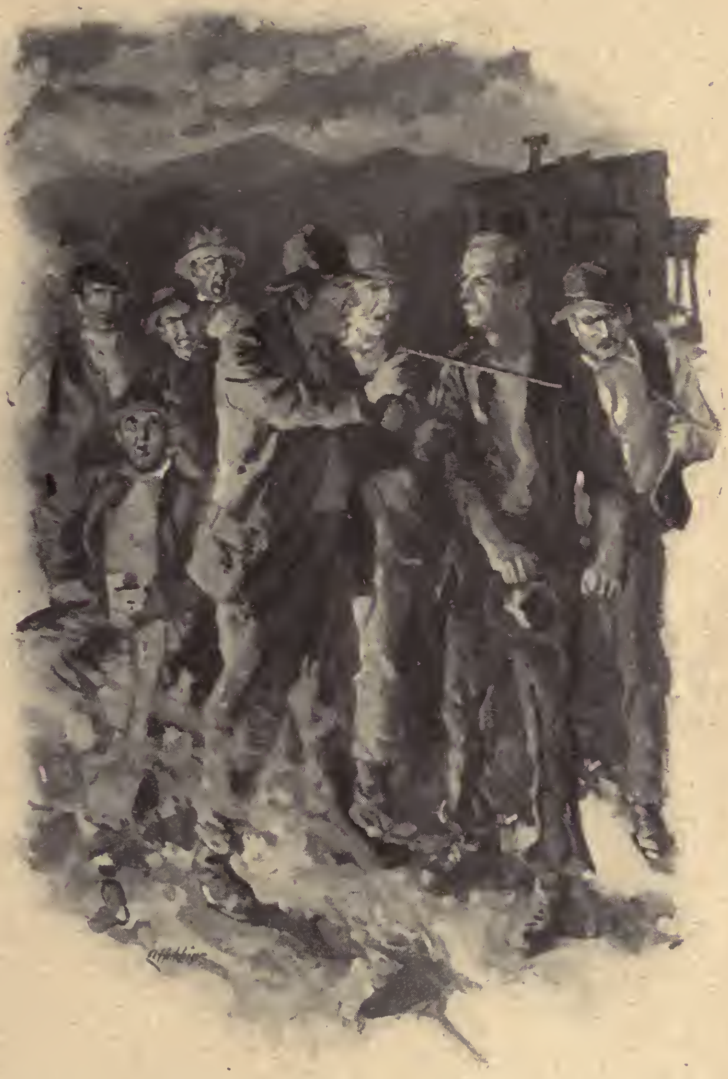
"Only a little kit for mending shoes," protested Gordon in a broken voice.

"Well, these new shoes of yours won't get any mending tonight," replied the boss brutally, as he pointed to a pair of broken-down short-length boots, of which even a mucker running a car in a mine would have been ashamed. "Pull them on, right now, darn your skin. And take your other duds as well. Hurry up, and get the h—— out of here in double-quick time. Here, Pedro, pass me another mug of the dago red." He quaffed the contents of the can eagerly and went on, while poor Gordon struggled into the tattered garments: "Since you're too derned proud, Mr. High-falutin'-Man, to drink with us, we don't want to have you here any longer bumming around. You've made a hellish good trade for these clothes—you'll be passed along as one of us from now on. There's your lid"—with this he tossed him a disreputable-looking old felt hat. "You'll need it on the desert. Now hoof it! Hit the trail, d—— you!"

* * *

As he spoke the last words the ruffian, brandishing poor Gordon's own walking stick, pointed eastward along the railroad line.

Marsh Gordon was a brave man in spirit, but he realized too well that his ninety-eight pounds of skin and bone could not stand up against these ten or a dozen husky hoboes. Pleading he knew to be in vain, and further protesting would doubtless only lead to kicks and blows being



"Pull them on right now, and take your other duds as well. Hurry up and get out of here in double-quick time. Here, Pedro, pass me another mug of the dago red." He quaffed the contents of the can eagerly and went on, while poor Gordon struggled into the tattered garments: "Since you're too derned proud, Mr. High-falutin'-man, to drink with us, we don't want to have you here any longer bumming around." As he spoke the last words the ruffian, brandishing poor Gordon's own walking stick, pointed eastward along the railroad line

added to the outrageous insults he had already been compelled to endure.

So perforce he obeyed—he hit the trail, leaving the miscreant gang to their orgies, craving rather the companionship of the coyotes howling lugubriously in the distance to that of the revolting buzzards in human guise into whose company he had so haplessly strayed.

Just as his lone figure merged into the darkness, a handful of shoe-pegs rained around him—like rice at a wedding—accompanied by a final ribald jest, to which he shut his ears. With a great lump in his throat, stung to the heart by shame and sorrow, he blindly staggered on into the desert, which, up to an hour before had been to him the promised land of so many day dreams.

Chapter XIII

In the Depths

For the first few miles the road ran parallel with the railway, but thereafter, when a wide expanse of shifting sands had to be traversed, it diverged to the south, seeking the hard ground nearer to the foothills. Bewildered, distressed in mind, ashamed of the sorry spectacle which, he knew well, even in the black obscurity of a moonless night, he now presented, onward Marsh Gordon trudged, following the wagon tracks, neither knowing nor caring where he went.

The thought that kept ringing in his brain was—"Penniless! Robbed of the tools by which I might have earned a bed or a meal! My nakedness covered only by filthy rags! Even the blanket to shelter me gone! God above, was there ever a more complete wreck of humanity, a more hopeless down-and-outer than I now am?"

To this benumbing sense of desolation and utter degradation soon came physical fatigue. He stumbled now as he walked, altho the moon had risen to guide his footsteps. Suddenly, after a bend in the road that rounded a spur from the foothills, he came upon a little patch of cultivation, with a good big haystack looming up on its farther margin. Toward this haven of rest he made his way.

On the shadowy side of the stack he nearly fell over a slumbering cow. Bossy, rudely awakened, struggled to her feet, and, with an indignant moo, ambled away to a little distance whence she surveyed the intruder anxiously, after a time it might seem almost pityingly.

Gordon's old farmer-boy experience in Iowa now stood him in good stead. He touched with his hand the stubbly ground on which the animal had been reposing—it was quite warm to his outspread palm. Gathering an armful of the sweet-smelling alfalfa, he spread it on this precise patch, then brought further armfuls with which to cover himself. Thus was he provided with a snug couch, mattress and quilt complete, and within a very few minutes, utterly exhausted, the lonely one was asleep.

All thru the night his sleep was a procession of dreams. He dreamed of home and Miriam and his children; then his wandering mind was away back in Creston, and he was once again both selling and half-soling shoes; next he was listening to the boom of the ocean at Venice-by-the-Sea; but out of the white surf came the repulsive forms of hoboes, who flung their arms around him and, their leering faces close to his, began to strip him of his clothes. With a yell of fear, he struggled to be free.

He awoke to consciousness, flinging the alfalfa from around him, springing to his feet, rubbing his dazed eyes. For the sun had arisen, and its flashing light had momentarily dazzled him. When he returned to a sense of his surroundings, he looked to right and left, and then behind him.

There, standing by the haystack, a small stool and a big pail in his hands, was a tall, broad-shouldered man—evidently a rancher. He was surveying the extraordinary figure that had emerged from beneath the hay, in spellbound silence.

"Well, I'll be d——!" he exclaimed. But surprise soon changed to hilarity, and he laughed aloud.

Gordon was dully conscious that he was the object of this explosive mirth. Instinctively he grabbed for his hat and jammed it down on his head, as if thereby to give respectability to his appearance. But this added touch only served to accentuate the grotesqueness of the scarecrow figure, and the rancher laughed louder and longer than before.

Gathering his wits together, Gordon drew off the hat again and mournfully surveyed it. He remembered that the boss of the hoboes had called it a "lid." But any self-respecting pot or pan would have been ashamed of such a covering. It was greasy and mud-bedaubed, its tattered brim lopped like a rabbit's ears, its crown was ventilated by a hole as big as a dollar. The headgear dropped from trembling fingers.

"Well, of all the funniest dudes I ever clapped eyes on, you're the limit."

* * *

Gordon heard the softly-drawled words. There was more of pity in them than of jest. Disconsolately he glanced down at his torn, misfitting trousers, then holding forth his hands, surveyed the frayed streamers that were once the sleeves of a coat.

"I was stripped and robbed by hoboes last night," he stammered by way of explanation, his face a picture of shame and misery.

The last trace of merriment in the rancher's eyes died out.

"The dirty blackguards!" he exclaimed. In his tone and look were commingled anger and sympathy—anger for the calloused wretches who could rob an old man, sympathy for the victim of the dastardly deed. "They are vermin—simply vermin—and don't deserve to live. Oh, I've seen lots of them, but they know enough now to give my place a wide berth. The filthy swine!"

Again he was running an eye over the forlorn and tattered figure.

"I wasn't like this yesterday," said Gordon, with returning courage. "They held me up at their campfire last night, and took my money, my blanket, even my clothes, my hat and shoes. I'm an honest man—I had my kit of cobbler's tools with me—that, too, is gone. See, look at my hands. I am accustomed to mend shoes—not exactly a noble profession, perhaps, but one that is useful and I thought would assist me in paying for a meal should I be hungry and come up with a gentleman like yourself on his little farm."

And by way of testimony to the truth of the earnestly-spoken words, Gordon held forth his fingers, lined and blackened by the wax ends used in his trade.

The rancher nodded understandingly.

"Oh, in spite of your queer rig, old fellow, I knew you were not one of the hobo breed. Well, sit down on the hay for quarter of an hour—or go back to bed if you prefer it"—the words were spoken with a grimly humorous smile—"until I milk my cow. Then I'll see what I can do for you."

The vagrant dropped down among the billowing hay, and watched in silence, while his new-found friend advanced to the patiently-standing cow, set down his stool, and adjusted his milk pail. The animal was a beautiful Jersey, white and brown, sleek-coated, mild-eyed, big-uddered. Gordon listened to the regular swish-swish of the descending streams. At last the operation was completed, and the rancher signaled to the homeless one to follow him.

"You can wash in that bucket," he said, pointing to the article in question, standing beside a water tank made of corrugated iron. "You'll find a towel and a cake of soap on the post. I'll cook some breakfast."

* * *

Gordon was left alone to his ablutions. He took off the coat he was wearing—he could hardly bring himself to think of it as *his* coat, altho it was assuredly his only coat now. He shook it carefully, and tore off a few of the tatters. Then he bathed his face and arms and shoulders, and began to feel a little like his old self again.

"How do you like your eggs cooked?" called out the rancher from the doorway. "Fried on both sides or one eye open?"

"Both sides, please," replied the guest for breakfast, making his choice simply because he did not comprehend the alternative offer.

"Well, I'll be ready in a jiffy. Step right in."

Gordon responded to the hearty invitation, and, leaving the coat and apology for a hat outside, entered the little wooden building. There could be no fault found with his undershirt—it was spotlessly white, of good material, every button in place. At least from the waist-line up he once more looked presentable.

"Sit down," said his host, indicating a chair at the table. "You see, this is a one-room mansion—kitchen and parlor combined; I sleep outside in the open. I'm homesteading here. Got a quarter section running up into that little box-canyon behind. There's just enough water for a few head of stock and that patch of alfalfa where you dozed last night."

* * *

Gordon's reply or comment was checked by a cough that lasted a few moments. The host continued:

"Oh, I've sized up your trouble—they call it bugs round about here."

"Bugs!" Gordon managed to articulate, wonderingly.

"Yes, microbes, T. B.'s—name it which you choose. I'm a bit of a lunger myself. Used to be president of a national bank down in Kansas, but developed consumption there, and was recommended to try the desert. As the bank happened to go bust about the same time, owing to a succession of bad years, that suited my book all right. So I raked together my few surviving dollars, and came here. And it has proved a mighty good place for me. No more hemorrhages, no more coughing, and the doctor says I'll be fit and well and permanently cured within another year. Then I guess I'll sell out the place here, and move into one of the towns in Arizona or California."

"Go back to banking?"

"Perhaps. So if ever you see the name of Mike O'Meara in gold letters on a plate glass window, with the word 'President' underneath it, you will know that's me."

"I'm glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. O'Meara," said the visitor, with a little bow. "In present circumstances, I feel ashamed to give you my name."

"Oh, well, we don't take much stock of names on the desert anyways. So don't you worry about that. Fall to, brother. You'll find that ham just fine, and there are your eggs fried on both sides, according to order. Coffee? Here you are, and I'll be obliged if you help yourself to all the cream you can get away with. My old cow's a dandy, and keeps me well supplied. And when you taste those hot corn cakes, you'll say I'm a dandy, too—a dandy with the batter and griddle at all events."

Thus the genial and hospitable Irishman rambled on, putting his guest thoroly at ease, encouraging him to eat and make himself at home. Gordon responded, for he was really weak from hunger, and the draughts of fresh milk which supplemented the coffee were like balm to his famished being. What with the plenteous feast and the kindly companionship all his woes were soon forgotten. At last he found himself smoking a brand-new corncob pipe presented to him by his host.

"Well," remarked O'Meara, puffing away at a big briar-root, "I've been figuring things out for you in my mind during breakfast. Sorry I can't present you with a pair of trousers; you would lose yourself in one of my legs, I'm thinking." The big, burly Irishman laughed gently. "But you can take that Mexican straw hat—you'll look a bit better and it's the finest thing possible for the sun. You had best make for Yuma now, where you can fix yourself up with a new outfit of tools, and will be able, no doubt, to pick up a few jobs to tide you along till you can get some money from home. I'm going to hand you five dollars just for immediate requirements."

* * *

Gordon flushed and protested—he had never begged in all his lifetime.

"Well, who says you're begging now? Haven't I told you that I'm a banker and accustomed to make loans? I've learned to read faces, and yours is good enough security for me. And now, as to how to get to Yuma. It so happens"—he glanced at his watch—"a wagon will be passing here in less than an hour's time. It is hauling furniture for a rancher who's a friend of mine down in the Imperial country, and is bringing out some canned stuff for me at the same time. So that will fit in with your plans fine. You can ride close on fifty miles of your way—two days' journey. Then, where the Imperial road branches off, take the railway track and you'll make Yuma in a few easy stages. Yuma will be a tip-top place for you—a year there will put that cough of yours to sleep, my friend. Now, I'm going to fix up a small supply of grub for you on the road, so that you'll be ready for Dan and his wagon. And I guess I can find you an old blanket as well."

Tears of gratitude welled into Gordon's eyes. But O'Meara only grew angry when any attempt to thank him was made. So the recipient of all his kindness lapsed into dutiful silence. What a change in his position, he reflected, within the passing of a single night! From the lowermost depths he was beginning to climb again.

There was not only thankfulness, but renewed hope and courage in his heart, when an hour later Marsh Gordon clambered up on to the seat beside the driver of the wagon, placed the obnoxious coat as a cushion to be sat upon for the present, at all events, waved a final adieu to his generous host, and, his head protected by the most extraordinary hat he had ever seen, a tall, cone-like structure of patterned straw in diversified colors, red, black, and yellow, started on his first stage into the blazing midday heat of the desert.

As the wagon moved into the quivering haze, O'Meara was laughing once more.

"That Mexican hat makes him look rummier than ever. But he's a good sort, all right. Poor old devil!"

"It's a mighty kind world after all," Gordon was murmuring to himself. The ruffianly hoboes were forgotten; the wrong had been blotted from memory, and only the fragrance of kindness and hospitality remained. Yes, his indomitable courage sustained and even hurried him on to new and untried depths in the new world he was entering. Little did Marsh Gordon realize that a mighty test awaited him—a test that would demand almost his last ounce of strength. But he did not know, and as the wagon wheeled slowly along he kept a keen outlook ahead thru the shimmering heat waves at the bunches of purple sage and greasewood that skirted the trail. The jaded horses plodded tardily on thru the sand dunes. Both men and horses were heated and thirsty. Above was a merciless and parching sun, but in his heart only determined fortitude and zeal to push on, and on, in quest of his "Holy Grail."

(*To be continued*)

OUR FLAG

(TUNE, "AMERICA")

By ALICE HAMILTON RICE

FLAG of a country free,
Dearest to you and me,
Dear flag we bring,
Hearts loyal, fond and true,
And thus in honoring you,
Giving your rightful due
Love's offering.

O, little boy and girl,
For you we would unfurl
Flag of the brave;
Your fathers, heroes died;
Your mothers by their side,
Heroes alike allied
Your land to save.

O, maiden sweet and good;
O, noble young manhood,
Your heritage
Keep worthy of the blue,
The white stars shining thru,
The red blood shed for you,
Your honor wage.

And we who older grown
Who call the flag our own
God gives us still,
As blessed work to do,
As e'en our fathers knew,
The old work and the new,
God's will fulfill.

War Governor of Rhode Island

R. Livingston Beeckman

by

Flynn Wayne

ONE state in the Union that responds "Ready!" is Rhode Island. The Governor of this Commonwealth has a more extensive title than that of any other state executive—he is "Governor of the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations"—and R. Livingston Beeckman well carries the title, for Rhode Island has never had a more popular Governor, or one better fitted for the duties of the hour. In addresses to his people, I have heard him, in calm, deliberate way, frankly tell them what he has done, is doing, and proposes to do. It is significant that his statements always have to do with action.

The bulletins he has issued to alien residents and "every man his own gardener," are classics of their kind. Marshaling every possible resource of the state for the emergency, the Governor insists that there will be few feet of tillable ground in this tiny state that will not yield food products this year. His plea has been effective, and he closes with a most apt quotation from Scripture, that echoes the spirit of Roger Williams: "In the morning, sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand, for thou knowest not which shall prosper, whether this or that, or whether they shall both be alike good."

His appeal to alien residents firmly insists that no matter where a man is born or reared, that when he reaches manhood, he should be a *citizen of some country*—and unwaveringly declares that the citizens of Rhode Island should have no divided allegiance. He speaks with the kindliness of "What Cheer"—but points out that America expects every Rhode Islander to do his full duty.

* * *

Governor R. Livingston Beeckman was born April 15, 1866. When he was seven years of age, his father died, and the family removed to Newport, Rhode Island, where he spent his boyhood and attended the public schools. At sixteen, he went to New York to earn his living, starting as a messenger boy, and finally becoming manager of a broker's office. At twenty-one he purchased a seat in the Stock Exchange, and retired from active business at forty—during those years having had a well-rounded business experience equaled by few men of his age. At forty-two he entered politics, beginning right at the bottom, as a member of the ward committee in his own ward, and later as a member of the city committee in Newport.

He proved peculiarly adapted for public service, and naturally received the nomination for Representative in the State Legislature. For three years he served in that body, being elected year by year with increased majorities. Then he was elected State Senator, from the city of Newport, and held this office for three years. In the Legislature there were no harder workers than this young man of ability and wealth, giving unreservedly of his service, and carrying forward his ideals fearlessly. He served on the Finance Committee in the House and on the Judiciary Committee

HON. R. LIVINGSTON BEECKMAN, WAR GOVERNOR OF RHODE ISLAND
Governor Beeckman is deservedly popular with his people; still in his prime, his administration appeals especially to the young men; he has a quiet way in conversing or in public speaking, and there is a firmness in his kindly features that indicates strength of purpose

in the Senate, two of the most important committees—never shirking a responsibility. His counsel was sought and followed by fellow-members of the Legislature, as he was naturally in sympathy with progressive and advanced ideas in the matter of remedial laws.

It was Governor Beeckman who introduced some of the most beneficial laws now on the statute books of Rhode Island. All over the country his Workmen's Compensation bill was discussed and admired as one of the best of its kind enacted in any state. He was also instrumental in the passage of the Juvenile Court and Board of Parole acts. With such a legislative career, it was natural and logical that he should have been nominated in 1914 for Governor of his state.

The largest vote ever polled by a

Governor in Rhode Island was received by him at that time. On the stump, in an active and exhilarating campaign, he came close to the people, promised them a business administration—and delivered the goods. He made the business of the state his first consideration. The state's floating debt of more than a quarter million dollars, which he faced on his inauguration, has been entirely paid during his administration.

With characteristic business ability, he insisted upon providing adequately for the maintenance of the splendid roads secured by a bond issue, before building new roads. A provision for efficient maintenance is necessary in developing a road system of permanent and profitable advantage to the people. Over 325 miles have been reconstructed. The cost of road-building has increased $10,000 a mile during the past year, which further emphasizes the wisdom of his policy of conserving the value of the state's property already represented in good roads and providing for keeping them in a condition worthy of the name of good roads.

In 1916 he was re-elected by an increased plurality. An ardent Republican, he was one of the nine members of the Advisory Committee of the National Republican Committee, who conducted the 1916 campaign, and made a record that was most gratifying, not only to his state, but to all New England, of which he was the single representative.

* * *

Governor Beeckman and his charming wife have given unstintingly their time, their thought to the welfare of Rhode Island, which, because of its small area, has a cohesive and intensely loyal citizenship.

Despite its exposed condition, every bridge, every waterworks, every mile of coast line—everything that has to do with the safety of the people of Rhode Island and the interests of the country at large, are safeguarded. The state is giving great encouragement to the Naval College at Newport, and in naval defense and the revival of the merchant marine, "Little Rhody" will furnish men that will add glory and distinction to the whole country.

When the Legislature of Rhode Island adjourned, there was only one veto that the Governor had to offer, but that was an important act, and one which brought him the enthusiastic appreciation of the people and the press. He has been persistent and insistent in his opposition to the property qualification for the voter, which still exists in Rhode Island, the one state to have that qualification. The theory of the old freeholders of the plantation that only those who had money should be interested in the expenditure of taxes and money may have had some basis of equity in those days, but there would seem to be no logical reason for its existence at this time. The Governor promptly responded to the complaint of the citizens of Pawtucket in their plea to resist the encroachment of super-autocratic power. Governor Beeckman has a single-mindedness of purpose. When he wants to organize a regiment of field artillery, he goes to Washington and talks the matter over face to face with the Secretary of War. When he announces that Rhode Island is ready, the federal government should not be slow and lax in indicating just what is wanted.

An exponent of the principle of popular self-government for municipalities, his unflinching courage in meeting conditions that require prompt decisions was indicated in his use of the veto power so often deplorably deferred in exercising the rights of an executive for protecting at all hazards the rights of the people. It is not idle prophecy to say that Governor Beeckman is the man for Rhode Island to send to the United States Senate when opportunity offers. It is not difficult to see, either, that when in the counsels of the nation, a council for New England is called, Robert Livingston Beeckman will be one of the first men thought of in a leadership that will bring together and adjust conditions of today with the needs and exigencies of the hour and the future.

When war preparations were begun, he kept in close touch with the governors of all New England states, and it is in the council room and in planning for important moves that men like the Governor of Rhode Island count. Every great emergency brings forth new national leaders, and the work of Governor Beeckman has emphasized his ability and capacity, not only for the best service to his state, but for any national responsibility.

Foiling the Autograph-Hunter

by George Leon Varney

THE late Andrew Lang has said, "The tolerant universe permits men, women, and children to be mighty autograph-hunters before the Lord." And this is true. At the same time let it be added that if there is a more persistent correspondent whose ways are darker and more devious than those of the average autograph-hunting fiend, the universe knows him not.

To quote an extract from an interesting document written by William Black, the eminent English writer, "The dodges to which the fiend will resort in order to accomplish his diabolical purpose are as the sands of the seashore for multitude; and it is to be feared that many an honest letter is flung into waste-paper basket on the mere hasty and exasperated suspicion that it hails from an autograph-hunter. The most deadly stratagem in this direction I ever heard of was an invention of a friend of mine, who now confesses it as one of the sins of his youth. He wrote a letter to each of the persons whose autograph he coveted, describing himself as a shipowner and asking permission to name his next vessel after the particular celebrity he was addressing. It was a fatal trap. Nearly every one fell into it. Even poor old Carlyle had no suspicion, and, in replying to the bogus shipowner, expressed the hope that the vessel to be named after him might sail to a happier haven than he had ever reached. I remember," continues Mr. Black, "when I was in America, receiving a very pretty and charming letter from two sisters living in one of the southern states. They described their beautiful home on the banks of the ——— River; they were, they informed me, living there quite alone, having neither friends nor relatives to occupy their time withal; and it had occurred to them that, as I was certain to form a perfectly false idea of American hospitality so long as I remained in the cold and callous North, would I not come down for a week or two to this sylvan retreat on the ——— River, that they might show me what a real Southern welcome was like? It was a most innocent and idyllic invitation, and I was describing it a long time afterward to Bret Harte, when he interrupted me: 'Didn't the letter go something like this?' He knew the rest. The idyllic invitation had been but an autograph-hunting lure."

The writer of this article knows what it is to have the mania for autographs of the good and great—or of the bad and great, for that matter—and as he looks back over the begging-letters he has been guilty of writing, he cannot help but feel that he is one of those who have put the temper and patience of not a few long-suffering personages to the test.

Yea, and when I make this open statement, I do not mind confessing that the late Richard Harding Davis, who hated to give up his signature to any collector, was one of those who led me a merry chase. Many of his literary friends and admirers will doubtless find something distinctly unpleasant to say to me in return for the little experience I'm about to relate; but, at any rate, a few years back, while traveling the Appian Way of the autograph-hunter, I asked a favor of the autographical kind of this particular soldier-writer of fortune.

I had a great deal of faith in my sweet-baited letter the day it left me for Mount Kisco. A similar little ambassador had been cordially received by one of the crowned heads of Europe, and I knew of no door in all America that was too proud, too aristocratic, too un-American-like, to extend it the civil greeting of a friend. 'Twas a broad, charitable thought. But I was yet to learn that my feet were bigger than the "welcome" on the door-mat at Mount Kisco, the country place of the veteran correspondent. Imagine the disappointment that was mine when I state that instead of complying with my request, Mr. Davis committed an act which, even unto this day, stands apart from all others in my past relations with my fellowmen.

Had the blank sheet of paper come from a foreign soil or from some irresponsible party, I should have overlooked the matter entirely, but, coming as it did, from a person who bore the reputation of being a master solver of social as well as diplomatic problems, I could not consider the act as one springing from the roots of ignorance. As "the most unkindest cut of all," it seemed to me to be a deliberate one, both insulting and unpardonable.

The fellow with the penchant for "autos" wasn't the kind to stand for such treatment. Sharpening my pen and with the determination "I'll-get-you-yet" at heart, I set out to draw an apology, if not an autograph, from the man who had seen nations "ope the purple testament of bleeding war," had seen Death and Destruction walk the fields together, had seen sabers carve the works of God and man.

The outcome of it all, you ask? Well—here it is:

> Mount Kisco, New York, July 2d, 1909.
>
> *Dear Sir:* I am sorry it should be necessary to tell you that the addressed envelope with a blank paper inside, was sent you by mistake. On making inquiries, I find one of the servants finding an addressed and stamped envelope on my desk, thought it was one I had forgotten to put in the mail, and posted it.
>
> Your hasty assumption that I deliberately intended to insult you, and the terms in which you describe my supposed conduct, makes it impossible to communicate with you, further than to explain your error.
>
> I am, sir, yours,
> Richard Harding Davis.

Comment is unnecessary, save let it be recorded that this rare letter, every word of which was penned, fully repaid me for my efforts. My Messala had fallen with his colors in his own chosen course, and, as the spoils, the coveted lines, fell to me, I had every reason to believe with Ben Hur that "the race was won."

Parallel with this case of shunted intention is the comical reply sent by Daniel O'Connell to a brother collector. The great Irishman, on finding no way out of rendering some sort of an answer to his persistent annoyer, sat down in a characteristic rage and wrote:

> *Sir:* I'll be d——d if I will send you my autograph. Yours,
> Daniel O'Connell.

But the lemon from the Irishman was more than a mere lemon—it was delicious lemonade to the receiver, as the unusuals in autographdom sweeten rather than sour; they build rather than destroy.

Modern Goliaths, who delight in playing the role of "smart Aleck" at times, should bear this fact in mind. It would be far better for them to cultivate sentimental roses to send to autograph-seekers instead of trying to silence them with missives of abuse. Letters saturated with vitriol and venom are not always preserved by those they are designed for. Oftentimes they are sold, traded, or given away, and, in many instances, find their way into public galleries and museums, where they are kept until dispersed by the hand of revolution or until Time shrivels them up and casts them to the winds of heaven. In a way they are, as the historian of the art declares them to be, "evil memorial markers to rusty pens and granite hearts."

Lord Tennyson, as all the world knows, was one who considered every crime and vice to be intimately connected with the passion for autographs. He even went so far in his denunciations as to state that the autograph album had made life miserable for him, and that of all the savages known to the mighty, the autograph-fiend was decidedly the worst.

It would require a good-sized volume to hold all the "auto"-begging letters that found their way to his sanctum sanctorum. The majority of them suffered a speedy cremation, but there were a few whose contents were noted ere they became fodder for the fiery tongues. Among "the slow to burn" was the famous more-nerve-than-heart letter from a certain Englishwoman.

It was a lengthy appeal. After introducing the weather and herself and presenting a splendid pen picture of her bears and forbears, the writer revealed the true purpose of the letter, and, as she said, "fervently prayed" that the poet would send her one in return. But the most interesting reading was framed in the postscript, worded as follows:

> And now, my dear Mr. Tennyson, thou gifted son of England, if it isn't demanding something beyond the dreams of possibilities, will you please be so kind, so friendly, as to copy with your own right hand the beautiful, matchless poem entitled "Crossing the Bar"? I have a friend to whom I fain would present the lines. She is such a charming person that I know you will not, for her sake, say me "nay." Her name is Mildred Curtis, and she has relatives of sterling worth living not far from your estate. I await your kindness.

An English master, who was a most successful collector, came to the laureate for a substantial offering. Briefly told, he wanted the poet to inscribe verses on the flyleaf of some forty-odd books, the same to be used later as gifts to the members of a graduating class. Another ingenious specimen of the same race stated that if he (Tennyson) would copy all of "Enoch Arden" for him, he, the humble unknown, would in turn present the poet with a pass good for a book of admissions to a London playhouse. Needless to say, neither the nervy professor nor Enoch's friend received any attention from the poet.

Sometimes, however, Tennyson would answer a beggar. For instance, an autograph-hunter asked him to say which was the better dictionary, Webster's or Ogilvie's. He replied to this by cutting the word "Ogilvie's" from the querying text, pasting it on an otherwise blank sheet of paper, and mailing it to the anxious one. Then we recall the answer he sent to a brave New Yorker who approached him for "an autograph and sentiment." At first no response came to the request. The man decided to try again. That, too, remained unanswered. The party wrote again—then again. Finally, the much-looked-for arrived. It read as follows:

> A. Tennyson. Sentiment: "Ask me no more."

It is hard to say just which of the two men we should admire the more—Tennyson, with the ability to quote, or the Yankee with a Grant-like firmness. If it were to be a decision based solely on indomitable perseverance, the Yankee would have to go some to equal the record established by one of my friends. Honestly, the poor chap, a regular descendant of Job, addressed a western sphinx no less than twenty times before it showed any signs of life. Think of it! and to believe that all the while the strange being was in the midst of civilization, close beside the road of rapid transportation. As the brave fellow told me afterwards, "it was like drawing water from a frozen pump; the sucker simply had to be thawed out."

Every autograph-hunter, sooner or later, meets his Rock of Gibraltar. Mine has been, and still is, the Reverend Charles Sheldon. For reasons best known to the preacher himself, he refuses to be moved. I have tried him, like oysters, in season and out of season. I have tried him when lilacs last in the dooryard bloomed; I have tried him when all Nature stood knee-deep in clover; I have tried him during the golden-rod days, the melancholy days, and I have tried him when mistletoe and holly wreathed the barren earth. But *no!* the preacher has weathered it all, and my words have fallen at his feet like seed on stony ground.

Harder than either the man who won't answer you or the man who greets you with an unsatisfactory answer is the flint-hearted fellow who won't part with his autograph until he is paid for it. Rudyard Kipling is such a fellow. Like Arthur B. Jones, the modern playwright, he believes that an ounce of kindness or accommodation should exact its weight in gold. On the other hand, we find that Ignace Paderewski, the distinguished pianist, has his rate per word, but, unlike Jones or Kipling, he has not the itching palm. It is the human cry of hunger he hears above the scream of the eagle. For years he has sold his autograph and performed a miracle, *viz.*, turned the money it has netted him into bread for war-stricken, down-trodden Poland.

The fraternity of autograph-collectors would never object to paying for a letter or a card if it knew that behind the cloudy ink was life and light for some poor, struggling being. The sickening thought is how much sunshine and good for lower London lies shaded today in Kipling's inkstand, how much sweet charity lies shackled to the greedy steel of Jones' pen, how much human blood taints the lucre in Shylock's scales. Not riddles, but questions for God and not Caesar to settle.

A number of our great men, whose pen scrawls are much in demand, have prepared printed or typewritten replies which they invariably send to requesters. For example, there is the "dodger" which is sent out by Gabriele D'Annunzio, the foremost Italian poet. It's a neat little card bearing a polite request—some would call it a "white lie"—rather than a deliberate refusal. Its English translation reads:

> Gabriele D'Annunzio's right hand is injured, and therefore he regrets to say that he cannot write his name in albums or on postal cards, etc.

An American who has grown tired of signing his name and has adopted this novel means of warding off pests is Luther Burbank, the great floriculturist. His printed "declaration of reserved rights," a copy of which was sent me by Luther himself, is real interesting. Among its many-pointed paragraphs one reads the reasons why the circular has been prepared and why the world is being, or has been, deprived of many new kinds of useful and ornamental trees, flowers, fruits, vegetables, grasses and grains.

"Luther Burbank," to quote the circular, "is one of the busiest men in the world. A great portion of his time is utterly wasted in replying to questions which should never have been asked of him. Even by the most strenuous efforts, and with all the stenographic force which can be accommodated, many of his letters have to remain from three to six months before a moment of time can be obtained even to briefly reply.

"The creation of new forms of plant life is unique and requires constant, unremitting personal application, besides enormous amounts of time and expense for helpers, and only a few new plants of great commercial value can be produced each season out of the millions raised. The others cannot be sold; all must be destroyed.

"Please observe," continues the public notice, "that Mr. Burbank has nothing for sale. (You see, he is not a Kipling or a Jones.) He is not a nurseryman, not a florist, not a seedsman, not a dealer, and not a raiser of any kind of plants or seeds for sale."

The seventh point for observation is for the benefit of those who would be visitors. It informs us that over six thousand visitors were received on the Burbank grounds at Santa Rosa, California, during the year 1904. "All the important experimental work was delayed beyond recall, grounds overrun with crowds from daylight to ten o'clock at night, no rest even on Sundays or holidays. Business destroyed, rare plants died from want of care. Attention constantly drawn from legitimate matters, letters neglected, telegrams delayed. Meals taken standing, sleep disturbed, health at the point of destruction, visitors calling at all hours without regard to Mr. Burbank's convenience, each one being under the fixed and unalterable impression that he or she was the one particular one who should be admitted.

"The question arose, Should he continue his valuable researches undisturbed, or should he be murdered piecemeal as a showman. This notice will now be found at every gate:

POSITIVELY NO VISITORS ALLOWED

WARNING!

Any person entering or trespassing on these grounds will be prosecuted.

"The public has no moral, legal, or other right to invade his grounds, his home, his private office, or his laboratories.

"Applications for positions will be registered by number. The number of applicants to this date (August, 1907) is 2,746. Each day brings new ones, for which this must be a reply, as it is impossible to reply to each applicant separately."

(Signed) By the friends and relatives
of Luther Burbank.

(Approved) by LUTHER BURBANK.

The late Mark Twain had his own printed sheet which, we assure you, enjoyed a large circulation. It was so characteristic of its writer as to make it worth giving at length:

> I hope I shall not offend you; I shall certainly say nothing with the intention to offend you. I must explain myself, however, and I will do it as kindly as I can. What you ask me to do I am asked to do as often as one-half dozen times a week. Three hundred letters a year! One's impulse is to freely consent, but one's time and necessary occupations will not permit it. There is no way but to decline in all cases, making no exceptions; and I wish to call your attention to a thing that has probably not occurred to you, and that is this: that no man takes pleasure in exercising his trade as a pastime. Writing is my trade, and I exercise it only when I am obliged to. You might make your request of a doctor, or a builder, or a sculptor, and there would be no impropriety in it, but if you asked either for a specimen of his trade, his handiwork, he would be justified in rising to a point of order. It would never be fair to ask a doctor for one of his corpses to remember him by.

Another American, a banker, has a card bearing these words:

> My autograph, you ask? Well, my unknown friend, prepare for a disappointment. You can't have it. The reason, you ask? Simply because it wouldn't be of any service to you. There are some bills in circulation bearing my signature, and if you will examine those that come your way, most undoubtedly you will meet my scrawl. When you are fortunate enough to be the proud possessor of such a bill, bring it to the savings department of my bank, and I will see to it that you are paid 3% interest on the value of the amount deposited.
>
> Yours, most respectfully,

But one of the most stinging reproofs of unmitigating gall was that administered by Horace Greeley, and related by him in his autobiography, "Recollections of a Busy Life." The noted Greeley says that, among other requests, he once received from a young man whom he did not know, the following:

> Among your literary treasures there are doubtless several autographs of our country's late lamented poet, Edgar A. Poe. If so, and you can spare one, please inclose it to me and receive the thanks of yours truly.

To this epistle Greeley says he replied:

> *Dear Sir:* Among my literary treasures there happens to be exactly one autograph of our country's late lamented poet, Edgar A. Poe. It is his note of hand for $50, with my indorsement across the back. It cost me exactly $50.75 (including protest), and you can have it for half that amount.
>
> Yours respectfully,

Greeley's letter remained unanswered.

* * *

The author, H. G. Wells, has sworn off giving his pen marks to anyone. However, a feminine admirer of his got the better of him recently, probably without being aware of the fact. The story goes that her album turned up while Wells was partaking of afternoon tea on his lawn with some friends, and the latter urged him, against what is his fixed rule, to comply with the request. Wells decided to compromise. Taking pen and paper, he wrote:

> *Dear Madam:* Mr. Wells requests me to say that he never gives his autograph.
>
> Yours faithfully,
>
> W. F. PIGGOTT.

Now the friends are wondering if its fair recipient has indignantly consigned this interesting document to her waste-paper basket.

Very few persons would care to offer diamonds as a reward for the return of an autograph. There is a case, however, where a man regretted writing his name, and made brilliant atonement. The man was no less a person than Abdul Hamid, late Sultan of Turkey. It was back in the year of 1902 that Mr. Leishman, then United States minister to Constantinople, with Mrs. Leishman, dined with the Sultan. His Majesty admired Mrs. Leishman's beautiful fan, and she asked him to write his name on it, which he did with a pencil. His autograph had never been given to anybody previously. The Sultan did not sleep that night. The next morning he sent a messenger to Mrs. Leishman to ask her to send the fan to him, and he would write his name in ink. Mrs. Leishman sent the fan, but when it was returned to her the autograph had been carefully effaced, and the initials "A. H.," set in diamonds, substituted in its stead.

An expensive way of foiling the hunter!

There are a number of kinds of autographs in which a king or a peasant may indulge himself, if he desires to see his name in script, but wishes to baffle collectors. Perhaps Tom Hood's list is as complete as any that have come our way. With regard to his own particular practice, he has this to say:

> I have often traced an autograph with my walking stick on the sea sand. I also seem to remember writing one with my forefinger on a dusty table, and am pretty sure I could do it with the smoke of a candle on the ceiling. I have seen something like a badly scribbled autograph made by children with a thread of treacle on a slice of suet dumpling. Then it may be done with vegetables. My little girl grew her autograph the other day in mustard and cress.
>
> Domestic servants, I have observed, are fond of scrawling autographs on a tea-tray with slopped milk; also of scratching them on a soft deal dresser, the lead of the sink, and, above all, the quicksilver side of a looking glass—a surface, by the way, quite irresistible to anyone who can write and does not bite her nails.
>
> A friend of mine possesses an autograph—REMEMBER JIM HOSKINS—done with a red-hot poker on the back kitchen door. This, however, is awkward to bind up.
>
> Gentlemen in love delight in carving their autographs on the bark of trees, as other idle fellows are apt to hack and hew them on tavern benches and rustic seats.

The autograph-hunter aims to induce the big man to sign his name to something which will bear the stamp of rarity as long as it lasts. Rarity, as I have intimated, means more than eminence in the hunter's sphere. At the same time the Cock Robin is doing everything within his power to fool the Sparrow. The hunter needs no license, and there is nothing that can be legally done to take down his pride and arrogance. He is everywhere, anywhere, and manywhere, and, like the mysterious Yama Yama man, he will "ketch you if you don't watch out."

Watch! Be prepared! Do your duty! That's all.

WANDERLUST

By ARTHUR E. SMITH

BEYOND the purple sunset are hills of love and song,
And thereto bright with sunshine, Joy's roadway winds along;
Their brows reflect the summer with ne'er a hint of rain—
O, land of love and song-birds, to see you once again!

O, walk not on the white road the aimless, careless throng,
Nor linger in the valley to list to tempter's song;
But take the sun for friend, and for guide the evening star,
And seek the land of love, where the joyful song-birds are!

The river calls; the road calls; and O, the calls of bird
And flower when the West-Wind among the elms is heard!
But yonder is the sky-line enmeshed by crimson mist
That hides the land of love where glad spirits keep the tryst!

O, come and be a wand'rer between the east and west,
And in the land of song-birds thy heart will find its rest!
If some men sit and wonder, and some should bid thee stay,
Just wave to them a kind farewell and seek the sunset-way.

The Quill Painters

by

Herbert Augustus Crowell

WESTWARD from Washington, following the upward course of the Potomac, stretches the old canal. It is a venerable waterway, as such things go; the first President of the republic was its projector, and before his day had been long past, it had tamed the uncertain level of the river to the use of man, and brought down to the seaboard the first riches of the great West. It had its rise to usefulness, its heyday and its decline; the boats which once crowded each other along its course are now few and far between, but the race of boatmen which it bred still exists, and they come regularly to the end of their journeys, almost under the shadow of the Capitol.

They are mostly of Southern extraction; soft of voice, gentle of greeting; slow moving, as befitting their leisurely trade, but not without the capability of sudden action, especially when they sniff a combat. Coarsened by their way of life, nevertheless some high notions live among them—as to honor and social propriety, together with a certain childlike ignorance of the world beyond their scope. They are the professional, often the lineal, successors of the Potomac boatmen who, in earlier days, shot rapids and made long portages; and their spirit still seems that of the strong, natural river, rather than of the more stagnant waters over which they mostly move. Canal navigation, the very burlesque of the art, takes on a certain dignity in their simple, serious hands.

I

A fair specimen of them was Captain Boone, sitting at ease on the deck of his boat, as it lay in the Georgetown basin. It was late September, but the sun was still like midsummer. The river went languidly on its way; the yellow roads were deserted to the heat; the stillness was such that the chance snapping of a stick in the opposite woods echoed like a pistol shot along the heights. The boat was moored so near to the wall of the basin that it was only a step from its deck to the roadway; the captain, under a little awning, smoked abstractedly. He was square of shoulders and chin, gray of eye; a gray stubble half concealed a long scar which flamed across his cheek.

To him, along the road, came a tall man of thirty, rakish in build and bearing. His hair was black and curling; the brown burnish of long exposure showed on his face and neck. In his hand he carried a canvas bag, such as sailors use; his black slouch hat was pulled well over his eyes after the Southern manner, half sprung from the bright sunlight and half from the touchy temper.

He hesitated on the stringpiece.

"Cap'n Boone, suh," said he, "how do you do, suh?"

The Captain turned and eyed his visitor with slow scrutiny. Then: "I'm ve'y well, suh, thank you, suh," he replied. "How are you, suh?"

"Thank you, suh," said the new comer, "I'm ve'y well, suh." Having completed these necessary formalities, he extended his hand.

The Captain rose, and rinsed his mouth well with smoke before permitting himself further words.

"Befo' I take yo' hand, suh," he remarked at length, "thar is a little ci'cumstance, which it mout be a misawndehstandin', and it mout be somethin' mo', but which it mout require an ixplanation. I have no doubt, suh, that you awndehstand to what I have ref'ence."

"Pertainin' to a lady, I reckon."

"Pertainin' to a lady," acknowledged the Captain.

"Cap'n Boone, suh," said the tall man, "as this yere misawndehstandin' is pertainin' to a lady, and as the lady ain't received no ixplanations yit, it do seem no mo'n proper that the lady gits an ixplanation befo' you gits one, suh. Howsomever"—he put the canvas bag down on the stringpiece—"howsomever, in case you desire to make this yere ci'cumstance personal, I will reques' that you lay aside yo' pipe, suh, and step out yere on the tow-path, and choose the kind of fightin' that suits you bes'."

* * *

The Captain toyed with his pipe. "I have boated up an' down this yere ditch," said he, reflectively, "and I mout say I have fout up an' down this yere ditch, for thirty-odd year. The time has been, and the time is yit, when any gen'l'man requestin' me to lay aside a pipe fo' any sech pu'pose, mout git accommodated tol'able quick. But ef I mout inquire, do I awndehstand that the lady is on the p'int of gittin' this yere ixplanation?"

"Ef you mout inquire," answered the other, still belligerent, "she ce'tainly is."

The Captain took a series of meditative puffs. "Supposin'," said he, "that me 'n' you postpones, as mo' respectful to the lady, these handshakin's, and layin' aside pipes, and ixplanations, until sech time as this yere lady gits this yere ixplanation. Afteh which time, ef still agreeable, we kin choose the kind of fightin' that suits us bes'."

The tall man considered this. "Which ce'tainly bein'," he replied, finally, "mo' respectful to the lady, I am ve'y willin' to postpone."

"Ve'y well, suh," said the Captain. "Are you travelin' towa'd Sandy Shoal, suh?"

"Yes, suh, I am sorter footin' it in that direction."

Captain Boone waved his hand in large invitation. "Thar is no call fo' you to be footin' it," said he. "I am reckonin' to pull out—my men will be yere right soon. Ride up along with me, ef you like, suh."

"Thank you, suh," said the visitor. "I ce'tainly am obliged to you, suh." He picked up the bag, stepped across to the deck, and seated himself under the awning.

II

The cause of Becky Decker, which Captain Boone had so promptly championed, was, in the view of the boatmen, no ordinary one.

Her father had been one of the most popular captains along the line, and when, after various misfortunes, he had stranded in rheumatic age at Sandy Shoal, becoming the proprietor of a little store for the sale of the lighter sort of supplies, he had remained something of an oracle to the boatmen. For years they never failed to stop for his greeting, as he sat outside his door in the chair he was hardly able to leave. But in the course of time the chair was empty; Captain Decker had departed, leaving behind him the reputation of having cheated or feared no man, and, as sometimes happens with those possessed of such qualities, only a tiny stock of this world's goods.

The daughter seemed to have inherited something of her father's simple straightforwardness, having with it a certain quiet reserve which had, perhaps, come to her from some other source. She was a tall, well-rounded girl of eighteen when his death left her alone in the world; she made herself a black gown from the calico on her shelves, and went on selling supplies to her father's customers, with a pleasant word for each. Men went thru the night with empty pipes and still jaws, to buy their tobacco at Sandy Shoal; but tho they were ready lovers, they took no liberties with Becky Decker.

But two or three years later it had come to be a natural thing that Captain Joshua De Reamer, known the length of the canal as "Captain Jock," should stop oftenest and stay longest at Becky's little shop.

Captain Jock was the youngest and the cockiest of the boat owners. He, too, was alone in the world, but before this had only boasted of his freedom. He made the quickest trips, and carried the largest cargoes; he drank more whiskey, got angry more easily and got over it more rapidly than any other man who held a tiller. Also did he have the most style; his boat was the freshest, his clothing the best; when other men went collarless, he wore long neckties of vivid hue, which floated over his shoulder in the wind.

By and by Becky and he made frank announcement. The little store was to be given up; the wedding day was fixed. Captain Jock tied up his boat at Sandy Shoal. Her previous good condition was insufficient; he made vast preparation. New paint appeared, with startling striping, new furnishings were bought for the cabin; then, as a crowning fancy, he must have a pair of perfectly matched black mules, with red harness. A few days before the time set for the wedding he fastened down the hatches, locked the cabin door, and bidding good-bye to Becky, left for Baltimore to make this final purchase. A year had passed since then, but Captain Jock had not returned.

Men differed, as men will. An accident, or worse, might have happened; nobody had considered Captain Jock capable of serious deceit—yet, true, there were certain escapades which had not been forgotten. What told most heavily against him was the discovery that his boat was heavily pledged; with all his plans, he had left only indebtedness behind him. So far, his creditors seemingly had been lenient; the boat remained where he had left it, moored almost before the door of Becky's cabin. The store had gone on, after all; and Becky—here people differed, too. No comment had been known to come from her. She had changed little; her cheek was as pink and her eye as sparkling as before; only there was a kind of coldness about her; she was like a bright fire burning on the ice. Contrary to her former custom, she left her cabin when any boat approached the lock, waiting till it came up. Some said she looked for trade; others thought she watched for someone.

But tho she made no complaint, she did not lack for friends. Women who stopped at her cabin for soap and thread shook their heads with lowered eyelids when they came away; every man who bought tobacco across her counter became her champion. It might have gone hard with Captain Joshua De Reamer if he had come suddenly upon a body of these men and had no answer ready for their questions. There would have been no haste, he had been their fellow, but justice was to be done. It had fallen to Captain Boone's lot to be their spokesman, when, after a year's absence, Captain Jock had come along the tow-path that autumn afternoon and proffered his hand.

III

The Captain's men came back presently, and with some creaking of cables and profane urging of mules, the boat moved away westward.

Small ripple it made in the landscape—growing yet more quiet as the village was left behind. Sometimes the canal formed part of the river; again, it drew itself into well-girt banks under the shadow of the Maryland Heights, and left the current, broken by rocks and rapids, to its own waywardness. Sometimes it gave a distant view of farm lands and railways, and smart traps spinning along the drive from Washington as the afternoon cooled; then it swung into dim gorges where, as the plodding mules appeared, wild turkeys whirled away into the woods with a glint of their burnished wings. Conversation faltered in this slow transit; Captain Boone communed with his pipe and eyed the quills.

This is the name which the boatmen give—tho ignorant of the fact that they are preserving an ancient usage of the word—to the two strips of wood which stand upright at the bow of the boat, one on either side of the stem piece. They are the sights for the steersman, and at night, when the headlight throws a glare against them, they are all that is visible to him of the forward portion of his craft. Nor are they without a more decorative use; on them is blazoned the name of the boat, often with some crude illustrative device. Always painted white, so as best to reflect the light, and with their decorations done in simple brilliant colors, it is a matter of professional pride, no less than necessity, that the quills be always well kept, however neglected may be the rest of the boat.

A pleasing power of fancy among these toilers in a rude trade crops up in this painting of quills. Here, for instance, comes a pair marked "The Jefferson Rock," with a roughly sketched outline of the great crag, so often passed by the boatmen. A few miles farther on, here comes a lumbering scow called "The Floating Palace," and for a symbol, the pillars and gable of a Virginia manor house. Here is the "Star of the River," with a star and crescent; here, there, and everywhere are the names of women, with such accompanying illustrations as a lover's knot in blue, or a pair of bleeding crimson hearts. Captain Jock De Reamer's quills had borne the name of the "Cumberland Cannon Ball," with a neat pile of round shot depicted underneath, but when he had renovated his craft so extensively, the quills had been removed, apparently for repainting, and had not again appeared; for the year past the boat had swung nameless before Becky's cabin. There might have been sentiment in this, too, had anyone known.

As for Captain Boone, his sentiment was of the sterner sort. His boat was the "Robert E. Lee," with three stars—a natural selection for a man who had gained that long saber scar in service under the great commander.

IV

But if there was little said on board the boat, some things were not forgotten. Captain and crew were aware that they carried forward, in this plodding journey, the solution of the problem which had vexed the line for a year. Nor did they ignore its possibilities. If for the present the question was held in abeyance, with the morning might come the necessity for vigorous action. The atmosphere grew tense as the day wore on.

It was, perhaps, fortunate that there came one of those outbreaks of weather which often, while they clear the air, relax also the taut minds of men. The breeze freshened as night came on, here and there, where the valley widened into marsh land, the far horizon blazed with lightning. Then, as the gorge narrowed again, the black sky line of the Virginia forest suddenly bent with a mighty wave, and a fierce storm of wind and rain burst upon the river. There was some quick closing of hatches, stowage of awnings and donning of gum coats. When the storm, passing its first fury, had settled into a cold, steady rain, and the men gathered in the cabin, the summer and their own hot impulses seemed to have died together, leaving a perspective listless and chill.

Then a fire was lighted in the tiny round stove, a welcome sight in the change of the weather. The oilcloth-covered shelf which hung on its hinges against the side of the cabin, was turned up. Supper came on: bread and coffee, potatoes and steaming corn meal; a black bottle went around. Talk warmed a little under these more genial conditions, but after the tin dishes had been washed and banged into their locker, the men drifted easily to pipes and quiet again—the quiet, this time, of physical content. The noise of the storm, rattling against the little cabin windows, became the only sound they heard. The movement of the gently-gliding boat was indistinguishable. The lantern hung motionless from the low ceiling; they might have been in the kitchen of a cottage on some isolated farm.

Once or twice, indeed, as they nodded in their seats, there came to their ears the dim sound of the driver's voice. He made some effort to while his wet march with song, and there was one of his songs, one that has lingered along the Potomac from the days when the river was lined with the camps of mighty armies, which may well, perhaps, be set down:

If your tongue ain't limber jinted, neighbor,
  And with double decker damnin' ain't alive,
Then you'd better go to Sunday-school and labor,
  And get a better man to come and drive.
For a mule don't waste his time in fussin',
  There's lots of things he never wants to know;
He judges you entirely by your cussin'—
  If your style is poor, he ain't a-goin' to go!

There was a refrain to this, best omitted, altho surely of a nature to accelerate the speed of mules. Then:

If a mule gets to limpin' when he's haulin',
  Don't be fool enough to shorten up his trick.

It's just a little bluff of his you're callin'
  When you help him on his journey with a kick.
But when you find his limp is on the level,
  Then ain't the time to steer him by his tail;
When his legs are lame, his heart is like the devil,
  So if you need to urge him, use a rail!

And again the refrain, varying slightly, tho not in the direction of a polite publicity.

But for the most part, even the driver was silent. All night, while captain and crew and passenger took turns at sleeping in the rough bunks behind the stove, the rain beat steadily at the little windows.

V

The morning, tho, came clear and bright. The washed-out air took on the tingle of autumn; the listlessness of the night was gone, and in its place there seemed stirring a deep-chested strength, a longing for action and some wholesome, well-earned warmth.

Gradually the mountains were cramping the valley. The great slopes of oak and locust came nearer on either hand; the yellow waters of the Potomac grew paler; its current tumbled flimsily over the thickly-scattered rocks, or weakly grasped at branches which the storm had thrown to the water's edge. Far ahead the vista closed with the clustered bridges at the confluence with the Shenandoah, and above them the white houses of the village, spattered up the mountain side. With these still in the distance, the boat approached a lock and a tiny hamlet—a half-dozen dwellings, and a few long warehouses; the latter, like most of the larger buildings along the old waterway, apparently fallen into disuse. The sun, warming again with the day, shone bright on their yellowed fronts; the green turf grew to their doors, as if long ago the place had lost the need of roads. In the broad waters below the lock a boat was moored.

Suddenly, as they came nearer, the figure of a woman appeared on the stone abutment. Erect, firm-footed, she stepped to the edge and stood looking steadily down at the approaching craft. The breeze tossed and loosened her crisp amber hair, and whipping at her thin gown, outlined a form of opulent womanhood.

Captain Jock, lounging near the tiller, caught sight of her. Then, as a man might run for a prize, he dashed to the bow. The boat had nearly reached the lock; he leaped to the ribs of the open gate and clambered to the top of the stonework. There he straightened himself. "Becky!" he cried.

The woman knitted her fingers together and stared. Her form grew rigid.

He struggled for words. "I come up with Cap'n Boone—I fired a b'iler on a tramp ship—I was drugged, I reckon—"

She looked at him with dazed eyes. "You come up with Cap'n Boone?" she repeated.

Their stories freighted their hearts, but for a moment they found voice only for this fact that he had come up with Captain Boone. Then he got her hand, and the touch unsealed his lips.

"Becky," said he, "le' me tell you. That day in Baltimore—them yere oyster shuckers, ship stokers, I don' know who—I was robbed and drugged. I ce'tainly was drugged—it worn't no squar' liquor, Becky; I swar it worn't. When I come to, I was out on the ocean—to fire the b'ilers—done toted off. I fout 'em—Lord, how I fout 'em! That made it worse. Look yere—" he bared his arm to the elbow and showed the marks of heavy irons. "I ain't seen land only once tell I got back—once thru a port hole, with them i'ons on me. Once I wrote; I sent money. You didn't git it, it was stole. I mout have known better than trust him—a doggone Portugee. I fout him, too; he fout me back. I kin show the scars whar he pitched onto me with his knife in the dark. By and by I begun to see my way—steady, no mo' fightin', work, git back to Becky. I kep' sayin' it over 'n over—steady, back to Becky, back to Becky. I got to Baltimer; I footed it up to save money. It's all true—thar's the marks of the i'ons, and my feet are all burnt from workin' in the furnace. Becky!" he cried sharply. "Don't back off so! It's God's truth!"

Becky had stepped away a little. Her lips were set; there was still something about her of the fire burning on the ice.

"It ain't that," she said, quietly. "I know that's truth. Don't I know how it is? Ain't I worked and waited, too, all this long yeah? I knowed you'd come, ef you was livin'—didn't I know you? Didn't I watch out at the lock to meet you? Look at yo' boat down yon—ain't I took keer on her? Ain't I give all the money I could raise to them yere gen'l'men that had a claim on her, an' kep' 'em off? Ain't I come out nights when nobody could see, and scrubbed her? I've ce'tainly done the bes' I could, an'—" her voice broke a little—"an' I couldn't kep' up no mo'! Ef you hadn't come this ve'y day, I couldn't stood it no mo'! But it ain't that; oh, it ain't that!"

He looked at her, bewildered. "It ain't that?" he asked. "Then what is it, Becky?"

"I cayn't tell," said she. "Only—this waitin', an' waitin'—'pears like I don't sense things right. 'Pears like it worn't me that was back thar a yeah ago—that nobody eveh said to me things like you useter say."

"I ce'tainly am reckonin' to say 'em agin, Becky."

"I know. I reckon you'd say 'em agin. But maybe I'd be a fool for believin' 'em—maybe I was a fool for believin' 'em then. Oh, ef I jus' knowed, sho' 'nuff, that you was meanin' what you useter say, maybe I'd sense things like I—" She broke off, swallowing hard, and looking at him with appealing eyes. "I'm talkin' wild, I reckon," said she, "but ef I knowed sho' 'nuff, an' could cry, maybe I'd sense things. But I cayn't shed no tear."

A light came into Captain Jock's eyes. "I don't know as I awnd'stand," said he, "but ef you was sartin' sho' that I was meanin' what I useter say, you would sense things like you useter, Becky?"

"Yes. 'Pears like I would."

"Then—look yere, have anybody been down in the cabin of the boat?"

"No, she's locked up jus' like you left her."

"I done lost the key, long ago," said he, "but I reckon this will open the do'."

He picked up an axe which lay against some scattered wood at the edge of the lock and strode to the boat. At the second swinging blow, the heavy hasp and padlock dropped. In a moment he was back from the cabin, carrying a pair of brightly-painted quills. He laid them before her. Each one bore the words "The Rebecca De Reamer," and underneath, a pair of clasped hands.

"Thar," said Captain Jock, "when I lef' Sandy Shoal, I was reckonin' to use these yere quills in place of the ol' ones. An' "—he paused a moment, eyeing her steadily—"an' I am reckonin' it yit."

She had covered her face with her hands; the hot blood stained her ears and neck. He came to her and gently moved her fingers.

"Becky," said he, softly, "look yere, honey—I see you standin' yere so brave an' bright, an' the boat layin' yere, and the quills, fresh painted jus' like I lef' 'em; an' I look around and I see the leaves yallerin' an' droppin' down, an' the water swishin' down yon below the lock, an' it 'pears to me like this yere tough an' terrible year that me' n' you has been thru is sorter gorn off somewhar, an' we was back jus' like we was a year ago, only drawed togetheh even mo' tighteh than we was befo'. Ef you could look at it that way, Becky?"

But Becky was crying in his arms.

VI

The lock had filled, but Captain Boone paused before continuing his journey.

"Bein'," said he, "as Miss Becky 'pears—as fur as a man of my age kin jedge—to be tol'able contented, and bein' that when a lady 'pears contented, no gen'l'man orter 'pear oncontented, I reckon, suh, that this yere ixplanation that me' n' you agreed ter postponin' yesterday evenin' kin be postponed total. Onless, of co'se, you would be wishin' to take this yere ci'cumstance personal?"

"No, suh," answered Captain De Reamer. "As you express yo'self satisfied, an' as I am aimin' to begin boatin' again on the ol' ditch, I am ve'y willin' not to take this yere ci'cumstance personal. Which, of co'se," he added, "allows hand-shakin's."

"It ce'tainly does," said Captain Boone.

The two men grasped hands. Captain Boone took time to fill his pipe in a painstaking manner before he called to his driver to proceed. Then he leaned heavily against the tiller, and the "Robert E. Lee" swung softly on toward the western mountains.

Russia

(1890)

WHERE is the valiant spirit
  Of the glorious Slavs of old?—
The swift resolve, the swifter hand,
  The force no king controlled?
O for one peal of the Veché bell!
One hour of the potent surge and swell
When they hailed with scorn a recreant chief:
"Prince! we salute thee!"—and he fell
  From his high estate, at their bidding bold,
As falls to earth a light-hung leaf
  When the north wind roars adown the wold!
O for the Cossacks' burning zeal,
  On the boundless plain, by the flowing river,
When all for freedom they defied,
  And with their latest heart-beat cried,
  "May the Russian Land rejoice forever!"

What! shall a hundred millions
  Be dumb at the word of one?
The light of their day be darkened
  While above them shines the sun?
Shall the flower of the Russian people,
  The tender, lofty souls,
Thru exile, torture, madness,
  But swell the martyrs' rolls?—
Rise in your ancient grandeur,
  O race of love and fire,
And flame till ice and rock shall melt
  In the blast of your holy ire!
Till the very stars shall fight for you,
  And all the winds that blow
Shall swell your cry for Liberty,
  Shall chant your speechless woe!
Let the sword rest in its scabbard;—
  Your wrongs shall be the blade
To cleave the bonds that have bound you,
  And win the world to aid.
In the might of Slavic manhood,
  In the power of God on high,
Claim and defend your birthright!—
  And the despot's rule shall die.

—*Edna Dean Proctor, in "Poems"*

The Story of Old Glory

by Mrs. George F. Richards

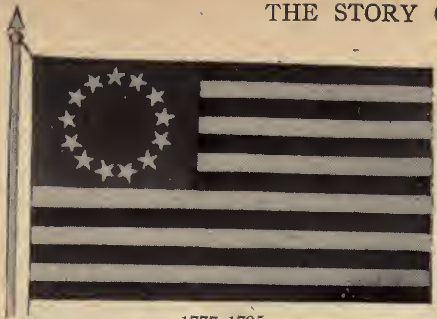
(Photographs by the Author)

And seeing you fly, and the boys marching by,
There's a shout in the throat and a blur in the eye,
And an aching to live for you always—or die.

THE sun never sets on the Stars and Stripes. It flaunts from ocean to ocean! Bathed in the warm sunlight of the tropics—snowbound on the ice fields of the frozen north, Old Glory floats in the breeze as the emblem of liberty and justice for all.

There is no record concerning the origin and design of the first American flag. That it was the Stars and Stripes and came into official use by act of Congress in 1777, is a matter of written history, but by whom designed, why the tri-colors and stars were selected, are still matters of dispute and conjecture. Red, white and blue might easily be foremost in the minds of the founders of the new republic, for they were the colors of many nations, but of the combination of stars and stripes we find no authentic story. The original design of the American flag has been variously attributed to Betsy Ross—the maker of the first flag—and to the coat of arms of the Washington family, as the bars on the personal escutcheon of George Washington were red, and there were also three stars of red on a silver background. So while neither design nor colors bear close resemblance to the Washington coat of arms, the stars and stripes are suggested. Red has long been the symbol of valor and victory; white of purity of purpose, blue of truth, and the stars may have been typical of the unity of the states.

Until after the war of the Revolution, the flag of England was the colors of the colony. At the beginning of that war, regiments took to the field flags of their own. They were of varied design and covered with emblems typical of existing conditions. The Revolutionary army had no specific flag. The standards and banners borne by companies and regiments were not furnished by the government, but were often gifts to officers from wife or sweetheart. June 14, 1777, Congress passed an act designating the Stars and Stripes as the national flag of the United States. The Federal law read: "Resolved, That the flag of the United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the Union be thirteen white stars in a blue field representing a new constellation." Thus tersely did the thirteen original states designate the national colors and commemorate themselves in the thirteen stars and thirteen stripes. The law did not define how the stars should be arranged nor how many points each star should have. Later, an act was passed authorizing the addition of a star for each state admitted to the Union. The



1777–1795

Thirteen stripes and thirteen stars—first official flag of the United States, commonly known as the Betsy Ross flag

first flag—known as the Betsy Ross flag—had the stars in a circle of thirteen. Soon a flag of fifteen stripes sprung into existence; then stars were arranged in a circle, and in rows, both straight and staggered, but for approximately a century the design has remained identical with that authorized today, except that the number of stars has increased to forty-eight. To commemorate the act of Congress in 1777, June 14 is now celebrated as Flag Day thruout the United States.

There are many versions of how the Stars and Stripes gained the name of Old Glory. New England claims the credit and makes good her claim. That honor is generally accredited to Captain William Driver, of Salem, Massachusetts, who, when master of a brig sailing from that port, so saluted it as it was flung from the masthead, shouting, "I'll call her Old Glory, boys!"

"The Star-Spangled Banner"—now recognized as the national anthem—was inspired while its author, Francis Scott Key, watched the battle rage over Fort Henry in 1814. The firing suddenly ceased. The silence was ominous. Had we lost or won? While the cannon roared, Key knew that the fort held out, but what the silence meant he knew not. Suddenly the glare of rockets and bombs blazed high and he saw the flag still flying over the fort. The suspense was ended and under the strain of tremendous emotion, Key wrote the song to which the nation today pays reverence.

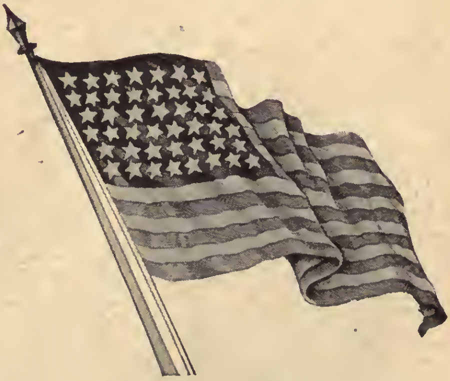
In all wars, the flag has been the rallying signal. At the Battle of Gettysburg in the Civil War, the 5th New Hampshire regiment lost seven brave and loyal color-bearers in piloting the regiment to the front. In all wars flags of truce have been needed, but in the Spanish-American War, the coast guard cutter Woodbury went into Havana Harbor to effect an exchange of prisoners under a flag of truce which was a far cry from the regulation model. As the Woodbury was about to enter the harbor, the flag could not be found. A hurried search was made, but the necessary white flag of truce was missing. The loss was reported to the officers while they were at breakfast. There was a moment of dismay and intense excitement, then the white cloth was hastily pulled from the breakfast table and hoisted as the flag of truce. Under the protection of that waving tablecloth the old Woodbury steamed proudly into Havana Harbor, exchanged prisoners and steamed out again. Later in the day the officers cut the cloth into small pieces as souvenirs, and the Woodbury's table linen, like the old cutter itself, has become famous in history.

* * *

When Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air.

Pagan and Christian religion, mythology and political history alike prove that since the most remote era standards and symbols have ever been the rallying signals of tribes, clans and armies.

Centuries before the Christian era they were used by rulers and nations. In the earliest chapters of the Bible we find: "The Lord spake unto Moses saying, every man of the children of Israel shall pitch by his own standard with the ensign of their father's house . . . and on the east



"OLD GLORY"

As it flies today with thirteen stripes and forty-eight stars

HATS OFF! THE FLAG IS PASSING!

towards the rising sun shall they pitch the standard of the camp of Judah." After standards came flags, banners and pennants, those of the early emperors being of purple silk heavily embroidered in gold. Every nation of the world has had its distinctive standard and colors, to which it held allegiance. In Catholic countries the consecration of such colors was a splendid religious ceremony. The knights of old bore standards with significant emblems; the standards of Pharaoh are depicted as of great value and beauty; pagan and Christian nations have fought under standards and symbols. The Egyptians bore aloft the head of an animal on a spear; the Greeks used pieces of armor. The eagle, owl, bull, lion, bear and dragon were favorite devices. Sometimes a pagan god or a shield topped the standard; in the Crusades, the cross was used; the North American Indians decked a pole with feathers; Japan gave allegiance to a banner emblazoned with the rising sun; China fought under a yellow flag on which was embroidered a dragon. The Persians fixed an eagle to a spear; the warriors of ancient Rome showed Mars or Minerva in silver at the top of the spear. The white elephant of Siam, on a background of red silk, is among the most striking designs. The eagle has always been a favorite device and from the metal head of the dragon of ancient Rome a long tail painted different colors often floated in the wind.

The interlocking interests of Church and State in the early wars of conquest is well illustrated in the magnificent banner now preserved in Mexico, which was borne by the standard-bearer of Cortez in the conquest of Mexico in 1509. The pure gold and silver with which it is embroidered is estimated to be of more than two thousand dollars in value. The banner of Cortez has two sides of equal beauty and significance, one depicting military and the other religious emblems. The military side shows the crown of Spain and military pennants carried by the Knights of Malta and Calatrara. The crown and the poniard are intertwined, thus blending by symbol the militant and religious interests of Spain. On this side of the banner the colors are gold, pink, purple and blue. The religious side of the Cortez banner shows an altar, above which is again seen the crown of Spain, while below the altar is the crozier, the emblem of bishop's power. A nearby angel holds the triple cross of Papal authority. The prevailing colors on the religious side are blue and gold, and it is described as having fringe and tassels on the standard. The Cortez banner was carried by a knight on horseback, the heavy standard resting in his stirrup, after the fashion of the times.

* * *

Blue and crimson and white, it shines
Over the steel-tipped ordered lines—
Hats off! The flag is passing!

Red, white and blue—one or all—are the national colors of practically every civilized nation of the earth. The origin of their selection is lost in the lapse of centuries, but it dates back to the earliest days of history, when the affairs of Church and

State were so closely interwoven that political and ecclesiastical reasons led to the adoption of identical colors. Red, white and blue were three of the four chosen colors of kingdoms and the Church more than three thousand years ago, and are an inheritance handed down from Mount Sinai to the present day. The Jewish Church, the Church of Rome, the Church of England, empires and republics, have for centuries chosen one or all of these three colors as their symbol of authority and veneration. Certain it is that the tricolors must have had in the beginning some marvellous significance which has enabled them to withstand the invasion of thousands of years.

* * *

The Bible, as history of the earliest races of mankind, shows that red, white and blue predominated in the colors of church and kingdom.

Turning to the Scriptures, we find in the description of the Tabernacle built by Moses: "And he made hangings for the Tabernacle door of blue, and purple, and scarlet and fine twined linen"—the linen being white. Next we read: "The hangings for the gate of the Court were needlework of blue and purple and scarlet and fine twined linen." Again, a few verses farther along, we find the vestments of the priests of the Tabernacle thus described: "And of the blue, the purple and the scarlet they made clothes of service in the Holy Place and made the holy garments for Aaron as the Lord commanded Moses." Other apparel of the priests is described as of "fine twined linen," thus carrying out the color scheme of the red, white and blue and purple. That was more than three thousand years ago, and some five hundred years later, when Solomon's temple was built, we find the holy colors remained the same, except that the vivid scarlet had been softened to the richer and deeper crimson, for we read: "And he made the veil of the Temple of blue and purple and crimson and fine linen." Some centuries later we find Esther, the Jewess, in the palace of the Persian king, Ahasuerus, still clinging to the holy colors of the Tabernacle of Moses and of Solomon's Temple. The Book of Esther describes the beds in the Persian palace of Shushan, where Esther dwelt, as "of gold and silver upon a pavement of red, and blue and white and black." During the Crusades the colors of the Spanish Knights were red, those of the French white, and of the Italians blue, and tracing the colors, step by step, down to the present day, we find that one or all appear in the national emblem of all countries. Meantime, purple had become the royal color of kings. Military authorities state that the tassels of gold bullion, often pendant from the upper part of banners and standards, and the fringe which surrounds them, had their origin in the sacred emblems which have come down, as have the colors themselves, from pagan or Christian vestments. It was prescribed in the vestments for the priests of the Tabernacle of Moses that "pomegranates of blue and purple and of scarlet, with golden bells" should be placed about the hem of Aaron's robe. It is easy to see

OLD GLORY AND THE STANDARD OF THE FIFTH CAVALRY, U.S.A.

how the colors of red, white and blue, already used separately by many European nations, should be combined as the national colors of the new Republic of the United States, a republic which stood for liberty and equality, and whose doors were open to all who would enter.

* * *

Your flag and my flag,
Oh, how much it holds;
Your land and my land—
Safe within its folds.

workman, however, had not dreamed of desecration. He had used the flag merely as a matter of economy and convenience.

There is no law nor regulations as to how or when the flag shall be flown by civilians, nor how it shall be destroyed by them when rendered useless. Army and Navy flags, when unfit for use, are officially condemned and sent to the Navy Yard at Washington, where they are destroyed by fire, with proper respect.

STANDARD OF THE THIRD FIELD ARTILLERY, U.S.A.

There are but two Federal laws in force regarding the use of the American flag, and these relate entirely to its desecration. They provide that it shall not be used as a trade-mark or for advertising purposes, and show in a general way of what desecration might consist. The recent act of Congress that the flag must not be used for other than patriotic purposes came about thru the inadvertent but extremely practical use to which it was put by a certain painter living near a western army post. In his trade he had picked up a quantity of old bunting and some worn-out flags, which he used to protect the floors from stain in rooms where he was whitening the ceilings. This came to the notice of the officers of the Post, who informed the War Department at Washington, which, in turn, called the attention of Congress to the need of some protective legislation, and a law was quickly passed prohibiting desecration of the flag. The Army rules prescribe that the flag shall be raised at sunrise and lowered at sunset, with full observance of military honor. Officers and men must stand thruout the ceremony with uncovered heads and at attention; the bugler sounds "To the colors," or the band plays the "Star-Spangled Banner," and the entire ceremony is patriotic and impressive. The regulation to pay honor to the flag by standing uncovered in its presence or by standing when the national anthem is played or sung, does not apply to civilians, altho the splendid custom is generally observed. One exception is made to the destruction by fire of worn-out Army and Navy flags. If they are of great historic value, they are repaired and every precaution taken by the government to insure their preservation. They are placed in cases of glass and treasured as priceless relics. There is also one exception made to lowering the flag at night, as during a battle the flag remains flying thruout the entire engagement, whether by day or night. At military and naval funerals, the caisson bearing the body is covered with the flag, altho the Union Jack—the special flag of the plain sailor man—is often used at the funeral of a Jackie, as it is no uncommon thing for a dying sailor to ask that his own Union Jack shall drape his coffin.

The War Department does not prescribe rules for civilians, but in response to a flood of inquiries it has suggested the following: If a flag hang outside a building it should fly from a staff; if inside a building, it should lie flat against the wall and under no circumstances be draped over chairs or tables, nor should anything be placed above it. In parades it should invariably hold the place of honor, and if other flags are placed on the same staff, the flag of the United States should be on top. It should never be hung Union down except as a signal of distress, and should be flown at half-mast on occasions of official or public mourning. Speaking thru the office of the Adjutant-General, the War Department states that it sees no objection to the flag flying all night over civilian property. Patriotic societies have made frequent rules for the use of the flag, but there is no authority by which such rules extend beyond the scope of their specific organizations. Commenting on the lack of Federal laws regarding the Stars and Stripes, a high official recently said:

"The respect which is accorded it comes from the hearts of the citizens, and is the only respect which has ever carried a nation to the front. The citizens of the United States have needed no stringent laws to enforce the respect they have voluntarily given the flag of their country."

* * *

At the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis are preserved historic flags which rouse the patriotic memories of the nation. The entire ceiling of the great auditorium is covered with the fallen flags of other countries. Along the wall are flags and pennants taken in battle—many so faded and torn that they are but mere fragments—yet they stand for valor and past victories. Over them all wave the Stars and Stripes. Among those trophy flags is the British Royal Standard, captured in 1813; nearby is a captured French flag. But today, in the terrible struggle for world-wide freedom, standing side by side with the flag of England and the flag of France, we find Old Glory.

Cheers for the sailors who fought on the wave for it—
Cheers for the soldiers that always were brave for it—
Tears for the men who went down to the grave for it.

WHEAT

I AM the crown and glory of the spring!
  Breath of the sun am I; rapture of the dust
 Thrills me forever as I upward thrust—
I murmur music that the planets sing.
The earth I circle with my magic ring;
 I conquer want and famine and the rust
 Of desert wastes; behold I rise august,
And on a thousand hills my banners swing!

But yesterday I slept as in a grave,
 Shrouded in night and mystery like the tomb—
  Today I claim the world as native land!
What power is mine to help and heal and save—
 Look on the sod, the miracle of bloom
  Sprung up from kernels in Rameses' hand!

—*Edward Wilbur Mason.*

Northcliffe's Story of the War*

by Joe Mitchell Chapple

TONS and tons of books and pamphlets have come from the press concerning the European war. The one dominant thought of the world today is the war, and yet how little information has been given in a constructive and cohesive way. Early in the war, it occurred to me that there was one man able to prepare a record of the war that would be of permanent historical value. Perhaps I was influenced in this because of an acquaintance in years gone by, and an intense interest in following his meteoric career. In the full flood-tide of his success with the publication, *Answers*, he proved he could respond to public interrogation; he was a young man of ideas and force. His success was not won by becoming a radical and exploding things, but conserving common sense. His publications began to multiply—thirty, forty, fifty—under his management the London *Mail* at once leaping to a leading place in circulation. Step by step his influence grew apace until he was recognized as a personality in England, outside of political life, who wields a power with the people.

England's Book of Peers now discloses that the lad born in Chapelizod, County Dublin, Ireland, on July 15, 1865, named Alfred Harmsworth, is now Lord Northcliffe. He traveled in the United States—gathered ideas everywhere. In 1894 he equipped an Arctic expedition under F. G. Jackson—but these were mere incidents to the fact that as a close student of Anglo-German affairs, he has proven a prophet with honor in his own country.

Some years ago he became publisher of the "Old Thunderer," *The Times*, and the paper has certainly even surpassed its tradition and power in arousing Great Britain to the needs and necessities of the war. Battle after battle he has fought with the old-time vigor. His various visits to America indicated that he could sense the thought of two continents, as well as Asia and Australia. Now his book has appeared, assembling some of the letters, telegrams, and other items about the war, and printed for the British Red Cross Society and Order of St. James. Appropriately, the book is dedicated, just as you would have thought such a man as Alfred Harmsworth would have dedicated it—"To My Mother."

The volume has a colloquial touch that is fascinating and gripping, and one reads it with the feeling that he has received indeed a personal letter from "someone somewhere" at the front. The opening chapter is a vivid description of "Our Soldier Boys Arrive"—dated "Somewhere in France"—an affectionate greeting to the soldier boys. He vividly draws the picture of the meeting of Scotchman and Southerner, Londoner and Provincial, and foresees in this meeting on the battle-scarred fields of France a glorious future for the Empire.

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*"At the War." By Lord Northcliffe. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, $2.00 net.

"The Army Behind the Army" is described clearly and in detail, and at the outset it would seem as if no other book could be placed in the hands of an American soldier that would give a clearer conception of what they are to face overseas than does this book—for here is shown the commingling of the two armies. Pungent criticisms scattered here and there are most effective.

There is a pathos in this work of the "army behind the army" which gathers the mementos and messages of the dying with promptness, care and kindly feeling—beginning in the morning and continuing all day, the task ever increasing—is one of the grim side-lights of the war.

Women's part in the war, he declares, is not confined to the work of nursing. Thousands of men have confessed today that they have been performing tasks which women could do just as well. In France, women have always successfully managed large businesses—Madame Paquin, who carried on the famous establishment of Paquin after the death of her husband; Madame Curie, who discovered radium—are prominent cases in point. French women have played a notable part in French affairs generally. They have taken to all kinds of war work with remarkable rapidity and efficiency. He tells of women doing work which they ought not to be permitted to do—undertaking the duty of grooms, hostlers, etc. Many vocations have been opened for women, and after the war, says Lord Northcliffe, we will see no self-respecting male matching ribbons behind a counter, or playing at cinema theaters. Now thousands of girls and women are doctors, dentists, ticket-collectors, and are gaining an independence that will help in the cause of woman more effectively than a mere propaganda for voting privileges.

In "A Civilian's Impressions of the War" are set forth the strange feelings of one man in civilian clothes among thousands of uniformed soldiers, and how a civilian is looked upon as an "intruder, a mere passenger among an overworked crew." Lord Northcliffe's first impression of the war was that of chaos, confusion and immensity. Twenty, or even one hundred miles back of the line are the bases where the army supplies are first assembled, from which men with horses, motors, bicycles, everything portable, move in regular and rapid rotation to the front. Miles and miles of hospitals were visited, where science and ingenuity have saved the lives of wounded in ways never dreamed of before the war. The remark that John Bull should see to it to be as thoughtful of the disabled in the future, as in the fever heat of war, is duly recorded.

Photo by Ira L. Hill

LORD NORTHCLIFFE

There is not in the eyes of the world a more outstanding figure than Lord Northcliffe—by many accounted the greatest force in England—the great man of the hour—one of the rulers of his generation, without portfolio

His characterization of the British soldier, in contrast with the German, is particularly graphic and clear. "Our soldiers are individuals," he explains. "The German, tho a good soldier when advancing with numbers under strict discipline, is not so clever. His whole training from childhood upward has been to obey, and to obey in numbers." He insists that the German soldiers are brave, but theirs is a different kind of bravery from that of "Tommy Atkins."

Reference is frequently made to the importance of war in the air, and the great developments of air fighting. The aeroplane now in general use is less than ten years old. They are cheap to make, and their use will become still more general. He declares that the two brothers, Orville and Wilbur Wright—whom I knew years ago in Dayton, Ohio, and whom I saw on the sand dunes of Kittyhawk, Virginia, working on their machines—have revolutionized the business of war.

Orville Wright, the surviving brother, has made a predisposal of his British patents to the government. The direction of artillery fire is the chief result of the Wright invention, and artillery has played a big part in the Allied victories—but without the aeroplane the big guns would be of little use. Aeroplanes equipped with searchlights worked from dynamos driven by little windmills in the planes, and provided with small cannon or machine guns, are making the armament of the air a gruesome reality. The author is very generous all thru his discussion of aeroplanes in giving credit to the American Wright brothers. All sorts of tricks are resorted to to deceive aerial observers, such as dummy guns of wood being elevated—but the great work of the aeroplane is yet to come, in connection with naval operations.

* * *

The rise of Sir Douglas Haig, and the recent victories that have come to this valiant Scotchman, were forecasted in Northcliffe's early estimate of the man who commands an army ten times as large as that under the Duke of Wellington. Noted for distinguished bearing and good looks, a characteristic movement of his hands when explaining things, his blue eyes set in an unusual facial angle, are details in the author's picture of the Scotch military hero. With an apparent horror of wasting words, Sir Douglas is silent, tho not unsympathetic. He uses words as he uses soldiers—sparingly—but with results. Haig is fifty-four years old. "The war," he declares, "is a young man's game." And the vivid description of the commander-in-chief bending over a map on which the world is gazing today, which he is slowly but surely altering for the benefit of civilization for generations yet unborn, is a glimpse of the nightly vigil of Sir Douglas Haig.

Naturally there is given a faithful portrayal of his meeting with the creator of the General Staff, the French hero, General Joffre, who recently received a welcome from the American people such as has been extended to no man of foreign birth. "Père Joffre, who has the destinies of France in his hands," reads the description, "received me at the appointed hour to the minute in a tiny room with a long, narrow table covered with a white felt top, a room probably sixteen feet long by twelve wide, perfectly plain, and most likely one of the servants' offices, in the hotel days of the hotel where his headquarters are situated."

At 6.30 every morning Joffre arrived at his bureau; at seven, held conference with officers of his staff. All reports and despatches were gone thru and discussed, and orders given for the day. After a light lunch at eleven, which always consisted of the same menu of eggs and cutlets, there was another conference. At one, the "Generalissimo" would walk or drive, generally in the adjacent woods. At 8.30 P. M. a third conference took place, and at nine, promptly, no matter what happened, General Joffre went to bed. He could be found all the time at headquarters, except once a week, when he went to the front to inspect the troops or to see generals. More frequent trips were made unnecessary by the very efficient telephone service, which enabled him to keep in touch with all points.

The famous orders for the Battle of the Marne were all written by himself, personally, on August 27, for the action which began on September 5. Hour after hour, he pondered all the problems, and pieced them together like the parts of delicate mechanism. When the time came, the plan was carried out to the tick of a clock.

Three gold stars on the arm and on the cuffs, and close red trousers with a black stripe, indicate his rank. His head is large, with strong chin, and kind, rather sad eyes, with drooping lids, and his mustache is white. He speaks slowly, with very few gestures, and the United States has confirmed Northcliffe's early estimate of one of the great personalities of the war. During the heat of the Battle of Verdun, Northcliffe saw him looking strong and cheerful, altho there were signs of war fatigue during the earlier days, when the head of the French war machine was making a test of his plans to turn Van Gluck's flank at the Marne.

To complete the triumvirate of Allied Generals, the author describes Cadorna, the commander of the Italian army, who, he says, resembles the late J. Pierpont Morgan. All thru the book is a familiarity with American affairs and personages which makes it especially readable to an American.

Ruthless, but kind, are the characteristics attributed to Cadorna—ruthless in the fever heat of battle, tho a kinder heart never beat in days of peace when he was enjoying big fat cigars, that again reminded the author of Pierpont Morgan. General Cadorna knew warfare as far back as 1870, for he is really the veteran of three Allied leaders. His telegrams are models of terseness and frankness, almost brutal at times, reminding one of the famous military orders of General Grant.

"A Visit to General Birdwood," commander of the Australasian forces, is portrayed in Lord Northcliffe's most vigorous manner. "Birdwood," he says, "erect in pale khaki coat with some four rows of well-earned ribbons, cord riding-breeches, and riding -boots, is not a man to lose a moment of time." The advice given to "the boys" by this Australian general is characteristic of the man. "Write home," he admonishes. "Let your mothers know where you are, what you are doing, and how you are, for if you don't write to her, she will write to me. I get dozens of letters by every mail asking for one or other of you."

One portion of the book that should be read and re-read is the chapter on "The War Doctors," because in this, the author goes right at the center of things, describes the horrors of "no man's land" (the space lying between the trenches), and writes of moving the wounded, and of operations going on underground in hospitals while the cannon boomed above. There is no "red tape," and once in the hospital, friend and foe are treated alike. The contrast is drawn between the treatment of English patients in the German hospitals, and the Germans in those of the Allies. The English soldiers all want to go back to "Blighty"—by which name they mean

FIELD MARSHAL SIR DOUGLAS HAIG
Leader of the British forces now fighting in France. His abilities as a commander were forcasted by Lord Northcliffe early in the war

England—during their convalescence, but on recovery they are ready to return again to the trenches "for a rest."

The war has broken down class feeling in England, and the author stops and shows how future politics will be affected—just as Grant's soldiers controlled the elections for a quarter of a century after the Civil War, "so will the men I have seen in the trenches and the ambulances come home and demand by their votes the reward of a very changed England—an England they will fashion and share; an England that is likely to be as much a surprise to the present owners of Capital and leaders of Labor as it may be to the owners of the land."

* * *

Red Cross work is described concisely as a business institution, representing the individual volunteer impulse of the Empire to do something. Lord Northcliffe pays his tribute to Hon. Arthur Stanley, chairman of the joint committee. While having no direct connection with the Government, the work of the Red Cross is a glorious page in the history of the war. The author describes "that alert and hustling monarch, King Manuel of Portugal," as a tireless Red Cross worker.

Altho having the public press periscope at his command, the author does not indulge himself often in peace reminiscences, but in describing the great Red Cross center at Boulogne, he tells how Napoleon encamped his quarter million on the same ground—one hundred years ago. As you read the book, you do not wonder that Northcliffe is the power in England that shakes Cabinets and makes leaders, for he has the confidence of the people. He goes right into things, telling how some of the money is spent, how jealousy exists even among hospitals, and what the Red Cross means in keeping alive the generous impulses of the people. The chapter on "The Search for the Missing" tells a story of sorrow, but even in this there is a gleam of humor now and then. All possible information is collected about the man reported "missing," and these bundles of letters and notes—*dossiers*—sometimes contain letters from comrades, telling of the heroic death of the one for whom his people are searching.

It is in his graphic description of "Before Verdun," where the reader can almost hear the crash of the artillery, that he has presented his most dramatic scenes. Fulfilling his fame as a prophet, in this despatch written sometime ago, he portrayed General Petain as one of the discoveries of the war. Like Grant, until recently a Colonel and in his late fifties, he is now the successor of Joffre. He is pictured as resembling Lord Roberts, altho of larger build. His rise has been so rapid that he is little known to the French people, altho greatly trusted by General Joffre and the Government. Like Grant, also, he sought to put aside the supreme command when first offered to him, feeling that his time had not arrived.

Even in the early days of the siege, Northcliffe predicted that Verdun would not be taken, and that the battle cry, "They shall not pass" would prevail. In this war, the little man behind the machine gun is equal to the giant of old. It is a question of mastery of the machines that belch forth destruction. From the headquarters of the Belgian army, the author describes that little band of soldiers that halted the rush of the Huns when the murderous guns burst forth at Liége and the great gray lines swept across the border. "Today it is the same army," he declares, but renewed, and points out that Belgium is fortunate in having a man, in the full sense of the word, for a King. He considers Baron de Braqueville, the Belgian Minister of War, one of the most vital of all the forces among the Allies.

There is a grim humor in his account of the lively young artillery officer who called him out in the afternoon to see the operation of his "four pets," as the guns were called. When the 75's were working at many points, a quick order was shouted as to direction and elevation. There was little pause, and the Rembrandt faces were lighted up as in the flare of a smithy as a roar came with the reports of the belching guns. Then the gunners heard the telephone report of "too short," "too far," and with a shout came the report of "a hit, a hit," and who could tell of the murderous work of the 75.

In every ward in the hospitals, in every room in the little part of Belgium that remains—on the table of cabinet ministers and of peasants—are the pictures of the heroic King Albert and his queen, known to every soldier in the army, and to whom every Belgian is devoted.

Warfare in Italy and the taking of Gorizia, even at this late date, reads like news. He calls attention to the fact of how little is known about operations in Italy, and declares that all along the Italian front there are scenes not lacking in valor of the North. The Italian battle line, from the snow-capped mountains to the tropic plains, comprises nearly every variety of climate. Lord Northcliffe deems it essential to complete victory that each Ally should feel toward the others the trust which they all merit.

In Zurich, Switzerland, he tells of the strong pro-German feeling, and it seems like a part of Germany on account of the business connections and family ties between Germany and the Swiss. The German methods of working upon neutrals are analyzed, but the most effective is in news twisting. He has seen these reports, with their glaring pictures of happenings in America, of President Wilson's impeachment and other equally romantic statements. In his "Neutral Glimpses," he describes the released prisoners, and the long, weary months of those interned. He makes an appeal for food for the English soldiers imprisoned in Germany, and specifies just what would be needed in each parcel to be sent. Parcels are standardized, and the cost and contents are as follows:

Parcel A—4 Shillings

1 Alp milk chocolate
1 condensed milk
1 jam
1 cheese
1 block chocolate
2 packets tobacco
2 packets citrol
2 handkerchiefs or
1 hand towel or
1 housewife
1 tin Liebig

Parcel B—4 Shillings

1-4 lb. tea
1 condensed milk
1-4 lb. lump sugar
1 jam
1 lb. biscuits
1 block chocolate
6 Maggi soups
1 packet tobacco
1 towel

Parcel C—6 Shillings

1 day shirt
1 vest
1 underdrawers
1 pair socks
1 towel
2 handkerchiefs
1 wash rag
1 soap
1 toothbrush
1 tooth powder

A combined parcel of food and clothing, A and C, or B and C, can be sent for ten shillings, or special parcels may be made up. Curiously enough, when the soldier is taken to the hospital, the first thing he calls for is a cigarette. It is the one thing he seems to crave, the one thing which soothes his nerves.

The days in Geneva, where all sorts of propaganda have been the vogue, furnishes an interesting sidelight. He describes the Germans in Spain, and the army of anti-Ally workers all over the world in neutral countries, but in no case do they seem to be able to calculate just what will happen under certain circumstances. The situation in Spain, where Americans are not liked because of the loss of Cuba, and where the country is flooded with misleading German information, hoping to hold that country neutral, is reviewed philosophically.

The book closes with this chapter on Spain, revisiting the scene of the peninsula wars where Wellington made the fame that preceded the glory of Waterloo. There is a feeling of regret when you have turned the last page, and come to the index. You know that it is a story to be continued.

What of the next chapter?

In Remembrance of William McKinley

The Birthplace Memorial at Niles, Ohio, and Other Tributes to His Greatness

by Edward Hale Brush

THE dedication of another great and noble memorial to William McKinley will again call attention to the services of the patriot from Ohio, who was one of our few "War Presidents." This time it is his birthplace, Niles, Ohio, which thus testifies to the respect, admiration and love in which he was held by his fellow-citizens. Tho many McKinley memorials have been erected, this will differ from any that have risen in his honor before—a unique tribute both from the people of his native town and thousands of others all over the land, who, in enrolling themselves in the National McKinley Birthplace Memorial Association and contributing their small but important quota, have made possible the erection of so fitting and impressive a structure in honor of this beloved chief magistrate.

The program for the ceremony at Niles provides for a dedicatory address by ex-President William Howard Taft and for the presence of President Wilson, or someone representing his administration, in case his duties may not permit absence from Washington. Governor Cox of Ohio and many other state and national dignitaries are expected to participate in some suitable way in the ceremony.

Many things have happened in the last few years to emphasize the wisdom of some of the policies for which McKinley stood and which at the time often occasioned criticism and perhaps intemperate condemnation. As time goes by, his lovable qualities stand out in ever greater and more striking emphasis, and those who witnessed the scenes incident to his assassination and death during the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo in 1901 recall with emotion the feeling which swept over the country then. These incidents demonstrated how by one touch of nature the whole world is made akin, and barriers erected by politics borne down, and as by an overpowering impulse all are moved by singleness of purpose and unity of interests.

It was in part due to the patriotic emotions his tragic and untimely end aroused that so many memorials to McKinley have been erected in the comparatively short time intervening since his death. Probably no President except Washington and Lincoln has been the subject of so many worthy and beautiful tributes, and hardly even in their honor have memorials been erected in equal number within a period of similar duration. While it is possible to enumerate some of the most important of the McKinley monuments, statues, and other forms of tribute, there are many others scattered thruout the land in lesser known communities, all to some extent the outcome of an artistic and patriotic impulse, the art element being due to many causes, but especially to the influence of the great expositions, whose sculptural and mural embellishments and landscape effects showed people the possibilities for employing similar adornments in their own communities. The fanatical attack upon McKinley at the Pan-American Exposition

COLONEL JOSEPH G. BUTLER, JR., OF YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO
Who originated the plan of erecting a memorial to William McKinley at his birthplace, Niles, Ohio.
Colonel Butler is president of the National McKinley Birthplace Memorial Association

naturally suggested, after his death, the appropriateness of memorials in harmony with the surroundings amid which the assault upon him occurred. Those which were the outcome of such a movement show in general a marked advance in artistic design and execution over earlier memorials to national heroes and statesmen.

STATUE OF WILLIAM McKINLEY
Standing in front of the court of the memorial at Niles, Ohio. The sculptor of this and other work on the memorial is J. Massey Rhind of New York

Almost every year since McKinley's death has witnessed the dedication of some testimonial to his greatness of intellect and kindliness of heart.

The noble memorial at his birthplace is the outcome of about seven years of untiring and self-sacrificing effort on the part of originators and promoters. It originated with Colonel Joseph G. Butler, Jr., of Youngstown, president of the National McKinley Birthplace Memorial Association, who in speaking of the history of the project has said:

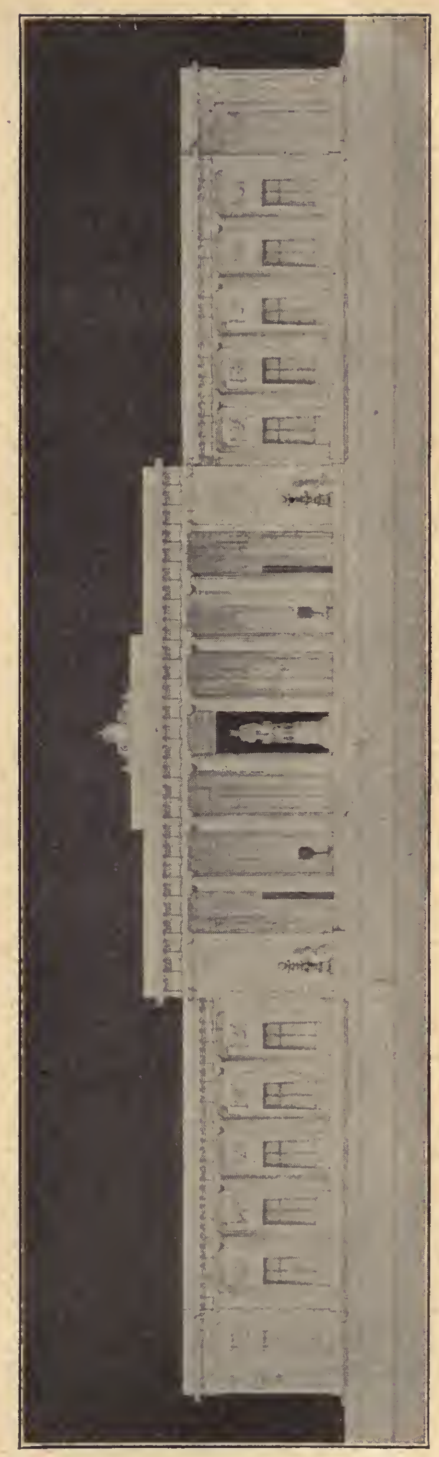
"The National McKinley Birthplace Memorial Association was born at Niles, Ohio, February 4, 1910. I was invited to attend a banquet and meeting of the Board of Trade held on that date, my subject being 'The Town Beautiful.' During my brief talk it came to me, as an inspiration, that something should be done in a substantial way to honor the memory of this great man at his birthplace. I thought that something more should be here than a tablet certifying to the exact spot on which he was born. My idea was to build something of an educational nature, and I made the suggestion at this banquet that I would undertake to raise a fund for the purpose indicated.

"Upon bringing the project to the attention of my friends, more particularly in the iron and steel industry, I was gratified by the cordial reception it met. Encouragement came from all points. The project was endorsed by William H. Taft, who was at that time in the Presidential chair; by Hon. Whitelaw Reid, then ambassador to the Court of St. James;

Judge Gary, president of the United States Steel Corporation; His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons; President Roosevelt and my good friend, ex-Ambassador Herrick, and business friends too numerous to mention. The enterprise 'grew from what it fed upon,' and from a proposition involving the expenditure of fifty to one hundred thousand dollars greatly expanded."

Congress authorized the coinage of a McKinley souvenir gold dollar for the purpose of aiding in the cost of the memorial, and certificates of life membership in the Birthplace Association have been issued to many thousands contributing a dollar each toward an endowment fund. President John G. Milburn, of the Pan-American Exposition, at whose home in Buffalo McKinley died, is vice-president of the Birthplace Association. The architects of the memorial are McKim, Mead & White of New York, and the sculptor is the famous New York artist, J. Massey Rhind. The building itself will be in the nature of a museum of patriotic and historic relics as well as memorial, so has been planned to house such treasures in a fitting manner. The structure is of Georgia marble, two hundred and thirty-two feet in length, thirty-six feet in width, and thirty-eight in height. In this noble court busts have been installed of those closely associated with President McKinley. In front of the court stands an impressive statue of the deceased President in marble, twelve feet in height. This and the other sculpture are by Mr. Rhind. He has been much complimented on the success he has had in giving a representation of McKinley himself which is lifelike and characteristic. The works of art, including not only the busts in the colonnade, but the reliefs and tablets in auditorium, library, relic room, and other parts of the memorial, are calculated to make it as a whole a remarkable creation. There is a Memorial Room devoted to the G. A. R. and Spanish War veterans. Mr. Butler says:

"It will be a permanent memorial of American patriotism and progress dating from the titanic struggle which resulted in the preservation of the Union down to the war with Spain, from which America emerged as a world power. The central figure in this shrine will be William



THE McKINLEY MEMORIAL AT NILES, OHIO, ERECTED BY THE NATIONAL McKINLEY BIRTHPLACE MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION

McKinley; around him will be clustered tributes of his fame as a soldier and statesman, representations of the marvelous industrial developments of the times, to which his economic policies so markedly contributed, and statues and portraits of prominent men identified with his career. It will not be simply a monument; it will not be merely a memorial building; it will be both—and more. All classes and conditions of contemporaneous American citizenship and of American endeavor will find in this undertaking an opportunity to pay respect and reverence to the most beloved character in our national history, next only to the immortal and incomparable Lincoln himself."

* * *

To become the site of so important an architectural feature as the McKinley Birthplace Memorial, the town of Niles has almost remade itself, and has donated the park where the Memorial has been erected. It is within a short distance of where the house in which McKinley was born originally stood. That building experienced various changes, fell more or less into ruin and recently was removed to a site just outside the town; but how much there is in this structure of the original birthplace has been a matter of some controversy. The little old white schoolhouse, which as a lad the future President attended, was a part of the location of the Memorial Building. The teachers here, in "boarding round," often visited the McKinley home, where they were hospitably entertained by "Mother" McKinley.

The relic rooms and library of the Memorial will preserve many priceless "McKinleyana," which will gradually be brought here for safekeeping and exhibition under proper auspices, and the tablets and busts and other works of art will enhance the historic and artistic as well as patriotic interest of the place as a whole. Especially fine are the busts modeled by Mr. Rhind of ex-President Roosevelt, ex-President Taft, the late Senator Marcus A. Hanna, Andrew Carnegie, Secretary Hay, Secretary Knox, David Todd, war governor of Ohio, and B. F. Jones.

The busts of Cabinet members are for the colonnade, and those of other distinguished men associated with the McKinley regime for separate parts of the Memorial.

A brief review of the facts pertaining to the other McKinley memorials thruout the land will be interesting at the time the country is considering the tributes of respect and love to be paid him at his birthplace.

* * *

The Niles Memorial is not a burial place, nor are the other memorials which may be mentioned, so that all have varying features and peculiar interest of their own. That at Columbus, Ohio, the capital of McKinley's state, has some effective and picturesque groups by Herman A. MacNeil, which convey in an allegorical way lessons regarding the services of McKinley. Philadelphia has, in Fairmount Park, a memorial which is distinguished for the beauty and sentiment of its allegorical groups, by Isidore Konti and the late C. A. Lopez. Buffalo, the city of the Pan-American, was one of the first to erect a memorial, the McKinley Monument in Niagara Square, a tall, majestic plinth guarded at the four corners by monumental lions, the work of A. Phimister Proctor. It was dedicated on the sixth anniversary of the delivery of his Pan-American speech, and has been praised for its dignity and simplicity, expressing so well these traits in the statesman it commemorates. In Springfield, Massachusetts, there is an exquisite sculptural memorial by Philip Martiny, and Augustus Lukeman modeled a statue for Adams, Massachusetts; while the Pacific Coast, not to be outdone by East and Middle West, has in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, a most artistic work by Robert S. Aitken, which fittingly typifies the affection of residents of the Far West for McKinley, and the joy of peace after the Spanish War, mingled with grief at the death of the nation's first citizen. The sentiment is "Lest we forget."

There seems no danger that the nation will forget McKinley, yet we need often to be reminded of the unselfishness of his private life and the nobility of his citizenship.

Youngstown and the Mahoning Valley

by Bennett Chapple

THE development of the steel industry of this country is one of the marvels of American history. Its growth has far exceeded the wildest dreams of the most optimistic steel man, and records of the past few years have been such that it seems impossible to make any accurate predictions as to what the industry will be in the next decade. What modern engineering has created in the way of gigantic and effective appliances for economically transforming iron ore into the finished products cannot be comprehended except by personal observation.

Not long ago the writer spent two weeks in the Youngstown district, the second largest steel center in America. A more inspiring revelation of civic and industrial growth would be difficult to find. The story reads like a romance.

When John Young paddled his birch canoe up the waters of the Mahoning River in 1797, and laid out the city of Youngstown, Ohio, he little thought that he was founding one of the greatest industrial centers of the New America. Entering the wilderness to help survey the vast tract of land west of Pennsylvania, known as the Connecticut Western Reserve, he had decided to stay and assist in opening it for settlement.

With his own hands he cleared the spot where Youngstown now stands, and staked out its public square and principal streets. He paid $16,085.16 for five square miles of land, and promptly gave a mortgage for the whole amount. Visions of wealth that lay in the wooded hills and fertile valley inspired him, and the little frontier village grew surprisingly. But John Young was destined to meet with a great disappointment, for his wife became homesick; the arduous tasks of pioneering were too strenuous for her, and she finally persuaded him to sell out and return to her old home in New York State.

* * *

The spirit of Youngstown was born, and nothing could stop its growth. Others took up the work where John Young left it—among these, Rev. William Wick, Youngstown's first minister. This saddlebag parson of the frontier established at Youngstown a Presbyterian church, and thus the Presbyterians were the first to have a house of worship on the Western Reserve. As generation succeeded generation, Youngstown grew to be a veritable "house of a thousand candles" if its numerous "Wicks" were considered, and its lights were not to be hid under a bushel.

Youngstown and Mahoning Valley history abounds with Indian tales and legends. The river, marking a natural trail thru the dense forest from Fort Pitt to Lake Erie, had been an important artery of travel. The old salt springs near Niles—long since buried under an unromantic embankment—were the scene of many struggles in the early days. The settlers came here from miles around with kettles to boil down the water for salt.

Frontier conditions slowly yielding to

THE PUBLIC SQUARE, YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO, WHICH

the onward march of civilization, the Pennsylvania and Ohio canal, along which President Garfield as a boy drove the patient tow-boat mule, was opened. Important as it was in its day—by giving a thru waterway from Pittsburgh to Cleveland—it was, in turn, abandoned for the railroads. First one, then two, finally four great trunk lines, linking the East with the West, laid their bands of steel in this narrow valley, and with their advent, as years went by, came a tide of industry sweeping down between the hills, in ever-increasing volume.

But even these great railway facilities are not sufficient to adequately take care of the needs of the district, and a modern barge and ship canal connecting the Ohio River with Lake Erie is under consideration to relieve the traffic congestion. Manifestly the business interests of the district are looking well into the future. The surveys have already been made and it is generally believed the canal will be in operation by 1921. It will form the last link in the longest inland waterway in the world, extending from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to the mouth of the Mississippi.

Little things shape the destinies of communities as well as individuals. When the presence of iron ore and limestone was discovered in the Youngstown section, a small effort was made to manufacture iron for crude farming implements. As early as 1805 was built a blast furnace with a capacity of two tons of pig iron every twenty-four hours. The discovery that raw coal could be used as fuel for smelting instead of the more expensive charcoal, later added zest to the industry, and during this period many local blast furnaces were opened. Raw coal was first used here on a commercial scale for this purpose.

Then in 1856 came to the Mahoning Valley the first shipments of iron ore from the Lake Superior region, which gave impetus to the new and profitable smelting industry. Blast furnaces, large and small, sprang up thruout the valley, and farmers

WAS LAID OUT ORIGINALLY BY JOHN YOUNG

left their fields to engage in the new business. That the spirit of romance and chivalry survived the onslaught of industry is apparent by reason of the fact that the owners named these blast furnaces after the women of their families. William McKinley, father of the martyred President, and Joseph Green Butler were partners in a blast furnace called "Temperance" for Mr. Butler's wife. Other furnaces in the section bore the names of "Mary," "Grace," and "Hannah"—some of which have preserved their individuality of name even to this day, altho to associate femininity with the roaring pits of molten iron seems anomalous.

Prominent in the iron business of Youngstown at this time was Governor David Tod of Ohio, and he, with W. A. Andrews, did much to develop the valley industrially.

A small number of rolling mills were established between 1880 and 1890, and the first steel mill in Mahoning Valley was erected in 1895 by the Ohio Steel Company—now a part of the great United States Steel Corporation.

The man who came to Youngstown to build this first steel mill was Thomas McDonald, who managed the plant for twenty-one years without the loss of one hour on account of labor misunderstandings. Today he is the grand old man of the Mahoning Valley, and it is interesting to hear him speak of blooms, slabs, ingots, billets and bars, with a peculiar softness in his voice that a mother might use in speaking of her children. A few miles above Youngstown the United States Steel Corporation is now building the largest steel-bar plant in the world, along with a new city—both to be named for Mr. McDonald in appreciation of the part he has played in the development of the steel industry of the region.

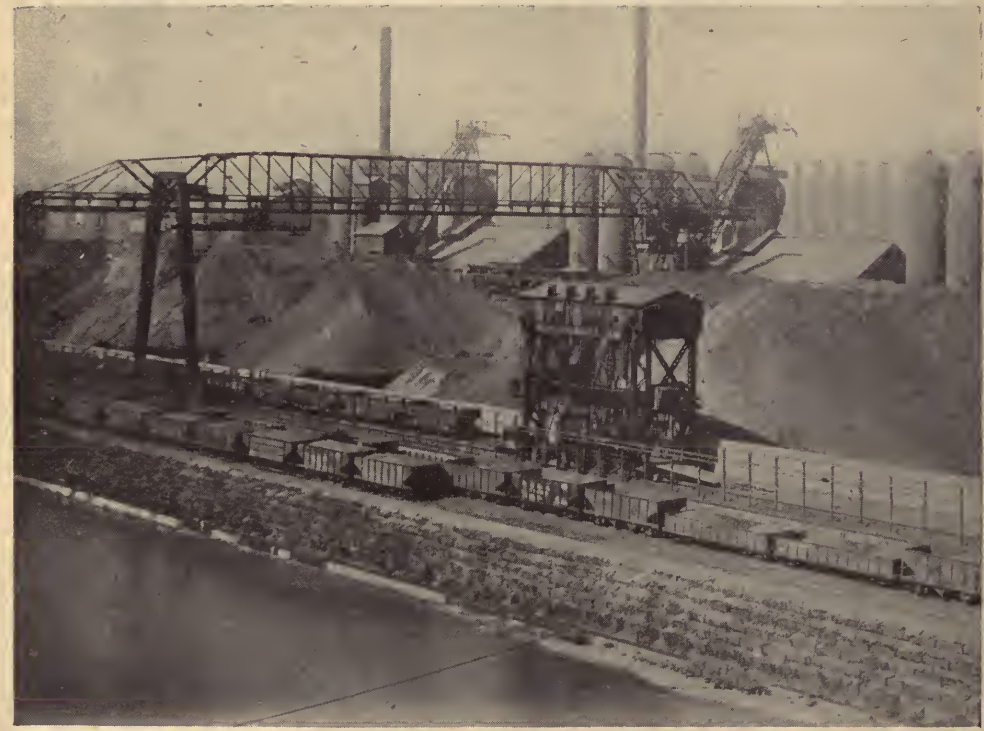
Youngstown has been a university for the training of many men now prominent in the iron and steel business. The first chemist employed in the foundry iron business was Carl A. Meissner, who is now chairman of the United States Steel coke committee. He came to the Brier Hill Company in 1882 and revolutionized furnace practice by demonstrating the great uses of chemistry in the manufacture of pig iron. Julian Kennedy, of Pittsburgh, who has designed and built more steel plants than any other living man, came direct to Youngstown from Yale College in 1865. Many other men of hardly less prominence received their early training in the plants of the Mahoning Valley, and the men at the head of Youngstown's steel corporations are acknowledged among the leaders of the industry in the United States.

* * *

Probably no other place in the world can furnish a drive of twenty-one miles that will continuously skirt steel mills in operation. Flaring flames light the valley at night like some great conflagration. Towering stacks, silhouetted against the lurid sky, are the great pipes of a mighty organ whose voice is heard in throbbing tones of industry. Billows of smoke and steam roll and tumble, then scud across the great panorama like angry clouds in a raging storm. Showers of sparks leap high in the air, the flames change from dazzling white to deep orange, from blood red to pale blue, until the whole sky is frescoed and tinted. Below, the red-hot ingots passing thru the mill glow like dying embers on a mighty hearth. It is a sight never to be forgotten.

O wondrous theme, where brain and brawn
Volcano-like, leap toward the dawn
And drive the night away;
Here Slav and Finn and Pole from distant land,
Stripped to the waist, toil upward, helped by Freedom's hand,
And understanding runs together in one grand alchemy,
Fused in a melting-pot of America's greatest industry.

Were John Young to paddle his canoe up the Mahoning River today, what a marvelous transformation he would find along its banks! The valley now is closely set with massive steel plants and blast



BLAST FURNACE SECTION OF THE YOUNGSTOWN SHEET &

furnaces in an almost unbroken line. The first of these—and the oldest as well—is the Ohio Iron & Steel Company, where raw coal was first used as a fuel in melting ore. Next, by curious coincidence, is the Youngstown Iron & Steel Company, the youngest and newest of the valley's steel industries, and just beyond is the Struthers Furnace Company, an old-time pig-iron giant, but now one of the smallest stacks in the valley.

Then three consecutive miles of the valley are occupied by the Youngstown Sheet & Tube Company. With but one exception, this plant manufactures the greatest line of finished products of any steel mill in the world, utilizing practically the entire output of its six blast furnaces, and owning its own coal and ore mines. It was organized by local capital—and from a small beginning its annual production has grown to over one and a half million tons of steel ingots. This company has a capacity for five hundred thousand tons of steel pipe each year, making it the largest independent producer of tubular goods in the world. Fifteen million dollars has recently been expended on improvements, including the erection of a large and modern by-product coke plant.

Next appear the towering stacks of the main plant of the Republic Iron & Steel Company, whose works extend for several miles into the very center of Youngstown itself. This progressive company was one of the first to appreciate the importance of by-product coke ovens when operated in connection with a steel mill, which is becoming a highly profitable branch of the valley's steel industry. A new blast furnace of six hundred tons' capacity has been added to its present large complement of mammoth smelter, costing one million, five hundred thousand dollars. This plant is one of the largest producers of bar steel in the country, and is an important adjunct to Youngstown's prosperity.

West and contiguous to the center of the city, the Ohio and Union works of the the Carnegie Steel Company, a subsidiary

TUBE COMPANY, SHOWING GREAT PILES OF RED IRON ORE

A PORTION OF THE MAIN PLANT OF THE REPUBLIC IRON & STEEL COM

of the United States Steel Corporation, mark the spot where steel was first made in Mahoning Valley. The Union Mills specialize in a very great variety of small shapes for automobile manufacture. The Ohio works operate six blast furnaces, using 2,350,000 tons of ore each year, and is the most important finishing mill of the steel corporation in the Youngstown district.

* * *

At the western edge of the city begin the works of the Brier Hill Steel Company, one of the oldest and best known in Youngstown, whose blast furnaces have been in continuous operation since 1850. At this plant is found the only equipment on the American continent for making washed metal, a form of specially purified pig iron, which is shipped to tool manufacturers in foreign countries. Its low sulphur and phosphorus content and exceptional qualities as a re-carburizer make it highly desirable for this purpose. In addition, this concern is a large manufacturer of steel products, ninety per cent of which are made up of special analysis steel. Every department of sheet manufacturing, from blast furnaces to sheet-rolling mills, is conducted here, and recently the Western Reserve Steel Company, located at Warren, Ohio, has been purchased by the company.

The next plant immediately west, and adjoining the new McDonald Mills, is the puddling works of the Girard Iron Company, a subsidiary of the A. M. Byers Company of Pittsburgh. In this plant are eighty-four puddling furnaces, in which wrought iron is made by the old-fashioned hand process in vogue for centuries.

The new McDonald Mills, just above the town of Girard, are several miles in length and, when completed, will furnish the last word in steel-mill construction, special attention being given to safety. Tunnels thruout will make it unnecessary for any workman to cross tracks. The cumulative experience of the steel industry will be embodied in this plant.

At Niles, seven miles up the valley from Youngstown, are located two sheet-mill

PANY, WHICH SKIRTS THE RIVER BANKS THRU THE CENTER OF THE CITY

plants of the Brier Hill Company and the mills of the DeForest Sheet and Tin Plate Company. At the latter place both tin plate and terne are manufactured. The Mahoning Valley Steel Company, which has just begun operations, is the addition to the steel plants of the valley. At Niles is also located one of the few remaining hand-filled furnaces still in operation. Abandoned for years, the present excessive demand for steel has made its relighting worth while.

The Trumbull Steel Company at Warren, Ohio, is one of the newest modern sheet and tin-plate mills in the country. Erected only four years ago, it has already taken a commanding position in the tin-plate and sheet industry, and is one of the most prosperous steel companies in the Mahoning Valley.

The Youngstown district also includes the steel mills in the Shenango Valley, which enters the Mahoning at New Castle, Pennsylvania, east of Youngstown. In this valley are the cities of New Castle, Sharon, Farrell, Sharpsville and Greenville, all bustling steel centers, and all forming an important part of the output in the Youngstown district—which includes one-sixth of all the pig iron produced in the United States and about one-eighth of the entire steel production of this country.

The close proximity of limestone suitable for use in blast furnaces is one of the conditions aiding in the development of the iron and steel business in the Mahoning Valley. The limestone deposits of the Hillsville district near Youngstown are remarkable for the fact that the stone is overlaid with a high-grade shale suitable for the manufacture of paving brick, and the largest paving-brick plant in the world is located here. Four large limestone companies have a combined output of about four million tons per year. All of these companies also have developed a by-product from their screenings known as ground agricultural limestone, which is rapidly replacing burnt lime to correct acidity in soils. More than two thousand people and twenty of the largest steam shovels in the world are busy in these quarries, where huge gyratory crushers reduce stones of tremendous proportions at the rate of five hundred tons per hour.

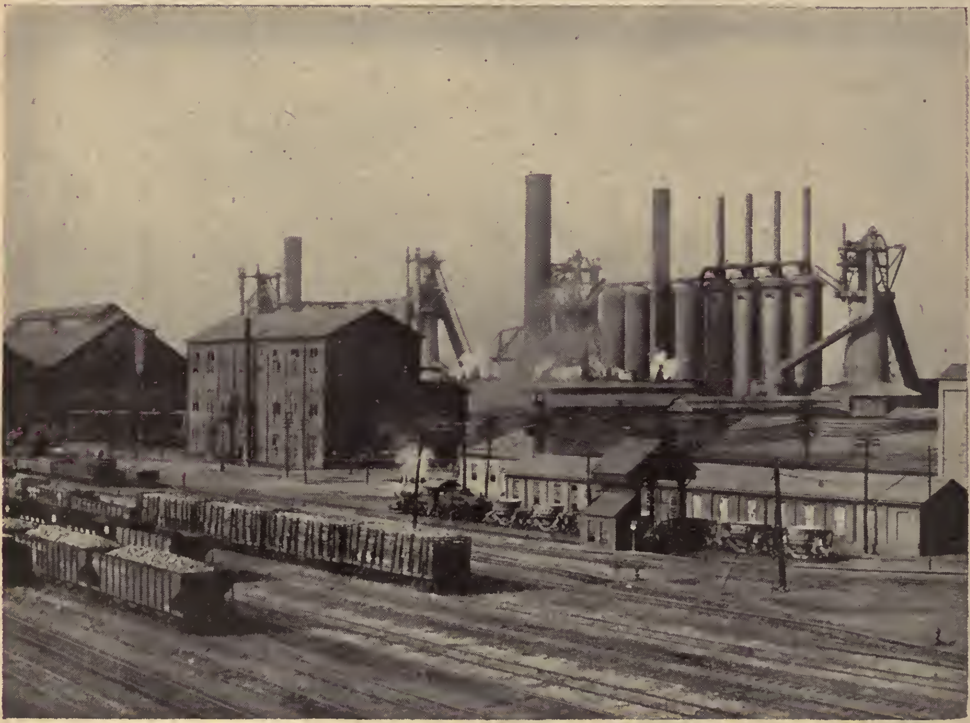
A visitor to Youngstown feels impelled to go thru the great steel plants, to follow the processes from the iron ore to the finely-drawn wire or shingle nails. Such a tour is more than interesting.

The mountain-like piles of red ore, hauled by boat and train from the Lake Superior regions, are waiting to be converted into the sinew of business—steel. Ore is unloaded from the trains by a huge machine that picks up a fifty-ton car and empties it, like a cup, as if it were a little toy. Bucket conveyors, called "skips" carry the ore ninety feet in the air and load it into big five-hundred-ton blast furnaces, where limestone flux is added and the ore melted.

The blast furnace is in continuous operation, but the men have little to do except three or four times a day when the furnace is tapped and the molten iron drawn off into huge ladles. Then for half an hour it seems as if some great volcano had sprung a leak, until the foreman signals to clog up the tap hole again by bringing the "mud gun" into play. This strange contrivance shoots balls of soft brick clay into the aperture, which the heat hardens, until it is closed again. With each tap a new opening must be drilled, and this, like all the hard and dangerous work, is now done by machines especially contrived for the purpose.

For every ton of iron secured from the ore, it is necessary to use nine and one-half tons of air. In one plant alone they use 230,400,000 cubic feet of air every twenty-four hours, heated to 1,000 degrees. Like the "house that Jack built," air is used "to blow more blast to make more gas, to heat more blast to make more gas"—*ad infinitum.*

From the blast furnace the ladle cars of hot metal are conveyed by standard gauge locomotives, some to be cast into pig iron, some dumped into huge reservoirs or mixers, holding a thousand tons, where the iron is kept in its molten form to be poured out as needed.



THE OHIO WORKS OF THE CARNEGIE STEEL COMPANY MARK THE

In making steel from iron there are two processes—one known as the Bessemer, the other, the open-hearth process. The Bessemer converters are by far the more picturesque. These huge open-mouthed, animal-like machines turn to receive many tons of white-hot metal between their jaws. From a little platform high up above the converters a lever is pulled, and the huge appliance politely turns its yawning mouth out of the building and begins to belch a stream of fire and sparks. This is due to the air blast that is sent up thru the molten iron, by which impurities are burned out. The operator wears thick blue glasses to protect his eyes. As long as the flame from the converters shows red he knows it is still burning impurities. When it turns to a white glow, he is ready to pour the mixture into the three-ton molds which are standing on special cars ready to carry them away.

A sharp warning whistle is blown. The converter is emptied and the train of hot, sputtering metal in molds is moved along. After being allowed to cool so that the liquid steel may congeal, great stripping cranes, like huge eagles, swoop down upon the train-load of molds, and setting their heavy talons into the sides, strip the three-ton ingot and leave it glowing, as only red-hot steel can glow.

The open-hearth process is used mainly for ores that contain an excessive amount of sulphur and phosphorus. Furnaces holding one hundred tons, each filled with the molten iron, are left to boil for ten to twelve hours—suggesting nothing so much as a row of great soup caldrons. At the end of this time "the cook" takes a spoonful, to sample the "broth," and conveys it to the laboratories, where it is analyzed. If a little more carbon is needed, coke or coal is added until everything is just right, when it is drawn into huge ladles.

The red-hot ingots from the converters pass into pit furnaces for reheating before rolling. Automatic conveyers then carry the ingot, white-hot, into heavy machines, that jab it here, push it there, roll it down and knead it as if it were so much dough, and instead of biscuits come blooms, slabs, and billets.

SPOT WHERE STEEL WAS FIRST MADE IN THE MAHONING VALLEY

BRIER HILL STEEL COMPANY'S PLANT, WHOSE BLAST

If the hot iron cools in the ladles or molds, it must be taken to the "skull cracker" for an operation. The skull cracker is a huge iron ball, raised to a great height by a magnet and dropped with terrific force to break the large chunks of steel for re-melting.

Nowhere in the entire operation of a steel mill does the weight of the product rest on the workman's back. Always it is automatic machinery that is carrying the load. Great overhead cranes fly back and forth like a flock of birds shifting the heavy piles of iron.

Steel pipe is made in two ways: "buttweld" is where the "skelp," a long, thin strip of steel, is turned so the two edges meet and fuse by being pulled thru a ring die; "lapweld" is where the edges are lapped and welded by machinery. The former method is applied to all small pipe, and the latter to the larger pipe.

Crossing the iron bridges, over a sea of rollers, where the red-hot slabs chase and tumble like ice in a turbulent stream, we come to a picture that stirs the imagination. On one side of a furnace is the "shove up," with helmet like a knight of old, facing the fury of the flames as he shoves the long, thin strips of steel into place. On the opposite side the "welder," protected with the same sort of fantastic headdress, selects the heated skelp from the pit, snaps his long pincers onto its end, and with a deft twist of the wrist, throws the welding bell into place. A hot streak of iron flies from him at lightning speed, one man making from eight to ten thousand feet of pipe per hour. These men work in fifteen-minute shifts; each has a "spellman" to take his place. These spellmen sitting by were quietly playing checkers while waiting their turn, and one man was calmly toasting a piece of rye bread over the stream of red-hot iron for his lunch.

The lapweld process used in making large pipe presents a real Fourth of July celebration—with all the clatter, boom, and sparks. Here the large pipes are pushed thru the great re-heating furnace and are welded at white heat by heavy rollers over

FURNACES HAVE BEEN IN CONTINUOUS USE SINCE 1850

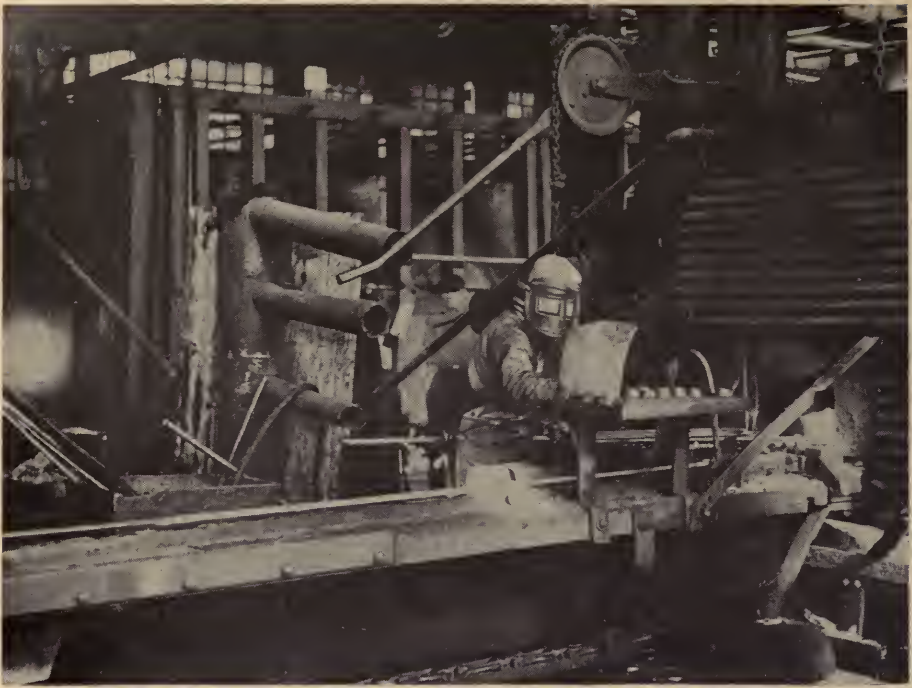
a steel ball. An inspector glances over the work as it comes from the machine, and if it will not pass, he presses a lever, and the great glowing pipe whirls around in the air and goes flying back for another try.

The finishing floors, where the pipe is straightened and cut into uniform length, and the shops where wrought-iron couplings are made, look like a bead chain of blacksmith forges and steam hammers strung side by side as far as the eye can see.

The wrought iron used for couplings suggests the difference between steel and iron. Steel is iron in a hardened and changed form. Wrought iron, on the other hand, contains less carbon and is much softer. Of the two, it is much more expensive, for it must still be made by the old-fashioned hand-puddling process. In the puddling works each man has his own furnace, and thru a small aperture he must keep stirring the molten mass with a long bar until it reaches the right consistency. Then the ball of iron is lifted out to be squeezed together and loosely rolled. In comparison to steel, wrought iron is produced in only small quantities.

The sheet mill, where the steel is rolled into sheets of paper thickness, is the most fascinating and the most arduous work of steel manufacture, as nothing has yet been invented to substitute the violent hand labor necessary. I can never look upon a tin can again without a wholesome respect for the labor and sweat required to make it. Here the men stand on either side of the machines, and with long pincers grab the red-hot sheets as they come thru the rolls and start them back again. Then the long strips are doubled, the operator running across the red-hot sheet as he folds it together. Large, thick, wooden-soled shoes protect his feet from burns. Afterward the sheets are cleaned, cooled, separated, trimmed, tinned, or galvanized, according to the market for which they are intended.

The making of iron rods in a steel mill is similar to the making of flat pieces, except that the metal is wound in coils as it



THE MAN IN THE MASK
Suggesting the helmets of the knights ot old. Except for the cold air blast from the queer-looking pipes behind him, he could not long remain at his work

A NIGHT SCENE OF THE BESSEMER CONVERTERS

MAGNIFICENT NEW OFFICE AND LABORATORIES OF THE YOUNGSTOWN SHEET & TUBE COMPANY

is rolled. The red-hot rod is simply a large-sized wire, which is automatically wound on great reels, and these, in turn, lifted onto traveling carriers that journey out of doors and around the yard, so that the big coil is slowly cooled for handling. From these rods, after cooling, wire is made by drawing them thru a succession of dies, each reducing the size. Wire in various sizes is fed into machines, which automatically transform it into nails—from heavy spikes to the tiniest brads. Wire is also made into all kinds of fencing, where it is woven to design, like cloth, on great automatic looms.

The journey was ended, and I picked up a tiny nail as a souvenir. It had required the greater part of a day, as the plant covers three miles of the river valley. To trace the tiny nail from the great ore pits at the beginning was no small task, but it was worth all the effort it cost.

Youngstown is a money city as well as a steel city, but perhaps the two terms

THE MAHONING VALLEY FOR TWENTY-ONE MILES IS A PANORAMA OF INDUSTRY

FROM THE VIADUCT OVERLOOKING YOUNGSTOWN

are synonymous. With a population of approximately 117,000, it is the sixth city in population, and the fourth in financial and industrial importance in the state of Ohio. It has the largest per capita payroll of any city of its size in America. More than sixty millions of dollars are distributed in wages each year, exclusive of railroad payrolls or those of small mercantile establishments. Seven banks, capitalized at $4,100,000, and three building and loan associations, have total deposits of $38,750,000 and show a gain of $12,750,000 during the past year.

Many theories are advanced as to the reasons for Youngstown's phenomenal growth and development, aside from the steel business. Money, responsibility, business, have not subsidized the great human equation, and Youngstown is called a "first-name" town—it's "Jim," "Joe," "Will," "Asa," "George," "Bob," "Dick," "Henry," among the big men of the city. Youngstown has perhaps a greater number of men ready, with time and pocketbook, to further its interests than most cities of its size. They believe in Youngstown; they are filled with civic patriotism and are enthusiastic over the possibilities of their city. All their money is invested in local enterprises, and they work together in a spirit of harmony for industrial development that insures Youngstown's wonderful future.

Generous and ready on any proposition for the public good of their city, the people of Youngstown subscribed $300,000 for a Y. M. C. A. building in five or six days' time. In four days a fund of $250,000 was raised to meet the plea of the hospital for $200,000. One of the large corporations recently contributed $6,000 to the American Ambulance Corps in France, and $50,000 is now being raised for a base hospital to be presented to the American Red Cross.

The Youngstown Public Library has been an important factor in the development of the city. It has a notable collection of books on business and mechanical subjects, giving more attention to practical branches of literature than to classics or fiction. A special technical department, supported by the various steel plants, has been established as a central information bureau, where the latest information on metallurgy and chemistry can be secured at a moment's notice. A large assembly room in the library building, seating four hundred people, is used for free public lectures and art exhibitions. On Saturdays motion-picture shows are given free—the films being taken from standard books of play and fiction. Sixty to seventy thousand people attend these affairs during the year.

A movement is now under way to build an auditorium seating 5,500, and costing $500,000. This building is planned to serve Youngstown both as a Coliseum and as an Americanization institute, after the manner of Cooper Union in New York City. Part of the building will be set apart for educational features, including traveling art exhibitions. The Mahoning Institute of Art, founded in 1915, has already brought thirteen exhibitions of national importance to Youngstown, including the Panama Pacific exhibition of sculpture, and French and Belgian paintings, which was only shown in the largest cities.

The Mahoning Valley Historical Society, an active organization founded many years ago, has preserved in its archives much of value and interest to succeeding generations. A comprehensive book, published by the society in 1888, contains the personal memories of many who had lived in Youngstown almost from its original settlement, and few communities have so complete and concise a record of the families and events that go to make up local history.

* * *

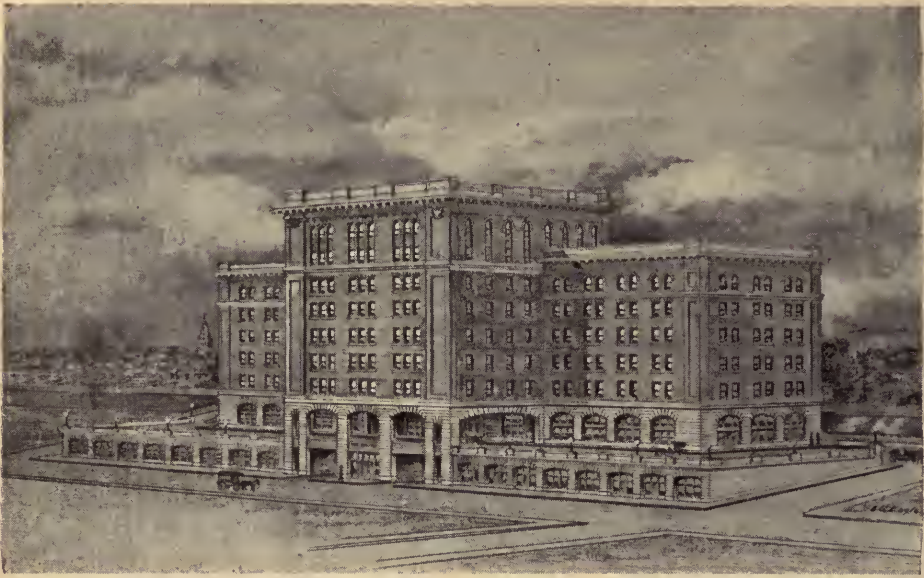
In Youngstown, the question of homes is a serious problem, as it is in every rapidly-growing community. One of the first efforts in the country to meet this situation was the organization of the Modern Homes Company in Youngstown in 1909. Its successful plans have been copied by many other communities. It has provided neat, attractive houses, built of hollow concrete tile, with slate roofs, which rent for $17 to $25 a month, and two-story terrace apartments, with one large living-room, two bedrooms and a bath, for $10.50 to $12.50 a month. These houses stand in a beautiful park, amid generous lawns and abundant shade.

The Buckeye Land Company, operated in connection with the Youngstown Sheet and Tube Company, is spending more than two million dollars for homes in a new section on much the same plan. This, with the new city of McDonald now being built by the United States Steel Corporation, makes Youngstown the center of one of the largest housing movements in America. About six million dollars will be spent on this movement during the present year.

An important part of the population of Youngstown is made up of foreigners. The Chamber of Commerce has recognized this great civic problem and is conducting a vital and far-reaching work thru a newly-organized bureau of Americanization.

The school buildings of the city have been opened for night classes to aid in this work of education, and altho the

IN THE RESIDENTIAL DISTRICT OF YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO



ORIGINAL PLAN OF THE NEW ERIE RAILROAD STATION AND OFFICE BUILDING AT YOUNGSTOWN

movement has been in progress only a few weeks, hundreds of foreigners have made application for citizenship. A new spirit pervades the community as the non-conducting wall between the native and the foreigner is being blasted away.

The Americanization movement recognizes that every foreigner has a right to become an American citizen, and that the helping hand shall be extended by the abolition of race prejudice and the opportunity to learn the English language. As a result more than three thousand aliens applied for naturalization papers in Mahoning County during the past three months.

In carrying on the work, all forms of advertising are used—from handbills, printed in seven languages, to window cards and printed signs. Maps showing the location of night schools are posted at the mills. Noon-hour meetings, with lectures on important subjects, are included as part of the work, and fellowship clubs are being organized in the steel plants.

Youngstown's handling of this problem is being watched by all the cities of the country, and if the result of the first few months is any criterion, a solution of this great problem of American industrial life seems promised.

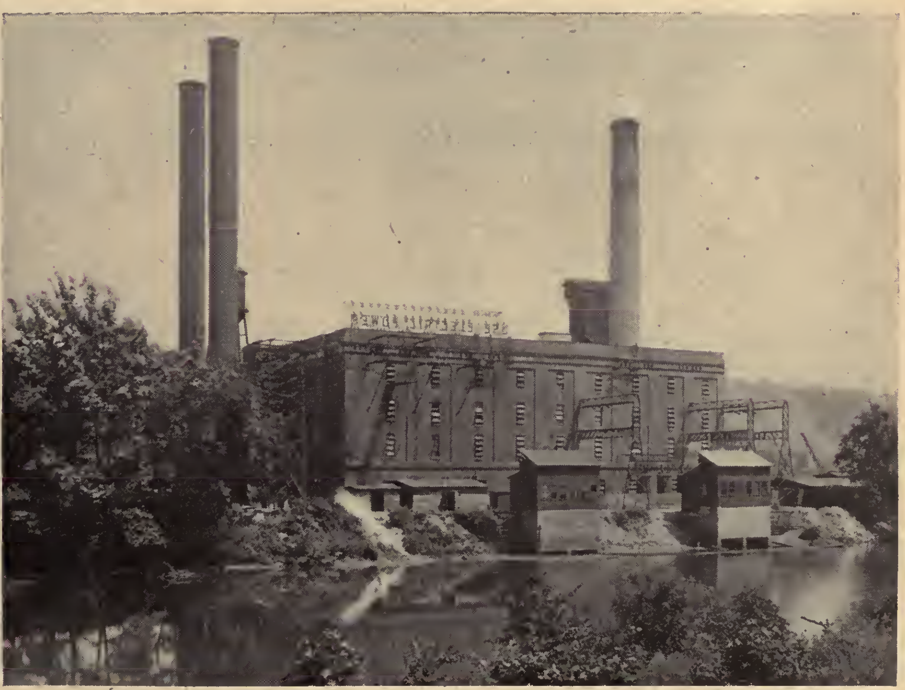
Another important service rendered by the Chamber of Commerce is a Traffic Bureau, which has had remarkable success in working out intricate problems, both for the railroads and the local shippers. In this connection, Youngstown was the first to put into force a plan that is being generally adopted by other cities. Thru arrangements with the municipal authorities, prisoners from the city jails are used, under proper guard, at the freight houses, to help, in lieu of the shortage of labor.

The convergence of four trunk line railroads in the narrow valley gives Youngstown the largest in and out tonnage of any city of its size in the United States, and its traffic problem has always been acute. At one point just east of the city, where a number of the trunk lines cross, is a spot over which is said to pass more wheel tonnage than passes over any other single point on the earth's surface. The elimination of grade crossings in the city and erection of a passenger station and office building by the Erie Railroad at a cost of five million dollars is a much-needed improvement that will go far to relieve unsatisfactory railroad conditions in the city. Four entire city blocks will be torn down to make room for this improvement.

Public utility development in Youngstown and vicinity has kept pace with the rapidly-growing district. The Mahoning and Shenango Railway and Light Company, with headquarters at Youngstown, serves twenty-four cities and towns of the section. This company has 180 miles of track, and 170 miles of high-tension transmission lines, thirty-five miles of which are carried on steel towers along the company's right of way. It has three power plants in operation, at Lowellville, Youngstown, and Ellwood City.

An extensive and well-equipped street-railway city system, a comprehensive interurban service connecting the adjacent territory, combined with freight facilities, even to carload lots, or steam-car transfers, closely links the street-railway company with the industrial life of the cities thruout the valley. To meet the greatly-increased demand for central station power is no small problem. Practically all new industries coming to the valley are contracting for electric power because of its quicker service and elimination of worry and supervision. Artificial gas is also supplied to the city of Youngstown by this same company.

The industrial history of Youngstown is a history of business successes, due largely, it is generally believed, to the character of the men who have been for generations at the head of the principal enterprises. It is an unwritten law in Youngstown that local industries must succeed. An illustration is the story of an oilcloth company. Founded years ago by local people seeking an outlet for surplus capital, under imported management, it seemed at first doomed to failure. These men, after spending many thousands of dollars with disappointing results, personally raised a fund of one million dollars for the purpose of consolidating the local company with that of six other companies in various parts of the country, which is today known as the Standard Oilcloth Company. They poured in new capital, solely to save the business, thus preserving the reputation of the town for carrying its business projects thru successfully. The company is now worth millions. The Youngstown plants make a specialty of automobile and upholstery leather effects in the various grades of Meritas leather clothes.

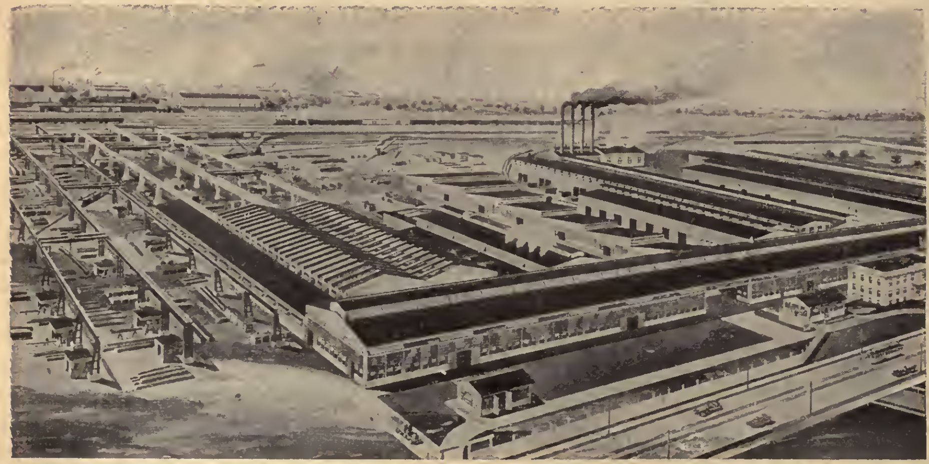


MAIN POWER PLANT OF THE MAHONING AND SHENANGO RAILWAY AND ELECTRIC LIGHT COMPANY

THE GENERAL FIREPROOFING COMPANY IS ONE OF THE BIG DIVERSIFIED INDUSTRIES

Many large and independent industries for the manufacture of raw steel into finished products have been established in Youngstown. One of the most important of these is the General Fire Proofing Company, which began the manufacture of expanded metal goods in 1902. In 1905 the business was enlarged to include the manufacture of steel office furniture and filing cabinets. Complete library and filing equipment have been supplied by this concern to many of the state capitols thruout the country, and its steel furniture makes up the elaborate office equipment of many important New York business and financial corporations. Today fully one-half of its total business is carried on in this department. An extension, doubling the capacity of the steel furniture department, is now in the course of erection.

The Trussed Concrete Steel Company, which located in Youngstown in 1908, has enjoyed a remarkable growth. Today this concern, one of the most successful of Youngstown's big industries, has set aside twenty-four acres against its constant enlargement. Steel sash, door partitions, cornices and pressed-steel buildings are the principal part of its product. The foundation of this business was the manufacture



THE TRUSSED CONCRETE STEEL COMPANY HAS SET ASIDE TWENTY-FOUR ACRES AGAINST ITS CONSTANT ENLARGEMENT of the "Kahn" bar used for reinforcement in beams, girders and columns of concrete buildings. This concern was also the first to put out the "Hyrib" expanded which is now in universal use. Waterproofing, asbestos, cement shingles and cement doors form another important branch of the business. It turns out more than one hundred thousand tons of finished steel each year.

The William B. Pollock Company of Youngstown, manufacturers of blast furnace equipment, ships its product to all parts of the world. It has built blast furnaces in India, China, Australia and other foreign countries. The industry started in an old-fashioned boiler shop in the days when boilers were built without tubes, and has grown to large proportions.

Then, too, The United Engineering & Foundry Company, a concern with headquarters in Pittsburgh, operates in Youngstown one of the largest machine shops in the country. Its principal product is rolling-mill machinery, and it has erected some of the largest mills in the world. Recently this concern took over the William Tod Company, the only manufacturer of war munitions in Youngstown, and one of the largest makers of mill and other machinery in the State of Ohio.

Youngstown industry is not wholly devoted to iron and steel products. In a movement for diversified manufacturing, in 1902, The Republic Rubber Company was organized, and for years has been known as one of the largest manufacturers of air brake and steam hose in the country. Beginning a few years ago with twenty-five workmen, this company today employs 2,500—its capital increasing from $150,000 to $7,000,000. Originally engaged in the exclusive manufacture of mechanical rubber goods, its most rapid development has been in automobile tires—the output of this department being approximately fifty per cent of the entire factory production—for Youngstown is the home of the famous "Republic Tires," the "Staggard Tread" of which was invented by The Republic Rubber Company, in 1908, being the original effective non-skid tire. By a new treatment of rubber, known as the "Prodium Process," which is said to strengthen it to a degree of twenty-five per cent above any other known method, the rubber business of the country is being revolutionized.

THE REPUBLIC RUBBER COMPANY, HOME OF FAMOUS "PRODIUM PROCESS" TIRES

A wide variety of industrial enterprises provide employment for women in Youngstown. The mazda lamp and gas mantle industries are the chief employers of female labor and many thousands are on their payrolls.

* * *

While banks and banking institutions are not generally classed as industries, any story of the industrial life of Youngstown

INTERIOR OF THE FIRST NATIONAL AND DOLLAR BANK, THE THIRD OLDEST NATIONAL BANK IN THE UNITED STATES

would be incomplete without mention of the First National and Dollar Bank of Youngstown, the third oldest national bank in the United States. Its very size and magnitude of operation forces it into the classification of industry, for it has more than fifty thousand depositors. It is the largest financial institution in the state outside of Cleveland and Cincinnati. Its bank deposits have increased from $14,000,000 to $25,000,000 in two years. It has the largest retail foreign exchange department in America, with more than fifteen thousand foreign-speaking depositors alone. Twenty years ago the Dollar Bank had deposits of only half a million. It was one of the first banks to abandon old-fashioned methods and put its faith in straightforward, legitimate advertising. Its magnificent banking rooms occupy more than three-fourths of an acre. Specializing in the various departments of banking today, it is a veritable department store of finance, for every transaction connected with the use of money is carried on over its counters.

Three other banks — the Mahoning National, the Commercial National and the City Trust and Savings Bank—are conducted on an equally high plane, and their large resources add greatly to the financial strength of the city. There has never been a bank failure in Youngstown.

Six building and loan associations have been an important factor in making Youngstown a home city. The Home Savings and Loan Company is one of the largest in the United States.

Youngstown, in common with other large cities of Ohio, enjoys the advantage of an adequate supply of natural gas, which has been piped in from the fields of West Virginia. The city owns its own water works and has recently completed at Milton one of the largest reservoirs in the state to insure a steady flow of water for its industries—not only for its present needs, but for those industries that are to come. This dam serves all the cities on the Mahoning River before the water from it reaches Youngstown;

nevertheless every dollar of the million and a half required for its construction was contributed by Youngstown alone.

The entire flow of the Mahoning River is utilized many times during its journey down the valley, the water being pumped into the steel mills, where it is used for cooling furnaces and rolling mills. This raises the temperature of the water in the stream to such a degree that it never freezes in winter, and during the summer the swimming holes, once a popular rendezvous of the present heads of the steel industry, have grown much too hot for the enjoyment of the rising generation. Incidentally, all animal life has disappeared from this much vexed little river, and the boy with the hook would as soon think of angling in his mother's teakettle as in the hot waters of the Mahoning.

Youngstown's more pretentious residential districts are growing rapidly. Farms adjacent to the city are being divided into choice residential lots. Logan Avenue, out towards the Country Club, is bordered with beautiful homes.

Nor has Youngstown overlooked the importance of a well-planned public park system. Seven hundred acres of land are laid out in beautiful parks. Wick Park, presented to the city by the Wick estate, lies in the center of a most beautiful residential district. Lincoln Park serves another section of the city. Mill Creek Park, the largest and most important, follows a picturesque gorge from the historic Lanterman Falls for a distance of three miles, and is beautified with artistic stone bridges, drives, lakes and wooded paths.

A happy city, which has learned how to live as it works, Youngstown is pointing the way for other great industrial centers of America.

In some ways Youngstown differs from most cities of similar population. There is no sign here of the old rule that it is only "three generations from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves." The men now at the head of Youngstown's industrial activities are nearly all sons and grandsons of the men who founded these industries, and there

HISTORIC LANTERMAN GRIST MILL AND FALLS AT THE HEAD OF MILL CREEK PARK is every indication that their successors will, in most cases, be their own sons.

The lure of the metropolitan city has not called these captains of industry. They love their own town, and are convinced that no better people than their old neighbors are to be found anywhere. They are as familiar with metropolitan life as with the life of Youngstown, but it is in that city they have established their homes and they cannot be coaxed away. When J. A. Campbell was selected to head the proposed quarter of a billion International Steel Company last year, he went ahead with the palatial home he was building at Youngstown, and stipulated as a condition of his acceptance that the general offices of the corporation were to be located there. Henry Garlick, who controls and directs a multi-millionaire corporation with offices occupying a floor in one of New York's biggest skyscrapers, still finds Youngstown the best place to live. In order that Youngstown and the steel industry might have a representative on the American Industrial Commission that visited France in 1916, Joseph G. Butler, Jr., packed his trunk on a week's notice and undertook a trip that was not entirely safe and would have been regarded with hesitation by many a younger man.

The tremendous growth of the city and its industries is due largely to a round dozen of such men as these. They are so generally recognized in this way that if you ask anyone to name the city's foremost citizens, he will name the same dozen. They work together for the best interests of the city, heading every movement in this direction, not only with generous contributions, but with their personal efforts.

It is to these men as much as to the fact that ore and fuel can be assembled at Youngstown at minimum cost that this little city has become the center of a district producing more iron and steel than any other in the world, with the single exception of Pittsburgh, which it is rapidly overtaking industrially and otherwise. And it is largely to the community spirit of the city, inspired by these men and others like them in a lesser degree, that Youngstown is a remarkable town.

YOUNGSTOWN HAS SIX HUNDRED AND FORTY ACRES OF BEAUTIFUL NATURAL PARKS

BUSINESS CENTER OF WARREN, OHIO
Showing the new buildings of the Second National Bank and the Western Reserve National Bank

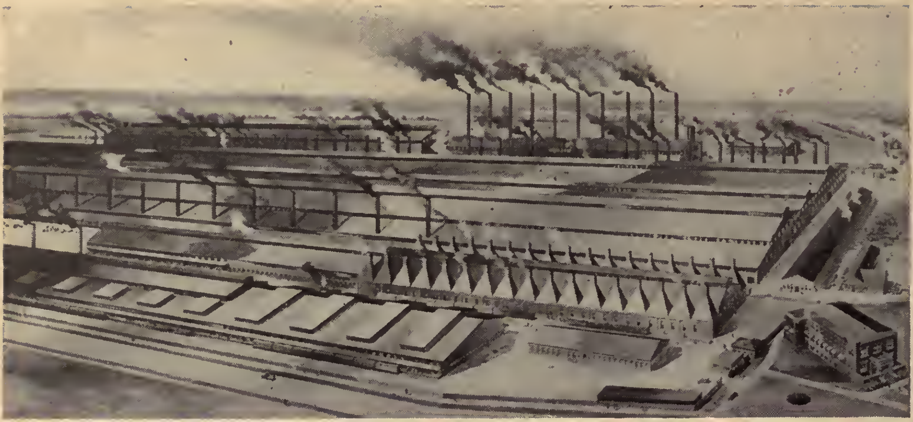
WARREN, whose population has increased from 10,000 to 22,000 in the past seven years, has shown the most rapid growth of any locality in the Mahoning Valley. Warren is one of those beautiful cities that for years led a life of ease and refinement, "far from the madding crowd"—only to awaken to a sudden realization that it was being swept into the current of industry. It had always been a beautiful city, and was the first capital of the Western Reserve, its streets are lined with stately elms, and the big court house square in the center of the city gives it a typical New England appearance.

The largest single industry in Warren is the Trumbull Steel Company, which began four years ago with a capital of $500,000, now increased to $10,000,000. It is one of the largest tin plate centers in the country, shipping whole train loads of this product from Warren to the Pacific Coast for the salmon canneries of that region. In addition, this company includes in its diversified line a heavy tonnage of black and galvanized sheets and hot and cold rolled strip steel, all finished from steel produced in their own open-hearth furnaces.

The Warren Iron and Steel Company specialize in high carbon and alloy steel for agricultural implements, saws and automobile frames.

Warren has also enjoyed a rapid growth in the manufacture of metal products. The

A TRAIN LOAD OF TWENTY-TWO CARS OF TIN EN ROUTE TO THE SALMON CANNING FACTORIES OF WASHINGTON



SHEET AND TIN PLATE DEPARTMENT OF TRUMBULL STEEL COMPANY AT WARREN

Winfield Manufacturing Company was one of the first in this line and has been followed by many other successful firms, including the Warren City Tank and Boiler Company, builders of steel tanks for all purposes, and constituting the largest plant of its kind in the world; the McMyler Interstate Company, whose massive car-dumping machines and clam shell buckets are known the world over.

In recent years Warren has specialized more or less in electrical products. The immense plants of the National Lamp Works has brought the city into the front rank as the leading electric lamp center in the country. Other electrical industries include the Sterling Electric Company, the Warren Electric and Specialty Company, and the Peerless Electric Company, all thriving industries in their line.

Warren is also the birthplace of the Packard automobile. The first car was built by J. W. and W. D. Packard, whose father was then an enterprising hardware and lumber dealer of the town. The plant was later moved to Detroit.

It was this more than anything else that caused Warren to "wake up industrially," and its Board of Trade, from that time, began a persistent and steady promotion of the business advantages of the city, with excellent success. Warren has three large banks, with total resources of more than ten millions of dollars, in addition to two active building and loan associations. That thrift and savings are popular in this part of the Mahoning Valley is evidenced by the fact that one of these banking institutions has over nine thousand savings depositors, and that the total savings deposits for the city, exclusive of the building and loan associations, exceeds three million, five hundred thousand dollars.

S.P.Co.
S.P.Co.
S.P.Co.

THE WARREN CITY TANK & BOILER COMPANY'S SLOGAN IS "STEEL TANKS, ANY SIZE, FOR ANY PURPOSE, ERECTED ANYWHERE"

THE NEW $200,000 HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING AT NILES, OHIO

An old and honored institution of Warren is the Dana Musical Institute, founded fifty years ago, and well known thruout the country. The Gilliland Military Band School, which was started in Warren twelve years ago, also occupies a prominent place among the educational institutions of the state.

NILES, lying midway between Warren and Youngstown, reflects the industries of both neighboring cities, and is soon to blossom into a distinctive field in the manufacture of chemicals. The Grasselli Chemical Company of Cleveland has recently acquired two hundred and fifty acres of land, upon which it will build an immense plant.

The Empire and Thomas plants of the Brier Steel Company, and the DeForest Sheet and Tin Plate Company are large and growing institutions. The later plant is owned entirely by local capital. The Mahoning Valley Steel Company, a new eight-mill plant, will add to the output of steel in Niles.

In addition to this branch of industry, Niles furnishes more than 160,000 glass bulbs per day for the electric lamps factory at Warren. This glass plant at Niles is regarded as the best equipped of any in the world for the blowing of electric light bulbs. White sand and silica for the making of glass are to be found in liberal deposits around Niles, and the city also enjoys a large pottery business. Here, as in Warren and Youngstown, an active Board of Trade is ever on the lookout for

THE DEFOREST SHEE & TINPL
HIO.

THE DEFOREST SHEET & TIN PLATE COMPANY AT NILES COVERS MANY ACRES

THE GRASSELLI CHEMICAL COMPANY AT NILES HAS ACQUIRED TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY ACRES UPON WHICH IT IS BUILDING AN IMMENSE PLANT

new enterprises that will add to the growth of the city, and the problem is lack of storeroom and dwellings. By the construction of a $150,000 concrete bridge across the river, Niles will link itself with the new city of McDonald and the McDonald Mills, now being built. The monthly payroll of Niles amounts to more than $400,000, or about $4,800,000 per year.

Niles has a magnificent $200,000 High School, with up-to-date gymnasium and laboratory equipment, with a large sheltered outdoor playground. Its water works and lighting system are municipally owned and both utilities are on a paying basis. In common with other cities of the section, it has strong banks, with total deposits of more than $2,500,000, and everywhere the spirit of a progressive manufacturing community is manifested.

Niles will always be a place of national renown as the birthplace of William McKinley, the twenty-fifth President of the United States. The National McKinley Birthplace Memorial Association, organized by Joseph G. Butler, Jr., and others, will dedicate, in the very near future, a magnificent memorial building, occupying an entire block in the very center of the business section of the city, and costing with endowment more than $750,000.

In Girard, near Niles, General Grant's forbears carried on their tanning business before moving to Illinois, and Ulysses S. Grant as a boy spent much time here with his relatives. In fact, Mahoning Valley, in addition to its growing distinction as a manufacturing center, has been the home at one time or another of three great Presidents of the United States—McKinley, Garfield and Grant. What other little river valley in America can claim as much?

GLASS WORKS AT NILES WHICH TURNS OUT MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY THOUSAND ELECTRIC LIGHT BULBS PER DAY

World versus Kaiser

by

J. Adam Bede

IT is well, in this great national crisis, to fix clearly in the mind the striking incidents which have led to the state of war between the United States and the German empire. Omitting innumerable notes and minor details, the outstanding events are as follows:

February 3, 1915, six months after the opening of hostilities, the Kaiser declared a war zone on the high seas, and gave notice that after the 18th neutrals would not be safe.

February 10, 1915, our government notified the Kaiser that his attempt to prevent neutrals from using the high seas was in violation of international law, and gave warning that if he sank an American ship or took an American life "the Government of the United States would be constrained to hold the imperial government to a strict accountability."

February 15, 1915, the Kaiser issued a second warning to neutrals.

March 28, 1915, the British liner Falaba, from Liverpool to West Africa, was torpedoed and sunk off Milford, England, after an attempt to escape. While lifeboats were being lowered the ship was torpedoed. More than a hundred people drowned, including Leon Chester Thresher, an American. The submarine crew jeered the helpless and drowning men.

April 8, 1915, the steamer Harplyce, in the service of the American commission for the aid of Belgium, and provided with a safe conduct issued by the German minister at The Hague, was torpedoed and sunk by a submarine. Fifteen lives were lost.

April 28, 1915, the American vessel Cushing was attacked by an aeroplane in the North Sea and seriously damaged.

May 1, 1915, the Gulflight, an American oil steamer from Port Arthur, Texas, to Rouen, France, was torpedoed and towed to port. Two Americans were drowned. The captain died of heart failure in the excitement.

May 7, 1915, the Cunard liner Lusitania was assassinated by a submarine off the coast of Ireland. Of the 1,198 victims, 124 were Americans. Medals were struck off in Germany commemorating this crime.

May 13, 1915, our government, thru Mr. Bryan, then Secretary of State, protested to the Kaiser and declared the rights of our ships and citizens to traverse the high seas included in the war zone.

May 25, 1915, the American steamship Nebraskan was attacked by a submarine, which fired a torpedo without warning, but escaped.

June 1, 1915, a note from the German foreign secretary, Von Jagow, declared the torpedoing of Gulflight was an error and offered to pay indemnity.

June 28, 1915, the Leyland liner Armenian was sunk by submarine off the coast of Cornwall, after attempting to escape, and twenty American negroes were killed by shell-fire and drowning.

July 9, 1915, the Russian steamer Leo, from Philadelphia to Manchester, was sunk by submarine. Americans were on board, but were saved by an American bark.

Also English passenger steamer Orduna, from Liverpool to New York, was attacked without warning, but escaped. There were twenty-one Americans on board.

July 12, 1915, Germany sent memorandum saying attack on Nebraskan was "regrettable incident," and offered damages.

July 31, 1915, the Iberian was sunk without warning, and two Americans lost their lives.

August 19, 1915, the British steamer Arabic, bound from Liverpool to New York, was sunk without warning, and two Americans were lost.

September 1, 1915, a letter from Count von Bernstorff, then German ambassador at Washington, promised that "passenger liners will not be sunk by our submarines without warning and without taking measures to secure the safety of the lives of non-combatants, on condition that the steamers shall not try to escape or offer resistance."

September 4, 1915, the English steamer Hesperian, bound from Liverpool to Montreal, was torpedoed without warning and one American lost.

November 8, 1915, the Italian passenger steamer Ancona was torpedoed and sunk without warning in the Mediterranean, outside the war zone, and twenty Americans went down to death.

December 5, 1915, the American oil steamer Petrolite shelled without warning. One man was wounded. The submarine demanded a tribute of provisions.

December 30, 1915, the British passenger liner Persia was sunk in the Mediterranean, off the island of Crete, without warning, and two Americans were drowned, one being the American consul en route to his post of duty at Aden.

January 7, 1916, the German embassy at Washington promised that submarines in the Mediterranean would obey international law.

February 8, 1916, the Kaiser announced that armed merchantmen would be treated as warships.

February 15, 1916, Secretary Lansing told representatives of the American press that commercial vessels have the right to carry arms for self-defense, under international law.

March 3, 1916, the United States Senate tabled a resolution to warn Americans from armed belligerent ships.

March 7, 1916, the House of Representatives tabled a similar resolution.

March 24, 1916, the French channel passenger steamer Sussex was torpedoed without warning, and eighty were lost. Several Americans were injured.

April 18, 1916, our government warned the Kaiser that unless he abandoned subsea butchery we would sever diplomatic relations with the empire.

May 14, 1916, the Kaiser, thru Von Jagow, promised not to sink ships without warning, and that he would safeguard the lives of non-combatants.

October 30, 1916, the British merchant ship Rowanmore was torpedoed and six Americans were lost.

December 20, 1916, the President's note asking belligerents for peace terms was published.

January 22, 1917, the President addressed the United States Senate, urging "peace without victory."

February 1, 1917, the Kaiser resumed his ruthless subsea warfare without warning, proclaiming an indiscriminate slaughter of the commerce of the world within a zone encircling Great Britain, France, and much of the Mediterranean Sea.

February 3, 1917, our government severed diplomatic relations with the Kaiser's government.

On same date the Housatonic, an American ship, was sunk off the Scilly Islands. She was warned and crew saved.

Also our government demanded release of seventy-two American sailors held as prisoners of war.

February 5, 1917, the British steamer Evenstone was sunk, an American negro seaman was killed as lifeboats were shelled.

February 10, 1917, the Kaiser's government made overtures which our government declined to consider unless subsea policy was abandoned.

February 14, 1917, the American vessel Lyman M. Law was sunk, unwarned.

February 25, 1917, the Cunard liner Laconia was sunk without warning, and two American women lost their lives.

February 26, 1917, the President asked Congress for authority to arm merchant ships.

February 28, 1917, the Zimmerman plot with Mexico and Japan was published.

March 4, 1917, the Congress adjourned by constitutional limitation, without granting the authority asked by the President, and he proceeded to arm ships under authority of an existing law.

March 21, 1917, the Healdton was sunk without warning, and several Americans perished.

April 2, 1917, the new Congress met in special session under a hurry-up call by the President, an earlier call having fixed the meeting for April 16.

April 6, 1917, the Congress declared a state of war existed between the United States and the Kaiser's empire.

* * *

The Kaiser and not Germany is held responsible for the present conflict between freedom and tyranny, and the blood that is shed will be upon the hands of him who by divine right guides and beguiles the German people.

He has with his subsea warfare terrorized our commerce, sunk our ships, murdered our citizens, and disregarded the most elementary rights of nations, thereby congesting our ports, crippling our internal transportation, and forcing the price of necessities beyond the reach of the great masses of our people.

He has financed a traitorous press in our midst, organized sedition among our people, destroyed bridges, burned buildings, blown up factories, and assassinated indiscriminately the innocent of all ages and both sexes.

He has subsidized revolution in a sister republic, provoked strikes among our workmen, intimidated toilers, incited other nations to war against us, and plotted in a privileged embassy in our own Capital the overthrow of free institutions.

He has placed bombs on friendly ships of commerce, killed our guards, forged our passports, arrested our seamen, detained our consuls, and treated with barbarous cruelty the neutrals and non-combatants whom misfortune has placed in his power.

He has maintained a system of spies thruout this republic in disregard of the comity of nations, and has sought to stifle the love of country in the hearts of our adopted citizens.

He has broken repeatedly his pledges to our President, proclaimed that the necessities of war justify cruelty, and has declared the most sacred treaties but scraps of paper.

He has ignored The Hague conventions, trampled with impunity on guaranties given to neutral Belgium, has crushed, robbed, enslaved, murdered and deported her people, and proclaimed his cruelty in one town to secure terrorized submission in another.

He has wilfully dropped bombs on innocent women and children, has introduced poisonous gases into modern warfare, has burned cities, destroyed churches and cathedrals, fired on hospital and relief ships, executed helpless and devoted women without a hearing, and made of himself a scourge among men, and of his government a plague among nations.

* * *

Possibly we ought not to go to war for little things like these, for it will surely cost us some blood and much treasure, and likely as not we shall kill a few folks ourselves before we quit. Possibly, also, Washington ought not to have gone to war with George III over a tea tax or a grocery bill—or whatever it was—for that war was a greater burden than the colonists could well endure, and several people were hurt in the scrimmage. Then, too, Lincoln may have blundered when he resolved to save the Union, for our erring sister states merely asked permission to set up housekeeping by themselves, a very small thing to quarrel over, and he drew more blood with the sword than had been drawn in two hundred and fifty years with the lash. And there are people who think that even God made a mistake when he sent His Son into this world to do and to die for others, for He must have foreseen the trials and tragedy of that devoted life. But we have now a nation that is making the whole world free. We have a Union that is an example to all mankind. And we have a religion that promises ultimate peace on earth and good will to men.

Still, if anyone feels really warlike, the following notice posted on the walls of an innocent and invaded city may bring him back to his non-resistant philosophy:

ORDER
TO THE PEOPLE OF LIÉGE

> The population of Andenne, after making a display of peaceful intentions towards our troops, attacked them in the most treacherous manner. With my authorization, the general commanding these troops has reduced the town to ashes, and has had one hundred and ten persons shot.
>
> I bring this fact to the knowledge of the people of Liége in order that they may know what fate to expect should they adopt a similar attitude.
>
> General von Bülow.
>
> Liége, 22d August, 1914.

These cities are both on the Meuse in betrayed and bleeding Belgium, and the testimony of the citizens shows that no attack was made by civilians on the Kaiser's troops, and no provocation whatever offered them, but the murder and arson were started on a given signal and in cold blood. Not one hundred and ten, but two hundred and fifty civilians—men, women, and children—were slaughtered by the invaders at Andenne, and fifty more in the town of Seilles just over the river. The burning of two hundred homes threw a glow of good cheer over the day's doings, and should have dispelled any ill feeling engendered by the sacrifice of a few hundred human beings earlier on the program. The kind-hearted consideration of the invaders is sufficiently shown by the fact that they could have killed so many more, but voluntarily refrained from doing so. Why should people so far away as we are in America be moved by little things like that! The Kaiser hadn't killed any Belgians for a long time until August, 1914, and then he only killed what he thought was necessary to pacify the country so he could use it to advantage. Why should people be so fussy about their little country and talk so loud about their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor, calling up all the old political fallacies of the eighteenth century, when by being neighborly and quitclaiming their country to the Kaiser for the war or forever, they could have had peace without victory and shared in that consuming culture which blights the earth as it passes and ultimately devours its devotees!

* * *

Why rush to the recruiting office merely because somebody is blowing up the world! This life, at best, is but a vale of tears. Why prolong the weeping? And unless they intend to blow up heaven, too, why should we get excited and Johnny get his gun?

Besides, didn't Washington tell us to beware of entangling alliances and the insidious wiles of foreign influence? Leave it to George. Of course, he urged us merely to steer clear of permanent alliances, and trust to temporary alliances for any extraordinary emergency such as now exists. He spoke of our detached and distant situation which was true in his time, but now submarines cross the ocean and we can phone around the world. And already, it is said, plans have been made to use the submarine Deutschland for bootlegging when America goes dry, and bring in beer from Munich for a suffering public. So, perhaps, we must revise our attitude toward world problems. We are no longer detached and we refuse to be debauched. Fearsome friends may strike with degenerate hand their lascivious music, but America, unmoved, will pursue her virile way. We shall shorten the war and save a million German boys from slaughter. We shall make of our many breeds a single people. We shall create a major league of nations that will compel future peace and freedom thruout the world. With charity for all and malice toward none, we shall give mankind this year a new spiritual birth, and henceforth the gates of earth shall open wide to the magic word, "America."

◆

The Outlook in Russia

by Peter MacQueen

IN nearly all my European tours, and globe-traveling generally, it has impressed me that Russia seemed more like America than any other country in continental Europe—and that Russians acted like Americans. In saying Americans, Canadians are included. In looking at many throngs of people on the Continent, on the boulevard, and in cafes, I have often mistaken Russians for Americans. In their movements there was something of that initiative that comes from a country of broad domain.

This led to a conviction, after a visit with Tolstoi, and lingering in the revolutionary atmosphere of Moscow. I then wrote and said the next great nation to become a democracy would be Russia. My prophecy was not altogether correct, for China was the first great monarchy to leap into the liberties of a republic. The leaven was working. Who has read Gorky's works, heard Rubinstein's music, or seen the pictures of Verestchagin without feeling something of the vigor of the race—only a few centuries ago serfs under the great kings of Poland—whom nothing but liberty would satisfy?

Fate is fickle with nations as well as individuals. Around Moscow, the old capital of Russia, were sown the germs of democracy. Later, I recall meeting the late William T. Stead, after his famous interview with the Czar, when world disarmament was discussed and plans for its consummation formulated by Russia's absolute monarch. Even then William T. Stead intimated that Russia was on the verge of a transformation. The logical course of events led first to the Duma, which disbanded for a time, only to be reorganized. Meanwhile Siberia was filled with political exiles.

The Russo-Japanese War was a revelation to the people of Russia as well as to the world, of the disintegration of the house of Romanoff, and the grip of the Grand Duke. When the European war blaze appeared, the prophecy was made that it would be a war for democracy—altho that object may have been little dreamed of as the clouds gathered—in what seemed the result of a titanic struggle growing out of the jealousies of commercial supremacy. The prophecy of Tolstoi of this great war, and that out of the north should come a blue-eyed prince who should stand as a central figure in the world tragedy, suggests that King Albert of Belgium may be the prince that after the war would give back the scepter of a king to become president of a republic.

Altho it was felt at the time that Russia would soon follow China, little did the prophets dream that two hundred million Slavs would throw off the shackles in the midst of the war blaze—because of treachery to the cause of democracy. In the twinkling of an eye, as precipitate and as bloodless as the great Chinese revolution, Russia was recreated from an ancient monarchy to a modern republic. The proud house of Romanoff was shorn of its power. The brother of the Czar, the

Grand Duke Michael, was called, but this was only a pretence—it was a call for the liberty of a democracy. The revolution was doubtless hastened by the court intrigue with the monk Rasputin, revealing the plot to conclude a separate peace with Germany, thus nullifying the great moral purpose of the war.

* * *

For years it has been felt that the upheaval was inevitable, and its outbreak has only been prevented by the patience of the Russian people and the wisdom of those earnest leaders of the Duma, many of them from ancient Moscow, who have realized that the eruption must not interfere with, but help solidify the forces of the Entente in the supreme hour of test for the life of democracy. The voice of the peasants, even in remote districts, expressing discontent with the rule of the Czar, foretold a movement that swept like a whirlwind over the steppes and plains of Russia. The treachery of Soukhomlinoff, Miassoiedoff, and Sturmer was openly denounced thruout the country. Even the peasants knew there were many disloyal persons in high command in the army. The Russian people were suffering unnecessarily from shortage of food, and the soldiers were slaughtered because of the lack of munitions. The various cabinet changes made by the Czar and the food riots precipitated revolts centering in and around Moscow, which gathered invincible and subtle force in the progress of events.

Count Ilya Tolstoi, the distinguished philosopher's son, describes the Grand Duke Michael as having the sympathy of the Russian people. Some years ago, while in command of a regiment of dragoons at Orel, Michael married the daughter of a Moscow lawyer, the divorced wife of M. Woulfert. For this he was compelled to abdicate all his rights of royal succession and inheritance, and exiled. He lived for some time in France and England, and only at the close of the Japanese War was he allowed by his brother, the Czar, to return to Russia. Later his wife was made a Countess and he was placed in command of six cavalry regiments recruited from six wild tribes of the Caucasus. His residence in France and England had impressed him with what was coming to his own people.

There is something so unpronounceable in Russian names that one feels tempted to abbreviate. The Premier, President of the Council and Minister of the Interior, Prince Georges A. Lvoff, was president of all the United Communities during the Japanese War. After the war he was elected Mayor of Moscow, but was not allowed to hold the office because the Czar disapproved of his election on account of his liberal views.

* * *

The Minister of Marine is Admiral Koltchak, commander of the Black Sea fleet. The Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Tereschtenko, formerly Minister of Finance, is one of the richest men of the country—which brings to mind the thought that no revolution can be successful without being successfully financed. The names of Robert Morris, John Hancock, and George Washington—the wealthiest men of the colonies—are indissolubly linked with the history of our own freedom. Benjamin Franklin and his services in securing funds abroad was one of the deciding factors in the freedom of America. The other members of the cabinet are (May, 1917): A. I. Shingaroff, Minister of Finance; A. F. Kerensky, who is popular among the soldiers, Minister of War; A. I. Konovaloff, Minister of Commerce and Industry; M. Tchernoff, a revolutionary socialist, vice-president of the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates, Minister of Agriculture; M. Skobeleff, Minister of Labor; M. Pechkonoff, a national socialist, Minister of Munitions; and N. V. Nekrasoff, Minister of Communications—all men whose business and executive ability command influence.

This ministry is composed of men who are the most highly esteemed of Russia. Not so radical as to force events to the detriment of the country, they are determined to bring their plans to successful conclusion as far as possible, by evolution. At this time it seems as if the new government will become permanent, enjoying the support and confidence of the Russian people. The action may be a determining factor in the early termination of the war, for it certainly was a vital factor in arousing America to the full proportions of the issues involved in the great war cataclysm.

The new republic will likely establish headquarters of the government of Russia in the old capital of Moscow. Statistics of the social economics of that great city indicate the care of the poor, the safeguarding of children, the giving of assistance to mothers, and, in general, the welfare of the people. Moscow is well to the fore among the progressive modern municipalities.

Private philanthropy is always large in Russia, owing to the patriarchal spirit characteristic of the nobles, and additional to various forms of help given by the government, the town council of Moscow last year spent a million rubles in helping to better social conditions.

* * *

Care of the children has been made a matter of special attention for 1917, and work along this line is to be carried forward extensively. A central children's asylum, a home for the industrial training of children, a bureau for the placement and supervision of children taken by private families, and a bureau for the tracing of parents and the restoration of the children to them, necessitated by the influx of refugees.

A high degree of efficiency is shown in the Municipal Employment Agency management. Next door to one of the municipal lodging houses, a large building was set aside as a labor market, established in 1914. During 1915, its first complete year, 77,855 people applied for work, and 56,813 found employment—seventy-six per cent of the total. The municipality operates an employment agency for skilled labor, maintaining five branches. In addition to its own housing assistance, Moscow has the Solodnikoff tenements, model houses erected on a fund given by G. G. Solodnikoff. These provide homes at very low rents. Plans have been completed for an immense model tenement, to be built by the municipality, the land having been donated, and the municipality having appropriated generously for the building. This is the first municipal tenement in Russia, and construction is under way. It will contain 551 rooms, exclusive of kitchens, and it is to be equipped with libraries and nurseries. Other similar houses are being built, partly by private and partly by public funds, such as the house now nearing completion begun by the gift of Mme. M. G. Mikhailova.

* * *

The revolution in Russia recalls to me an interview that I had with old Count Tolstoi several years ago at his home in Yasnaia Poliana. We were talking of the future of Russia. The Count said:

"Russia will go from bad to worse until the Czar and the bureaucracy are absolutely overthrown and rooted out of Russia. Then we will establish a free government, more democratic even than the United States."

I questioned him as to Russia becoming a freer democracy than our own, and he explained:

"The Slav is more democratic at heart than the Teutonic Anglo-Saxon. You always have had, more or less, the aristocratic tendencies of England in the United States. In our new Russia we will start from the foundation. The *zemstvo* (the town meeting) is more democratic than the township of New England. We do not even allow a chairman in the *zemstvo*, because that would give too much power to one man.

"The Russia of the future will be bigger and richer than America, and the wealth will be more evenly distributed."

In spite of all my arguments, he maintained that Russians, by their psychological make-up, were more democratic than the Americans.

A short time afterward I met and discussed Russia with Maxim Gorky, the famous Russian novelist. He, too, asserted that Russia was by nature the most really democratic nation of the world. He wrote me a letter on Russia, which I here translate:

"Russia, today, stands on the threshold of a revolution. Beyond that threshold lies liberty. We trust it may be accomplished without bloodshed; but if blood is shed, the responsibility will fall upon the shoulders of the Russian Czar."

These two great spokesmen seemed to have gauged their Russian world rightly. They give one reason to hope that the present revolution will be permanent, and that a new star of the first magnitude has appeared above the horizon of the world's eclipse.

The Passing of the Apostle of Posterdom

By

George Willoughby

IT all seemed like a play that I had witnessed—that sunny afternoon at Atlantic City, when the late Barney Link, master business mind, told his associates and comrades of the Poster Association his real life story. It all came about so informally and naturally, just like the man. The members of the association who had been close together thru stress and storm, loved this sturdy, kind, strong captain when he said: "Boys, I'm going to tell you the story"—with a twinkle in his eye. Unaccustomed to public speaking, bashful as a girl, Barney Link told his life story to the boys that afternoon with an eloquence unsurpassed.

Beginning with a prolog of the boyhood days, his word pictures of personal experiences were vivid in revealing the molding of innate business genius that has made an impress upon the business world in his times. Born on a farm in Wisconsin fifty-five years ago, he spent long hours of work by day and chores by night before he found himself arrayed in a six-dollar suit ready to go to the city. After he arrived, he wondered why he was there, but made a valiant struggle to find a job, and finally had to go back—humiliated, but not defeated. The lesson of many lives—a failure first, but the sting of failure created the dogged determination to get a real city job. Taunted by his associates, he started again for the city, bidding farewell to Baraboo.

The farmer boy from Baraboo was the son of Bavarian parents, who emigrated to this country before the Civil War—and a better American never breathed than this son of the foreign-born. He returned to Chicago, hunting for jobs, and went on to Kansas City, arriving penniless. From there he walked back home—his second and his last return. The next venture was to Baltimore, where he shipped on a three-master in the coastwise trade. On a return trip from a southern port with a cargo of lumber, they ran into a storm which washed all the lumber overboard, but the farmer boy stood his trick at the helm lashed to a post. With a twinkle in his eye, he said: "Never again the sea for me!" He tried clerking in a grocery store, but couldn't tie up the sugar right, and got the rat poison and baking powder mixed. Tried selling books, janitor service, but nothing seemed to suit.

Finally he joined a circus as a roustabout to help put up bills. And there he found himself—this valiant knight of the brush. He studied how to put those posters up so they would stay. He pondered on how to make that luminous lithograph appear as perfectly framed as the masterpiece in the gallery—like mother's pictures on the wall. Here was the beginning of what is called AA boards—Barney Link's determination to do artistic posting. Soon he discovered in himself a faculty for executive work. Quietly disposed, yet definite and determined, he told another to do a thing as he would tell himself to do it.

With Barnum & Bailey, and with Buffalo Bill as a publicity man, he toured Europe, and came in touch with all the "ways

THE LATE BARNEY LINK, THE APOSTLE OF POSTERDOM that are dark and tricks that are vain" in bill-posting. In meeting and mingling with all sorts of men, he was preparing for his great work in life, for no one better understood fundamental human nature than Barney Link. The haughty property owner who refused to allow his barn and fence to be plastered with bills, succumbed under the earnest and honest plea of Barney, and finally received tickets to the circus with Link's gentle benediction, making him feel that he had rendered a real public service.

* * *

Essentially a man of the people, Barney Link was so absolutely honest that he was marked as an extraordinary man. Then came his campaign to own a bill-posting plant in Brooklyn. He made it a good plant, and he was among the first to realize that there was such a thing as poster art. Altho he knew the bill-posting craft in all its rough-and-ready phases, he maintained always a vision of high ideals and high purposes, instilled into him by that mother whose memory he ever revered.

How I have enjoyed my many talks with him at various meetings in the hours of relaxation. Full of the philosophy of life, there was always that limitless sympathy, just as it poured out that afternoon at Atlantic City, when he seemed to be talking from Pisgah's heights of success.

"I tell you fellows," he said, "when I came back to my mother with the first earnings, and was able to lighten the labors of the one who had struggled early morning and late at night to just help us boys along, it was a happy moment."

In his business relations, he commanded the admiration of his associates, the respect of his competitors and the absolute confidence of his customers. With greater New York grew Barney Link, and yet, with all his success with the Van Beuren Company, his head was not turned—he was always ready to help the boys. Many a struggling poster man has known the help of Barney Link. An appeal was never made to him in vain—his great heart was always throbbing with a sympathetic purpose of helping others.

Some years ago, when poster advertising was vigorously attacked, I chanced to suggest an "Educative Poster."

"That's the idea, Joe, by golly!" he exclaimed. "We've got to do something and do it quick. We've got to show the people that we are just as anxious to work for uplift as any profession or educational institution."

Those epoch-making posters—"The Nativity," "Go to Church," and "Boy Scout," spoke the heart purpose of Barney Link, for he needed only the suggestion to set his great mind at work, and when his mind worked, things were done.

In 1903 he was elected president of the Poster Advertising Association, and has been one of the directors and leaders ever since. He loved his business; he loved the men in his business, and everything he did exemplified what it means for a man to be in love with his work. The association of which he was the master spirit is recognized as one of the best in the country, and one that is indeed a monument in the development of outdoor exploitation.

* * *

There was gloom in every city in the United States when the poster men learned the news on March 2 that Barney Link had passed beyond. He was on his way to attend a meeting of the directors of the Poster Advertising Association at Palm Beach, and had stopped at Long Key with Mr. Kerwin H. Fulton, secretary of the Poster Advertising Company, and Mr. John Logeman, secretary of the Poster Advertising Association, to catch tarpon. He loved the ocean, and that's why the meetings were always held at Atlantic City.

It was while fishing in the waters of the Gulf that his rod dropped to the deck and Barney Link fell, a victim to heart disease. His companions had to brave a stiff breeze before they could reach shore—they were twenty miles out—and had to fight to save the remains from being washed overboard. The directors had assembled at Palm Beach for the meeting, and instead of the greeting of the smiling face and warm handgrasp from their leader, the sad news was whispered with husky voice. His work remains a rich heritage in the annals of business exploitation, in all the glow and freedom of the "outdoors," which so fittingly represented the breadth and spirit of the beloved Barney Link.

Some Important Heraldic Charges
Their Meaning and Symbolism

by Leonard Wilson, F.S.A.Scot.

Associate, Society of Genealogists of London; member, Société Académique d'Histoire Internationale de Paris, National Genealogical Society of America, etc.

"Every man of the children of Israel shall pitch by his own standard, with the ensign of their father's house."—Numbers ii: 2.

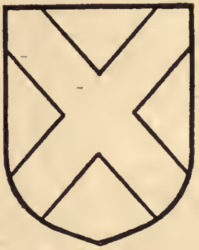
"And the children of Israel did according to all that the Lord commanded Moses; so they pitched by their standards, and so they set forward, every one after their families, according to the house of their fathers."—Numbers ii: 34.

NOTE.—*The writer of this article will be glad to answer, free of charge, any inquiry relating to heraldry or family history. Inquiries should be addressed to the Genealogical Editor, the* NATIONAL, *and should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for the reply*

THE saltire has been described as a "combination of a bend with a bend sinister, and may also be regarded as a diagonal cross. Thus the crosses of St. Andrew of Scotland and of St. Patrick of Ireland are saltires." The arms of the great family of Neville are the reverse of those of St. Patrick, and are thus emblazoned: "Gules a saltire argent."

"Upon his surcoat valiant Neville bore
A silver saltire upon martial red."

"The saltire or St. Andrew's cross," remarks one authority, "is the symbol of resolution." And Guillim says: "It was the reward of such as have scaled the walls of towns." When blazoned, the saltire usually contains one-fifth of the field, but one-third when it is charged. There is a tradition to the effect that, upon a cross formed like the saltire, St. Andrew suffered martyrdom. Together with the red cross of St. George of England, the saltire forms the national ensign of Great Britain and Ireland. According to Hulme, one old authority affirmed: "The saltire was made ye height of a man and was driven full of pinns, and served to scale the walls of a citty"; while another declares that it is "lyknyd to an instrument made in dyuers parkes, whyche is of a grete magnitude or largnes. It is well knowne of noble gentylmen and hunters that such saltatorys are ordered in many parkes and places to take wilde best, which onys there entorynge may never goo agayn. Wherefore in olde tyme thyse signys were geue to ryche men which suffre not theyr tresours in what manere of wyse they ben gote to pass fro them."


THE SALTIRE

The term "saltire" comes from the French word *sauter*—to leap—"because it may have been used by soldiers to leap over walls of towns, which in former times were but low. It became an ancient bearing in religious wars to indicate the readiness of the wearer to suffer martyrdom in the great cause of Christianity."

Sylvanus Morgan says: "Though it may be taken as an instrument of manhood in scaling of walls, it may likewise be called '*scala coeli*,' for many have ascended to Heaven by this cross."

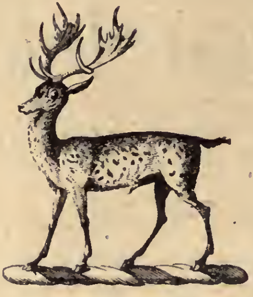
Whittemore says: "This figure, as well as others, may have various significations, and has been assumed in different accounts in armories; but the saltire is generally taken for a cross, and that which contributed most to its frequent bearing in arms was devotion to the Christian religion, and to patron saints who suffered on crosses after the form of the saltire, as of the Apostle, St. Andrew. Heralds tell us that some carry it plain, to show their willingness to suffer for the faith, and others raguled, to show the difficulty thereof, as those crosses of St. James and St. Lawrence; some bent them in their arms fitchée, to show the sharpening of the arms; and others, flory, to testify their victory over it.

"It is said that Achaius, King of the Scots, and Hungus, King of the Picts, having joined forces to oppose Athelstan, King of the Saxons, superior to them in force, addressed themselves to God and their patron, Saint Andrew; and as a token that they were heard, the white saltire arms, upon which St. Andrew suffered martyrdom, appeared in the blue firmament, which so animated the Scots and Picts that they defeated the Saxons, and killed King Athelstan in East Lothian, which place to this day is known by the name of Athelstanford, corruptly pronounced Elshenford.

"After the victory, the two confederate kings, out of a sense of singular mercy, went in procession to the Church of St. Andrew's (where the arm of the Saint was said to be kept as a relic), to thank God and his apostle for the victory; proposing that they and their successors should, in all time to come, use on their ensigns the cross of St. Andrew's.

"The Picts were subsequently overcome and expelled by the Scots; but it has been the constant practice of the English and Scotch kings to carry a white saltire cross on a blue banneret."

THE STAG



The stag is constantly met with in British armory as well as in that of other countries. The stag is really the male red deer and has horns which are branched. One authority says that "the stag whose gait and aspect is very stately is endowed with two excellent qualities above others; namely, quickness of hearing and swiftness of foot, by which it may serve to represent quickness in execution."

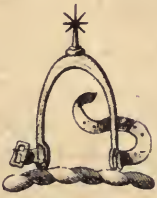
Wade says that the stag is symbolical "of one that is politic and well foresees his times and opportunities, or of one who is unwilling to assail the enemy rashly but rather desirous to stand on his own ground honestly than to annoy another wrongfully." The stag is, therefore, a symbol of "Policy, Peace and Harmony."

Morgan observes that "the stagge is the symbol of long life."

The stag is considered "the representative of the chase" and stags' heads are borne by the ducal house of Cavendish.

In the "Tresor Heraldique" we read: "*Le Cerf est pris pour le trophée d'un Homme adonné a la chasse, et qui dans le temps d'une paix tranquille ou d'une retraite glorieuse s'occuppe a cette guerre innocente et exercée par les Princes et Seigneurs de qualité.*"

THE SPUR



Aveling says: "The earliest spur, both in actual use and represented in heraldry, was the 'Pryck Spur.' This was generally made of bronze; and it had a single goad-like point. About A.D. 1320, the spur, having a great wheel, began to supersede the earlier form, and shortly after, the true Rouelle spur, having the wheel spiked, made its appearance.

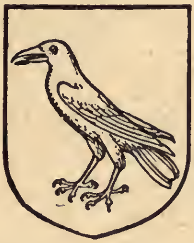
"The use of spurs, in the Middle Ages, was allowed only to Knights, and was one of the emblems of Knighthood. Gallant conduct won Knighthood and spurs, in the days of chivalry, and the degradation of a Knight brought the loss of his spurs. A host, tired of his guest, would, in the days of Knighthood, have his spurs served to him on a dish."

"These knightly appointments," says Boutelle, "which, from their associations claim the special regard of the Herald, were originally worn with a single goad-like point, known as the 'pryck spur'."

THE RAVEN

The raven is a black, carnivorous bird, very common in England. Hulme says that "upon the standard which was carried by the invading Danes and Norsemen was figured the raven; the bird of Odin, fit emblem of unrest, and we may find it from time to time as a charge in the Heraldry of the Middle Ages. Its association being essentially warlike . . ." From the French word *corbeau*, the Corbets and Corbys derive their raven.

Included in an old roll of arms in the time of Edward III is the following: "*Sire Peres Corbeht, de or, a ij corbils de sable.*"



It is said that the raven is found in almost all countries of the world. "The raven," observes Planché, "was the celebrated standard of the Danes, and soon appears in the catalogue of Heraldic coats." In the Bayeux Tapestry, a bird is seen upon a standard which has been conjectured to represent the famous "Raefan" of the Norsemen.

In Glover's Roll, Thomas Corbett is described as bearing "*d'or deux corbeaux noir.*"

"The raven was esteemed as a symbol by the Romans, and it was an ensign of the Danes when they invaded England *circa* A.D. 870. The Rev. W. Sloane-Evans holds, in his interesting work on heraldry, that the bird is emblematical of him who, having derived little from his ancestors, has through Providence become the architect of his own fortunes, but I have elsewhere met with the definition of it as representing one of an enduring constancy of nature, and I think the latter is the probable anciently accepted symbolism. Evans' definition would be inappropriate for an hereditary cognizance. The Danes regarded the Raven as being consecrated to Wodin, their God of War, and they held that it possessed necromantic powers as an augur, in determining by its attitudes in flight whether any expedition would be successful or otherwise."

Whittemore says: "The Danes under the command of Swayen, king of Denmark, conquered England, where they unfurled the standard of the raven. This sign, called the bird of Odin, was believed to announce death to those who fought against it. The Danes, conquerors of England, being still pagans, worshipped the raven and the cormorant (sea-raven) of which they bore the images on their arms, banners and signets. The black raven was exhibited on the royal shield on a silver ground. The Danes dedicated to the raven several places, which took from it the name of Raven's Wood, Raven's Glass, etc.

"The royal seal bearing the bird of Odin was continued by the Danish dynasty, and stamped on the parchment for the survey of lands imposed by the Dane-gelt or Danish tar. This was an imposition of one shilling on every hide of land. That first land-rate known in England had been created, in 981, by Ethelred II in order to purchase peace from the Danes, who exercised their piratical depredations over Britain."

"The Raven or Corbie 'is a bird of prey called raven;' says Gwilleim, 'for its rapine, and was the ensign of the Danes when they invaded England. The surname of Corbet in England carries arms, a corbie (or raven) proper.' John Brampton in his 'Chronicles of England' mentions the surname with those that came to England with William the Conqueror; for arms in that age were for the most part canting, and some of that name are very early to be found in English charters.

"Some of the landed gentry of the shires of Lamark and Dumfries, in Scotland, and also in England, used this device in their armorial bearings. Sir John Corbet, of Sloke, in Shropshire, had arms, or, a corbie proper, and Hugh Corbet, of Hardgray, had arms, argent, a raven sable.

"The Corrini in Rome had arms, or a corbie volant, sable, and the Corvcroe in Spain had arms, or, five rams volant, in saltier sable."

THE UNICORN

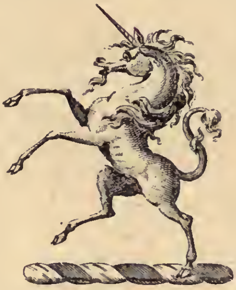
The unicorn is one of the fabulous animals of heraldry. It is a very beautiful heraldic beast, and is represented as having a long, twisted horn on its forehead. Its head and body are like those of the horse, but it has cloven feet. It has hair under the chin like a goat and a tail like a lion. It is said that until the seventeenth century everyone fondly believed in the existence of this animal. Heraldic authorities consider that its origin is due to the wild antelopes of Syria and Palestine which are armed with long straight spiral horns, set close, so that at a side view they appeared to be but a single horn.

The translators of the Bible evidently shared the belief in the existence of this animal, as they translated the Hebrew word "Reem," which probably meant a "rhynocerous"—unicorn.

Fuller, in writing of the animal, stated: "'The greatnesse of his mynde is such that he chooseth rather to dye than be taken alive.' Indeed he was only conquerable by a beautiful maiden. One fifteenth-century writer gives a recipe for catching a unicorn. 'A maid is set where he hunteth; and she openeth her lap, to whom the unicorn, as seeking rescue from the force of the hunter, yieldeth his head and leaveth all his fierceness, and resteth himself under her protection, sleepeth until he is taken and slain.' But although many were reported to be thus enticed to their destruction, only their horns, strange to say, ever reached Europe. There is one in King Edward's collection at Buckingham Palace. Naturally, the horn of such an animal was held a sovereign specific against poison, and 'ground unicorn's horn' often figures in medieval books of medicine."

Another old writer, Topsell, says: "'These beasts are very swift, and their legs have not articles. They keep for the most part in the deserts, and live solitary in the tops of the mountaines. There was nothing more horrible than the voice or braying of it, for the voice is strained above measure. It fighteth both with the mouth and with the heeles, with the mouth biting like a lyon, and with the heeles kicking like a horse.'"

A good representation of the unicorn is found in the royal arms of Great Britain. The unicorn appears as the crest of the family of Yonge of Devonshire and in the arms of the families of Styleman, Strange, Swanzy and Parrish. It was one of the most favorite fabulous animals of the Middle Ages, and the unicorn's head erased silver was borne by Sir John Savage in the reign of Edward IV.



"The unicorn," says Sloane-Evans, "is the symbol of strength of body and virtue of mind. It also denotes extreme courage, and well befits the warrior who had rather die than fall into the hand of the enemy." The animal is described by Whittemore as being remarkable in his strength, but more for his great and haughty spirit, and would rather die than be brought to subjection. Thus (in Job xxxix: 9–10): "Wilt the unicorn be willing to serve thee or abide by thy crib? Can'st thou bind the unicorn with his band in the furrow, or wilt thou harrow the valleys after them?"

The contest between the lion and the unicorn is thus described by Spenser in the "Faerie Queen":

Like as the lyon, whose imperial powre
A proud rebellious unicorn defyes,
T'avoide the rash assault and wrathful stowre
Of his fiers foe, him to a tree applies.
And when him running in full course he spyes
He slips aside; the whiles that furious beast
His precious horne, sought of his enimyes,
Strikes in the stroke, ne thence can be released,
But to the victor yields a bounteous feast.

Songs of the Months

by William Edward Ross

APRIL

DRIP! Drip! Drip!
How the children shout and skip
Thru the morning showers' sweetness on their way to school;
How they laugh and shriek and "holler"
When some most unlucky scholar
Goes kerflop, kerflop, kerflopping in a pool.

Drip! Drip! Drip!
How the tiny green shoots sip
New life-lease from the falling, crystal drops;
How the trees, bare limbs extended,
Seem to murmur, "It is splendid,"
And the drip, the drip, the dripping never stops.

Drip! Drip! Drip!
Hear the farmer crack his whip
As he straightens back his shoulders and lifts his voice to sing;
April may be stormy weather,
But it suits him altogether,
It's the harb, the harb, the harbinger of spring.

MAY

CHERRY blossoms in her hair,
Tint of roses on her cheeks,
Dancing with abandon, rare,
That an innocent bespeaks.
Eyes agleam with mischief's fire,
Blossomed lashes closed halfway,
Till I'm filled with mad desire—
Dancing, singing, cometh May.

Now a languorous, love-born sprite
Dancing midst the sunbeams' spray;
Then a pouting child of night
Yielding to the tempest's sway.
Prodigal with troths "till death,"
Lavishing on all a kiss,
Ravishing with perfumed breath—
Flirting comes this springtime miss.

May, I love your solitudes
Where the trout like rainbows gleam,
And I love your vagrant moods,
But I fear it's all a dream.
I've not learned to trust you yet,
Dare not listen to your call,
For I fear you, Miss Coquette,
Fear you'll make of me a thrall.

JUNE

ROSE-JEWELED June is like a maid
Some errant lover has betrayed
With stolen kiss, which leaves the trace
Of blush-hued roses on her face
While in her eyes love lurks afraid.

Enamored summer, renegade,
Sees her at bath in pearled cascade
And vows no rival shall displace
Rose-jeweled June.

He builds with flowers an ambuscade
Ensnares the maid deep in its shade,
And pleads his suit with so much grace
She yields, at last, to love's embrace
A bride, and song-birds serenade
Rose-jeweled June.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

TRAVELERS to the Pacific Northwest feel that their journey is incomplete without a visit to the beautiful mountain which was originally called "Tacoma," an Indian name that is most beautiful and appropriate. Somehow, in the course of events, and because of rivalry between the two cities, Seattle and Tacoma, the name was hyphenated to Rainier-Tacoma, by the Federal Geographical Board. The name "Rainier" was added in honor of an Englishman of that name. Later the mountain was known simply as "Rainier." This naturally has aroused the people of Tacoma, even after many years of endurance, to protest against the misnomer, and have formed an organization called "The Justice-to-the-Mountain Committee," headed by the Mayor of Tacoma, Mr. A. V. Fawcett.

In all reference to the mountain in the NATIONAL, I have insisted upon the name of "Tacoma," feeling that our readers would be better acquainted with that name. My good friend, Miss Edna Dean Proctor, during a trip to the West, indited a poem to "Mt. Tacoma." The matter has been taken up in earnest, and the committee have submitted a brief to the Geographical Board, containing expressions of opinion from many eminent men on the subject, which ought to have some weight. Letters from Ambassador Brice, and a characteristic letter from Colonel Theodore Roosevelt to Chairman Walter J. Thompson of the committee, are particularly significant. It is hoped that the Geographical Board meeting early in June will restore the good old aboriginal name to "The Mountain that was God."

* * *

WHEN the campaign of Mr. McKinley for re-election to the Presidency was inaugurated, the Ohio Society of New York gave a banquet in his honor for which extensive preparations were made months in advance. Among them it was decided to have a huge bust made of the President as one of the decorations. Charles H. Niehaus was chosen as sculptor. Seeing that the bust could not be finished in accordance with the original plan, he abandoned the idea of an exaggerated size and executed a life-size half-figure of the President in his characteristic attitude of speaking. After the tragedy at Buffalo, the bust was on exhibition at Tiffany's. Thru Hon. Charles H. Hackley, of Muskegon, Michigan, Mr. Niehaus secured a commission to execute a life-size statue for that town. It was given within six weeks after the death of the President, and was the first actual commission for a statue of Mr. McKinley. It shows him making his great Exposition speech. This special preparation for the work made the selection of Mr. Niehaus as sculptor natural when the statue for the mausoleum at Canton was to be modeled. This work is one of the finest of the sculptural portrayals of McKinley, and is very imposing as it stands overlooking the plaza and steps forming the portal of the tomb.

DURING the early days when Mr. Samuel C. Dobbs, of Atlanta, was making his way in the world, winning friends and building up a business, he used to delight in giving little talks to young men. It was evident to his friends at that time that he earnestly devoted a good portion of his means and efforts to helping young men. When he recently built a dormitory for Emory University, near Atlanta, Georgia, he was simply following his life plan. This was not the gift of a millionaire, or a retired merchant, but was given from the personal funds of Mr. Dobbs, carrying out a consistent policy. He did not start with five or ten thousand dollars, but insisted that what he wanted to do was something that would provide the boys of Emory University with a comfortable place to study and pursue their work.

Photo by F. E. Lee Co.

THE DOBBS DORMITORY AT EMORY UNIVERSITY, ATLANTA, GEORGIA

Built at a cost of $100,000, the dormitory provides rooms for one hundred and fifty men, and has a large clubroom in the center; in the rear is the athletic field

Those who have heard Mr. Dobbs tell some of the experiences of his early life, understand his interest in young people seeking an education. Born on a farm, during his boyhood working on rented ground, he knows what toil means. It was a stupendous task to take up, as his father did, the Georgia land which had been idle for ten years, and grown to weeds in the dark reconstruction days. Such was young Sam's introduction to making his way in the world.

Schools were few and far between in those days, but in the fields, hard at work, young Sam was dreaming dreams. He tells the story of the beautiful affection which existed between himself and his dog—the companionship with his dog expressing the loneliness of the farmer lad. At the age of fourteen, his father's health broke down, and he took charge of the farm. A few months of schooling in the Academy at Villa Rica was all his family could afford for him. His mother, he said, was willing to make every sacrifice that her boy might have an education, but circumstances did not permit, so until the age of eighteen he remained on the farm.

Then he went to Atlanta, and tried to save enough out of his salary of twenty-five dollars a month, to attend college. After a while, seeing this plan was hopeless, he gave it up, continuing, however, his night study in his room, or when on duty in the evening in the drug store where he was employed. When he became president of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, he urged the introduction of educational work into the advertising clubs, and today there are study classes in connection with every advertising club all over the country. Universities and colleges have established chairs of advertising as a part of their course.

An extensive traveler, Mr. Dobbs has spoken in nearly all the prominent cities in the country, in the interest of a higher standard in advertising. He loves the hunt and is a fine rifle shot as his many trophies will show, and is never happier than when in the woods and fields. He knows how to endure the hardships of the cold in the North and the heat in the South; he knows also the United States of America.

Considering all this, it was quite natural that he should provide for the boys at Emory just such a home as he would have desired for himself. He believes in investing in the building of men. At Emory University, Mr. Dobbs has given the boys not only this building, but himself as well. He entered into the zest of erecting this dormitory just as if it were a new home for himself, or comfortable quarters for his own boys, where they could continue their studies and secure an education which was denied him, but which he has dreamed of all these years in helping others to obtain.

SAMUEL C. DOBBS

A handsome bust by the noted Boston sculptor, Joseph Pollia, has been completed and will be presented to the university by his business associates as a fitting testimonial of a man who, in helping himself and in developing self-reliance, knows how to help others.

* * *

THERE'S only one town in the United States that has a May breakfast. That town is Lynn, Massachusetts. Not East Lynne of novelistic and dramatic fame, but the Lynn where are made more women's shoes than in any other one place in the world. For twenty-five years it has been a custom for the ladies of Lynn to serve a breakfast on May Day—to furnish all the supplies and devote the entire proceeds to benevolent purposes. The breakfasts began in a small way, and increased in magnitude until on May Day, 1917, nearly six thousand people taxed the capacity of Lynn's Armory. Each church in the city had a table, and every sect and denomination was represented. There were candy and aprons for sale also, and a handsome profit was netted.

For several days previous to the annual event there is great activity in the kitchens of Lynn—to provide pies by the thousands, doughnuts by the gross, luscious baked ham, and most appropriate of all, bushels and bushels of pork and beans. The breakfasters began coming at four-thirty in the morning, and the tables were crowded until ten o'clock.

This occasion not only serves a great public purpose, but it is the one time of the year when many of the people of Lynn get together. The expression on every hand was: "Well, I'm so glad to see you. We haven't met since last year's May breakfast." There was no atmosphere of caterer's cuisine; the food was not served by tip-hungry waiters, but by the mothers and the daughters. The old Armory was resplendent with the spirit of New England home life. The band was playing and everybody was singing, to greet the glad May Day. The day, by the way, was just about as unresplendent as could be imagined, with rain, wind and sleet—but that didn't keep the throngs from attending the breakfast.

On this "silver anniversary," a souvenir was presented to one of the ladies who had helped to serve the breakfast twenty-five years before, and has been chairman of the committee every year since that time. Indeed, the ladies had a veritable reunion, somewhat resembling a G. A. R. campfire.

I ate two breakfasts that morning—everybody does on May Day in Lynn.

* * *

SOMETIMES when we look over the old school readers, like the famous McGuffey's, we find poems that have a peculiar significance at this time. "The Battle of Blenheim" has been revived in consequence of the recent war and points a moral and adorns a tale:

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM

It was on a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he, before his cottage door,
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green,
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet,
In playing there, had found;
He came to ask what he had found
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
"'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory.

"I find them in the garden,
For there's many here about;
And often when I go to plow,
The plowshare turns them out!
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory."

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin, he cries;
While little Wilhelmine looks up,
With wonder-waiting eyes;
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they killed each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout,
But what they killed each other for
I could not well make out.
But everybody said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory.

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream, hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So, with his wife and child, he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

"With fire and sword, the country round
Was wasted, far and wide;
And many a nursing mother then,
And new-born baby died;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

"They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our young prince, Eugene."
"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay, nay, my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory.

"And everybody praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win."
"But what good came of it, at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he,
"But 'twas a famous victory."

—*Southey.*

* * *

IT seems but yesterday that I bade goodbye to Harry Gordon Selfridge when he started for England to launch an international career. It was a gigantic undertaking, and it was more than a mercantile venture, for no one had ever thought of Harry Selfridge merely as a merchant. He is a man well trained in world affairs. He is an ambassador, and today, in the dawn of better understanding between England and the United States, I venture to assert that Harry Selfridge has done more to bring this about than many who have acted in official capacity. The British concede with pride that he has taught London how to meet the needs of the public across the counter and in the show-room. He has elevated the English "shop" to the realm of the institution, and shown how dignity and statesmanship can be interwoven with the genius of business.

With all his innovations, he has simply

H. GORDON SELFRIDGE
Who has made a success of an American-plan store in conservative London

builded on a basis of old-fashioned service and fundamental ideas. His activities have commanded the admiration of competitors, who predicted speedy failure. They are no longer rivals, but rather cooperators. The annual report of the institution, just issued, evidences a triumph of business genius, for Mr. Selfridge has surpassed even the great dreams of Marshall Field, with whom he worked in the early years. Courage, a clear-headed insight and foresight, and a consciousness of serving his day and generation, are dominating characteristics of H. Gordon Selfridge.

He astounded London when he took the people into his confidence and made public the details of his project, but has won a nation's respect and admiration. The people found their way in large numbers to Selfridge's in Oxford Street, and set upon his work the seal of popular approval. While Harry Selfridge loves his business, and feels that it deserves his highest and best thought and energies, he is more than a business man. He knows human nature and is a philosopher. Human to the core, he is one of the personalities that have made our British kin better understand their American cousins, in these days when understanding means so much in hastening an end to the tragic war drama overseas.

* * *

AFTER meeting the author, I appreciate more than ever the refreshing title Maurice Switzer gave to his book: "Letters of a Self-Made Failure." It is a book that points out the pitfalls, treated in that clever, kindly, humorous fashion which just makes the reader smile in the face of trouble. Maurice Switzer is now advertising director of the Kelly-Springfield Tire Company. His company has the reputation of making the best tires, and for exploiting them in an especially distinctive way.

Mr. Switzer knows the ups and downs of a business career. While with the advertising department of *Leslie's Weekly*, he timidly submitted to the editorial department of his own publication some letters entitled: "Letters of a Self-Made Failure." He was one of the staff, and his manuscript was scrutinized with extra care—for it was not conceivable that anybody in the office could do anything worth while. However, the letters were published, made a whirlwind success, and were brought out later in book form by Small & Maynard, Boston.

Photo by Moses & Son, New Orleans

MAURICE SWITZER
Author of "Letters of a Self-Made Failure"

The foreword itself is a classic, and must be read entire to be appreciated, for it incorporates a business philosophy that is refreshing. These letters might be called a string of pearls—black pearls if you will—but by way of a *recherche* style Mr. Switzer puts forth some truths in a most concise and pleasing manner. His epigrams fairly sparkle: "If a man is wrong, don't throw him; show him." "Don't roast; reason"—can you conceive of anything broader, bigger, or more wholesome?

Be the reader millionaire, office boy, farmer, or what-not, the wit and philosophy are universally appreciated, for it's just old-fashioned, common sense, put forth in an attractive manner. As one friendly critic has written: "On its maxims could be founded a society for the prevention of failures, spendthrifts and other common fools." If the book had appeared prior to George Lorimer's "Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son," it would have made a much more brilliant pathway for this sort of epistolary humor. It is intensely human and imparts a deal of wisdom to the knowing younger brothers—or sisters. The hope of saving them from the mistakes which have endangered ourselves is futile, for it seems as tho they must have their fling—but it is well to have a record. Someone might be really sensible and keep quiet about it.

The illustrations in the book are forceful. Mr. Switzer's work emphasizes more than anything else the close alliance between literature and art and the talent for modern exploitation, which is the genius of the age. There is a demand in business for literary genius, pure and simple, for literary knowledge is little more than a familiarity with human nature—collective or individual—and a knack of convincing expression. Mr. Switzer is in his prime, with a jolly, piquant way about him that is reflected in his work. He has run the gamut of experience, from dismal failure to the most enduring and promising success. An irredeemable optimist, he does not overlook the briers, the stones and the underbrush that strew life's pathway, even tho the sky overhead may be blue.

"Letters of a Self-Made Failure" is a book that every young man should read. He may not believe it, or follow the suggestions, but it sets him thinking, and wondering that some of his experiences already fit right in with the wholesale experiences so artfully retailed in the work. On the jacket is a significant acrostic spelling *success:*

S etting forth in a humorous
U nique, epigrammatic style a
C ommon-sense
C ode of business ethics which
E ventually
S pells
S uccess.

Mr. Switzer's book will save a lot of typewriting and agonizing efforts to write a letter to the young man whom you may see stepping too lively or lagging too slothfully. It is a hint, bound in red, which can be purchased for a dollar—carriage extra, not taxi—and will be dog-eared and thumbworn by those earnestly interested in getting on, or put on the back of the desk and neglected by those who are just drifting to recruit the great army of permanent down-and-outs. Anyhow, it has a mission.

A succinct and characteristic biography of the author always makes a book seem just a little closer to the reader. It sometimes whets curiosity to the extent of really reading the book—rather than giving it the cursory glance of a professional reviewer, or newspaper headline clipper. You just want to read twice what Switzer writes.

* * *

AN amusing story is told about Franz Liszt. He was giving a recital in a famous music hall, and in the midst of one of the *pianissimo* passages, saw several ladies, busily chatting, enter the room. Their subject was the all-absorbing question of gowns, and while their conversation seemed to annoy a number of those present, Liszt apparently paid no attention to it whatever. As the ladies attempted to pass, he arose from the piano, turned and faced them. At the same time he placed his hands back of him, and went on playing the number. He then began flattering the ladies by saying that their gowns were most beautiful and at the conclusion of the recital, he would like to learn where they bought the material and who designed them. When the ladies had passed, he bowed politely, turned around and went on with the number as tho nothing had happened.

The Nation in Arms

Every man and boy in the United States today is interested—or should be—in the Infantry Drill Regulations of the United States Army, and that is the reason we are devoting the following thirty-one pages of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE *to Part I of the United States Army Infantry Drill Regulations, publishing it complete, page for page, as issued by the War Department. The offer of the* NATIONAL *to print the infantry drill regulations without cost to the Government was received with approval and appreciation by Secretary of War Baker.*

ALL America stands at "attention" while the boys are being enrolled in the greatest army ever known in history. Not an army of conquest, but an army of defense—defense in the broadest sense of the word—defense of the ideals of democracy—defense of the homes—of firesides—defense of civilization itself.

The tiniest American boy, as well as his father, wants to know something about drill regulations; he is eager for manly discipline.

The letter from the Secretary of War indicates how important it is to have this information in the hands of everyone. It is "A Nation in Arms" we need, said President Wilson in a recent address.

This Part I Infantry Drill Regulations is being issued in vest pocket edition—more convenient for individual study and practice—and will be mailed by the Chapple Publishing Company, Boston, on receipt of 16 cents in stamps.

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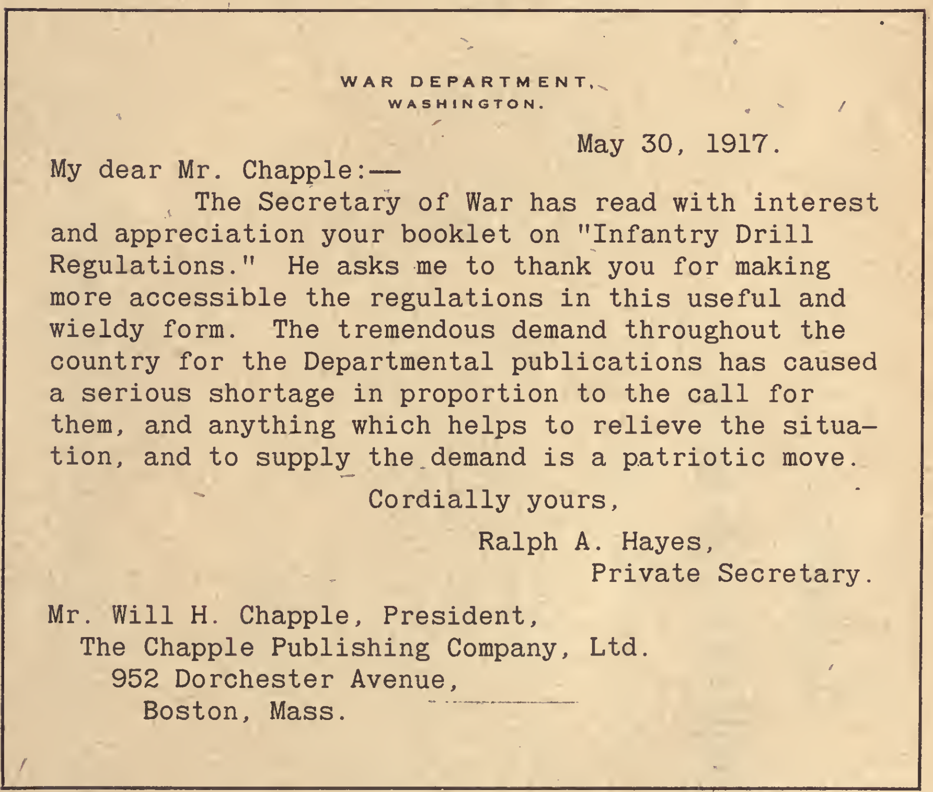

WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON.

May 30, 1917.

My dear Mr. Chapple:—

The Secretary of War has read with interest and appreciation your booklet on "Infantry Drill Regulations." He asks me to thank you for making more accessible the regulations in this useful and wieldy form. The tremendous demand throughout the country for the Departmental publications has caused a serious shortage in proportion to the call for them, and anything which helps to relieve the situation, and to supply the demand is a patriotic move.

Cordially yours,

Ralph A. Hayes,
Private Secretary.

Mr. Will H. Chapple, President,
The Chapple Publishing Company, Ltd.
952 Dorchester Avenue,
Boston, Mass.

Infantry Drill Regulations

UNITED STATES ARMY

PART I

1911

With Corrections to April 15, 1917

Authorized by the
SECRETARY OF WAR

Boston
THE CHAPPLE PUBLISHING CO., Ltd.
1917

Reprint of

War Department Document No. 394

On April 10, 1917, the editor of the *National Magazine* wrote to the Secretary of War, Newton D. Baker, suggesting that on account of the Home Guard Movement all over the country, something should be printed in the *National Magazine* in reference to Drill Regulations.

A letter from the Secretary of War, accepting the proposal and authorizing the publication of same, is as follows:

War Department
Washington

May 4, 1917.

My dear Mr. Chapple,—

With further reference to your letter of recent date offering to publish in your magazine and reprint in book form, certain rudiments of Drill Regulation, I beg leave to invite your attention to the inclosed memorandum by the Adjutant-General of the Army, which I approve, and the accompanying copy of the Drill Regulations.

Cordially yours,

Newton D. Baker,
Secretary of War.

Mr. Joe Mitchell Chapple,
National Magazine,
Boston, Massachusetts.

2 Incls.

A letter from Adjutant-General McCain of the War Department is as follows:

War Department
The Adjutant-General's Office

May 4, 1917.

Memorandum for the Secretary of War

In a letter addressed to the Secretary of War, Mr. Joe Mitchell Chapple, of Boston, Massachusetts, offers to publish in the *National Magazine*, of which he is editor, and reprint in book form, certain rudiments of Drill Regulations. The offer is thought to be a good one, and as it entails no expense to the Government and might relieve in some measure the requests for these books on our limited supply, it is recommended that Mr. Chapple be furnished a copy (herewith) of said regulations, and advised to print either just Part I, which would be enough for the work desired, or the entire book, if thought practicable.

H. P. McCain,
The Adjutant-General.

1 Incl. (Approved) BAKER.

WAR DEPARTMENT
OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF STAFF

Washington, August 19, 1911.

The following system of Drill Regulations for Infantry, prepared by a board of officers consisting of Lieut. Col. John F. Morrison, Infantry; Capt. Merch B. Stewart, Eighth Infantry; and Capt. Alfred W. Bjornstad, Twenty-eighth Infantry, is approved and is published for the information and government of the Regular Army and the Organized Militia of the United States. With a view to insure uniformity throughout the Army, all infantry drill formations not embraced in this system are prohibited, and those herein prescribed will be strictly observed.

By order of the Secretary of War:

LEONARD WOOD,
Major General, Chief of Staff.

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INFANTRY
DRILL REGULATIONS

UNITED STATES ARMY, 1911

DEFINITIONS

Alignment: A straight line upon which several elements are formed, or are to be formed; or the dressing of several elements upon a straight line.

Base: The element on which a movement is regulated.

Battle sight: The position of the rear sight when the leaf is laid down.

Center: The middle point or element of a command.

Column: A formation in which the elements are placed one behind another.

Deploy: To extend the front. In general, to change from column to line, or from close order to extended order.

Depth: The space from head to rear of any formation, including the leading and rear elements. The depth of a man is assumed to be 12 inches.

Distance: Space between elements in the direction of depth. Distance is measured from the back of the man in front to the breast of the man in rear. The distance between ranks is 40 inches in both line and column.

Element: A file, squad, platoon, company, or larger body, forming part of a still larger body.

File: Two men, the front-rank man and the corresponding man of the rear rank. The front-rank man is the **file leader.** A file which has no rear-rank man is a **blank file.** The term **file** applies also to a single man in a single-rank formation.

File closers: Such officers and noncommissioned officers of a company as are posted in rear of the line. For convenience, all men posted in the line of file closers.

Flank: The right or left of a command in line or in column; also the element on the right or left of the line.

Formation: Arrangement of the elements of a command. The placing of all fractions in their order in line, in column, or for battle.

Front: The space, in width, occupied by an element, either in line or in column. The front of a man is assumed to be 22 inches. Front also denotes the direction of the enemy.

Guide: An officer, noncommissioned officer, or private upon whom the command or elements thereof regulates its march.

Head: The leading element of a column.

Interval: Space between elements of the same line. The interval between men in ranks is 4 inches, and is measured from elbow to elbow. Between companies, squads, etc., it is measured from the left elbow of the left man or guide of the group on the right, to the right elbow of the right man or guide of the group on the left.

Left: The left extremity or element of a body of troops.

Line: A formation in which the different elements are abreast of each other.

Order, close: The formation in which the units, in double rank, are arranged in line or in column with normal intervals and distances.

Order, extended: The formation in which the units are separated by intervals greater than in close order.

Pace: Thirty inches; the length of the full step in quick time.

Point of rest: The point at which a formation begins. Specifically, the point toward which units are aligned in successive movements.

Rank: A line of men placed side by side.

Right: The right extremity or element of a body of troops.

PART I—DRILL

INTRODUCTION

1. Success in battle is the ultimate object of all military training; success may be looked for only when the training is intelligent and thorough.

2. Commanding officers are accountable for the proper training of their respective organizations within the limits prescribed by regulations and orders.

The excellence of an organization is judged by its field efficiency. The field efficiency of an organization depends primarily upon its effectiveness as a whole. Thoroughness and uniformity in the training of the units of an organization are indispensable to the efficiency of the whole: it is by such means alone that the requisite team work may be developed.

3. Simple movements and elastic formations are essential to correct training for battle.

4. The Drill Regulations are furnished as a guide. They provide the principles for training and for increasing the probability of success in battle.

In the interpretation of the regulations, the spirit must be sought. Quibbling over the minutiae of form is indicative of failure to grasp the spirit.

5. The principles of combat are considered in Part II of these regulations. They are treated in the various schools included in Part I only to the extent necessary to indicate the functions of the various commanders and the division of responsibility between them. The amplification necessary to a proper understanding of their application is to be sought in Part II.

6. The following important distinctions must be observed:

(*a*) Drills executed at **attention** and the ceremonies are **disciplinary exercises** designed to teach precise and soldierly movement, and to inculcate that prompt and subconscious obedience which is essential to proper military control. To this end, smartness and precision should be exacted in the execution of every detail. Such drills should be frequent, but short.

(*b*) The purpose of **extended order drill** is to teach the **mechanism** of deployment, of the firings, and, in general, of the employment of troops in combat. Such drills are in the nature of disciplinary exercises and should be frequent, thorough, and exact in order to habituate men to the firm control of their leaders. Extended order drill is executed **at ease.** The company is the largest unit which executes extended order drill.

(*c*) **Field exercises** are for instruction in the duties incident to campaign. Assumed situations are employed. Each exercise should conclude with a discussion, on the ground, of the exercise and principles involved.

(*d*) The **combat exercise, a form of field exercise** of the company, battalion, and larger units, consists of the **application of tactical principles** to assumed situations, employing in the execution the appropriate formations and movements of close and extended order.

Combat exercises must simulate, as far as possible, the battle conditions assumed. In order to familiarize both officers and men with such conditions, companies and battalions will frequently be consolidated to provide war strength organizations. Officers and noncommissioned officers not required to complete the full quota of the units participating are assigned as observers or umpires.

The firing line can rarely be controlled by the voice alone; thorough training to insure the proper use of prescribed signals is necessary.

The exercise should be followed by a brief drill at attention in order to restore smartness and control.

7. In field exercises the enemy is said to be **imaginary** when his position and force are merely assumed; **outlined** when his position and force are indicated by a few men; **represented** when a body of troop acts as such.

General Rules for Drills and Formations

8. When the **preparatory** command consists of more than one part, its elements are arranged as follows:

(1) For movements to be executed successively by the subdivisions or elements of an organization: (*a*) Description of the movement; (*b*) how executed, or on what element executed.

(2) For movements to be executed simultaneously by the subdivisions of an organization: (*a*) The desig-

nation of the subdivisions; (*b*) the movement to be executed.

9. Movements that may be executed toward either flank are explained as toward but one flank, it being necessary to substitute the word "left" for "right," and the reverse to have the explanation of the corresponding movement toward the other flank. The commands are given for the execution of the movements toward either flank. The substitute word of the command is placed within parentheses.

10. Any movement may be executed either from the halt or when marching, unless otherwise prescribed. If at a halt, the command for movements involving marching need not be prefaced by **forward,** as 1. **Column right (left),** 2. **MARCH.**

11. Any movement not specially excepted may be executed in double time.

If at a halt, or if marching in quick time, the command **double time** precedes the command of execution.

12. In successive movements executed in double time the leading or base unit marches in **quick time** when not otherwise prescribed; the other units march in **double time** to their places in the formation ordered and then conform to the gait of the leading or base unit. If marching in double time, the command **double time** is omitted. The leading or base unit marches in **quick time;** the other units continue at double time to their places in the formation ordered and then conform to the gait of the leading or base unit.

13. To hasten the execution of a movement begun in quick time, the command: 1. **Double time,** 2. **MARCH,** is given. The leading or base unit continues to march in quick time, or remains at halt if already halted; the other units complete the execution of the movement in double time and then conform to the gait of the leading or base unit.

14. To stay the execution of a movement when marching, for the correction of errors, the command: 1. **In place,** 2. **HALT,** is given. All halt and stand fast, without changing the position of the pieces. To resume the movement the command: 1. **Resume,** 2. **MARCH,** is given.

15. To revoke a preparatory command, or, being at a halt, to begin anew a movement improperly begun, the command, **AS YOU WERE,** is given, at which the movement ceases and the former position is resumed.

16. Unless otherwise announced, the guide of a company or subdivision of a company in line is **right;** of a battalion in line or line of subdivisions or of a deployed line, **center;** of a rank in column of squads, toward the side of the guide of the company.

To march with guide other than as prescribed above, or to change the guide: **Guide (right, left, or center).**

In successive formations into line, the guide is toward the point of rest; in platoons or larger subdivisions it is so announced.

The announcement of the guide, when given in connection with a movement, follows the command of execution for that movement. Exception: 1. **As skirmishers, guide right (left or center),** 2. **MARCH.** (*C. I. D. R., No. 2.*)

17. The turn on the fixed pivot by subdivisions is used in all formations from line into column and the reverse.

The turn on the moving pivot is used by subdivisions of a column in executing changes of direction.

18. Partial changes of direction may be executed:

By interpolating in the preparatory command the word **half,** as **Column half right (left),** or **Right (left) half turn.** A change of direction of 45 degrees is executed.

By the command: **INCLINE TO THE RIGHT (LEFT).** The guide, or guiding element, moves in the indicated direction and the remainder of the command conforms. This movement effects slight changes of direction.

19. The designations **line of platoons, line of companies, line of battalions,** etc., refer to the formations in which the platoons, companies, battalions, etc., each in column of squads, are in line.

20. Full distance in column of subdivisions is such that in forming line to the right or left the subdivisions will have their proper intervals.

In column of subdivisions, the guide of the leading subdivision is charged with the step and direction; the guides in rear preserve the trace, step, and distance.

21. In close order, all details, detachments, and other bodies of troops are habitually formed in double rank.

To insure uniformity of interval between files when falling in, and in alignments, each man places the palm of the left hand upon the hip, fingers pointing downward. In the first case the hand is dropped by the side when the next man on the left has his interval; in the second case, at the command **front.**

22. The posts of officers, noncommissioned officers, special units (such as band or machine-gun company), etc., in the various formations of the company, battalion, or regiment, are shown in plates.

In all changes from one formation to another involving a change of post on the part of any of these, posts are promptly taken by the most convenient route as soon as practicable after the command of execution for the movement; officers and noncommissioned officers who have prescribed duties in connection with the movement ordered, take their new posts when such duties are completed.

As instructors, officers and noncommissioned officers go wherever their presence is necessary. As file closers it is their duty to rectify mistakes and insure steadiness and promptness in the ranks.

23. Except at ceremonies, the special units have no fixed places. They take places as directed; in the absence of directions, they conform as nearly as practicable to the plates, and in subsequent movements maintain their relative positions with respect to the flank or end of the command on which they were originally posted.

24. General, field, and staff officers are habitually mounted. The staff of an officer forms in single rank 3 paces in rear of him, the right of the rank extending 1 pace to the right of a point directly in rear of him. Members of the staff are arranged in order from right to left as follows: General staff officers, adjutant, aids, other staff officers, arranged in each classification in order of rank, the senior on the right. The flag of the general officer and the orderlies are 3 paces in rear of the staff, the flag on the right. When necessary to reduce the front of the staff and orderlies, each line executes **twos right** or **fours right,** as explained in the Cavalry Drill Regulations, and follows the commander.

When not otherwise prescribed, staff officers draw and return saber with their chief.

25. In making the about, an officer, mounted, habitually turns to the left.

When the commander faces to give commands, the staff, flag, and orderlies do not change position.

26. When making or receiving official reports, or on meeting out of doors, all officers will salute.

Military courtesy requires the junior to salute first, but when the salute is introductory to a report made at a military ceremony or formation, to the representative of a common superior (as, for example, to the adjutant, officer of the day, etc.), the officer making the report, whatever his rank, will salute first; the officer to whom the report is made will acknowledge by saluting that he has received and understood the report.

(*C. I. D. R., Nos.* 6 *and* 17.)

27. For ceremonies, all mounted, enlisted men of a regiment or smaller unit, except those belonging to the machine-gun organizations, are consolidated into a detachment; the senior present commands if no officer is in charge. The detachment is formed as a platoon or squad of cavalry in line or column of fours; noncommissioned staff officers are on the right or in the leading ranks.

28. For ceremonies, such of the noncommissioned staff officers as are dismounted are formed 5 paces in rear of the color, in order of rank from right to left. In column of squads they march as file closers.

29. Other than for ceremonies, noncommissioned staff officers and orderlies accompany their immediate chiefs unless otherwise directed. If mounted, the noncommissioned staff officers are ordinarily posted on the right or at the head of the orderlies.

30. In all formations and movements a noncommissioned officer commanding a platoon or company carries his piece as the men do, if he is so armed, and takes the same post as an officer in like situation. When the command is formed in line for ceremonies a noncommissioned officer commanding a company takes post on the right of the right guide after the company has been aligned.

ORDERS, COMMANDS, AND SIGNALS

31. Commands only are employed in drill at attention. Otherwise either a **command, signal,** or **order** is employed, as best suits the occasion, or one may be used in conjunction with another.

32. Signals should be freely used in instruction, in order that officers and men may readily know them. In making arm signals, the saber, rifle, or headdress may be held in the hand.

33. Officers and men fix their attention at the first word of command, the first note of the bugle or whistle, or the first motion of the signal. A signal includes both the preparatory command and the command of execution; the movement commences as soon as the signal is understood, unless otherwise prescribed.

34. Except in movements executed at **attention,** commanders or leaders of subdivisions repeat orders, commands, or signals whenever such repetition is deemed necessary to insure prompt and correct execution.

Officers, battalion noncommissioned staff officers, platoon leaders, guides, and musicians are equipped with whistles.

The major and his staff will use a whistle of distinctive tone; the captain and company musicians a second and distinctive whistle; the platoon leaders and guides a third distinctive whistle.

(*C. I. D. R., No.* 15.)

35. Prescribed signals are limited to such as are essential as a substitute for the voice under conditions which render the voice inadequate.

Before or during an engagement, special signals may be agreed upon to facilitate the solution of such special difficulties as the particular situation is likely to develop, but it must be remembered that simplicity and certainty are indispensable qualities of a signal.

Orders

36. In these regulations, an **order** embraces instructions or directions given orally or in writing in terms suited to the particular occasion and not prescribed herein.

Orders are employed only when the **commands** prescribed herein do not sufficiently indicate the will of the commander.

Orders are more fully described in paragraphs 378 to 383, inclusive.

Commands

37. In these regulations, a **command** is the will of the commander expressed in the phraseology prescribed herein.

38. There are two kinds of commands:

The **preparatory** command, such as **forward,** indicates the movement that is to be executed.

The command of **execution,** such as **MARCH, HALT,** or **ARMS,** causes the execution.

Preparatory commands are distinguished by **italics,** those of **execution** by **CAPITALS.**

Where it is not mentioned in the text who gives the commands prescribed, they are to be given by the commander of the unit concerned.

The **preparatory** command should be given at such an interval of time before the command of **execution** as to admit of being properly understood; the command of **execution** should be given at the instant the movement is to commence.

The tone of command is animated, distinct, and of a loudness proportioned to the number of men for whom it is intended.

Each **preparatory** command is enunciated distinctly, with a rising inflection at the end, and in such manner that the command of **execution** may be more energetic.

The command of **execution** is firm in tone and brief.

39. Majors and commanders of units larger than a battalion repeat such commands of their superiors as are to be executed by their units, facing their units for that purpose. The battalion is the largest unit that executes a movement at the command of execution of its commander.

40. When giving commands to troops, it is usually best to face toward them.

Indifference in giving commands must be avoided, as it leads to laxity in execution. Commands should be given with spirit at all times.

Bugle Signals

41. The authorized bugle signals are published in Part V of these regulations.

The following bugle signals may be used off the battlefield, when not likely to convey information to the enemy:

Attention: Troops are brought to attention.

Attention to orders: Troops fix their attention.

Forward, march: Used also to execute quick time from double time.

Double time, march.

To the rear, march: In close order, execute **squads right about.**

Halt.

Assemble, march.

The following bugle signals may be used on the battlefield:

Fix bayonets.

Charge.

Assemble, march.

These signals are used only when intended for the entire firing line; hence they can be authorized only by the commander of a unit (for example, a regiment or brigade) which occupies a distinct section of the battlefield. Exception: **Fix bayonet.** (See par. 318.)

The following bugle signals are used in exceptional cases on the battlefield. Their principal uses are in field exercises and practice firing.

Commence firing: Officers charged with fire direction and control open fire as soon as practicable. When given to a firing line, the signal is equivalent to **fire at will.**

Cease firing: All parts of the line execute **cease firing** at once.

These signals are not used by units smaller than a regiment, except when such unit is independent or detached from its regiment.

Whistle Signals

42. Attention to orders. A **short blast** of the whistle. This signal is used on the march or in combat when necessary to fix the attention of troops, or of their commanders or leaders, preparatory to giving commands, orders, or signals.

When the firing line is firing, each squad leader suspends firing and fixes his attention at a **short blast** of his platoon leader's whistle. The platoon leader's subsequent commands or signals are repeated and enforced by the squad leader. If a squad leader's attention is attracted by a whistle other than that of his platoon leader, or if there are no orders or commands to convey to his squad, he resumes firing at once.

Suspend firing. A **long blast** of the whistle

All other whistle signals are prohibited.

(*C. I. D. R.*, *No.* 15.)

Arm Signals

43. The following arm signals are prescribed. In making signals, either arm may be used. Officers who receive signals on the firing line, "repeat back" at once to prevent misunderstanding.

Forward, march. Carry the hand to the shoulder; straighten and hold the arm horizontally, thrusting it in direction of march.

This signal is also used to execute quick time from double time.

Halt. Carry the hand to the shoulder; thrust the hand upward and hold the arm vertically.

Double time, march. Carry the hand to the shoulder; rapidly thrust the hand upward the full extent of the arm several times.

Squads right, march. Raise the arm laterally until horizontal; carry it to a vertical position above the head and swing it several times between the vertical and horizontal positions.

Squads left, march. Raise the arm laterally until horizontal; carry it downward to the side and swing it several times between the downward and horizontal positions.

Squads right about, march (if in close order) or, **To the rear, march** (if in skirmish line). Extend the arm vertically above the head; carry it laterally downward to the side and swing it several times between the vertical and downward positions.

Change direction or **Column right (left), march.** The hand on the side toward which the change of direction is to be made is carried across the body to the opposite shoulder, forearm horizontal; then swing in a horizontal plane, arm extended, pointing in the new direction.

As skirmishers, march. Raise both arms laterally until horizontal.

As skirmishers, guide center, march. Raise both arms laterally until horizontal; swing both simultaneously upward until vertical and return to the horizontal; repeat several times.

As skirmishers, guide right (left), march. Raise both arms laterally until horizontal; hold the arm on the side of the guide steadily in the horizontal position; swing the other upward until vertical and return it to the horizontal; repeat several times.

Assemble, march. Raise the arm vertically to its full extent and describe horizontal circles.

Range, or Change elevation. To announce **range,** extend the arm toward the leaders or men for whom the signal is intended, fist closed; by keeping the fist closed battle sight is indicated; by opening and closing the fist, expose thumb and fingers to a number equal to the hundreds of yards; to add 50 yards describe a short horizontal line with forefinger. **To change elevation,** indicate the **amount of increase** or **decrease** by fingers as above; point upward to indicate increase and downward to indicate decrease.

What range are you using? or **What is the range?** Extend the arms toward the person addressed, one hand open, palm to the front, resting on the other hand, fist closed.

Are you ready? or **I am ready.** Raise the hand, fingers extended and joined, palm toward the person addressed.

Commence firing. Move the arm extended in full length, hand palm down, several times through a horizontal arc in front of the body.

Fire faster. Execute rapidly the signal "Commence firing."

Fire slower. Execute slowly the signal "Commence firing."

To swing the cone of fire to the right, or left. Extend the arm in full length to the front, palm to the right (left); swing the arm to right (left), and point in the direction of the new target.

Fix bayonet. Simulate the movement of the right hand in "Fix bayonet" (par. 95).

Suspend firing. Raise and hold the forearm steadily in a horizontal position in front of the forehead, palm of the hand to the front.

Cease firing. Raise the forearm as in **suspend firing** and swing it up and down several times in front of the face.

Platoon. Extend the arm horizontally toward the platoon leader; describe small circles with the hand. (See par. 44.)

Squad. Extend the arm horizontally toward the platoon leader; swing the hand up and down from the wrist. (See par. 44.)

Rush. Same as **double time.** (*C. I. D. R.*, *Nos.* 2 *and* 14.)

44. The signals **platoon** and **squad** are intended primarily for communication between the captain and his platoon leaders. The signal **platoon** or **squad** indicates that the platoon commander is to cause the signal which follows to be executed by platoon or squad.

Flag Signals

45. The signal flags described below are carried by the company musicians in the field.

In a regiment in which it is impracticable to make the permanent battalion division alphabetically, the flags of a battalion are as shown; flags are assigned to the companies alphabetically, within their respective battalions, in the order given below.

First battalion:
- Company A. Red field, white square.
- Company B. Red field, blue square.
- Company C. Red field, white diagonals.
- Company D. Red field, blue diagonals.

Second battalion:
- Company E. White field, red square.
- Company F. White field, blue square.
- Company G. White field, red diagonals.
- Company H. White field, blue diagonals.

Third battalion:
- Company I. Blue field, red square.
- Company K. Blue field, white square.
- Company L. Blue field, red diagonals.
- Company M. Blue field, white diagonals.

46. In addition to their use in visual signaling, these flags serve to mark the assembly point of the company when disorganized by combat, and to mark the location of the company in bivouac and elsewhere, when such use is desirable.

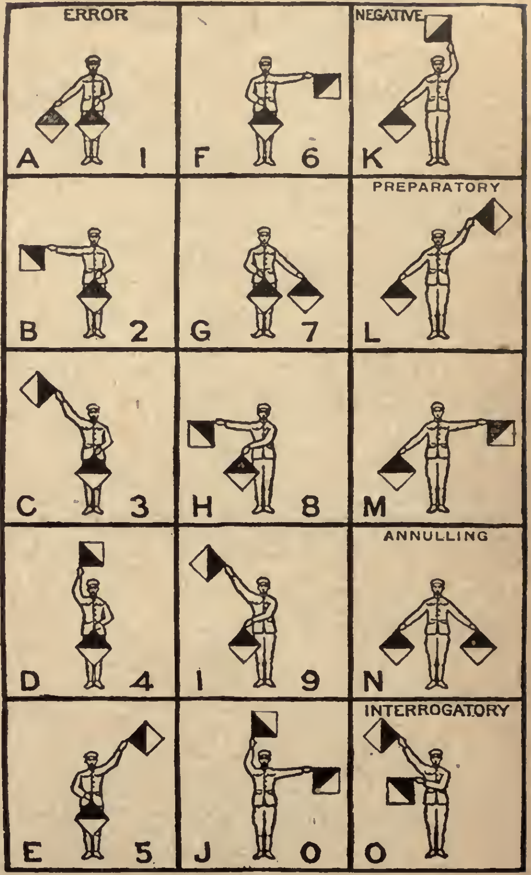
47. (1) For communication between the firing line and the reserve or commander in the rear, the subjoined signals (Signal Corps codes) are prescribed and should be memorized. In transmission, their concealment from the enemy's view should be insured. In the absence of signal flags, the headdress or other substitute may be used.

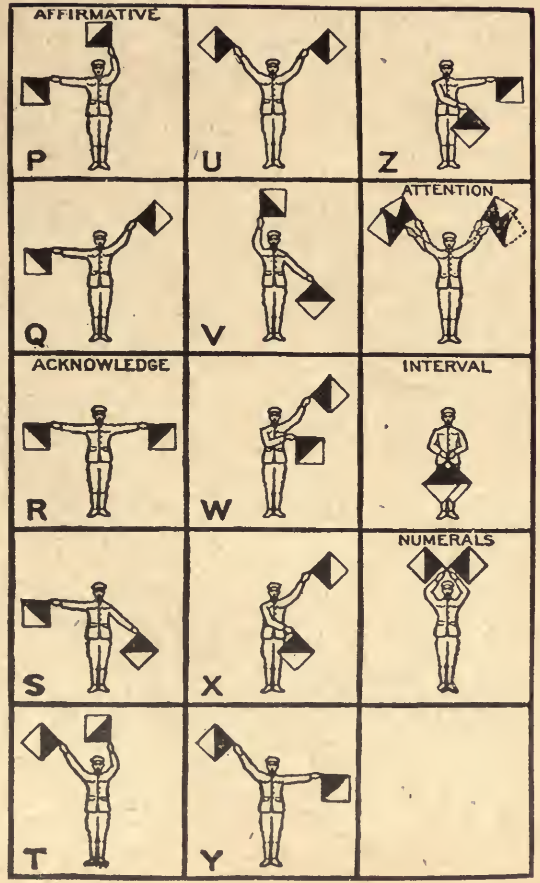
Letter of alphabet	If signaled from the rear to the firing line	If signaled from the firing line to the rear
A M	Ammunition going forward	Ammunition required
C C C	Charge (mandatory at all times)	Am about to charge if no instructions to the contrary
C F	Cease firing	Cease firing
D T	Double time or "rush"	Double time or "rush"
F	Commence firing	Commence firing
F B	Fix bayonets	Fix bayonets
F L	Artillery fire is causing us losses	Artillery fire is causing us losses
G	Move forward	Preparing to move forward
H H H	Halt	Halt
K	Negative	Negative
L T	Left	Left
O (Ardois and semaphore only)	What is the (R. N. etc.)? Interrogatory	What is the (R. N. etc.)? Interrogatory
- - — — - - (All methods but ardois and semaphore.)	What is the (R. N. etc.)? Interrogatory	What is the (R. N. etc.)? Interrogatory
P	Affirmative	Affirmative
R	Acknowledgment	Acknowledgment
R N	Range	Range
R T	Right	Right
S S S	Support going forward	Support needed
S U F	Suspend firing	Suspend firing
T	Target	Target

(2) The Two-Arm Semaphore Code
(See illustrations on pages following.)

(*C. I. D. R., No. 13.*)

TWO-ARM SEMAPHORE CODE





SCHOOL OF THE SOLDIER

48. The instructor explains briefly each movement, first executing it himself if practicable. He requires the recruits to take the proper positions unassisted and does not touch them for the purpose of correcting them, except when they are unable to correct themselves. He avoids keeping them too long at the same movement, although each should be understood before passing to another. He exacts by degrees the desired precision and uniformity.

49. In order that all may advance as rapidly as their abilities permit, the recruits are grouped according to proficiency as instruction progresses. Those who lack aptitude and quickness are separated from the others and placed under experienced drill masters.

INSTRUCTION WITHOUT ARMS

50. For preliminary instruction, a number of recruits, usually not exceeding three or four, are formed as a squad in single rank.

Position of the Soldier, or Attention

51. Heels on the same line and as near each other as the conformation of the man permits.

Feet turned out equally and forming an angle of about 45 degrees.

Knees straight without stiffness.

Hips level and drawn back slightly; body erect and resting equally on hips; chest lifted and arched; shoulders square and falling equally.

Arms and hands hanging naturally, thumb along the seam of the trousers.

Head erect and squarely to the front, chin drawn in so that the axis of the head and neck is vertical; eyes straight to the front.

Weight of the body resting equally upon the heels and balls of the feet.

The Rests

52. Being at a halt, the commands are: **FALL OUT; REST; AT EASE;** and, 1. **Parade,** 2. **Rest.**

At the command **fall out,** the men may leave the ranks, but are required to remain in the immediate vicinity. They resume their former places, at attention, at the command **fall in.**

At the command **rest** each man keeps one foot in place, but is not required to preserve silence or immobility.

At the command **at ease** each man keeps one foot in place and is required to preserve silence but not immobility.

53. 1. **Parade,** 2. **REST.** Carry the right foot 6 inches straight to the rear, left knee slightly bent; clasp the hands, without constraint, in front of the center of the body, fingers joined, left hand uppermost, left thumb clasped by the thumb and forefinger of the right hand; preserve silence and steadiness of position.

54. To resume the attention: 1. **Squad,** 2. **ATTENTION.**

The men must take the position of the soldier.

Eyes Right or Left

55. 1. **Eyes,** 2. **RIGHT (LEFT),** 3. **FRONT.**

At the command **right,** turn the head to the right oblique, eyes fixed on the line of eyes of the men in, or supposed to be in, the same rank. At the command **front,** turn the head and eyes to the front.

Facings

56. To the flank: 1. **Right** (left), 2. **FACE.**

Raise slightly the left heel and right toe; face to the right, turning on the right heel, assisted by a slight pressure on the ball of the left foot; place the left foot by the side of the right. Left face is executed on the left heel in the corresponding manner.

Right (left) half face is executed similarly, facing 45 degrees.

"To face in marching" and advance, turn on the ball of either foot and step off with the other foot in the new line of direction; to face in marching without gaining ground in the new direction, turn on the ball of either foot and mark time.

57. To the rear: 1. **About,** 2. **FACE.**

Carry the toe of the right foot about a half foot-length to the rear and slightly to the left of the left heel without changing the position of the left foot; face to the rear, turning to the right on the left heel and right toe; place the right heel by the side of the left.

Salute with the Hand

58. 1. **Hand,** 2. **SALUTE.**

Raise the right hand smartly till the tip of the forefinger touches the lower part of the headdress or forehead above the right eye, thumb and fingers extended and joined, palm to the left, forearm inclined at about 45 degrees, hand and wrist straight; at the same time look toward the person saluted. (**TWO**) Drop the arm smartly by the side.

For rules governing salutes, see "Honors and Salutes," paragraph 758–765.

(*C. I. D. R., Nos.* 3, 6, *and* 18.)

STEPS AND MARCHINGS

59. All steps and marchings executed from a halt, except right step, begin with the left foot.

60. The length of the full step in quick time is 30 inches, measured from heel to heel, and the cadence is at the rate of 120 steps per minute.

The length of the full step in double time is 36 inches; the cadence is at the rate of 180 steps per minute.

The instructor, when necessary, indicates the cadence of the step by calling **one, two, three, four,** or **left, right,** the instant the left and right foot, respectively, should be planted.

61. All steps and marchings and movements involving march are executed in **quick time** unless the squad be marching in **double time,** or **double time** be added to the command; in the latter case, **double time** is added to the preparatory command. Example: 1. **Squad right, double time,** 2. **MARCH** (School of the Squad).

Quick Time

62. Being at a halt, to march forward in quick time: 1. **Forward,** 2. **MARCH.**

At the command **forward,** shift the weight of the body to the right leg, left knee straight.

At the command **march,** move the left foot smartly straight forward 30 inches from the right, sole near the ground, and plant it without shock; next, in like manner, advance the right foot and plant it as above; continue the march. The arms swing naturally.

63. Being at a halt, or in march in quick time, to march in double time: 1. **Double time,** 2. **MARCH.**

If at a halt, at the first command shift the weight of the body to the right leg. At the command **march,** raise the forearms, fingers closed, to a horizontal position along the waist line; take up an easy run with the step and cadence of double time, allowing a natural swinging motion to the arms.

If marching in quick time, at the command **march,** given as either foot strikes the ground, take one step in quick time, and then step off in double time.

64. To resume the quick time: 1. **Quick time,** 2. **MARCH.**

At the command **march,** given as either foot strikes the ground, advance and plant the other foot in double time; resume the quick time, dropping the hands by the sides.

To Mark Time

65. Being in march: 1. **Mark time,** 2. **MARCH.**

At the command **march,** given as either foot strikes the ground, advance and plant the other foot; bring up the foot in rear and continue the cadence by alternately raising each foot about 2 inches and planting it on line with the other.

Being at a halt, at the command **march,** raise and plant the feet as described above.

The Half Step

66. 1. **Half step,** 2. **MARCH.**

Take steps of 15 inches in quick time, 18 inches in double time.

67. Forward, half step, halt, and **mark time** may be executed one from the other in quick or double time.

To resume the full step from half step or mark time: 1. **Forward,** 2. **MARCH.**

Side Step

68. Being at a halt or mark time: 1. **Right (left) step,** 2. **MARCH.**

Carry and plant the right foot 15 inches to the right; bring the left foot beside it and continue the movement in the cadence of quick time.

The side step is used for short distances only and is not executed in double time.

If at order arms, the side step is executed **at trail** without command.

Back Step

69. Being at a halt or mark time: 1. **Backward,** 2. **MARCH.**

Take steps of 15 inches straight to the rear.

The back step is used for short distances only and is not executed in double time.

If at order arms, the back step is executed **at trail** without command.

To Halt

70. To arrest the march in quick or double time: 1. **Squad,** 2. **HALT.**

At the command **halt,** given as either foot strikes the ground, plant the other foot as in marching; raise and place the first foot by the side of the other. If in double time, drop the hands by the sides.

To March by the Flank

71. Being in march: 1. **By the right (left) flank,** 2. **MARCH.**

At the command **march,** given as the right foot strikes the ground, advance and plant the left foot, then face to the right in marching and step off in the new direction with the right foot.

To March to the Rear

72. Being in march: 1. **To the rear,** 2. **MARCH.**

At the command **march,** given as the right foot strikes the ground, advance and plant the left foot; turn to the right about on the balls of both feet and immediately step off with the left foot.

If marching in double time, turn to the right about, taking four steps in place, keeping the cadence, and then step off with the left foot.

Change Step

73. Being in march: 1. **Change step,** 2. **MARCH.**

At the command **march,** given as the right foot strikes the ground, advance and plant the left foot; plant the toe of the right foot near the heel of the left and step off with the left foot.

The change on the right foot is similarly executed, the command **march** being given as the left foot strikes the ground.

MANUAL OF ARMS

74. As soon as practicable, the recruit is taught the use, nomenclature (Pl. I), and care of his rifle; when fair progress has been made in the instruction without arms, he is taught the manual of arms; instruction without arms and that with arms alternate.

75. The following rules govern the carrying of the piece:

First. The piece is not carried with cartridges in either the chamber or the magazine except when specifically ordered. When so loaded, or supposed to be loaded, it is habitually carried locked; that is, with the **safety lock** turned to the "safe." At all other times it is carried unlocked, with the trigger pulled.

Second. Whenever troops are formed under arms, pieces are immediately inspected at the commands: 1. **Inspection**, 2. **ARMS**; 3. **Order (Right shoulder, port)**, 4. **ARMS.**

A similar inspection is made immediately before dismissal.

If cartridges are found in the chamber or magazine, they are removed and placed in the belt.

Third. The cut-off is kept turned "off" except when cartridges are actually used.

Fourth. The bayonet is not fixed except in bayonet exercise, on guard, or for combat.

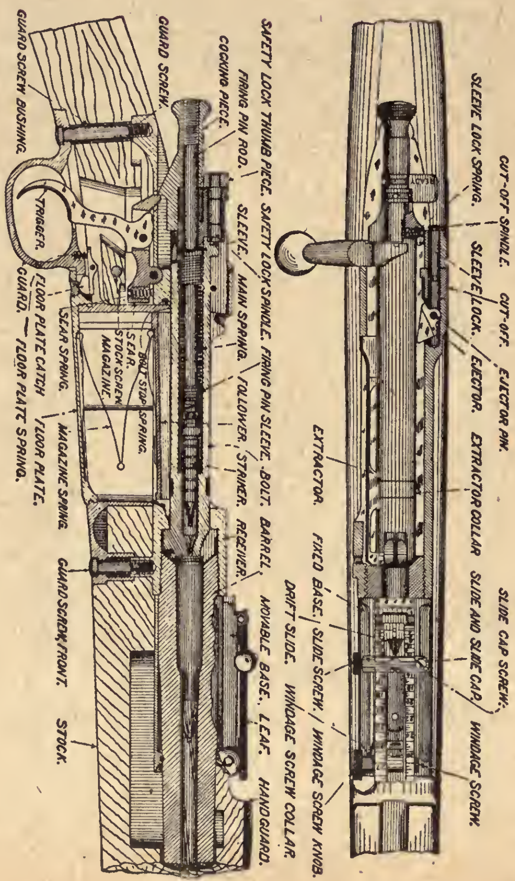
Fifth. **Fall in** is executed with the piece at the order arms. **Fall out, rest,** and **at ease** are executed as without arms. On resuming **attention** the position of order arms is taken.

Sixth. If at the order, unless otherwise prescribed, the piece is brought to the right shoulder at the command **march,** the three motions corresponding with the first three steps. Movements may be executed at the trail by prefacing the preparatory command with the words **at trail**; as, 1. **At trail, forward,** 2. **MARCH;** the trail is taken at the command **march.**

When the facings, alignments, open and close ranks, taking interval or distance, and assemblings are executed from the order, raise the piece to the trail while in motion and resume the order on halting.

Seventh. The piece is brought to the order on halting. The execution of the order begins when the halt is completed.

Eighth. A disengaged hand in double time is held as when without arms.


CUT-OFF SPINDLE.
CUT-OFF.
EJECTOR PIN.
SLIDE CAP SCREW.
SLEEVE LOCK SPRING.
SLEEVE LOCK.
EJECTOR.
EXTRACTOR COLLAR
SLIDE AND SLIDE CAP.
WINDAGE SCREW.
EXTRACTOR.
FIXED BASE.
SLIDE SCREW.
WINDAGE SCREW KNOB.
DRIFT SLIDE.
WINDAGE SCREW COLLAR.
SAFETY LOCK THUMB PIECE.
SAFETY LOCK SPINDLE.
FIRING PIN SLEEVE.
BOLT.
BARREL.
MOVABLE BASE.
LEAF.
HANDGUARD.
FIRING PIN ROD.
SLEEVE.
MAIN SPRING.
FOLLOWER.
STRIKER.
RECEIVER.
COCKING PIECE.
GUARD SCREW.
BOLT STOP SPRING.
SEAR.
STOCK SCREW.
MAGAZINE.
SEAR SPRING.
MAGAZINE SPRING.
GUARD SCREW, FRONT.
STOCK.
TRIGGER.
FLOOR PLATE CATCH
FLOOR PLATE.
GUARD SCREW BUSHING.
GUARD.
FLOOR PLATE SPRING.

90467°—17. (To face page 30.)

76. The following rules govern the execution of the manual of arms:

First. In all positions of the left hand at the balance (center of gravity, bayonet unfixed) the thumb clasps the piece; the sling is included in the grasp of the hand.

Second. In all positions of the piece "diagonally across the body," the position of the piece, left arm and hand are the same as in port arms.

Third. In resuming the order from any position in the manual, the motion next to the last concludes with the butt of the piece about 3 inches from the ground, barrel to the rear, the left hand above and near the right, steadying the piece, fingers extended and joined, forearm and wrist straight and inclining downward, all fingers of the right hand grasping the piece. To complete the order, lower the piece gently to the ground with the right hand, drop the left quickly by the side, and take the position of order arms.

Allowing the piece to drop through the right hand to the ground, or other similar abuse of the rifle to produce effect in executing the manual, is prohibited.

Fourth. The cadence of the motions is that of quick time; the recruits are first required to give their whole attention to the details of the motions, the cadence being gradually acquired as they become accustomed to handling their pieces. The instructor may require them to count aloud in cadence with the motions.

Fifth. The manual is taught at a halt and the movements are, for the purpose of instruction, divided into motions and executed in detail; in this case the command of **execution** determines the prompt execution of the first motion, and the commands, **two, three, four,** that of the other motions.

To execute the movements in detail, the instructor first cautions: **By the numbers;** all movements divided into motions are then executed as above explained until he cautions: **Without the numbers;** or commands movements other than those in the manual of arms.

Sixth. Whenever circumstances require, the regular positions of the manual of arms and the firings may be ordered without regard to the previous position of the piece.

Under exceptional conditions of weather or fatigue the rifle may be carried in any manner directed.

77. Position of order arms standing: The butt rests evenly on the ground, barrel to the rear, toe of the butt on a line with toe of, and touching, the right shoe, arms and hands hanging naturally, right hand holding the piece between the thumb and fingers.

78. Being at order arms: 1. **Present,** 2. **ARMS.**

With the right hand, carry the piece in front of the center of the body, barrel to the rear and vertical, grasp it with the left hand at the balance, forearm horizontal and resting against the body. (**TWO**) Grasp the small of the stock with the right hand.

79. Being at order arms: 1. **Port,** 2. **ARMS.**

With the right hand raise and throw the piece diagonally across the body, grasp it smartly with both hands; the right, palm down, at the small of the stock; the left, palm up, at the balance; barrel up, sloping to the left and crossing opposite the junction of the neck with the left shoulder; right forearm horizontal; left forearm resting against the body; the piece in a vertical plane parallel to the front.

80. Being at present arms: 1. **Port,** 2. **ARMS.**

Carry the piece diagonally across the body and take the position of port arms.

81. Being at port arms: 1. **Present,** 2. **ARMS.**

Carry the piece to a vertical position in front of the center of the body and take the position of present arms.

82. Being at present or port arms: 1. **Order,** 2. **ARMS.**

Let go with the right hand; lower and carry the piece to the right with the left hand; regrasp it with the right hand just above the lower band; let go with the left hand, and take the next to the last position in coming to the order. (**TWO**) Complete the order.

83. Being at order arms: 1. **Right shoulder,** 2. **ARMS.**

With the right hand raise and throw the piece diagonally across the body; carry the right hand quickly to the butt, embracing it, the heel between the first two fingers. (**TWO**) Without changing the grasp of the right hand, place the piece on the right shoulder, barrel up and inclined at an angle of about 45 degrees from the horizontal, trigger guard in the hollow of the shoulder, right elbow near the side, the piece in a vertical plane perpendicular to the front; carry the left hand, thumb and fingers extended and joined, to the small of the stock, tip of the forefinger touching the cocking piece, wrist straight and elbow down. (**THREE**) Drop the left hand by the side.

84. Being at right shoulder arms: 1. **Order,** 2. **ARMS.**

Press the butt down quickly and throw the piece diagonally across the body, the right hand retaining the grasp of the butt. (**TWO**), (**THREE**) Execute order arms as described from port arms.

85. Being at port arms: 1. **Right shoulder,** 2. **ARMS.**

Change the right hand to the butt. (**TWO**), (**THREE**) As in right shoulder arms from order arms.

86. Being at right shoulder arms: 1. **Port,** 2. **ARMS.**

Press the butt down quickly and throw the piece diagonally across the body, the right hand retaining its grasp of the butt. (**TWO**) Change the right hand to the small of the stock.

87. Being at right shoulder arms: 1. **Present,** 2. **ARMS.**

Execute port arms. (**THREE**) Execute present arms.

88. Being at present arms: 1. **Right shoulder,** 2. **ARMS.**

Execute port arms. (**TWO**), (**THREE**), (**FOUR**) Execute right shoulder arms as from port arms.

89. Being at port arms: 1. **Left shoulder,** 2. **ARMS.**

Carry the piece with the right hand and place it on the left shoulder, barrel up, trigger guard in the hollow of the shoulder; at the same time grasp the butt with the left hand, heel between first and second fingers, thumb and fingers closed on the stock. (**TWO**) Drop the right hand by the side.

Being at left shoulder arms: 1. **Port,** 2. **ARMS.**

Grasp the piece with the right hand at the small of the stock. (**TWO**) Carry the piece to the right with the right hand, regrasp it with the left, and take the position of port arms.

Left shoulder arms may be ordered directly from the order, right shoulder or present, or the reverse. At the command **arms** execute **port arms** and continue in cadence to the position ordered.

90. Being at order arms: 1. **Parade,** 2. **REST.**

Carry the right foot 6 inches straight to the rear, left knee slightly bent; carry the muzzle in front of the center of the body, barrel to the left; grasp the piece with the left hand just below the stacking swivel, and with the right hand below and against the left.

Being at parade rest: 1. **Squad,** 2. **ATTENTION.**

Resume the order, the left hand quitting the piece opposite the right hip.

91. Being at order arms: 1. **Trail,** 2. **ARMS.**

Raise the piece, right arm slightly bent, and incline the muzzle forward so that the barrel makes an angle of about 30 degrees with the vertical.

When it can be done without danger or inconvenience to others, the piece may be grasped at the balance and the muzzle lowered until the piece is horizontal; a similar position in the left hand may be used.

92. Being at trail arms: 1. **Order,** 2. **ARMS.**

Lower the piece with the right hand and resume the order.

Rifle Salute

93. Being at right shoulder arms: 1. **Rifle,** 2. **SALUTE.**

Carry the left hand smartly to the small of the stock, forearm horizontal, palm of hand down, thumb and fingers extended and joined, forefinger touching end of cocking piece; look toward the person saluted. (**TWO**) Drop left hand by the side; turn head and eyes to the front. (*C. I. D. R., No.* 6.)

94. Being at order or trail arms: 1. **Rifle,** 2. **SALUTE.**

Carry the left hand smartly to the right side, palm of the hand down, thumb and fingers extended and joined, forefinger against piece near the muzzle; look toward the person saluted. (**TWO**) Drop the left hand by the side; turn the head and eyes to the front.

For rules governing salutes, see "Honors and Salutes" (pars. 758–765).

The Bayonet

95. Being at order arms: 1. **Fix,** 2. **BAYONET.**

If the bayonet scabbard is carried on the belt: Execute parade rest; grasp the bayonet with the right hand, back of hand toward the body; draw the bayonet from the scabbard and fix it on the barrel, glancing at the muzzle; resume the order.

If the bayonet is carried on the haversack: Draw the bayonet with the left hand and fix it in the most convenient manner.

96. Being at order arms: 1. **Unfix,** 2. **BAYONET.**

If the bayonet scabbard is carried on the belt: Execute parade rest; grasp the handle of the bayonet firmly with the right hand, pressing the spring with the forefinger of the right hand; raise the bayonet until the handle is about 12 inches above the muzzle of the piece; drop the point to the left, back of the hand toward the body, and, glancing at the scabbard, return the bayonet, the blade passing between the left arm and the body; regrasp the piece with the right hand and resume the order.

If the bayonet scabbard is carried on the haversack: Take the bayonet from the rifle with the left hand and return it to the scabbard in the most convenient manner.

If marching or lying down, the bayonet is fixed and unfixed in the most expeditious and convenient manner and the piece returned to the original position.

Fix and unfix bayonet are executed with promptness and regularity, but not in cadence.

97. CHARGE BAYONET. Whether executed at halt or in motion, the bayonet is held toward the opponent as in the position of **guard** in the Manual for Bayonet Exercise.

Exercises for instruction in bayonet combat are prescribed in the Manual for Bayonet Exercise.

The Inspection

98. Being at order arms: 1. **Inspection,** 2. **ARMS.**

At the second command take the position of port arms. (TWO) Seize the bolt handle with the thumb and forefinger of the right hand, turn the handle up draw the bolt back, and glance at the chamber. Having found the chamber empty, or having emptied it, raise the head and eyes to the front.

99. Being at inspection arms: 1. **Order (Right shoulder, port),** 2. **ARMS.**

At the preparatory command push the bolt forward, turn the handle down, pull the trigger, and resume port arms. At the command arms, complete the movement ordered.

To Dismiss the Squad

100. Being at halt: 1. **Inspection,** 2. **ARMS,** 3. **Port,** 4. **ARMS.** 5. **DISMISSED.**

SCHOOL OF THE SQUAD

101. Soldiers are grouped into squads for purposes of instruction, discipline, control, and order.

102. The squad proper consists of a corporal and seven privates.

The movements in the School of the Squad are designed to make the squad a fixed unit and to facilitate the control and movement of the company. If the number of men grouped is more than 3 and less than 12, they are formed as a squad of 4 files, the excess above 8 being posted as file closers. If the number grouped is greater than 11, 2 or more squads are formed and the group is termed a platoon.

For the instruction of recruits, these rules may be modified.

103. The corporal is the squad leader, and when absent is replaced by a designated private. If no private is designated, the senior in length of service acts as leader.

The corporal, when in ranks, is posted as the left man in the front rank of the squad.

When the corporal leaves the ranks to lead his squad, his rear-rank man steps into the front rank, and the file remains blank until the corporal returns to his place in ranks, when his rear-rank man steps back into the rear rank.

104. In battle, officers and sergeants endeavor to preserve the integrity of squads; they designate new leaders to replace those disabled, organize new squads when necessary, and see that every man is placed in a squad.

Men are taught the necessity of remaining with the squad to which they belong, and, in case it be broken up or they become separated therefrom, to attach themselves to the nearest squad and platoon leaders, whether these be of their own or of another organization.

105. The squad executes the **halt, rests, facings, steps** and **marchings,** and the **manual of arms** as explained in the School of the Soldier.

To Form the Squad

106. To form the squad, the instructor places himself 3 paces in front of where the center is to be and commands: **FALL IN.**

The men assemble at attention, pieces at the order, and are arranged by the corporal in double rank, as nearly as practicable in order of height from right to left, each man dropping his left hand as soon as the man on his left has his interval. The rear rank forms with distance of 40 inches.

The instructor then commands: **COUNT OFF.**

At this command all except the right file execute **eyes right,** and beginning on the right, the men in each rank count **one, two, three, four;** each man turns his head and eyes to the front as he counts.

Pieces are then inspected.

Alignments

107. To align the squad, the base file or files having been established: 1. **Right (Left),** 2. **DRESS,** 3. **FRONT.**

At the command **dress** all men place the left hand upon the hip (whether dressing to the right or left); each man, except the base file, when on or near the new line, executes **eyes right,** and, taking steps of 2 or 3 inches, places himself so that his right arm rests lightly against the arm of the man on his right, and so that his eyes and shoulders are in line with those of the men on his right; the rear-rank men cover in file.

The instructor verifies the alignment of both ranks from the right flank and orders up or back such men as may be in rear, or in advance, of the line; only the men designated move.

At the command **front,** given when the ranks are aligned, each man turns his head and eyes to the front and drops his left hand by his side.

In the first drills the basis of the alignment is established on, or parallel to, the front of the squad; afterwards, in oblique directions.

Whenever the position of the base file or files necessitates a considerable movement by the squad, such movement will be executed by marching to the front or oblique, to the flank or backward, as the case may be, without other command, and at the trail.

108. To preserve the alignment when marching: **GUIDE RIGHT (LEFT).**

The men preserve their intervals from the side of the guide, yielding to pressure from that side and resisting pressure from the opposite direction; they recover intervals, if lost, by gradually opening out or closing in; they recover alignment by slightly lengthening or shortening the step; the rear-rank men cover their file leaders at 40 inches.

In double rank, the front-rank man on the right, or designated flank, conducts the march; when marching faced to the flank, the leading man of the front rank is the guide.

To Take Intervals and Distances

109. Being in line at a halt: 1. **Take interval,** 2. **To the right (left),** 3. **MARCH,** 4. **Squad,** 5. **HALT.**

At the second command the rear-rank men march backward 4 steps and halt; at the command **march** all face to the right and the leading man of each rank steps off; the other men step off in succession, each following the preceding man at 4 paces, rear-rank men marching abreast of their file leaders.

At the command **halt,** given when all have their intervals, all halt and face to the front.

110. Being at intervals, to assemble the squad: 1. **Assemble, to the right (left),** 2. **MARCH.**

The front-rank man on the right stands fast, the rear-rank man on the right closes to 40 inches. The other men face to the right, close by the shortest line, and face to the front.

111. Being in line at a halt and having counted off: 1. **Take distance,** 2. **MARCH,** 3. **Squad,** 4. **HALT.**

At the command **march,** No. 1 of the front rank moves straight to the front; Nos. 2, 3, and 4 of the front rank and Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4 of the rear rank, in the order named, move straight to the front, each stepping off so as to follow the preceding man at 4 paces. The command **halt** is given when all have their distances.

In case more than one squad is in line, each squad executes the movement as above. The guide of each rank of numbers is right.

112. Being at distances, to assemble the squad: 1. **Assemble,** 2. **MARCH.**

No. 1 of the front rank stands fast; the other numbers move forward to their proper places in line.

To Stack and Take Arms

113. Being in line at a halt: **STACK ARMS.**

Each even number of the front rank grasps his piece with the left hand at the upper band and rests the butt between his feet, barrel to the front, muzzle inclined

slightly to the front and opposite the center of the interval on his right; the thumb and forefinger raising the stacking swivel; each even number of the rear rank then passes his piece, barrel to the rear, to his file leader, who grasps it between the bands with his right hand and throws the butt about 2 feet in advance of that of his own piece and opposite the right of the interval, the right hand slipping to the upper band, the thumb and forefinger raising the stacking swivel, which he engages with that of his own piece; each odd number of the front rank raises his piece with the right hand, carries it well forward, barrel to the front; the left hand, guiding the stacking swivel, engages the lower hook of the swivel of his own piece with the free hook of that of the even number of the rear rank; he then turns the barrel outward into the angle formed by the other two pieces and lowers the butt to the ground, to the right of and against the toe of his right shoe.

The stacks made, the loose pieces are laid on them by the even numbers of the front rank.

When each man has finished handling pieces, he takes the position of the soldier.

114. Being in line behind the stacks: **TAKE ARMS.**

The loose pieces are returned by the even numbers of the front rank; each even number of the front rank grasps his own piece with the left hand, the piece of his rear-rank man with his right hand, grasping both between the bands; each odd number of the front rank grasps his piece in the same way with the right hand, disengages it by raising the butt from the ground, and then, turning the piece to the right, detaches it from the stack; each even number of the front rank disengages and detaches his piece by turning it to the left, and then passes the piece of his rear-rank man to him, and all resume the order.

115. Should any squad have Nos. 2 and 3 blank files, No. 1 rear rank takes the place of No. 2 rear rank in making and breaking the stack; the stacks made or broken, he resumes his post.

Pieces not used in making the stack are termed **loose pieces.**

Pieces are never stacked with the bayonet fixed.

The Oblique March

116. For the instruction of recruits, the squad being in column or correctly aligned, the instructor causes the squad to face half right or half left, points out to

the men their relative positions, and explains that these are to be maintained in the oblique march.

117. 1. **Right (Left) oblique,** 2. **MARCH.**

Each man steps off in a direction 45 degrees to the right of his original front. He preserves his relative position, keeping his shoulders parallel to those of the guide (the man on the right front of the line or column), and so regulates his steps that the ranks remain parallel to their original front.

At the command **halt** the men halt, faced to the front.

To resume the original direction: 1. **Forward,** 2. **MARCH.**

The men half face to the left in marching and then move straight to the front.

If at **half step** or **mark time** while obliquing, the oblique march is resumed by the commands: 1. **Oblique,** 2. **MARCH.**

To Turn on Moving Pivot

118. Being in line: 1. **Right (Left) turn,** 2. **MARCH.**

The movement is executed by each rank successively and on the same ground. At the second command, the pivot man of the front rank faces to the right in marching and takes the half step; the other men of the rank oblique to the right until opposite their places in line, then execute a second right oblique and take the half step on arriving abreast of the pivot man. All glance toward the marching flank while at half step and take the full step without command as the last man arrives on the line.

Right (Left) half turn is executed in a similar manner. The pivot man makes a half change of direction to the right and the other men make quarter changes in obliquing. (*C. I. D. R., No. 2.*)

To Turn on Fixed Pivot

119. Being in line, to turn and march: 1. **Squad right (left),** 2. **MARCH.**

At the second command, the right-flank man in the front rank faces to the right in marching and marks time; the other front-rank men oblique to the right, place themselves abreast of the pivot, and mark time. In the rear rank, the third man from the right, followed in column by the second and first, moves straight to the front until in rear of his front-rank man, when all face to the right in marching and mark time; the other number of the rear rank moves straight to the front four paces and places himself abreast of the man on his right. Men on the new line glance toward the marching flank while marking time and, as the last man arrives on the line, both ranks execute **forward, march,** without command.

120. Being in line, to turn and halt: 1. **Squad right** (left), 2. **MARCH,** 3. **Squad,** 4. **HALT.**

The third command is given immediately after the second. The turn is executed as prescribed in the preceding paragraph except that all men, on arriving on the new line, mark time until the fourth command is given, when all halt. The fourth command should be given as the last man arrives on the line.

121. Being in line, to turn about and march: 1. **Squad right** (left) **about,** 2. **MARCH.**

At the second command, the front rank twice executes **squad right,** initiating the second **squad right** when the man on the marching flank has arrived abreast of the rank. In the rear rank the third man from the right, followed by the second and first in column, moves straight to the front until on the prolongation of the line to be occupied by the rear rank; changes direction to the right; moves in the new direction until in rear of his front-rank man, when all face to the right in marching, mark time, and glance toward the marching flank. The fourth man marches on the left of the third to his new position; as he arrives on the line, both ranks execute **forward, march,** without command.

122. Being in line, to turn about and halt: 1. **Squad right (left) about,** 2. **MARCH,** 3. **Squad,** 4. **HALT.**

The third command is given immediately after the second. The turn is executed as prescribed in the preceding paragraph except that all men, on arriving on the new line, mark time until the fourth command is given, when all halt. The fourth command should be given as the last man arrives on the line.

To Follow the Corporal

123. Being assembled or deployed, to march the squad without unnecessary commands, the corporal places himself in front of it and commands: **FOLLOW ME.**

If in line or skirmish line, No. 2 of the front rank follows in the trace of the corporal at about 3 paces; the other men conform to the movements of No. 2, guiding on him and maintaining their relative positions.

If in column, the head of the column follows the corporal.

To Deploy as Skirmishers

124. Being in any formation, assembled: 1. **As skirmishers,** 2. **MARCH.**

The corporal places himself in front of the squad, if not already there. Moving at a run, the men place themselves abreast of the corporal at half-pace intervals, Nos. 1 and 2 on his right, Nos. 3 and 4 on his left, rear-rank men on the right of their file leaders, extra men on the left of No. 4; all then conform to the corporal's gait.

When the squad is acting alone, skirmish line is similarly formed on No. 2 of the front rank, who stands fast or continues the march, as the case may be; the corporal places himself in front of the squad when advancing and in rear when halted.

When deployed as skirmishers, the men march at ease, pieces at the trail unless otherwise ordered.

The corporal is the guide when in the line; otherwise No. 2 front rank is the guide.

125. The normal interval between skirmishers is one-half pace, resulting practically in one man per yard of front. The front of a squad thus deployed as skirmishers is about 10 paces.

To Increase or Diminish Intervals

126. If assembled, and it is desired to deploy at greater than the normal interval; or if deployed, and it is desired to increase or decrease the interval: 1. **As skirmishers, (so many) paces,** 2. **MARCH.**

Intervals are taken at the indicated number of paces. If already deployed, the men move by the flank toward or away from the guide.

The Assembly

127. Being deployed: 1. **Assemble.** 2. **MARCH.**

The men move toward the corporal and form in their proper places.

If the corporal continues to advance, the men move in double time, form, and follow him.

The assembly while marching to the rear is not executed.

Kneeling and Lying Down

128. If standing: **KNEEL.**

Half face to the right; carry the right toe about 1 foot to the left rear of the left heel; kneel on right knee, sitting as nearly as possible on the right heel; left forearm across left thigh; piece remains in position of order arms, right hand grasping it above the lower band.

129. If standing or kneeling: **LIE DOWN.**

Kneel, but with right knee against left heel; carry back the left foot and lie flat on the belly, inclining body about 35 degrees to the right; piece horizontal, barrel up, muzzle off the ground and pointed to the front; elbows on the ground; left hand at the balance, right hand grasping the small of the stock opposite the neck. This is the position of order arms, lying down.

130. If kneeling or lying down: **RISE.**

If kneeling, stand up, faced to the front, on the ground marked by the left heel.

If lying down, raise body on both knees; stand up, faced to the front, on the ground marked by the knees.

131. If lying down: **KNEEL.**

Raise the body on both knees; take the position of kneel.

132. In double rank, the positions of kneeling and lying down are ordinarily used only for the better utilization of cover.

When deployed as skirmishers, a sitting position may be taken in lieu of the position kneeling.

LOADINGS AND FIRINGS

133. The commands for loading and firing are the same whether standing, kneeling, or lying down. The firings are always executed at a halt.

When kneeling or lying down in double rank, the rear rank does not load, aim, or fire.

The instruction in firing will be preceded by a command for loading.

Loadings are executed in line and skirmish line only.

134. Pieces having been ordered loaded are kept loaded without command until the command **unload,** or **inspection arms,** fresh clips being inserted when the magazine is exhausted.

135. The aiming point or target is carefully pointed out. This may be done before or after announcing the sight setting. Both are indicated before giving the command for firing, but may be omitted when the target appears suddenly and is unmistakable; in such case battle sight is used if no sight setting is announced.

136. The target or aiming point having been designated and the sight setting announced, such designation or announcement need not be repeated until a change of either or both is necessary.

Troops are trained to continue their fire upon the aiming point or target designated, and at the sight setting announced, until a change is ordered.

137. If the men are not already in the position of load, that position is taken at the announcement of the sight setting; if the announcement is omitted, the position is taken at the first command for firing.

138. When deployed, the use of the sling as an aid to accurate firing is discretionary with each man.

To Load

139. Being in line or skirmish line at halt: 1. **With dummy (blank or ball) cartridges,** 2. **LOAD.**

At the command **load** each front-rank man or skirmisher faces half right and carries the right foot to the right, about 1 foot, to such position as will insure the greatest firmness and steadiness of the body; raises, or lowers, the piece and drops it into the left hand at the balance, left thumb extended along the stock, muzzle at the height of the breast, and turns the cut-off up. With the right hand he turns and draws the bolt back, takes a loaded clip and inserts the end in the clip slots, places the thumb on the powder space of the top cartridge, the fingers extending around the piece and tips resting on the magazine floor plate; forces the cartridges into the magazine by pressing down with thumb; without removing the clip, thrusts the bolt home, turning down the handle; turns the safety lock to the "safe" and carries the hand to the small of the stock. Each rear-rank man moves to the right front, takes a similar position opposite the interval to the right of his front-rank man, muzzle of the piece extending beyond the front rank, and loads.

A skirmish line may load while moving, the pieces being held as nearly as practicable in the position of load.

If kneeling or sitting, the position of the piece is similar; if kneeling, the left forearm rests on the left thigh; if sitting, the elbows are supported by the knees. If lying down, the left hand steadies and supports the piece at the balance, the toe of the butt resting on the ground, the muzzle off the ground.

For reference, these positions (standing, kneeling, and lying down) are designated as that of **load.**

140. For instruction in loading: 1. **Simulate,** 2. **LOAD.**

Executed as above described, except that the cut-off remains "off" and the handling of cartridges is simulated.

The recruits are first taught to **simulate** loading and firing; after a few lessons, dummy cartridges may be used. Later, blank cartridges may be used.

141. The rifle may be used as a single loader by turning the magazine "off." The magazine may be filled in whole or in part while "off" or "on" by pressing cartridges singly down and back until they are in the proper place. The use of the rifle as a single loader is, however, to be regarded as exceptional.

To Unload

142. UNLOAD.

Take the position of load, turn the safety lock up and move bolt alternately back and forward until all the cartridges are ejected. After the last cartridge is ejected, the chamber is closed by first thrusting the bolt slightly forward to free it from the stud holding it in place when the chamber is open, pressing the follower down and back to engage it under the bolt and then thrusting the bolt home; the trigger is pulled. The cartridges are then picked up, cleaned, and returned to the belt and the piece is brought to the order.

To Set the Sight

143. RANGE, ELEVEN HUNDRED (EIGHT-FIFTY, etc.), or BATTLE SIGHT.

The sight is set at the elevation indicated. The instructor explains and verifies sight settings.

To Fire by Volley

144. 1. **READY,** 2. **AIM,** 3. **Squad,** 4. **FIRE.**

At the command **ready** turn the safety lock to the "ready"; at the command **aim** raise the piece with both hands and support the butt firmly against the hollow of the right shoulder, right thumb clasping the stock, barrel horizontal, left elbow well under the piece, right elbow as high as the shoulder; incline the head slightly forward and a little to the right, cheek against the stock, left eye closed, right eye looking through the notch of the rear sight so as to perceive the object aimed at, second joint of forefinger resting lightly against the front of the trigger and taking up the slack; top of front sight is carefully raised into, and held in, the line of sight.

Each rear-rank man aims through the interval to the right of his file leader and leans slightly forward to advance the muzzle of his piece beyond the front rank.

In aiming kneeling, the left elbow rests on the left knee, point of elbow in front of kneecap. In aiming sitting, the elbows are supported by the knees.

In aiming lying down, raise the piece with both hands; rest on both shoulders and press the butt firmly against the right shoulder.

At the command **fire** press the finger against the trigger; fire without deranging the aim and without lowering or turning the piece; lower the piece in the position of **Load** and load. (*C. I. D. R., No.* 2.)

145. To continue the firing: 1. **AIM,** 2. **Squad,** 3. **FIRE.**

Each command is executed as previously explained. **Load** (from the magazine) is executed by drawing back and thrusting home the bolt with the right hand, leaving the safety lock at the "ready."

To Fire at Will

146. FIRE AT WILL.

Each man, independently of the others, comes to the **ready,** aims carefully and deliberately at the aiming point or target, **fires, loads,** and continues the firing until ordered to **suspend** or **cease firing.**

147. To increase (decrease) the rate of fire in progress the instructor shouts: **FASTER (SLOWER).**

Men are trained to fire at the rate of about three shots per minute at effective ranges and five or six at close ranges, devoting the minimum of time to loading and the maximum to deliberate aiming. To illustrate the necessity for deliberation, and to habituate men to combat conditions, small and comparatively indistinct targets are designated.

To Fire by Clip

148. CLIP FIRE.

Executed in the same manner as **fire at will,** except that each man, after having exhausted the cartridges then in the piece, **suspends firing.**

To Suspend Firing

149. The instructor blows a **long blast** of the whistle and repeats same, if necessary, or commands: **SUSPEND FIRING.**

Firing stops; pieces are held, loaded and locked, in a position of readiness for instant resumption of firing, rear sights unchanged. The men continue to observe the target or aiming point, or the place at which the target disappeared, or at which it is expected to reappear.

This whistle signal may be used as a preliminary to **cease firing.**

To Cease Firing

150. CEASE FIRING.

Firing stops; pieces not already there are brought to the position of load, the cut-off turned down if firing from magazine, the cartridge is drawn or the empty shell is ejected, the trigger is pulled, sights are laid down, and the piece is brought to the order.

Cease firing is used for long pauses to prepare for changes of position or to steady the men.

(*C. I. D. R., No.* 7.)

151. Commands for suspending or ceasing fire may be given at any time after the preparatory command for firing, whether the firing has actually commenced or not.

THE USE OF COVER

152. The recruit should be given careful instruction in the individual use of cover.

It should be impressed upon him that, in taking advantage of natural cover, he must be able to fire easily and effectively upon the enemy; if advancing on an enemy, he must do so steadily and as rapidly as possible; he must conceal himself as much as possible while firing and while advancing. While setting his sight, he should be under cover or lying prone.

153. To teach him to fire easily and effectively, at the same time concealing himself from the view of the enemy, he is practiced in simulated firing in the prone, sitting, kneeling, and crouching positions, from behind hillocks, trees, heaps of earth or rocks, from depressions, gullies, ditches, doorways, or windows. He is taught to fire around the right side of his concealment whenever possible, or, when this is not possible, to rise enough to fire over the top of his concealment.

When these details are understood, he is required to select cover with reference to an assumed enemy and to place himself behind it in proper position for firing.

154. The evil of remaining too long in one place, however good the concealment, should be explained. He should be taught to advance from cover to cover, selecting cover in advance before leaving his concealment.

It should be impressed upon him that a man running rapidly toward an enemy furnishes a poor target. He should be trained in springing from a prone position behind concealment, running at top speed to cover and throwing himself behind it. He should also be practiced in advancing from cover to cover by crawling, or by lying on the left side, rifle grasped in the right hand, and pushing himself forward with the right leg.

155. He should be taught that, when fired on while acting independently, he should drop to the ground, seek cover, and then endeavor to locate his enemy.

156. The instruction of the recruit in the use of cover is continued in the combat exercises of the company, but he must then be taught that the proper advance of the platoon or company and the effectiveness of its fire is of greater importance than the question of cover for individuals. He should also be taught that he may not move about or shift his position in the firing line except the better to see the target.

OBSERVATION

157. The ability to use his eyes accurately is of great importance to the soldier. The recruit should be trained in observing his surrounding from positions and when on the march.

He should be practiced in pointing out and naming military features of the ground; in distinguishing between living beings; in counting distant groups of objects or beings; in recognizing colors and forms.

158. In the training of men in the mechanism of the firing line, they should be practiced in repeating to one another target and aiming point designations and in quickly locating and pointing out a designated target. They should be taught to distinguish, from a prone position, distant objects, particularly troops, both with the naked eye and with field glasses. Similarly, they should be trained in estimating distances.

SCHOOL OF THE COMPANY

159. The captain is responsible for the theoretical and practical instruction of his officers and noncommissioned officers, not only in the duties of their respective grades, but in those of the next higher grades.

160. The company in line is formed in double rank with the men arranged, as far as practicable, according to height from right to left, the tallest on the right.

The original division into squads is effected by the command: **COUNT OFF.** The squads, successively from the right, count off as in the School of the Squad, corporals placing themselves as Nos. 4 of the front rank. If the left squad contains less than six men, it is either increased to that number by transfers from other squads or is broken up and its members assigned to other squads and posted in the line of file closers. These squad organizations are maintained, by transfers if necessary, until the company becomes so reduced in numbers as to necessitate a new division into squads. No squad will contain less than six men.

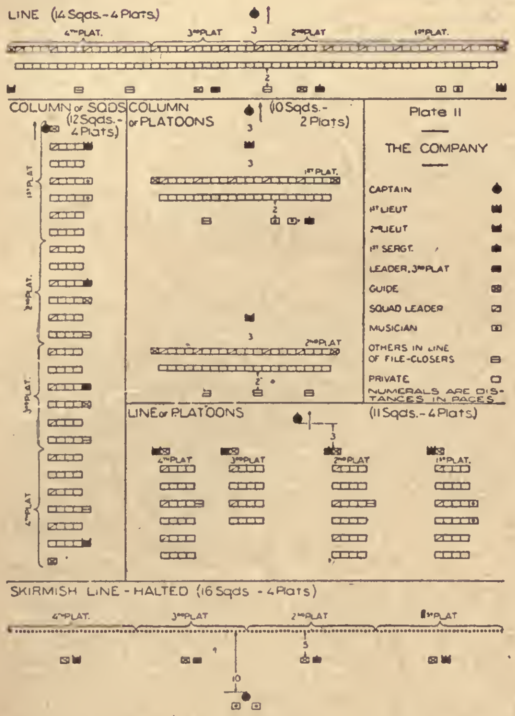
161. The company is further divided into two, three, or four platoons, each consisting of not less than two nor more than four squads. In garrison or ceremonies, the strength of platoons may exceed four squads.

162. At the formation of the company the platoons or squads are numbered consecutively from right to left, and these designations do not change.

For convenience in giving commands and for reference, the designations, **right, center, left,** when in line, and **leading, center, rear,** when in column, are applied to platoons or squads. These designations apply to the actual right, left, center, head, or rear, in whatever direction the company may be facing. The **center squad** is the middle or right middle squad of the company.

The designation "So-and-so's" squad or platoon may also be used.

163. Platoons are assigned to the lieutenants and noncommissioned officers, in order of rank, as follows: 1, right; 2, left; 3, center (right center); 4, left center.


LINE (14 Sqds.-4 Plats.)
4th PLAT.
3rd PLAT
2nd PLAT
1st PLAT.
COLUMN or SQDS. (12 Sqds.-4 Plats.)
COLUMN or PLATOONS (10 Sqds.-2 Plats.)
Plate II
THE COMPANY
CAPTAIN
1st LIEUT
2nd LIEUT
1st SERGT.
LEADER, 3rd PLAT
GUIDE
SQUAD LEADER
MUSICIAN
OTHERS IN LINE OF FILE-CLOSERS
PRIVATE
NUMERALS ARE DISTANCES IN PACES
LINE or PLATOONS (11 Sqds.-4 Plats.)
SKIRMISH LINE - HALTED (16 Sqds - 4 Plats.)
3
2
5
10

The noncommissioned officers next in rank are assigned as guides, one to each platoon. If sergeants still remain, they are assigned to platoons as additional guides. When the platoon is deployed, its guide, or guides, accompany the platoon leader.

During battle, these assignments are not changed; vacancies are filled by noncommissioned officers of the platoon, or by the nearest available officers or noncommissioned officers arriving with re-enforcing troops.

164. The first sergeant is never assigned as a guide. When not commanding a platoon, he is posted as a file closer opposite the third file from the outer flank of the first platoon; and when the company is deployed he accompanies the captain.

The quartermaster sergeant, when present, is assigned according to his rank as a sergeant.

Enlisted men below the grade of sergeant, armed with the rifle, are in ranks unless serving as guides; when not so armed, they are posted in the line of file closers.

Musicians, when required to play, are at the head of the column. When the company is deployed, they accompany the captain.

165. The company executes the **halt, rests, facings, steps** and **marchings, manual of arms, loadings** and **firings, takes intervals** and **distances** and **assembles, increases** and **diminishes intervals,** resumes **attention, obliques,** resumes the direct march, preserves alignments, **kneels, lies down, rises, stacks** and **takes arms,** as explained in the Schools of the Soldier and the Squad, substituting in the commands **company** for **squad.**

The same rule applies to platoons, detachments, details, etc., substituting their designation for **squad** in the commands. In the same manner these execute the movements prescribed for the company, whenever possible, substituting their designation for **company** in the commands.

166. A company so depleted as to make division into platoons impracticable is led by the captain as a single platoon, but retains the designation of company. The lieutenants and first sergeant assist in fire control; the other sergeants place themselves in the firing line as skirmishers.

CLOSE ORDER

Rules

167. The guides of the right and left, or leading and rear, platoons, are the right and left, or leading and rear, guides, respectively, of the company when it is in line or in column of squads. Other guides are in the line of file closers.

In platoon movements the post of the platoon guide is at the head of the platoon, if the platoon is in column, and on the guiding flank if in line. When a platoon has two guides their original assignment to flanks of the platoon does not change.

168. The guides of a column of squads place themselves on the flank opposite the file closers. To change the guides and file closers to the other flank, the captain commands: 1. **File closers on left (right) flank;** 2. **MARCH.** The file closers dart through the column; the captain and guides change.

In column of squads, each rank preserves the alignment toward the side of the guide.

169. Men in the line of file closers do not execute the loadings or firings.

Guides and enlisted men in the line of file closers execute the manual of arms during the drill unless specially excused, when they remain at the order. During ceremonies they execute all movements.

170. In **taking intervals and distances,** unless otherwise directed, the right and left guides, at the first command, place themselves in the line of file closers, and, with them, take a distance of 4 paces from the rear rank. In taking intervals, at the command **march,** the file closers face to the flank and each steps off with the file nearest him. In **assembling,** the guides and file closers resume their positions in line.

171. In movements executed simultaneously by platoons (as **platoons right** or **platoons, columns right**), platoon leaders repeat the preparatory command (**platoon right,** etc.), applicable to their respective platoons. The command of execution is given by the captain only.

To Form the Company

172. At the sounding of the assembly the first sergeant takes position 6 paces in front of where the center of the company is to be, faces it, draws saber, and commands: **FALL IN.**

The right guide of the company places himself, facing to the front, where the right of the company is to rest, and at such point that the center of the company will be 6 paces from and opposite the first sergeant; the squads form in their proper places on the left of the right guide, superintended by the other sergeants, who then take their posts.

The first sergeant commands: **REPORT.** Remaining in position at the order, the squad leaders, in succession from the right, salute and report: **All present;** or, **Private(s) ——— absent.** The first sergeant does not return the salutes of the squad leaders; he then commands: 1. **Inspection,** 2. **ARMS,** 3. **Order,** 4. **ARMS,** faces about, salutes the captain, reports: **Sir, all present or accounted for,** or the names of the unauthorized absentees, and, without command, takes his post.

If the company cannot be formed by squads, the first sergeant commands: 1. **Inspection,** 2. **ARMS,** 3. **Right shoulder,** 4. **ARMS,** and calls the roll. Each man, as his name is called, answers **here** and executes order arms. The sergeant then effects the division into squads and reports the company as prescribed above.

The captain places himself 12 paces in front of the center of, and facing, the company in time to receive the report of the first sergeant, whose salute he returns, and then draws saber.

The lieutenants take their posts when the first sergeant has reported and draw saber with the captain. The company, if not under arms, is formed in like manner, omitting reference to arms.

173. For the instruction of platoon leaders and guides, the company, when small, may be formed in single rank. In this formation close order movements only are executed. The single rank executes all movements as explained for the front rank of a company.

To Dismiss the Company

174. Being in line at a halt, the captain directs the first sergeant: **Dismiss the company.** The officers fall out; the first sergeant places himself faced to the front, 3 paces to the front and 2 paces from the nearest flank of the company, salutes, faces toward opposite flank of the company, and commands: 1. **Inspection,** 2. **ARMS,** 3. **Port,** 4. **ARMS,** 5. **DISMISSED.** (*C. I. D. R., No.* 2.)

Alignments

175. The alignments are executed as prescribed in the School of the Squad, the guide being established

instead of the flank file. The rear-rank man of the flank file keeps his head and eyes to the front and covers his file leader.

At each alignment the captain places himself in prolongation of the line, 2 paces from and facing the flank toward which the dress is made, verifies the alignment, and commands: **FRONT.**

Platoon leaders take a like position when required to verify alignments.

Movements on the Fixed Pivot

176. Being in line, to turn the company: 1. **Company right (left),** 2. **MARCH,** 3. **Company,** 4. **HALT;** or, 3. **Forward,** 4. **MARCH.**

At the second command the right-flank man in the front rank faces to the right in marching and marks time; the other front-rank men oblique to the right, place themselves abreast of the pivot, and mark time; in the rear rank the third man from the right, followed in column by the second and first, moves straight to the front until in rear of his front-rank man, when all face to the right in marching and mark time; the remaining men of the rear rank move straight to the front 4 paces, oblique to the right, place themselves abreast of the third man, cover their file leaders, and mark time; the right guide steps back, takes post on the flank, and marks time.

The fourth command is given when the last man is 1 pace in rear of the new line.

The command **halt** may be given at any time after the movement begins; only those halt who are in the new position. Each of the others halts upon arriving on the line, aligns himself to the right, and executes **front** without command.

177. Being in line, to form column of platoons, or the reverse: 1. **Platoons right (left),** 2. **MARCH,** 3. **Company,** 4. **HALT;** or, 3. **Forward,** 4. **MARCH.**

Executed by each platoon as described for the company.

Before forming line, the captain sees that the guides on the flank toward which the movement is to be executed are covering. This is effected by previously announcing the guide to that flank.

178. Being in line, to form column of squads, or the reverse; or, being in line of platoons, to form column of platoons, or the reverse: 1. **Squads right (left),** 2. **MARCH;** or, 1. **Squads right (left),** 2. **MARCH,** 3. **Company,** 4. **HALT.**

Executed by each squad as described in the School of the Squad.

If the company or platoons be formed in line toward the side of the file closers, they dart through the column and take posts in rear of the company at the second command. If the column of squads be formed from line, the file closers take posts on the pivot flank, abreast of and 4 inches from the nearest rank. (*C. I. D. R., No.* 2.)

Movements on the Moving Pivot

179. Being in line, to change direction: 1. **Right (Left) turn,** 2. **MARCH,** 3. **Forward,** 4. **MARCH.**

Executed as described in the School of the Squad, except that the men do not glance toward the marching flank and that all take the full step at the fourth command. The right guide is the pivot of the front rank. Each rear-rank man obliques on the same ground as his file leader.

180. Being in column of platoons, to change direction: 1. **Column right (left),** 2. **MARCH.**

At the first command the leader of the leading platoon commands: **Right turn.** At the command **march** the leading platoon turns to the right on moving pivot; its leader commands: 1. **Forward,** 2. **MARCH,** on completion of the turn. Rear platoons march squarely up to the turning point of the leading platoon and turn at command of their leaders.

181. Being in column of squads, to change direction: 1. **Column right (left),** 2. **MARCH.**

At the second command the front rank of the leading squad turns to the right on moving pivot as in the School of the Squad; the other ranks, without command, turn successively on the same ground and in a similar manner.

182. Being in column of squads, to form line of platoons or the reverse: 1. **Platoons, column right (left),** 2. **MARCH.**

Executed by each platoon as described for the company.

183. Being in line, to form column of squads and change direction: 1. **Squads right (left), column right (left),** 2. **MARCH;** or, 1. **Right (Left) by squads,** 2. **MARCH.**

In the first case the right squad initiates the column right as soon as it has completed the squad right.

In the second case, at the command **march**, the right squad marches forward; the remainder of the company executes **squads right, column left,** and follows the right squad. The right guide, when he has posted himself in front of the right squad, takes four short steps, then resumes the full step; the right squad conforms.

184. Being in line, to form line of platoons: 1. **Squads right (left), platoons, column right (left),** 2. **MARCH;** or, 1. **Platoons, right (left) by squads,** 2. **MARCH.**

Executed by each platoon as described for the company in the preceding paragraph.

Facing or Marching to the Rear

185. Being in line, line of platoons, or in column of platoons or squads, to face or march to the rear: 1. **Squads right (left) about,** 2. **MARCH;** or, 1. **Squads right (left) about,** 2. **MARCH,** 3. **Company,** 4. **HALT.**

Executed by each squad as described in the School of the Squad.

If the company or platoons be in column of squads, the file closers turn about toward the column and take their posts; if in line, each darts through the nearest interval between squads. (*C. I. D. R., No.* 2.)

186. To march to the rear for a few paces: 1. **About,** 2. **FACE,** 3. **Forward,** 4. **MARCH.**

If in line, the guides place themselves in the rear rank, now the front rank; the file closers, on facing about, maintain their relative positions. No other movement is executed until the line is faced to the original front

On Right (Left) Into Line

187. Being in column of platoons or squads, to form line on right or left: 1. **On right (left) into line,** 2. **MARCH.** 3. **Company,** 4. **HALT,** 5. **FRONT.**

At the first command the leader of the leading unit commands: **Right turn.** The leaders of the other units command: **Forward,** if at a halt. At the second command the leading unit turns to the right on moving pivot. The command **halt** is given when the leading unit has advanced the desired distance in the new direction; it halts; its leader then commands: **Right dress.**

The units in rear continue to march straight to the front; each, when opposite the right of its place in line, executes **right turn** at the command of its leader; each is halted on the line at the command of its leader,

188. Being in column of platoons or squads, to form

who then commands: **Right dress.** All dress on the first unit in line.

If executed in double time, the leading squad marches in double time until halted.

Front Into Line

line to the front: 1. **Right (Left), front into line,** 2. **MARCH,** 3. **Company,** 4. **HALT,** 5. **FRONT.**

At the first command the leaders of the units in rear of the leading one command: **Right oblique.** If at a halt, the leader of the leading unit commands: **Forward.** At the second command the leading unit moves straight forward; the rear units oblique as indicated. The command **halt** is given when the leading unit has advanced the desired distance; it halts; its leader then commands: **Left dress.** Each of the rear units, when opposite its place in line, resumes the original direction at the command of its leader; each is halted on the line at the command of its leader, who then commands: **Left dress.** All dress on the first unit in line.

189. Being in column of squads to form column of platoons, or being in line of platoons, to form the company in line: 1. **Platoons, right (left) front into line,** 2. **MARCH,** 3. **Company,** 4. **HALT,** 5. **FRONT.**

Executed by each platoon as described for the company. In forming the company in line, the dress is on the left squad of the left platoon. If forming column of platoons, platoon leaders verify the alignment before taking their posts; the captain commands **front** when the alignments have been verified.

When **front into line** is executed in double time the commands for halting and aligning are omitted and the guide is toward the side of the first unit in line.

AT EASE AND ROUTE STEP

190. The column of squads is the habitual column of route, but **route step** and **at ease** are applicable to any marching formation.

191. To march at route step: 1. **Route step,** 2. **MARCH.**

Sabers are carried at will or in the scabbard; the men carry their pieces at will, keeping the muzzles elevated; they are not required to preserve silence, nor to keep the step. The ranks cover and preserve their distance. If halted from route step, the men stand **at rest.**

192. To march at ease: 1. **At ease,** 2. **MARCH.**

The company marches as in route step, except that

silence is preserved; when halted, the men remain **at ease.**

193. Marching at route step or at ease: 1. **Company,** 2. **ATTENTION.**

At the command **attention** the pieces are brought to the right shoulder and the cadenced step in quick time is resumed.

TO DIMINISH THE FRONT OF A COLUMN OF SQUADS

194. Being in column of squads: 1. **Right (left) by twos,** 2. **MARCH.**

At the command **march,** all files except the two right files of the leading squad execute **in place halt;** the two left files of the leading squad oblique to the right when disengaged and follow the right files at the shortest practicable distance. The remaining squads follow successively in like manner. (*C. I. D. R., No.* 2.)

195. Being in column of squads or twos: 1. **Right (left) by file,** 2. **MARCH.**

At the command **march,** all files execute **in place halt** except the right file of the leading two or squad. The left file or files of the leading two or squad oblique successively to the right when disengaged, and each follows the file on its right at the shortest practicable distance. The remaining twos or squads follow successively in like manner. (*C. I. D. R., No.* 2.)

196. Being in column of files or twos, to form column of squads; or, being in column of files, to form column of twos: 1. **Squads (Twos), right (left) front into line,** 2. **MARCH.**

At the command **march,** the leading file or files halt. The remainder of the squad, or two, obliques to the right and halts on line with the leading file or files. The remaining squads or twos close up and successively form in rear of the first in like manner.

The movement described in this paragraph will be ordered **right or left,** so as to restore the files to their normal relative positions in the two or squad.

197. The movements prescribed in the three preceding paragraphs are difficult of execution at attention and have no value as disciplinary exercises.

198. Marching by twos or files cannot be executed without serious delay and waste of road space. Every reasonable precaution will be taken to obviate the necessity for these formations.

EXTENDED ORDER

Rules for Deployment

199. The command **guide right (left or center)** indicates the base squad for the deployment; if in line it designates the actual **right (left or center)** squad; if in column the command **guide right (left)** designates the **leading** squad, and the command **guide center** designates the **center** squad. After the deployment is completed, the guide is **center** without command, unless otherwise ordered.

200. At the preparatory command for forming skirmish line, from either column of squads or line, each squad leader (except the leader of the base squad, when his squad does not advance), cautions his squad **follow me** or **by the right (left) flank,** as the case may be; at the command **march,** he steps in front of his squad and leads it to its place in line.

201. Having given the command for forming skirmish line, the captain, if necessary, indicates to the corporal of the base squad the point on which the squad is to march; the corporal habitually looks to the captain for such directions.

202. The base squad is deployed as soon as it has sufficient interval. The other squads are deployed as they arrive on the general line; each corporal halts in his place in line and commands or signals, **as skirmishers;** the squad deploys and halts abreast of him.

If tactical considerations demand it, the squad is deployed before arriving on the line.

203. Deployed lines preserve a general alignment toward the guide. Within their respective fronts, individuals or units march so as best to secure cover or to facilitate the advance, but the general and orderly progress of the whole is paramount.

On halting, a deployed line faces to the front (direction of the enemy) in all cases, and takes advantage of cover, the men lying down if necessary.

204. The company in skirmish line **advances, halts,** moves **by the flank,** or **to the rear, obliques,** resumes **the direct march,** passes from **quick** to **double time** and the reverse by the same commands and in a similar manner as in close order; if at a halt, the movement **by the flank** or **to the rear** is executed by the same commands as when marching. **Company right (left,**

half right, half left) is executed as explained for the front rank, skirmish intervals being maintained.

205. A platoon or other part of the company is deployed and marched in the same manner as the company, substituting in the commands, **platoon (detachment, etc.)** for **company.**

Deployments

206. Being in line, to form skirmish line to the front: 1. **As skirmishers, guide right (left or center),** 2. **MARCH.**

If marching, the corporal of the base squad moves straight to the front; when that squad has advanced the desired distance, the captain commands: 1. **Company,** 2. **HALT.** If the guide be **right (left),** the other corporals move to the **left (right)** front, and, in succession from the base, place their squads on the line; if the guide be center, the other corporals move to the **right** or **left** front, according as they are on the right or left of the center squad, and in succession from the center squad place their squads on the line.

If at a halt, the base squad is deployed without advancing; the other squads may be conducted to their proper places by the flank; interior squads may be moved when squads more distant from the base have gained comfortable marching distance.

207. Being in column of squads, to form skirmish line to the front: 1. **As skirmishers, guide right (left or center),** 2. **MARCH.**

If marching, the corporal of the base squad deploys it and moves straight to the front; if at a halt, he deploys his squad without advancing. If the guide be **right (left),** the other corporals move to the **left (right) front,** and, in succession from the base, place their squads on the line; if the guide be **center,** the corporals in front of the center squad move to the right (if at a halt, to the right rear), the corporals in rear of the center squad move to the left front, and each, in succession from the base, places his squad on the line.

The column of twos or files is deployed by the same commands and in like manner.

208. The company in line or in column of squads may be deployed in an oblique direction by the same commands. The captain points out the desired direction; the corporal of the base squad moves in the direction indicated; the other corporals conform.

209. To form skirmish line to the flank or the rear line or the column of squads is turned by squads to the flank or rear and then deployed, as described.

210. The intervals between men are increased or decreased as described in the School of the Squad, adding to the preparatory command, **guide right (left or center)** if necessary.

The Assembly

211. The captain takes his post in front of, or designates, the element on which the company is to assemble and commands: 1. **Assemble,** 2. **MARCH.**

If in skirmish line the men move promptly toward the designated point and the company is re-formed in line. If assembled by platoons, these are conducted to the designated point by platoon leaders, and the company is re-formed in line.

Platoons may be assembled by the command: 1. **Platoons, assemble,** 2. **MARCH.**

Executed by each platoon as described for the company.

One or more platoons may be assembled by the command: 1. **Such platoon(s), assemble,** 2. **MARCH.**

Executed by the designated platoon or platoons as described for the company.

The Advance

212. The advance of a company into an engagement (whether for attack or defense) is conducted in close order, preferably column of squads, until the probability of encountering hostile fire makes it advisable to deploy. After deployment, and before opening fire, the advance of the company may be continued in skirmish line or other suitable formation, depending upon circumstances. The advance may often be facilitated, or better advantage taken of cover, or losses reduced by the employment of the **platoon** or **squad columns** or by the use of a **succession of thin lines.** The selection of the method to be used is made by the captain or major, the choice depending upon conditions arising during the progress of the advance. If the deployment is found to be premature, it will generally be best to assemble the company and proceed in close order.

Patrols are used to provide the necessary security against surprise.

213. Being in skirmish line: 1. **Platoon columns,** 2. **MARCH.**

The platoon leaders move forward through the center of their respective platoons; men to the right of the platoon leader march to the left and follow him in file; those to the left march in like manner to the right; each platoon leader thus conducts the march of his platoon in double column of files; platoon guides follow in rear of their respective platoons to insure prompt and orderly execution of the advance.

214. Being in skirmish line: 1. **Squad columns,** 2. **MARCH.**

Each squad leader moves to the front; the members of each squad oblique toward and follow their squad leader in single file at easy marching distances.

215. Platoon columns are profitably used where the ground is so difficult or cover so limited as to make it desirable to take advantage of the few favorable routes; no two platoons should march within the area of burst of a single shrapnel.* **Squad columns** are of value principally in facilitating the advance over rough or brush-grown ground; they afford no material advantage in securing cover.

216. To deploy platoon or squad columns: 1. **As skirmishers,** 2. **MARCH.**

Skirmishers move to the right or left front and successively place themselves in their original positions on the line.

217. Being in platoon or squad columns: 1. **Assemble.** 2. **MARCH.**

The platoon or squad leaders signal **assemble.** The men of each platoon or squad, as the case may be, advance and, moving to the right and left, take their proper places in line, each unit assembling on the leading element of the column and re-forming in line. The platoon or squad leaders conduct their units toward the element or point indicated by the captain, and to their places in line; the company is re-formed in line.

218. Being in skirmish line, to advance by a succession of thin lines: 1. **(Such numbers), forward,** 2. **MARCH.**

The captain points out in advance the selected position in front of the line occupied. The designated number of each squad moves to the front; the line thus formed preserves the original intervals as nearly as practicable; when this line has advanced a suitable distance (generally from 100 to 250 yards, depending upon the terrain and the character of the hostile fire), a second is sent forward by similar commands, and so on at irregular distances until the whole line has advanced. Upon arriving at the indicated position, the first line is halted. Successive lines, upon arriving, halt on line with the first and the men take their proper places in the skirmish line.

Ordinarily each line is made up of one man per squad and the men of a squad are sent forward in order from right to left as deployed. The first line is led by the platoon leader of the right platoon, the second by the guide of the right platoon, and so on in order from right to left.

The advance is conducted in quick time unless conditions demand a faster gait.

The company having arrived at the indicated position, a further advance by the same means may be advisable.

219. The advance in a succession of thin lines is used to cross a wide stretch swept, or likely to be swept, by artillery fire or heavy, long-range rifle fire which cannot profitably be returned. Its purpose is the building up of a strong skirmish line preparatory to engaging in a fire fight. This method of advancing results in serious (though temporary) loss of control over the company. Its advantage lies in the fact that it offers a less definite target, hence is less likely to draw fire.

220. The above are suggestions. Other and better formations may be devised to fit particular cases. The best formation is the one which advances the line farthest with the least loss of men, time, and control.

The Fire Attack

221. The principles governing the advance of the firing line in attack are considered in the School of the Battalion.

When it becomes impracticable for the company to advance as a whole by ordinary means, it advances by rushes.

222. Being in skirmish line: 1. **By platoon (two platoons, squad, four men, etc.), from the right (left),** 2. **RUSH.**

The platoon leader on the indicated flank carefully arranges the details for a prompt and vigorous execution of the rush and puts it into effect as soon as practicable. If necessary, he designates the leader for the indicated fraction. When about to rush, he causes the men of the fraction to cease firing and to hold themselves flat, but in readiness to spring forward instantly. The leader of the rush (at the signal of the platoon leader, if the latter be not the leader of the rush) commands: **Follow me,** and, running at top speed, leads the fraction to the new line, where he halts it and causes it to open fire. The leader of the rush selects the new line if it has not been previously designated.

The first fraction having established itself on the new line, the next like fraction is sent forward by its platoon leader, without further command of the captain, and so on, successively, until the entire company is on the line established by the first rush.

If more than one platoon is to join in one rush, the junior platoon leader conforms to the action of the senior.

A part of the line having advanced, the captain may increase or decrease the size of the fractions to complete the movement.

223. When the company forms a part of the firing line, the rush of the company as a whole is conducted by the captain, as described for a platoon in the preceding paragraph. The captain leads the rush; platoon leaders lead their respective platoons; platoon guides follow the line to insure prompt and orderly execution of the advance.

224. When the foregoing method of rushing, by running, becomes impracticable, any method of advance that **brings the attack closer to the enemy,** such as crawling, should be employed.

For regulations governing the charge, see paragraphs 318 and 319.

The Company in Support

225. To enable it to follow or reach the firing line, the support adopts suitable formations, following the principles explained in paragraphs 212–218.

The support should be kept assembled as long as practicable. If after deploying a favorable opportunity arises to hold it for some time in close formation, it should be reassembled. It is redeployed when necessary.

226. The movements of the support as a whole and the dispatch of re-enforcements from it to the firing line are controlled by the major.

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*Ordinarily about 20 yards wide.

A re-enforcement of less than one platoon has little influence and will be avoided whenever practicable.

The captain of a company in support is constantly on the alert for the major's signals or commands.

227. A re-enforcement sent to the firing line joins it deployed as skirmishers. The leader of the re-enforcement places it in an interval in the line, if one exists, and commands it thereafter as a unit. If no such suitable interval exists, the re-enforcement is advanced with increased intervals between skirmishers; each man occupies the nearest interval in the firing line, and each then obeys the orders of the nearest squad leader and platoon leader.

228. A re-enforcement joins the firing line as quickly as possible without exhausting the men.

229. The original platoon division of the companies in the firing line should be maintained and should not be broken up by the mingling of re-enforcements.

Upon joining the firing line, officers and sergeants accompanying a re-enforcement take over the duties of others of like grade who have been disabled, or distribute themselves so as best to exercise their normal functions. Conditions will vary and no rules can be prescribed. It is essential that all assist in mastering the increasing difficulties of control.

The Company Acting Alone

230. In general, the company, when acting alone, is employed according to the principles applicable to the battalion acting alone; the captain employs platoons as the major employs companies, making due allowance for the difference in strength.

The support may be smaller in proportion or may be dispensed with.

231. The company must be well protected against surprise. Combat patrols on the flanks are specially important. Each leader of a flank platoon details a man to watch for the signals of the patrol or patrols on his flank.

FIRE

232. Ordinarily pieces are loaded and extra ammunition is issued before the company deploys for combat.

In close order the company executes the firings at the command of the captain, who posts himself in rear of the center of the company.

Usually the firings in close order consist of saluting volleys only.

233. When the company is deployed, the men execute the firings at the command of their platoon leaders; the latter give such commands as are necessary to carry out the captain's directions, and, from time to time, add such further commands as are necessary to continue, correct, and control the fire ordered.

234. The voice is generally inadequate for giving commands during fire and must be replaced by signals of such character that proper fire direction and control is assured. To attract attention, signals must usually be preceded by the whistle signal (short blast). A fraction of the firing line about to rush should, if practicable, avoid using the long blast signal as an aid to **cease firing.** Officers and men behind the firing line cannot ordinarily move freely along the line, but must depend on mutual watchfulness and the proper use of the prescribed signals. All should post themselves so as to see their immediate superiors and subordinates.

235. The musicians assist the captain by observing the enemy, the target, and the fire effect, by transmitting commands or signals, and by watching for signals.

236. Firing with blank cartridges at an **outlined** or **represented** enemy at distances less than 100 yards is prohibited.

237. The effect of fire and the influence of the ground in relation thereto, and the individual and collective instruction in marksmanship, are treated in the Small-Arms Firing Manual.

Ranges

238. For convenience of reference, ranges are classified as follows:

0 to 600 yards, close range.
600 to 1,200 yards, effective range.
1,200 to 2,000 yards, long range.
2,000 yards and over, distant range.

239. The distance to the target must be determined as accurately as possible and the sights set accordingly. Aside from training and morale, this is the most important single factor in securing effective fire at the longer ranges.

240. Except in a deliberately prepared defensive position, the most accurate and only practicable

method of determining the range will generally be to take the mean of several estimates.

Five or six officers or men, selected from the most accurate estimators in the company, are designated as **range estimators** and are specially trained in estimating distances.

Whenever necessary and practicable, the captain assembles the range estimators, points out the target to them, and adopts the mean of their estimates. The range estimators then take their customary posts.

(*C. I. D. R., No.* 17.)

Classes of Firing

241. Volley firing has limited application. In defense it may be used in the early stages of the action if the enemy presents a large, compact target. It may be used by troops executing **fire of position.** When the ground near the target is such that the strike of bullets can be seen from the firing line, **ranging volleys** may be used to correct the sight setting.

In combat, volley firing is executed habitually by platoon.

242. Fire at will is the class of fire normally employed in attack or defense.

243. Clip fire has limited application. It is principally used: 1. In the early stages of combat, to steady the men by habituating them to brief pauses in firing. 2. To produce a short burst of fire.

The Target

244. Ordinarily the major will assign to the company an objective in attack or sector in defense; the company's target will lie within the limits so assigned. In the choice of target, tactical considerations are paramount; the nearest hostile troops within the objective or sector will thus be the usual target. This will ordinarily be the hostile firing line; troops in rear are ordinarily proper targets for artillery, machine guns, or, at times, infantry employing fire of position.

Change of target should not be made without excellent reasons therefor, such as the sudden appearance of hostile troops under conditions which make them more to be feared than the troops comprising the former target.

245. The distribution of fire over the entire target is of special importance.

The captain allots a part of the target to each platoon, or each platoon leader takes as his target that part which corresponds to his position in the company. Men are so instructed that each fires on that part of the target which is directly opposite him.

246. All parts of the target are equally important. Care must be exercised that the men do not slight its less visible parts. A section of the target not covered by fire represents a number of the enemy permitted to fire coolly and effectively.

247. If the target cannot be seen with the naked eye, platoon leaders select an object in front of or behind it, designate this as the **aiming target,** and direct a sight setting which will carry the cone of fire into the target.

(*C. I. D. R., No.* 17.)

Fire Direction

248. When the company is large enough to be divided into platoons, it is impracticable for the captain to command it directly in combat. His efficiency in managing the firing line is measured by his ability to enforce his will through the platoon leaders. Having indicated clearly what he desires them to do, he avoids interfering except to correct serious errors or omissions.

249. The captain **directs** the fire of the company or of designated platoons. He designates the target, and, when practicable, allots a part of the target to each platoon. Before beginning the fire action he determines the range, announces the sight setting, and indicates the class of fire to be employed and the time to open fire. Thereafter, he observes the fire effect, corrects material errors in sight setting, prevents exhaustion of the ammunition supply, and causes the distribution of such extra ammunition as may be received from the rear.

Fire Control

250. In combat the platoon is the **fire unit.** From 20 to 35 rifles are as many as one leader can control effectively.

251. Each platoon leader puts into execution the commands or directions of the captain, having first taken such precautions to insure correct sight setting and clear description of the target or aiming target as the situation permits or requires; thereafter, he gives such additional commands or directions as are necessary to exact compliance with the captain's will. He corrects the sight setting when necessary. He designates an aiming target when the target cannot be seen with the naked eye.

(*C. I. D. R., No.* 17.)

252. In general, **platoon leaders** observe the target and the effect of their fire and are on the alert for the captain's commands or signals; they observe and regulate the rate of fire. The **platoon guides** watch the firing line and check every breach of fire discipline. **Squad leaders** transmit commands and signals when necessary, observe the conduct of their squads and abate excitement, assist in enforcing fire discipline and participate in the firing.

253. The best troops are those that submit longest to fire control. Loss of control is an evil which robs success of its greatest results. To avoid or delay such loss should be the constant aim of all.

Fire control implies the ability to stop firing, change the sight setting and target, and resume a well-directed fire.

Fire Discipline

254. "Fire discipline implies, besides a habit of obedience, a control of the rifle by the soldier, the result of training, which will enable him in action to make hits instead of misses. It embraces taking advantage of the ground; care in setting the sight and delivery of fire; constant attention to the orders of the leaders, and careful observation of the enemy; an increase of fire when the target is favorable, and a cessation of fire when the enemy disappears; economy of ammunition." (Small-Arms Firing Manual.)

In combat, shots which graze the enemy's trench or position and thus reduce the effectiveness of his fire have the approximate value of hits; such shots only, or actual hits, contribute toward fire superiority.

Fire discipline implies that, in a firing line without leaders, each man retains his presence of mind and directs effective fire upon the proper target.

255. To create a correct appreciation of the requirements of fire discipline, men are taught that the rate of fire should be as rapid as is consistent with accurate aiming; that the rate will depend upon the visibility, proximity, and size of the target; and that the proper rate will ordinarily suggest itself to each trained man, usually rendering cautions or commands unnecessary.

In attack, the highest rate of fire is employed at the halt preceding the assault, and in pursuing fire.

256. In an advance by rushes, leaders of troops in firing positions are responsible for the delivery of heavy fire to cover the advance of each rushing fraction. Troops are trained to change slightly the direction of fire so as not to endanger the flanks of advanced portions of the firing line.

257. In defense, when the target disappears behind cover, platoon leaders suspend fire, prepare their platoons to fire upon the point where it is expected to reappear, and greet its reappearance instantly with vigorous fire.

SCHOOL OF THE BATTALION

258. The battalion being purely a tactical unit, the major's duties are primarily those of an instructor in drill and tactics and of a tactical commander. He is responsible for the theoretical and practical training of the battalion. He supervises the training of the companies of the battalion with a view to insuring the thoroughness and uniformity of their instruction.

In the instruction of the battalion as a whole, his efforts will be directed chiefly to the development of tactical efficiency, devoting only such time to the mechanism of drill and to the ceremonies as may be necessary in order to insure precision, smartness and proper control.

259. The movements explained herein are on the basis of a battalion of four companies; they may be executed by a battalion of two or more companies, not exceeding six.

260. The companies are generally arranged from right to left according to the rank of the captains present at the formation. The arrangement of the companies may be varied by the major or higher commander.

After the battalion is formed, no cognizance is taken of the relative order of the companies.

261. In whatever direction the battalion faces, the companies are designated numerically from right to left in line, and from head to rear in column, **first company, second company,** etc.

The terms **right** and **left** apply to actual right and left as the line faces; if the about by squads be executed when in line, the right company becomes the left company and the right center becomes the left center company.

The designation center company indicates the right center or the actual center company according as the number of companies is even or odd.

262. The band and other special units, when attached to the battalion, take the same post with respect to it as if it were the nearest battalion shown in Plate IV.

CLOSE ORDER

Rules

263. Captains repeat such preparatory commands as are to be immediately executed by their companies, as **forward, squads right,** etc.; the men execute the commands **march, halt,** etc., if applying to their companies, when given by the major. In movements executed in route step or at ease the captains repeat the command of execution, if necessary. Captains do not repeat the major's commands in executing the manual of arms, nor those commands which are not essential to the execution of a movement by their companies, as **column of squads, first company, squads right,** etc.

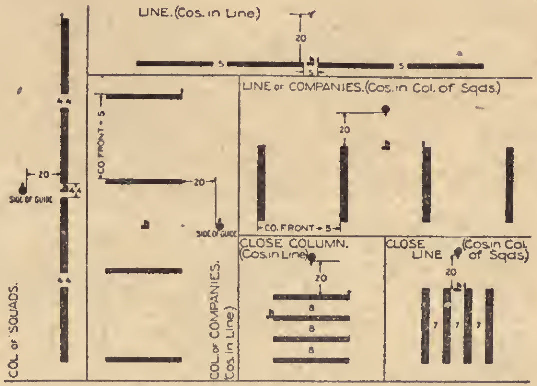
LINE. (Cos. in Line)
20
5
5
LINE or COMPANIES. (Cos. in Col. of Sqds)
20
CO. FRONT + 5
CO. FRONT + 5
20
20
SIDE OF GUIDE
SIDE OF GUIDE
CLOSE COLUMN. (Cos. in Line)
20
8
8
8
CLOSE LINE (Cos. in Col. of Sqds)
20
7
7
7
COL. of SQUADS.
COL. of COMPANIES. (Cos. in Line)

Plate III. THE BATTALION.

MAJOR (WITH STAFF ETC.)-● GUIDE AND DIRECTION-† THE COLOR-

NUMERALS ARE DISTANCES OR INTERVALS IN PACES.

In giving commands or cautions captains may prefix the proper letter designations of their companies, as **A Company, HALT; B Company, squads right,** etc.

264. At the command **guide center (right or left),** captains command: **Guide right or left,** according to the positions of their companies. **Guide center** designates the left guide of the center company.

265. When the companies are to be dressed, captains place themselves on that flank toward which the dress is to be made, as follows:

The battalion in line: Beside the guide (or the flank file of the front rank, if the guide is not in line) and facing to the front.

The battalion in column of companies: Two paces from the guide, in prolongation of and facing down the line.

Each captain, after dressing his company, commands: **FRONT,** and takes his post.

The battalion being in line and unless otherwise prescribed, at the captain's command **dress,** or at the command **halt,** when it is prescribed that the company shall dress, the guide on the flank away from the point of rest, with his piece at right shoulder, dresses promptly on the captain and the companies beyond. During the dress he moves, if necessary, to the right and left only; the captain dresses the company on the line thus established. The guide takes the position of order arms at the command **front.** (*C. I. D. R., No. 2.*)

266. The battalion executes the **halt, rests, facings, steps** and **marchings, manual of arms,** resumes **attention, kneels, lies down, rises, stacks** and **takes arms,** as explained in the Schools of the Soldier and Squad, substituting in the commands **battalion** for **squad.**

The battalion executes **squads right (left), squads right (left) about, route step** and **at ease,** and **obliques** and resumes the **direct march,** as explained in the School of the Company.

267. The battalion in column of platoons, squads, twos, or files changes direction; in column of squads forms column of twos or files and re-forms columns of twos or squads, as explained in the School of the Company.

268. When the formation admits of the simultaneous execution by companies or platoons of movements in the School of the Company, the major may cause such movement to be executed by prefixing, when necessary, **companies (platoons)** to the commands prescribed therein: as 1. **Companies, right front into line,** 2. **MARCH.** To complete such simultaneous movements, the commands **halt** or **march,** if prescribed, are given by the major. The command front, when prescribed, is given by the captains.

269. The battalion as a unit executes the loadings and firings only in firing saluting volleys. The commands are as for the company, substituting **battalion** for **company.** At the first command for loading, captains take post in rear of the center of their respective companies. At the conclusion of the firing, the captains resume their posts in line.

On other occasions, when firing in close order is necessary, it is executed by company or other subdivision under instructions from the major.

To Form the Battalion

270. For purposes other than ceremonies: The battalion is formed in column of squads. The companies having been formed, the adjutant posts himself so as to be facing the column, when formed, and 6 paces in front of the place to be occupied by the leading guide of the battalion; he draws saber; **adjutant's call** is sounded or the adjutant signals **assemble.**

The companies are formed, at attention, in column of squads in their proper order. Each captain, after halting his company, salutes the adjutant; the adjutant returns the salute and, when the last captain has saluted, faces the major and reports: **Sir, the battalion is formed.** He then joins the major.

271. For ceremonies or when directed: The battalion is formed in line.

The companies having been formed, the adjutant posts himself so as to be 6 paces to the right of the right company when line is formed, and faces in the direction in which the line is to extend. He draws saber; **adjutant's call** is sounded; the band plays if present.

The right company is conducted by its captain so as to arrive from the rear, parallel to the line; its right and left guides precede it on the line by about 20 paces, taking post facing to the right at order arms, so that their elbows will be against the breasts of the right and left files of their company when it is dressed. The guides of the other companies successively prolong the line to the left in like manner and the companies approach their respective places in line as explained for the right company. The adjutant, from his post, causes the guides to cover.

When about 1 pace in rear of the line, each company is halted and dressed to the right against the arms of the guides.

The band, arriving from the rear, takes its place in line when the right company is halted; it ceases playing when the left company has halted.

When the guides of the left company have been posted, the adjutant, moving by the shortest route, takes post facing the battalion midway between the post of the major and the center of the battalion.

The major, staff, noncommissioned staff, and orderlies take their posts.

When all parts of the line have been dressed, and officers and others have reached their posts, the adjutant commands: 1. **Guides,** 2. **POSTS,** 3. **Present,** 4. **ARMS.** At the second command guides take their places in the line. The adjutant then turns about and reports to the major: **Sir, the battalion is formed;** the major directs the adjutant: **Take your post, Sir;** draws saber and brings the battalion to the order. The adjutant takes his post, passing to the right of the major.

To Dismiss the Battalion

272. DISMISS YOUR COMPANIES.

Staff and noncommissioned staff officers fall out; each captain marches his company off and dismisses it.

To Rectify the Alignment

273. Being in line at a halt, to align the battalion: 1. **Center (right or left),** 2. **DRESS.**

The captains dress their companies successively toward the center (right or left) guide of the battalion, each as soon as the captain next toward the indicated guide commands: **Front.** The captains of the center companies (if the dress is **center**) dress them without waiting for each other.

274. To give the battalion a new alignemnt: 1. **Guides center (right or left) company on the line,** 2. **Guides on the line,** 3. **Center (right or left),** 4. **DRESS,** 5. **Guides,** 6. **POSTS.**

At the first command, the designated guides place themselves on the line (par. 271) facing the center (right or left). The major establishes them in the direction he wishes to give the battalion.

At the second command, the guides of the other companies take posts, facing the center (right or left), so as to prolong the line.

At the command **dress,** each captain dresses his company to the flank toward which the guides of his company face.

At the command **posts,** given when all companies have completed the dress, the guides return to their posts.

To Rectify the Column

275. Being in column of companies, or in close column, at a halt, if the guides do not cover or have not their proper distances, and it is desired to correct them, the major commands: 1. **Right (left),** 2. **DRESS.**

Captains of companies in rear of the first place their right guides so as to cover at the proper distance; each captain aligns his company to the right and commands: **FRONT.**

On Right (Left) into Line

276. Being in column of squads or companies: 1. **On right (left) into line,** 2. **MARCH,** 3. **Battalion,** 4. **HALT.**

Being in column of squads: At the first command, the captain of the leading company commands: **Squads right.** If at a halt, each captain in rear commands: **Forward.** At the second command the leading company marches in line to the right; the companies in rear continue to march to the front and form successively on the left, each, when opposite its place, being marched in line to the right.

The fourth command is given when the first company has advanced the desired distance in the new direction; it halts and is dressed to the right by its captain; the others complete the movement, each being halted 1 pace in rear of the line established by the first company and then dressed to the right.

Being in column of companies: At the first command, the captain of the first company commands: **Right turn.** If at a halt, each captain in rear commands: **Forward.** Each of the captains in rear of the leading company gives the command: 1. **Right turn,** in time to add, 2. **MARCH.** when his company arrives opposite the right of its place in line.

The fourth command is given and the movement completed as explained above.

Whether executed from column of squads or column of companies, each captain places himself so as to march beside the right guide after his company forms line or changes direction to the right.

If executed in double time, the leading company marches in double time until halted.

Front into Line

277. Being in column of squads or companies: 1. **Right (Left) front into line,** 2. **MARCH.**

Being in column of squads: At the first command, the captain of the leading company commands: **Column right;** the captains of the companies in rear, **column half right.** At the second command the leading company executes column right, and, as the last squad completes the change of direction, is formed in line to the left, halted, and dressed to the left. Each of the companies in rear is conducted by the most convenient route to the rear of the right of the preceding company, thence to the right, parallel to and 1 pace in rear of the new line; when opposite its place, it is formed in line to the left, halted, and dressed to the left.

Being in column of companies: If marching, the captain of the leading company gives the necessary commands to halt his company at the second command; if at a halt, the leading company stands fast. At the first command, the captain of each company in rear commands: **Squads right,** or **Right by squads,** and after the second command conducts his company by the most convenient route to its place in line, as described above.

Whether executed from column of squads or column of companies, each captain halts when opposite or at the point where the left of his company is to rest.

To Form Column of Companies Successively to the Right or Left

278. Being in column of squads: 1. **Column of companies, first company, squads right (left),** 2. **MARCH.**

The leading company executes **squads right** and moves forward. The other companies move forward in column of squads and successively march in line to the right on the same ground as the leading company and in such manner that the guide covers the guide of the preceding company.

To Form Column of Squads Successively to the Right or Left

279. Being in column of companies: 1. **Column of squads, first company, squads right (left),** 2. **MARCH.**

The leading company executes **squads right** and moves forward. The other companies move forward in column of companies and successively march in column of squads to the right on the same ground as the leading company.

To Change Direction

280. Being in column of companies or close column: 1. **Column right (left),** 2. **MARCH.**

The captain of the first company commands: **Right turn.**

The leading company turns to the right on moving pivot, the captain adding: 1. **Forward,** 2. **MARCH,** upon its completion.

The other companies march squarely up to the turning point; each changes direction by the same commands and means as the first, and in such manner that the guide covers the guide of the preceding company.

281. Being in line of companies or close line: 1. **Battalion right (left),** 2. **MARCH,** 3. **Battalion,** 4. **HALT.**

The right company changes direction to the right; the other companies are conducted by the shortest line to their places abreast of the first.

The fourth command is given when the right company has advanced the desired distance in the new direction; that company halts; the others halt successively upon arriving on the line.

282. Being in column of squads, the battalion changes direction by the same commands and in the manner prescribed for the company.

Mass Formations

282 1-2. Being in column of squads, to form a line of columns of companies or company subdivisions, facing in any desired direction, at any desired interval, on the right or left of the leading element of the battalion: 1. **Line of companies (half companies, platoons), at (so many) paces, guide right (left),** 2. **MARCH.** 3. **Battalion,** 4. **HALT.**

The leading company (or subdivision) marches in the direction previously indicated by the major until the command halt is given and then halts. Each succeeding company (or subdivision) marches by the most direct route to its place at the prescribed interval on the left (right) of the next preceding company (or subdivision), halting when it is abreast of the leading element of the battalion.

If the battalion be in any formation other than column of squads, the major indicates the desired direction to the leading element. The entire command forms column of squads and executes the movement in conformity with the principles indicated above (*C. I. D. R., No.* 19.)

283. Being in line, line of companies, or column of companies: 1. **Close on first (fourth) company,** 2. **MARCH.**

If at a halt, the indicated company stands fast; if marching, it is halted; each of the other companies is conducted toward it and is halted in proper order in close column.

If the battalion is in line, companies form successively in rear of the indicated company; if in column of squads, companies in rear of the leading company form on the left of it.

In close column formed from line on the first company, the left guides cover; formed on the fourth company, right guides cover. If formed on the leading company, the guide remains as before the formation. In close line, the guides are halted abreast of the guide of the leading company.

The battalion in column closes on the leading company only. (*C. I. D. R., No.* 19.)

To Extend the Mass

284. Being in close column or in close line: 1. **Extend on first (fourth) company,** 2. **MARCH.**

Being in close line: If at a halt, the indicated company stands fast; if marching, it halts; each of the other companies is conducted away from the indicated company and is halted in its proper order in line of companies.

Being in close column, the extension is made on the fourth company only. If marching, the leading company continues to march; companies in rear are halted and successively resume the march in time to follow at full distance. If at halt, the leading company marches; companies in rear successively march in time to follow at full distance.

Close column is not extended in double time.

285. Being in close column: 1. **Right (left) front into line**, 2. **MARCH. Executed as from column of companies.**

286. Being in close column: 1. **Column of squads, first (fourth) company, squads right (left)**, 2. **MARCH.**

The designated company marches in column of squads to the right. Each of the other companies executes the same movement in time to follow the preceding company in column.

287. Being in close line: 1. **Column of squads, first (fourth) company, forward**, 2. **MARCH.**

The designated company moves forward. The other companies (halting if in march) successively take up the march and follow in column.

Route Step and At Ease

288. The battalion marches in **route step** and **at ease** as prescribed in the School of the Company. When marching in column of companies or platoons, the guides maintain the trace and distance.

In route marches the major marches at the head of the column; when necessary, the file closers may be directed to march at the head and rear of their companies.

Assembly

289. The battalion being wholly or partially deployed, or the companies being separated: 1. **Assemble**, 2. **MARCH.**

The major places himself opposite to or designates the element or point on which the battalion is to assemble. Companies are assembled and marched to the indicated point. As the companies arrive, the major or adjutant indicates the formation to be taken.

COMBAT PRINCIPLES

Orders

290. The following references to orders are applicable to attack or defense.

291. In extended order, the company is the largest unit to execute movements by prescribed commands or means. The major, assembling his captains if practicable, directs the disposition of the battalion by means of **tactical orders.** He controls its subsequent movements by such **orders** or **commands** as are suitable to the occasion.

292. In every disposition of the battalion for combat the major's order should give subordinates sufficient information of the enemy, of the position of supporting and neighboring troops, and of the object sought to enable them to conform intelligently to the general plan.

The order should then designate the companies which are to constitute the **firing line** and those which are to constitute the **support.** In attack, it should designate the direction or the objective, the order and front of the companies on the firing line, and should designate the right or left company as base company. In defense, it should describe the front of each company, and, if necessary, the sector to be observed by each.

293. When the battalion is operating alone, the major provides for the reconnaissance and protection of his flanks; if part of a larger force, the major makes similar provisions, when necessary, without orders from higher authority, unless such authority has specifically directed other suitable reconnaissance and protection.

294. When the battalion is deployed upon the initiative of the major, he will indicate whether extra ammunition shall be issued; if deployed in pursuance of orders of higher authority, the major will cause the issue of extra ammunition, unless such authority has given directions to the contrary.

Deployment

295. The following principles of deployment are applicable to attack or defense.

296. A premature deployment involves a long, disorganizing and fatiguing advance of the skirmish line, and should be avoided. A greater evil is to be caught by heavy fire when in dense column or other close order formation; hence advantage should be taken of cover in order to retain the battalion in close order formation until exposure to heavy hostile fire may reasonably be anticipated.

297. The major regulates the depth of the deployment and the extent and density of the firing line, subject to such restrictions as a senior may have imposed.

Companies or designated subdivisions and detachments are conducted by their commanders in such manner as best to accomplish the mission assigned to them under the major's orders. Companies designated for the firing line march independently to the place of deployment, form skirmish line, and take up the advance. They conform, in general, to the base company.

298. The commander of a battalion, whether it is operating alone or as part of a larger force, should hold a part of his command out of the firing line. By the judicious use of this force the major can exert an influence not otherwise possible over his firing line, and can control, within reasonable limits, an action once begun. So if his battalion be assigned to the **firing line,** the major will cause one, two, or three companies to be deployed on the firing line, retaining the remaining companies or company as a **support** for that firing line. The division of the battalion into firing line and support will depend upon the front to be covered and the nature and anticipated severity of the action.

299. If the battalion be part of a larger command, the number of companies in the firing line will generally be determinable from the regimental commander's order; the remainder constitutes the support. If the battalion is acting alone, the support must be strong enough to maintain the original fire power of the firing line, to protect the flanks, and to perform the functions of a reserve, whatever be the issue of the action. See paragraph 346.

300. If the battalion is operating alone, the support may, according to circumstances, be held in one or two bodies and placed behind the center, or one or both flanks of the firing line, or echeloned beyond a flank. If the battalion is part of a larger force, the support is generally held in one body.

301. The distance between the firing line and the supporting group or groups will vary between wide limits; it should be as short as the necessity for protection from heavy losses will permit. When cover is available, the support should be as close as 50 to 100 yards; when such cover is not available, it should not be closer than 300 yards. It may be as far as 500 yards in rear if good cover is there obtainable and is not obtainable at a lesser distance.

302. In exceptional cases, as in a meeting engagement, it may be necessary to place an entire battalion or regiment in the firing line at the initial deployment, the support being furnished by other troops. Such deployment causes the early mingling of the larger units, thus rendering leadership and control extremely difficult. The necessity for such deployment will increase with the inefficiency of the commander and of the service of information.

Fire

303. Fire direction and fire control are functions of company and platoon commanders. The major makes the primary apportionment of the target—in defense, by assigning sectors of fire; in attack, by assigning the objective. In the latter case each company in the firing line takes as its target that part of the general objective which lies in its front.

304. The major should indicate the point or time at which the fire fight is to open. He may do this in his order for deployment, or he may follow the firing line close enough to do so at the proper time. If it be impracticable for him to do either, the senior officer with the firing line, in each battalion, selects the time for opening fire.

Attack

305. The battalion is the **attack unit,** whether operating alone or as part of a larger unit.

306. If his battalion be one of several in the firing line, the major, in executing his part of the attack, pushes his battalion forward as vigorously as possible within the front, or section, assigned to it. The great degree of independence allowed to him as to details demands, in turn, the exercise of good judgment on his part. Better leadership, better troops, and more favorable terrain enable one battalion to advance more rapidly in attack than another less fortunate, and such a battalion will insure the further advance of the others. The leading battalion should not, however, become isolated; isolation may lead to its destruction.

307. The deployment having been made, the firing line advances without firing. The predominant idea must be to close with the enemy as soon as possible without ruinous losses. The limited supply of ammunition and the uncertainty of resupply, the necessity for securing fire superiority in order to advance within the shorter ranges, and the impossibility of accomplishing this at ineffective ranges, make it imperative that fire be not opened as long as the advance can be continued without demoralizing losses. The attack which halts to open fire at extreme range (over 1,200 yards) is not likely ever to reach its destination. Every effort should be made, by using cover or inconspicuous formations, or by advancing the firing line as a whole, to arrive within 800 yards of the enemy before opening fire.

308. Except when the enemy's artillery is able to effect an unusual concentration of fire, its fire upon deployed infantry causes losses which are unimportant when compared with those inflicted by his infantry; hence the attacking infantry should proceed to a position as described above, and from which an effective fire can be directed against the hostile infantry with a view to obtaining fire superiority. The effectiveness of the enemy's fire must be reduced so as to permit further advance. The more effective the fire to which the enemy is subjected, the less effective will be his fire.

309. Occasionally the fire of adjacent battalions, or of infantry employing fire of position, or of supporting artillery, will permit the further advance of the entire firing line from this point, but it will generally be necessary to advance by rushes of fractions of the line.

The fraction making the rush should be as large as the hostile fire and the necessity for maintaining fire superiority will permit. Depending upon circumstances, the strength of the fraction may vary from a company to a few men.

The advance is made as rapidly as possible without losing fire superiority. The smaller the fraction which rushes, the greater the number of rifles which continue to fire upon the enemy. On the other hand, the smaller the fraction which rushes, the slower will be the progress of the attack.

310. Enough rifles must continue in action to insure the success of each rush. Frequently the successive advances of the firing line must be effected by rushes of fractions of decreased size; that is, advances by rushes may first be made by company, later by half company or platoon, and finally by squads or files; but no subsequent opportunity to **increase** the rate of advance, such as better cover or a decrease of the hostile fire, should be overlooked.

311. Whenever possible, the rush is begun by a flank fraction of the firing line. In the absence of express directions from the major, each captain of a flank company determines when an advance by rushes shall be attempted. A flank company which inaugurates an advance by rushes becomes the base company, if not already the base. An advance by rushes having been inaugurated on one flank, the remainder of the firing line conforms; fractions rush successively from that flank and halt on the line established by the initial rush.

The fractions need not be uniform in size; each captain indicates how his company shall rush, having due regard to the ground and the state of the fire fight.

312. A fraction about to rush is sent forward when the remainder of the line is firing vigorously; otherwise the chief advantage of this method of advancing is lost.

The length of the rush will vary from 30 to 80 yards, depending upon the existence of cover, positions for firing, and the hostile fire.

313. When the entire firing line of the battalion has advanced to the new line, fresh opportunities to advance are sought as before.

314. Two identical situations will never confront the battalion; hence at drill it is prohibited to arrange the details of an advance before the preceding one has been concluded, or to employ a fixed or prearranged method of advancing by rushes.

315. The major posts himself so as best to direct the re-enforcing of the firing line from the support. When all or nearly all of the support has been absorbed by the firing line, he joins, and takes full charge of, the latter.

316. The re-enforcing of the firing line by driblets of a squad or a few men has no appreciable effect. The firing line requires either no re-enforcement or a strong one. Generally one or two platoons will be sent forward under cover of a heavy fire of the firing line.

317. To facilitate control and to provide intervals in which re-enforcements may be placed, the companies in the firing line should be kept closed in on their centers as they become depleted by casualties during the advance.

When this is impracticable, re-enforcements must mingle with and thicken the firing line. In battle, the latter method will be the rule rather than the exception, and to familiarize the men with such conditions, the combat exercises of the battalion should include both methods of re-enforcing. Occasionally, to provide the necessary intervals for re-enforcing by either of these methods, the firing line should be thinned by causing men to drop out and simulate losses during the various advances. Under ordinary conditions, the depletion of the firing line for this purpose will be from one-fifth to one-half of its strength.

318. The major or senior officer in the firing line determines when bayonets shall be fixed and gives the proper command or signal. It is repeated by all parts of the firing line. Each man who was in the front rank prior to deployment, as soon as he recognizes the command or signal, suspends firing, quickly fixes his bayonet, and immediately resumes firing; after which the other men suspend firing, fix bayonets, and immediately resume firing. The support also fixes bayonets. The concerted fixing of the bayonet by the firing line at drill does not simulate battle conditions and should not be required. It is essential that there be no marked pause in the firing. Bayonets will be fixed generally before or during the last, or second last, advance preceding the charge.

319. Subject to orders from higher authority, the major determines the point from which the charge is to be made. The firing line having arrived at that point and being in readiness, the major causes the charge to be sounded. The signal is repeated by the musicians of all parts of the line. The company officers lead the charge. The skirmishers spring forward shouting, run with bayonets at charge, and close with the enemy.

The further conduct of the charging troops will depend upon circumstances; they may halt and engage in bayonet combat or in pursuing fire; they may advance a short distance to obtain a field of fire or to drive the enemy from the vicinity; they may assemble or reorganize, etc. If the enemy vacates his position, every effort should be made to open fire at once on the retreating mass, reorganization of the attacking troops being of secondary importance to the infliction of further losses upon the enemy and to the increase of his confusion. In combat exercises the major will assume a situation and terminate the assault accordingly.

Defense

320. In defense, as in attack, the battalion is the tactical unit best suited to independent assignment. Defensive positions are usually divided into sections and a battalion assigned to each.

321. The major locates such fire, communicating, and cover trenches and obstacles as are to be constructed. He assigns companies to construct them and details the troops to occupy them.

322. The major re-enforces the firing line in accordance with the principles applicable to, and explained in connection with, the attack, maintaining no more rifles in the firing line than are necessary to prevent the enemy's advance.

323. The supply of ammunition being usually ample, fire is opened as soon as it is possible to break up the enemy's formation, stop his advance, or inflict material loss, but this rule must be modified to suit the ammunition supply.

324. The major causes the firing line and support to fix bayonets when an assault by the enemy is imminent. Captains direct this to be done if they are not in communication with the major and the measure is deemed advisable.

Fire alone will not stop a determined, skilfully-conducted attack. The defender must have equal tenacity; if he can stay in his trench or position and cross bayonets, he will at least have neutralized the hostile first line, and the combat will be decided by reserves.

325. If ordered or compelled to withdraw under hostile infantry fire or in the presence of hostile infantry, the support will be posted so as to cover the retirement of the firing line.

326. When the battalion is operating alone, the support must be strong, and must be fed sparingly into the firing line, especially if a counter-attack is planned. Opportunities for counter-attack should be sought at all times.

THE REGIMENT

327. Normally, the regiment consists of three battalions, but these regulations are applicable to a regiment of two or more battalions. Special units, such as band, machine-gun company, and mounted scouts, have special formations for their own use. Movements herein prescribed are for the battalions; special units conform thereto unless otherwise prescribed or directed.

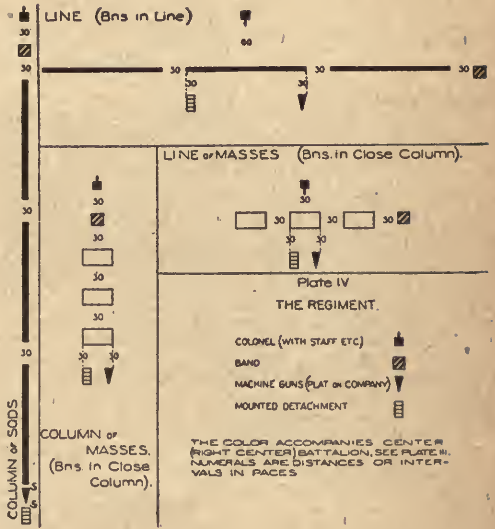
LINE (Bns in Line)
LINE of MASSES (Bns. in Close Column).
COLUMN of MASSES. (Bns. in Close Column).
COLUMN of SQDS
30
60
5
COLONEL (WITH STAFF ETC)
BAND
MACHINE GUNS (PLAT OR COMPANY)
MOUNTED DETACHMENT
THE COLOR ACCOMPANIES CENTER (RIGHT CENTER) BATTALION, SEE PLATE III. NUMERALS ARE DISTANCES OR INTERVALS IN PACES

Plate IV

THE REGIMENT.

328. The colonel is responsible for the theoretical instruction and practical training of the regiment as a whole. Under his immediate supervision, the training of the units of the regiment is conducted by their respective commanders.

329. The colonel either gives his commands or orders orally, by bugle, or by signal, or communicates them by staff officers or orderlies.

Each major gives the appropriate commands or orders, and, in close-order movements, causes his battalion to execute the necessary movements at his command of execution. Each major ordinarily moves his battalion from one formation to another, in column of squads, in the most convenient manner, and, in the presence of the enemy, in the most direct manner consistent with cover.

Commanders of the special units observe the same principles as to commands and movements. They take places in the new formation as directed by the colonel; in the absence of such directions they conform as nearly as practicable to Plate IV, maintaining their relative positions with respect to the flank or end of the regiment on which they are originally posted.

330. When the regiment is formed, and during ceremonies, the lieutenant-colonel is posted 2 paces to the left of, and 1 pace less advanced than the colonel. In movements subsequent to the formation of the regiment and other than ceremonies, the lieutenant-colonel is on the left of the colonel.

331. In whatever formation the regiment may be, the battalions retain their permanent administrative designations of **first, second, third battalion.** For convenience, they may be designated, when in line, as **right, center,** or **left battalion;** when in column, as **leading, center,** or **rear battalion.** These designations apply to the actual positions of the battalions in line or column.

332. Except at ceremonies, or when rendering honors, or when otherwise directed, after the regiment is formed, the battalions march and stand **at ease** during subsequent movements.

CLOSE ORDER

To Form the Regiment

333. Unless otherwise directed, the battalions are posted from right to left, or from head to rear, according to the rank of the battalion commanders present, the senior on the right or at the head. A battalion whose major is in command of the regiment retains its place.

334. For ordinary purposes, the regiment is formed in column of squads or in column of masses.

The adjutant informs the majors what the formation is to be. The battalions and special units having been formed, he posts himself and draws saber. **Adjutant's call** is sounded, or the adjutant signals **assemble.**

If forming in column of squads, the adjutant posts himself so as to be facing the column when formed, and 6 paces in front of the place to be occupied by the leading guide of the regiment; if forming in column of masses, he posts himself so as to be facing the right guides of the column when formed, and 6 paces in front of the place to be occupied by the right guide of the leading company. Later, he moves so as best to observe the formation.

The battalions are halted, at attention, in column of squads or close column, as the case may be, successively from the front in their proper order and places. The band takes it place when the leading battalion has halted. Other special units take their places in turn when the rear battalion has halted.

The majors and the commanders of the machine-gun company and mounted scouts (or detachment) each, when his command is in place, salutes the adjutant and commands: **At ease;** the adjutant returns the salutes. When all have saluted and the band is in place, the adjutant rides to the colonel, reports: **Sir, the regiment is formed,** and takes his post. The colonel draws saber.

The formation in column of squads may be modified to the extent demanded by circumstances. Prior to the formation, the adjutant indicates the point where the head of the column is to rest and the direction in which it is to face; he then posts himself so as best to observe the formation. At **adjutant's call** or **assemble** the leading battalion marches to, and halts at, the indicated point. The other battalions take positions from which they may conveniently follow in their proper places.

335. For ceremonies, or when directed, the regiment is formed in line or line of masses.

The adjutant posts himself so as to be 6 paces to the right of the right or leading company of the right battalion when the regiment is formed and faces in the direction in which the line is to extend. **Adjutant's call** is sounded; the band plays.

The adjutant indicates to the adjutant of the right battalion the point of rest and the direction in which the line is to extend, and then takes post facing the regiment midway between the post of the colonel and the center of the regiment. Each of the other battalion adjutants precedes his battalion to the line and marks its point of rest.

The battalions, arriving from the rear, each in line or close column, as the case may be, are halted on the line successively from right to left in their proper order and places. Upon halting, each major commands: 1. **Right.** 2. **DRESS.** The battalion adjutant assists in aligning the battalion and then takes his post.

The band, arriving from the rear, takes its place in line when the right battalion has halted; it ceases playing when the left battalion has halted. The machine-gun company and the mounted scouts (or detachment) take their places in line after the center battalion has halted.

The colonel and those who accompany him take post.

When all parts of the line have been dressed, and officers and all others have reached their posts, the adjutant commands: 1. **Present,** 2. **ARMS.** He then turns about and reports to the colonel: **Sir, the regiment is formed;** the colonel directs the adjutant: **Take your post, Sir,** draws saber and brings the regiment to the order. The adjutant takes his post, passing to the right of the colonel.

To Dismiss the Regiment

336. Being in any formation: **DISMISS YOUR BATTALIONS.** Each major marches his battalion off and dismisses it.

Movements by the Regiment

337. The regiment executes the **halt, rests, facings, steps** and **marchings, manual** of **arms,** resumes **attention, kneels, lies down, rises, stacks** and **takes arms,** as explained in the Schools of the Soldier and Squad, substituting in the commands, when necessary, **battalions** for **squad.**

The regiment executes **squads right (left), squads right (left) about, route step** and **at ease, obliques** and resumes the direct march as explained in the School of the Company.

The regiment in column of files, twos, squads, or platoons, changes direction, and in column of squads forms column of twos or files and re-forms column of twos or squads, as explained in the School of the Company. In column of companies, it changes direction as explained in the School of the Battalion.

338. When the formation admits of the simultaneous execution, by battalions, companies, or platoons, of movements prescribed in the School of the Company or Battalion, the colonel may cause such movements to be executed by prefixing, where necessary, **battalions (companies, platoons)**, to the commands prescribed therein.

339. The column of squads is the usual column of march; to shorten the column, if conditions permit, a double column of squads may be used, the companies of each battalion marching abreast in two columns. Preliminary to an engagement, the regiment or its units will be placed in the formation best suited to its subsequent tactical employment.

340. To assume any formation, the colonel indicates to the majors the character of the formation desired, the order of the battalions, and the point of rest. Each battalion is conducted by its major, and is placed in its proper order in the formation, by the most convenient means and route.

Having halted in a formation, no movements for the purpose of correcting minor discrepancies in alignments, intervals, or distances are made unless specially directed by the colonel or necessitated by conditions of cover.

341. To correct intervals, distances, and alignments, the colonel directs one or more of the majors to rectify their battalions. Each major so directed causes his battalion to correct its alignment, intervals, and distances, and places it in its proper position in the formation.

COMBAT PRINCIPLES

342. The regiment is deployed by the colonel's order to the commanders of battalions and special units. The order should give them information of the situation and of the proposed plan of action. In attack, the order should assign to each battalion not in reserve its objective or line of advance. In defense, it should assign to each its sector. In either case it should designate the troops for, and the position of, the reserve and prescribe the employment of the machine guns and mounted scouts.

Both in attack and defense, the order may fix the front to be covered in the deployment.

Encroachment upon the proper functions of subordinates and unnecessary details should be studiously avoided. When the regiment deploys, the colonel habitually places the band at the disposal of the surgeon for employment in caring for the wounded. (*C. I. D. R., No.* 2.)

343. The regiment, when operating alone and attacking, should undertake an enveloping attack if it does not result in over-extension.

Assuming a regiment of 1,500 rifles, an extension of more than 1,000 yards between its extreme flanks when making an enveloping attack alone is seldom justifiable; when part of a battle line, a front of 500 yards can rarely be exceeded.

344. In defense, the front occupied when acting alone or posted on or near the flank of a battle line should seldom exceed 600 yards; when posted as an interior regiment, the front may be increased to 800 yards. The front may be somewhat longer than in the attack, since smaller battalion supports are justifiable. When the regiment is operating alone, however, the regimental reserve should be as strong in the defense as in the attack unless the flanks are secure,

345. The colonel should always hold out a reserve—generally one battalion; but when the regiment is operating alone, it is generally advisable to hold out more at first.

346. Whereas the support held out in each battalion of the firing line is intended to thicken the diminishing firing line at the proper times and sometimes to lengthen it, the reserve held out in a regiment operating alone is used for this purpose only as a last resort. Its primary functions are: In attack, to protect the flanks, to improve fully the advantage following a victory, or to cover defeat; in defense, to prolong the firing line, to effect a counter-attack, or to cover withdrawal. It is the colonel's chief means of influencing an action once begun. It should be conserved to await the proper moment for its employment; the combat will seldom come to a successful issue without its employment in some form.

The reserve of a regiment operating as part of a large force becomes a local reserve. It replaces depleted supports and in attack strengthens and protects the firing line in the charge.

THE BRIGADE

347. The brigade does not engage in prescribed drills. It engages in route marches and battle or other tactical exercises. These are conducted pursuant to commands or orders formulated to suit the conditions of the proposed movement or exercise, and, in general, in accordance with the principles applicable to the regiment.

348. A brigade of about 4,000 rifles, as part of a general battle line, would be deployed on a front of not more than 1,200 yards in attack, or 1,600 yards in defense.

When acting alone, the distance between extreme flanks in an enveloping attack should not exceed 2,000 yards at the time the attacking infantry opens fire.

When acting alone, the front in defense should not exceed 1,600 yards.

These limits apply to the original deployment of the brigade for combat and presuppose an enemy of equal or nearly equal training and morale. The limits necessitated by the subsequent progress of the combat cannot be foreseen.

349. Units larger than the brigade are generally composed of all arms. Combined tactics are considered in the Field Service Regulations.

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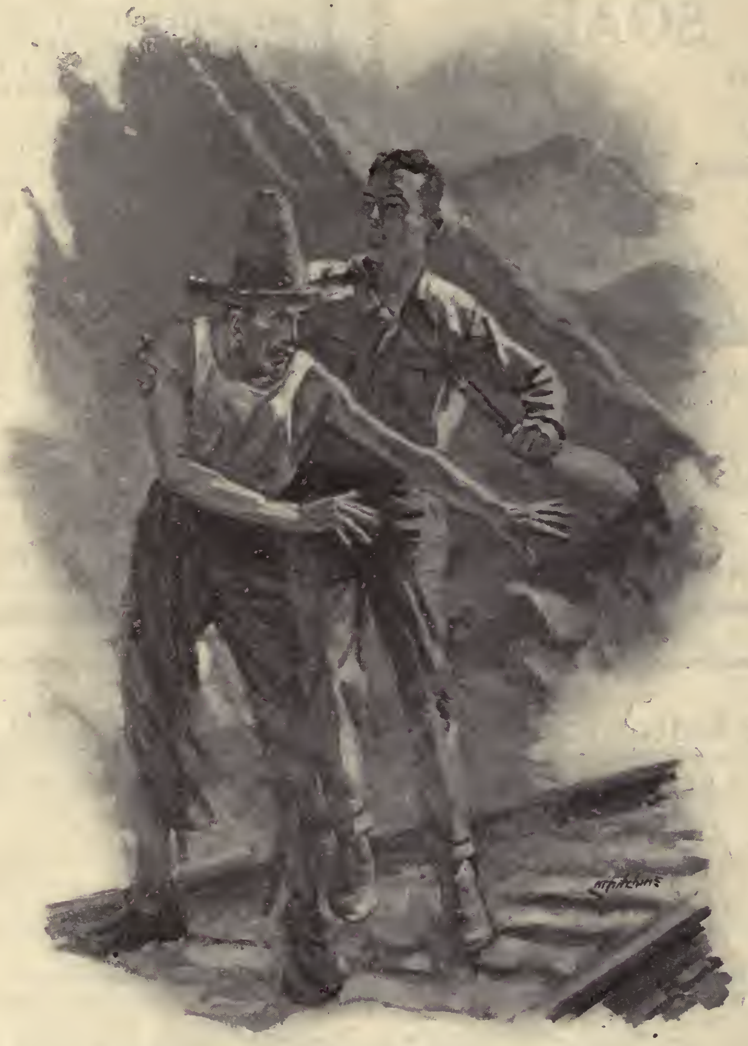

A minute or two later the boy had the man upon his feet, and slipping an arm around his waist, was helping him along. He had carefully replaced the big conical Mexican hat on the wayfarer's head. The lean hands were again extended for the waterbag. "No, that's enough for the present, old fellow. Oh, you'll have another drink later on. What you've got to do next is to get out of the sun. Why in the name of wild cats did you try to cross the desert in the day time? You must be a pretty green hand. There now, steady."

—Illustrating "The Man Who Discovered Himself" (page 515).

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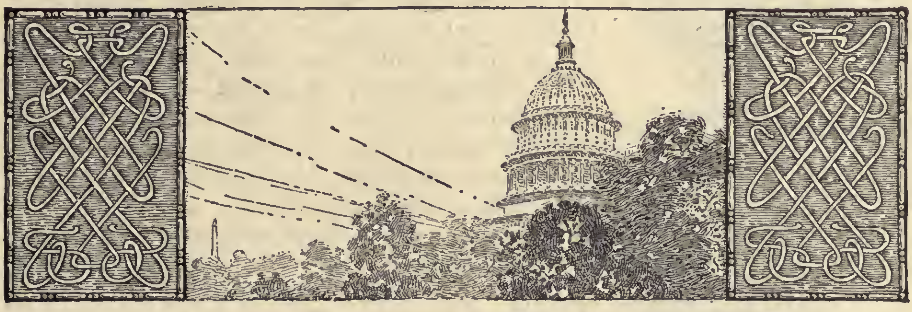

AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON

BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

JULY, most military month in history (and well it might be, as it was named for Julius Caesar, conqueror and dictator of Rome) promises to break all records in the war proceedings. Month of intense summer heat, when human passions are quickly aroused and hard of control—when all nature displays volcanic impulses—July will ever bear the stigma of being the birth-month of the Great War, the war of colossal magnitude that has astounded the world, reaching from hemisphere to hemisphere, sucking into its insatiable maw nation after nation, until scarcely one on the face of the earth remains unaffected.

Already on French soil, the first contingent of American forces, marching under Old Glory, will soon be assigned their first position on the fighting line. The first selective draft of registered men will probably be made this month. Tented cities and cities of wood are springing up thruout the land to provide quarters for the National Guardsmen who will be called to the colors. By the last of the month, work of training men at the huge aviation fields of Ohio and Michigan will be in full swing. At Dayton, Ohio, the Wilbur Wright Field, and at Mount Clemens, Michigan, the Selfridge Field, are now in course of construction. The apparent success of the American mission to Russia, the arrival in the United States of the new ambassador from the Russian republic, M. Boris Bakhmeteff, and the renewal of fighting by the Russian army have served to allay the fears entertained a short time ago that Russia might desert the cause of the Allies.

A HOUSE-TO-HOUSE canvass, no less, is being carried on under the direction of Mr. Herbert C. Hoover, food administrator. Every home in the land is to be visited, and every housewife requested to co-operate in the stupendous work of food conservation. Over a million of the

cards pledging this service have already been signed, and it is expected that in every American kitchen this Food Administration card will be hung and its directions followed metriculously by every home-maker in the land. To carry out its suggestions should entail no hardship whatsoever. Concise and simple, the rules recommend less wheat, meat, milk, fats, sugar and fuel; more fruit, vegetables and all perishable foods. There is no limit put upon the food for growing children, but the practice of eating more food than is needed is discouraged. Buying food that is grown close to the home is emphasized.

Following every recommendation for saving is a brief, concise reason why these commodities should be conserved—giving not only a rule, but the reason for the rule. For instance, the first item is "Save the wheat." The card reads: "One wheatless meal a day. Use corn, oatmeal, rye or barley bread and non-wheat breakfast foods. Order bread twenty-four hours in advance so your baker will not bake beyond his needs. Cut the loaf on the table and only as required. (It might be added that the King and Queen of England are doing this very thing today.) Use stale bread for cooking, toast, etc. Eat less cake and pastry." Then is given the reason. "Our wheat harvest is far below normal. If each person weekly saves one pound of wheat flour, that means 150,000,000 more bushels of wheat for the Allies to mix in their bread. This will help them to save *democracy*."

Here is what Mr. H. Gordon Selfridge, of Selfridge & Company, London, wrote me a short time ago about the situation in England.

"It is surprising," he writes, "how calmly this whole country is accepting present conditions. When our army makes a great gain down in the Somme district, people receive the news with satisfaction, but not *hysteria*. When they read that twenty-eight of our airmen have been killed or captured in one day, people say: 'Too bad'—and let it go at that. When we find ourselves short of potatoes, people say: 'Well, really, this potato eating is more or less of a fad anyhow.' When our bread is changed from the beautiful white bread that we enjoy so much, to the dark bread containing almost all of the kernel of wheat, people say: 'Well, one would hardly know the difference from the taste.' "

PHASES of the savings impulse growing out of war necessities are cultivating habits which will be vital and necessary after the war. Everybody has the notion of thrift, of saving. They save the tinfoil around ten-cent cigarette packages—that takes it from no one, but saves it. The Pullman porter carefully gathers up all the scrap paper on the trains, which used to be scattered to the four winds. Small things, yes, but when saving performs the function of conservation, it is creating a great universal custom that is essential to our national life.

THE most recent picture of Lord Northcliffe recalls his young days when, in the heyday of his wonderful success as a publisher, he had his portrait taken with his beloved dog and companion. I wouldn't say that Northcliffe has aged, rather matured, with the great responsibilities and work he has accomplished. It seems almost paradoxical that the most famous newspaper man in the country on his arrival in the United States should have insisted upon as little as possible being said about him.

"I am not on a speechmaking or banqueting tour," he declared; "I am here strictly for business." He opened offices down town and took up his work in a businesslike way. "I am desirous of imparting any war lessons that I may have learned to my American friends for more vigorously prosecuting the war." He has done much already toward harmonizing the work of the allied missions.

An English friend, in defining Lord Northcliffe's influence on the government and the people of Great Britain, remarked: "They hate him, they admire him, but try as they may, they cannot be indifferent to him." He has been called England's unofficial war steward. He has an instinctive sense of getting facts and co-relating them and making these facts effective in enhancing the efficiency of the work at the front by careful analysis of the work at home.

WITH the Italian Commission visiting Washington, everybody is trying their Italian, as they tried their French. Students in Washington, very proud of the marks they had received in their French lessons, went bravely forth to try their French on a real Frenchman. They did not seem to make themselves understood, and they complained that the Frenchmen telescoped their words so that they could not understand them. Mr. Hovelaque, dignified and distinguished, translated most ably many of the addresses. In fact it was Hovelaque, minister of education, who planned the trip of the commission and first suggested the idea.

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LORD NORTHCLIFFE

New head of the British mission in the United States, returning from his first official call on the Secretaries of State, War, and Navy

During the tour, few people understood that this man whose residence is in the United States, and whose wife is an American, had so much to do with bringing about the impressive tour of the United States, so fruitful of results, far surpassing even the most sanguine expectations of those who enthusiastically supported the project in France.

THE story of Marshal Joffre at the Marne will add a heroic chapter to history, and the details, as gathered from him thru interpreters in fragmentary remarks, has the subtle, gripping power of Balaklava or of Sheridan's ride. When this silent commander sat at his desk in Paris during those trying days when the grim, gray lines swept across the border and stormed the forts at Liege and Namur, he was reticent as they came to him with frequent reports. On and on swept the army of Von Gluck, but Joffre sat at his desk unperturbed. Forty miles away, with telephone ringing in the room and urgent the message. Again thirty miles away, but with eyes upon the maps before him and with purpose fixed, the Marshal continued his work, scarcely raising his eyes. Again the members of his staff came in with messages that the German spiked helmets were only twenty miles away—then it began to seem like Sheridan's ride at Winchester.

On came the sweeping tide of veteran troops, sixteen miles from Paris. He arose and penned the final order. The Marshal had prepared for the crisis—now the fate of France was to be decided. For eight days he had planned the military movements with the precision of a clock speeded up as if to outrun measurements of time. From the south of France, in busses, automobiles, trucks, milk wagons, delivery carts—everything that could be provided as a means of conveyance—the army of France was moving forward.

Before the fortifications was a pretence of defence. The German 44-centimeter guns at the Belgian border revealed the hopelessness of resisting a frontal attack. There were piles of willows that looked like sandbags to the Germans in the scouting airplanes. Plans were completed down to the last detail on August 27. Then with the precision of a great pendulum swinging from a belfry tower, the armies of France swung about on the flank, and the 75-millimeter guns swept down the gray lines like mist before the dawn. It was too much for even the grim lines of Von Gluck. The line staggered and crumbled. The spiked helmets turned about face, and made a retreat that followed one of the world's most decisive battles; one that is a fitting successor of the Battle of Waterloo in its ultimate result—the Battle of the Marne, which virtually stemmed the oncoming tide of the Huns and Vandals and maintained inviolate the ideals of civilization.

Glorified France was re-awakened, and in the twinkling of an eye Paris was transformed from a city of pleasure and of art into a fortress ready to meet the grim realities of war. Some yet living remember the Siege of Paris and its horrors—old veterans who looked upon the Arc de Triomphe, under which the soldiers of the German Emperor had marched, when Paris lay a bleeding victim at the feet of Germania. Following the Marne came the establishment of the great trench line that virtually bisected the map of Europe, and in the meantime General Joffre was holding the line. The French army was undergoing a discipline that it had not known since the days of Napoleon. General after general was discharged; those who could not meet the tests were promptly given a little cottage by the river and retired. These generals had friends in the Chamber of Deputies, however, and thereby hangs a tale. For Joffre himself was made Marechal of France—a revival from Napoleonic days, and was given a little cottage by the river, for the friends of those generals who had been deposed were gaining their ground in the political struggles in the Chamber of Deputies. When the call came for a commission to visit America, however, who could have more effectively aroused the United States than the hero of the Marne in the little red cap adorned with oak leaves of gold?

BELGIAN MISSION AT THE HOME OF LARZ ANDERSON

(*Seated, left to right*) Major General Mathieu Leclercq; Baron Ludovic Moncheur, head of the mission; E. de Cartier de Marchienne, Belgian minister to the United States; and Hugh Gibson, of the United States State Department. (*Standing, left to right*) M. de Warle, Belgian consul-general at New Orleans; Jean de Mertens, one of the secretaries of the mission; Major Osterieth; Hector Carlier, a secretary of the mission; Counsellor Symon of the Belgian Legation; Warren Robbins of the United States State Department; Captain Comly and Captain T. C. Cook, American officers; and Lieutenant Count Louis d'Ursel

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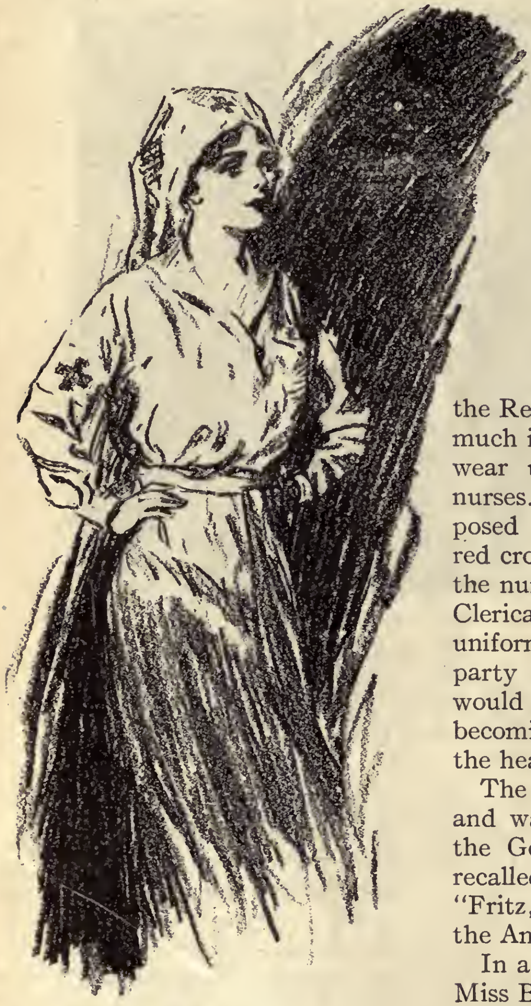
EVERY week has its dramatic incident in Washington these sizzling summer days. When Baron Moncheur of the Belgian Mission received an eloquent welcome in the Senate by Vice-President Marshall, it recalled another scene when Foreign Secretary Balfour appeared before the first legislative body of the land. There is something touching in the presence of these men from the stricken land of Belgium, the land whose people have stood the brunt of the onsweeping tide that threatened civilization itself. The day was warm, but somehow the atmosphere of gallery and floor seemed to take on something of the sanctity of a cathedral in which memories of heroic deeds are associated. A contrast, indeed, to the struggles in the Finance Committee. The debate may have been languid, but determination seemed to increase as the temperature ascended. New Senators who are spending their first summer in Washington realize that those who were formerly Congressmen can stand the work—and the heat—much better.



DAY after day, throngs of girls and women visit the Red Cross Building, the center of the great hundred-million-dollar campaign, which added another definite achievement in war preparations. The little visiting miss stood looking in wonderment upon the Red Cross uniforms, which were very much in evidence. She found that others wear uniforms beside the Red Cross nurses. Those making supplies are supposed to wear dark blue veils with the red cross in front to distinguish them from the nurses. There are also Motor Service, Clerical Service and Refreshment Corps uniforms. The cynical old bachelor of the party wondered "how many of them would wear it if they didn't know it was becoming." I felt like rapping him over the head with my cane.

The little lady was full of the war fervor and was very particular about describing the German soldier as *boche.* She then recalled that the British soldiers call him "Fritz," and wondered what "pet" name the American boys would give him.

In a room on the second floor we found Miss Boardman, whose life has been given to the work of the Red Cross. The results of her tenacious efforts during days when the organization was not so popular are now being seen. She has proven her executive masterfulness, and in her administration have come not only the present war appropriations, but famine and disaster. Her work in building up, member by member, the Red Cross organization and endowment fund is a great achievement.

BREEZES were merrily blowing about the War Department when an old veteran sauntered up and said: "Where's that 'ere aircraft board?" He wanted to see it. In discussing the modest request for a billion-dollar appropriation, one western Congressman said: "They don't want hot air or cold air, but the whole damned atmosphere." There is no question, however, that aircraft will play an important part, not only in warfare, but in commercial transactions of the future, and this is only an indication of the extent and scope of the craft that is to utilize the heavens themselves and widen the horizon, not only to the right and the left, but above also.

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THE GOVERNMENT'S AIRCRAFT PRODUCTION BOARD

The Aircraft Production Board of the United States, organized May 15, is co-ordinating the work of aeroplane manufacturers and makers of Allied materials in the interest of standardization and efficiency, and will place contracts for everything the government buys in connection with air fighting. The board is planning and has actually begun the construction of three aircraft schools in Dayton, Ohio, Champaign, Illinois, and Detroit, Michigan. Congress has not yet appropriated the money for this work, but is expected to do so soon. (*Seated, left to right*) Rear Admiral David W. Taylor, of the Navy; Brigadier-General George O. Squier, chief signal officer, of the Army; Howard E. Coffin, chairman of the Board and a member of the Council of National Defence. (*Standing, left to right*) Sidney G. Walden, of Detroit, automobile manufacturer; E. A. Deeds, of Dayton, ignition expert; R. L. Montgomery, a New York banker; and A. G. Cable, of Chicago, secretary of the Board

IT seems necessary for a man who has achieved great things to be prepared for onslaughts. To rise above the crowd is to become a target for the whims of the crowd. No one ventures to deny the wonderful accomplishment of Herbert C. Hoover in practically saving Belgium from starvation, nor challenge his ability to meet the situation which confronts the United States. His campaign for food conservation is being carried on most effectively. As the country has been divided into zones for the Federal Reserve and Parcel Post, now it is divided into Food Zones. Corn products are assigned to the districts which grow corn; rice to rice-growing sections, etc.—in other words, each zone is to consume that which is nearest at hand, thus eliminating the cost of transportation. Civic and fraternal organizations in over one hundred and twenty-five thousand communities have enlisted in the work of putting food saving and conservation into practical effect.

Determined opposition, however, has met Mr. Hoover's plans in the Senate and in the House. But the American people, while easily aroused on anything that sounds like dictatorship, are willing to follow the decisions of one man who has the experience and knowledge of what should be done, rather than depend upon a commission that would waste time in disagreements and discussions over diets and necessities.

President Wilson, in a letter to Representative Borland, has insisted quite emphatically on the passage of the Lever bill. The plan he outlines is not to control food, but rather to conserve it, and protect the people from being robbed as the scarcity and demand increase.

HERBERT C. HOOVER
Food administrator of the United States government. No other person in the government service, outside of the President, will have greater authority or a bigger job for the next few months than Mr. Hoover

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TALKING with the manager of an institution for the blind, he remarked that people who see are constantly "counting." To the blind, numbers mean little, if anything. He further emphasized his point by citing the interest in the exact number of those who registered under the draft, also the interest in the exact number who subscribed for the Liberty Bonds. We seem to live in numerals, he said. And as I thought it over, I realized the extent to which numerals enter into our daily lives. We just calculate that we are a year older than we were twelve months ago, and count oftentimes forward with dread to the approach of old age, overlooking the fact that apprehension of the immutable inevitable can never help matters.

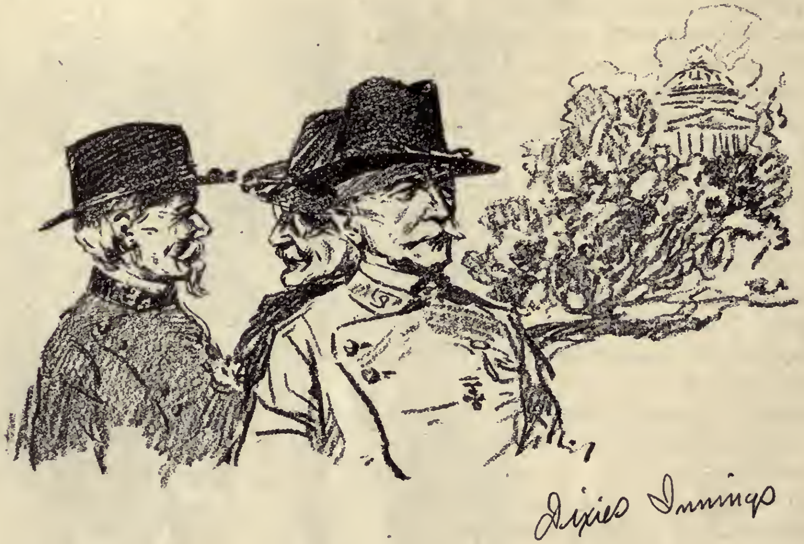
When I met "Uncle Charley" at the Atlanta Rotary Convention, hale and hearty at ninety-four, I realized the glory of having lived many years. "Just forget how many years have been lived," he insisted, "and that there's so much to do in the few that are remaining, for every day can be lengthened into a week of pleasure, and every week into a year if the proper mental attitude is maintained. That's why some people seem to get more out of life than others."

IN one of the outside office buildings in Washington, General George W. Goethals has his headquarters, as master supreme of American shipping. He is working with the same intensity as in the days of the Panama Canal building when he did what was considered impossible by getting men to follow him. There have been disagreements as to the advisability of constructing many wooden ships, and as to the speed with which steel ships can be built. And so it goes on day after day. The two million tons of steel merchant shipping under construction in American yards will be taken over immediately by the government. This was authorized by the war budget bill signed on June 15, the day the Liberty Bond sale closed.

Since Congress failed to give power to rush the building for private owners, it is felt that the government could, in this way, speed the construction. General Goethals reported that the required amount of steel is available, and that in the next eighteen months three million tons will be afloat. About one-third of the ship building in American yards, formerly contracted for by the British government, has been turned over to the United States. Under the war budget bill, the President is vested with the power of commandeer, which was invoked in this instance to make sure the shipyards of the country and provide for the transporting of the troops.

IF the ether could only speak, it would tingle with the activities of war times carried over the telephone wires. In Washington alone, the calls on the telephone have increased by the thousands. A simple chart shows the increase from two hundred thousand, in 1915, to nearly three hundred thousand calls per day—a graphic illustration of the amount of talking necessary in preparation for war. Calls have increased nearly forty per cent over last year, with twice as many messages singing over the wires. On every hand the telephone is available and is busy. The reserve telephone plant is taxed to its capacity, and every resource of the Bell system is drawn upon to meet the needs of commercial and official Washington in these preparations for national defense.

An old veteran was standing near a telephone booth opposite the Treasury Department. "You know," he said, "that seems to me the one great miracle of modern times. During the Civil War, when we wanted to send messages, we had to use messengers. Thousands of men who should have been in the field were used in carrying messages. When Lincoln wanted to send a note to a Cabinet officer, it was sent by a messenger. I have seen Lincoln himself come down from the White House and go over to the War Department, with a shawl over his shoulders, and there pore over the telegraph dispatches from the front. Modern inventions certainly provide for the magnitude of modern war preparations."



WHAT a contrast to the Grand Review of the Army of the Potomac in '64 was the parade of the Confederate Veterans at their 1917 reunion. Some were in resplendent uniforms, carrying battle flags of the Stars and Bars entwined with the Stars and Stripes, revealing a peace enduring and a unity invulnerable. The veterans of the South hailed the "boys" in blue—they seemed to understand one another—and the Grand Army men enjoyed the visit more than anybody. The sturdy old "colonels" from the Southland fairly bristled with enthusiasm and loyalty. One of them said to me: "You know, these are the happiest days of my life. When I saw those young fellows from Fort Myer marching down there, I just thought of the time we left our homes in the South for the front—Americans are the same old stuff.

"Did you ever stop to think that our army was composed of real Americans? We used to feel that we were fighting a lot of foreigners in the North. Thank God, they proved real citizens and earned their papers. This is a great event, this celebrating our reunion in the North for the first time. We have begun to see how much we lost in Abraham Lincoln. Had he lived, there would have been a different story of reconstruction in the South."

When the searchlight played upon the dome of the Capitol, the old soldiers in the tents and barracks on the Capitol grounds felt themselves in a blaze of glory. "It is probably all right as it is," they said, in talking over past and present happenings; "we had too many gentlemen in the South, too many who had never been producers—that's why we lost. That's the great lesson that the country should learn today: a nation to succeed must be a nation of producers—of workers. We love the old flag, the old Stars and Bars, as we love the old uniform, but that does not mean that we love Old Glory any less."

It was a stirring scene as the old veterans marched past the President, himself a son of the Confederacy. They turned back to give him an affectionate, friendly greeting after they had passed with a soldierly salute. They visited Gettysburg, where Governor Stuart of Virginia unveiled a statue of Robert E. Lee with impressive exercises.

The veterans are insistent upon their correct titles. One hotel clerk got into trouble by calling a man Colonel when he should have been called General. The little bands around the hats indicated the states from which they hailed, and the sons of the veterans and the daughters of the veterans all evinced the affectionate love of the Southland for the fathers who fought so valorously in '61.

KING GEORGE V REVIEWING THE BRITISH AIR FLEET

THE year 1917 will go down in history as the year of visiting war commissions. The Italian Commission, under Prince Udine, came after the blaze of glory which surrounded the French and British visitors, but none the less welcome were they. Prince Udine was unfortunately ill after first arriving, but caught the spirit, nevertheless. He was most enthusiastic in his appreciation of American ways and institutions. Few of the foreign missions were greeted by more recent arrivals from their land, and their visit had a salutary effect in making the Italians realize the glory and value of American citizenship as never before, without being in the slightest way ungrateful toward the land of their birth. These commissions have done much toward assimilating our alien population, and have helped to instill in them the virile spirit of America, showing them that to be Americans they are, indeed, helping their native land.

SPEAKING of mint, "Uncle Jimmy," alias Lieutenant Colonel J. F. Edwards, C. S. A., who has the distinction of having been a doorkeeper in the Senate for the past forty years, is always there when the question of juleps comes up. He also enjoys the distinction of having been a close personal friend of the late Senator Vest, who was a Senator from Missouri in the Confederate Congress. When the Confederate Senate was in recess, Senator Vest spent his time with the Missouri Command, where he knew Colonel Edwards. Later, when Vest became a United States Senator, the doorkeeper was still Colonel Edwards to him. The Senator, who took high rank as orator and debater, always kept his friendship for Edwards, who loved him as a friend and admired him as a Senator. Edwards is considered a privileged character, and is conscientious in keeping the sleepy ones awake and the elbow off the railing, just as he commanded his regiment in the army.

THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL

SOMEHOW it brings a smile every time I think of it—the picture of Uncle Joe Cannon and General Joffre when they first met. They first shook hands in the political fashion, then Joffre gave him a regular French hug. With that characteristic twinkle in his eye, Uncle Joe began telling a story, which Ambassador Jusserand, standing nearby, was trying to translate with lightning-like rapidity. There was another story which the Ambassador could not translate before having his good hearty laugh. This made Joffre all the more keen, and he kept appealing to the Ambassador to continue Uncle Joe's story. Uncle Joe did not understand French, but he kept on with his stories, in his loquacious English, so Joffre had the story poured in at one ear by Uncle Joe, while into the other was poured the translation. The stories must have been Lincolnesque in some particulars. The old veterans held each other's hands for some time and seemed to talk with their eyes.

During all the heavy work of Congress, Uncle Joe has proved as tireless and efficient a worker in the ranks as he was when presiding officer, and there are few details in Congressional activity that escape the vigilant attention of virile Uncle Joe.

BUSY days these, in the State Department, where the problem of rationing neutral nations, a new and perplexing international proposition, is being considered. The United States will curtail exports to neutral countries, which have been re-shipping their exports to the Central Powers—the only supplies going to the enemy will be sent off by Uncle Sam with a *bang*. This question involves intricate work to determine just what a neutral nation's "rations" may be. For instance: oil will not be shipped to Holland if it is to be used in oiling machines in German munition plants. The State Department has charge of the delicate situations involved in ration commissions, a most vital and complicated task of calculation and investigation. The State Department will also figure conspicuously at the Peace Conference, whenever that may come.

As host to the many commissions that have already visited and are yet to come to the United States, this department will have an extended visiting list. A Russian commission of over fifty, consisting chiefly of secretaries and assistant secretaries, as well as Servian Commission, are booked to follow the Italian Commission. Secretary Lansing's arduous task before the war, during the war and after the war, has found him equal to the many intricate problems that arise without the shadow of a precedent to guide him. His cool-headed common-sense has served the country well, and his profound knowledge of International law and usage has served good purpose at the vital nerve-center which touches all international relations. It is quite natural that Secretary Lansing should be one of the three members of the President's Cabinet who constitute a part of the exports council. They drop in after the regular Cabinet meetings, held on Tuesday and Friday afternoons, and report progress at the executive mansion.

With a quick, decisive way of walking, Secretary Lansing acts in like manner, altho somewhat deliberate in his speech, with that peculiar drawl and vernacular characteristic of the lawyer who prefixes every statement with the inevitable "in my judgment"—which commits no one except the speaker. The China problem of avoiding all intent of meddling, and yet affording needed assistance towards the establishment of stable government, is an oft-recurring situation that has come to Secretary Lansing—to do, yet not seem to do.

The assistant secretaries of state, Messrs. William Phillips and Breckenridge Long, have been kept busy with the entertainment of the various commissions. They managed to make the foreigners feel at home and express a desire to linger longer and come again, which is a coveted tribute to a host.

A painting of his highness the Bey of Tunis, in gorgeous array, adorns the outer office of Secretary Phillips, but the date of his arrival with a commission has not been scheduled. The State Department records will reveal a most extensive visiting list for the next few months, which ought to serve to bring about in this country a most intimate world knowledge, as far as visiting commissions can convey that information.

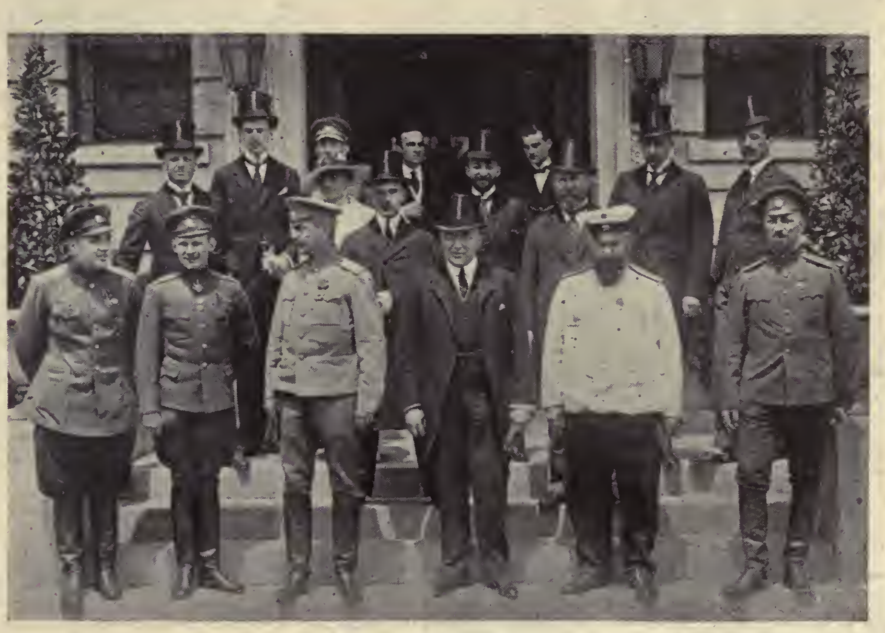
AT the Pan-American reception, held while the war blaze was smoldering, President Wilson had a most interesting chat with Senator Root. It was a picture to see them standing off by themselves, talking so earnestly. The President opened up the conversation and then listened while Senator Root summed up the situation.

The President's war message was hailed with great acclaim in all the South American countries, as a text-book of democracy. Editors discussed it most enthusiastically, as fully revealing the true meaning of the Monroe Doctrine to other countries aside from the United States. It made the Monroe Doctrine even more vital and significant for the smaller nations than ever before. The President's address was printed in box headings and bold type and is already being used in the textbooks in the schools of South America. One of the results of the war that will naturally follow is a realization of the close union of Pan-America in its work of the future.

HON. ELIHU ROOT
Who heads the American Mission to Russia

THE arrival of Senator Root and the Russian Commission brought with it a sigh of relief in the war situation, altho conditions were more complicated than indicated when the commission had their conference with the President before their departure. The trip was made across the continent in a special train, and the quick passage made in an American warship to Asia ports. Then the journey on the trans-Siberian railroad gave them a conception of the extent of Russia. The selection of Senator Root as chairman of the commission was fortunate, inasmuch as the first stages of the revolution necessarily had to meet a reaction, for it usually requires two or three revolutions to clear the atmosphere in such a radical change in the form of government as has occurred in Russia.

The work of Senator Root as Secretary of War and Secretary of State has touched at more important points in the world situation than that of any other one man, for it must be remembered that he was active in the very inception of these transitions in the world governments today. It was his masterful pen that created a new form of government for the Philippines and Cuba. His tour to South America proved to be one of the most important, as well as fruitful, commissions ever sent out by the government. Intuitively he seemed to sense the spirit of the people. When in South America, before he had been there long, he was greeting them in the true Spanish fashion, until the heartiness of the greeting embrace threatened to crush his ribs—but Root complained not. His speeches, when translated, had a clearness and definiteness that seemed to enable the Spanish-speaking South Americans to understand him and the United States. When he visited Panama, the impression was so strong that I recall asking a school that I addressed in Cristobel as to who was President of the United States. One little fellow on the front row promptly responded, "Mr. Root." As an American leader he is personally in closer touch with South America and world affairs than any other American, because he has the power of expressing the universal thought of the times in language that requires no interpretation into English or any other tongue—because of his long training in analyzing those subtle things that the average person finds so difficult to express in words. Just before he left, I came up on the train with him from Washington, and he took from his valise a pad and stub pencil. During the course of conversation Elihu made an alphabetical list, from memory, mind you, of all the nations of the world. He had a mental picture of the map of the world, which is only an indication of the way his brain works in the direction he aims it.



THE RUSSIAN MISSION

(*Front row, left to right*) Lieutenant Dimitry Martinoff, of the war office; Captain Chutt and Lieutenant General Roop, chief of the Russian General Staff, the other two being his adjutants; Ambassador Bakhmeteff, head of the mission; Professor Lomonossof, member of Council of Engineers and head of the railroad mission; Colonel Oranovsky, from the artillery department. (*Left to right, immediately back of the front row*) Karpovitch, attache of the War Department; D. P. Pertzoff, representing the finance department; Madame Sergievsky, wife of one of the mission; I. Sookine, secretary of the mission; Sak, engineer; Professor Borodine, agriculture; Sergievsky, telegraph, and Baron Gunsberg, special attache. Captain Dubassoff is standing in the rear, and near him in the doorway are two representatives of the United States State Department

IT is peculiarly fitting that John Philip Sousa, the noted bandmaster, should recruit Uncle Sam's gigantic military band. The composer of "Stars and Stripes Forever"—the air that is identified the world around with Old Glory—is already known to fame wherever the flag flies. He was at one time director of the United States Marine Band at Washington. During a recent tour of the Middle West he again enlisted in the United States Navy for the duration of the war and began the organization of the Great Lakes, Illinois, Naval Training Station Band of three hundred pieces.

An American of America, Sousa is the son of a Portuguese exile who came here in his youth, but has been recognized the world over as the typical American. He has played "The Stars and Stripes Forever" with his band in every one of the countries now at war, and was one of the first to arrange a complete collection of national airs of all nations. Sousa is the pre-eminent American band leader—a worthy successor of Gilmore, who directed the famous Peace Jubilee—and martial music from Sousa's band will be as stirring to the American boys on the battlefields of France as are the bagpipes of Scotland to the Highland boys.

HARRIS & EWING

CONFEDERATE VETERANS SHAKING HANDS WITH PRESIDENT WILSON

The third section of the Confederate veterans' parade, held in Washington June 7, broke ranks in front of the Court of Honor, where the President and other notables were reviewing the parade, and enthusiastically sought to shake hands with the President. In a short time he was swamped and the parade halted until order was restored and then passed on

ON a raised mound on made ground stands the memorial to Abraham Lincoln, and we counted the columns. After a most delightful day together, the young man and I sat on the edge of the bed throwing off our shoes. I asked him what stands out as a highlight of his first day sight-seeing in Washington. Quite naturally the boy who is now wearing the khaki said, "The War Department and the officers getting ready for real business." It entranced him more than the Grecian columns of the Lincoln Memorial, the Washington Monument, and even that unusual glimpse of the Senate of the United States in the throes of a red-hot debate, when the voices of Senators Reed and Hiram Johnson were resounding under the glass roof.

Recalling how we signed the admission coupon and entered the Secretary of War's office almost on tiptoe and looked upon those portraits of grim former Secretaries, I now recall that his eyes were wide. A lot of navy boys in full uniform hustling about and a glimpse of the Secretary's office—even the sword of John Paul Jones in a glass case did not interest my young friend. He did not even look at the dummies in the glass cases, showing the uniforms worn by all soldiers of the United States. Nothing interested him except the men of 1917 who are doing things in the War and Navy Departments.

After the shoes had thudded on the floor and the young soldier was in dreamland, with visions of the future gruesome as a nightmare—but nothing feazed him—he slept. The next morning at breakfast we met the young lady of the party. She was up bright and early as usual, ready for the day, after addressing fifty postals before breakfast. She was envious of the fact that she did not get into the War and Navy Departments, and made a bee-line for the Red Cross building.

WHEN a convention is in session in Washington, the visiting hours are lengthened. During the June reunion of the Confederate veterans in the Capital City, the executive office in the White House was the objective point of many of the old soldiers of the South.

Secretary Tumulty was equal to the occasion and ready to discuss every question, from Civil War reminiscences to new ideas on sulphuric acid suggested by chemists. A good listener is Tumulty, and the variety of information that is poured into his ears during a year ought to make him a walking encyclopedia of up-to-the-minute useful knowledge. Altho he may be told about explosives, new and powerful, there is nothing to indicate tempests or explosions in the manner or method of his conferences.

The President long ago learned that Joe Tumulty had good ears to listen and a good forgettory in failing to hand over to him a clutter of non-essential material. His is the ear thru which filters many an appeal or petition made to the chief executive. As he swings from one side of his desk to another, he dispatches visitors, carries on a telephone conversation, making cryptic marks on the accumulated correspondence before him for the stenographers—indicating

HON. JOSEPH P. TUMULTY

ceaseless activity. A picture of President Wilson at work would be incomplete without including the smiling and genial face of his secretary who has served him so faithfully since his earliest entrance into political life.

IN every war crisis there are always those people who can sit around and discuss just what ought to be done. But with so much information coming direct to the people of the United States, as they are accustomed to have thru the newspapers, these comments are often more pertinent than mere gossip. One of the keen observers of affairs in Washington for many years sat him down on the edge of the table and said: "Do you know, this whole thing has been staged wrong—or perhaps it has been staged so subtly that we have not observed the processes. The conscription, war tax and bond issue all came in confusing and quick succession, for once the people were reconciled to selective draft, along came the war tax, affecting the various vocations and industries, and very few escaped. Then, scarcely waiting for a breath, came the Liberty Loan issue, so that, altogether, the people have had to give a great deal of personal attention to the governmental program. But the President seemed to have it all down on the menu card, served *a la carte*. There was something on that menu card in the way of a recital of causes for war that would touch nearly every American, and he just laid the card before them, and they could pick out just what they wanted to help on the smoldering war spirit.

THE ITALIAN COMMISSION AT THE JOSEPH LEITER HOME
(*Seated, left to right*) Hon. Francesco Saverio Nitti, former minister of agriculture; Countess di Cellere, wife of the Italian ambassador; Fernando di Savoia, Prince of Udine and head of the commission; Ambassador di Cellere, Marquis Luigi Borsarelli, under-secretary of state for foreign affairs, and Senator Guglielmo Marconi. (*Standing, left to right*) a secret service man, Professor Vincenzo De Santo; Cavaliere d'Amato, Lieutenant Com. Kimmel, Lieutenant-Colonel Gilmore, Lieutenant da Zara, aide to the Prince; Signor di Sousa, secretary to Senator Marconi; Hon. Augusto Ciufelli, former minister of public works; Lieutenant Stephano Avonzo, Hon. Enrico Arlotta, minister of transportation; Cavaliere de Parente, secretary of the Legation and secretary of the Commission; J. P. Harrison of the State Department, and Cavaliere Alvise Bragadin, secretary to Arlotta. The remaining two are secret service men

"There was everything and anything that could be desired. He had patiently accumulated the well-balanced rations for arousing the proper realization that the nation is at war, and that the exigencies of the case preclude everything on these different programs with an interim that might have given the people relief and furnished a more ready response. As it is, there is not a man, woman, or child who is going to escape some of the responsibilities and burdens of the war. The mass from which are taken the flower of young America in the selective draft are of first consideration. Then, of course, the war tax, that brings the fact home to every family in planning for their living from day to day. Finally, the bond issue, which necessitated the most strenuous pull of all, because that touched the depths of the pockets and resulted in bringing together the banks and the individuals in a common cause, for the mite of the widow with her fifty-dollar bond, representing hard-earned savings, multiplied by many communities, is even more essential than the million-dollar subscriptions that had the money or reserve at command. The bonds represent not only a common country, but a common investment, and a common pocketbook, and in some instances people have invested to the point of sacrifice. The spirit of rivalry between towns, cities, banks and different corporations to subscribe, precipitated a patriotic campaign that would not have been possible in a mere discussion of emotional issues, for this is an economic war, fundamentally, and the American people have coolly and determinedly looked the matter in the face and said, 'Not only our boys and our taxes, but our life savings are invested with our faith in the ideals of our country.' "

* * *

A LIVELY tilt on the floor of the Senate is a refreshing change from the humdrum routine. Senator J. Hamilton Lewis made a speech during the congressional campaign in New Hampshire to elect a successor to Cy Sulloway in which he is said to have declared that a vote for the Republican, Mr. Burroughs, was a vote for the Kaiser, and a vote for Mr. Sullivan was a vote to stand by the President. When this was brought up in the Senate, Senator Lewis retaliated with a quotation from a speech of Senator Harding of Ohio on Memorial day, wherein he criticized the manner and method of handling the Liberty Bonds and was reported to have said that this was a war not only against the Kaiser, but the German people as well. Senator Lewis in his most suave manner reached satirical heights with copious and pat quotations from Shakespeare delivered in the most dramatic way at the head of the center aisle.

Charged with being a Republican candidate for President on the Republican ticket, Senator Harding modestly demurred. He intimated that if the people knew all that goes on in the Senate, it might create some sensation. This brought Senator Reed of Missouri to his feet with a fist-shaking challenge. While he was making preliminary preparations for a forensic bout, which appeared likely to open an acrimonious debate, he had the page boy bring him the transcribed stenographic notes of Senator Harding's remarks made a few minutes before. This indicated the rapid-fire system in vogue of transcribing the words of the Senators before the echo has scarcely died away in the remote corners of the spectators' gallery.

It was a thrilling moment to see the two Democratic fighters go after the Ohio Senator with their challenge. His good-humored response disarmed and finally satisfied the debate duellists. The peroration of Senator Reed's address on patriotism, in reply to Senator Harding's allusion to German loyalty to their flag, closed in a flashing climax with the word "s-l-a-n-d-e-r" ringing out in most dramatic tones.

It was an elocutionary contest seldom witnessed on the floor of the Senate, and Senator Husting of Wisconsin in the chair was kept busy rapping for order as the throngs of visitors outside the open doors continued a buzz of conversation that interfered with the ringing tones of the speakers.

REAR ADMIRAL WILLIAM S. SIMS
Who is in charge of the American fleet in British waters. Rear Admiral Sims was recently president of the Naval War College at Newport, Rhode Island

From the flash of oratory the Senate resumed the humdrum discussion on the Newlands bill, which again brought up for consideration the perennial railroad question.

The application for increased freight rates would seem to be unanswerable from a glance at the chart showing the advance of all other products and commodities and costs of transportation leaping up at an angle of forty-five degrees, while the transportation price has remained on a dead level. War times make strange bedfellows and alliances. The spectacle of United States Senators who have baited railroads as a campaign diversion, supporting railroads in their appeal for increased rates, seems to indicate that war times change the political currents and campaign issues. These are days when "past records" are only a political memory.

THE center of national information is located at 10 Jackson Place in Washington. The modest sign over the door reads: "The Bureau of Public Information." Inside is found an old mansion rich with romantic memories. In the first floor you can almost feel the atmosphere of the stately minuet. Boudoirs are turned into bureaus for diversified information. A small room at the head of the stairs on the second floor marks the entrance to the office of the chairman, Mr. George Creel. Altogether it seems to be about the busiest place in Washington, for the click of the typewriters reverberate in every nook and corner of this stately old mansion.

This is the publication office of the *Official Bulletin*, the little eight-page paper issued by Uncle Sam, which is an addition to "newspaper row." The size of the *Congressional Record*, and published with the official seal of Uncle Sam as a trade-mark, this publication veritably filled the traditional "long-felt want." It is a boiled-down, tabloid statement of all the important official news of the day, furnished in concise form to newspapers and public officials. It is provided without charge to officials and newspapers, but subscriptions from private individuals are already pouring in at the rate of five dollars—which looks large in a lump sum, but is, after all, only a little more than the price of a daily newspaper, exclusive of the five cents on Sunday.

In his office Mr. Creel edits with the familiar old lead pencil of newspaper days. He has thrown wide open the doors to all special writers to gather as well as disseminate information that centers in this department. The State, War, and Navy Departments each have a representative at this bureau, but Mr. Creel is the chairman and editor-in-chief.

The organization and creation of this bureau has already more than fulfilled the purposes for which it was planned, as it has eliminated a great deal of scattering and misleading information. When a department desires to make a public statement thru the chief executive, it is handled here, and there is no crossing of wires, for everybody knows just what was intended to be said with all the exactness of a military order.

A department of publicity has also been established in this bureau—the same as in other departments.

The Liberty Loan made it necessary for the government to get behind the propaganda as vigorously as would be necessary for a corporation seeking to win popular favor for its products. The campaign as conducted by the Secretary of the Treasury, Hon. William G. McAdoo, to help Uncle Sam successfully handle the two billion bond issue closed successfully June 15. Held within the restrictions necessary to help make public intelligence not only accurate and reliable, but a means of supplementing and assisting the government in its great task rather than giving aid and comfort to the enemy, the official Bureau of Information has already justified its existence.

SECRETARY WILLIAM G. McADOO
Who has had busy times lately recruiting dollars for the treasury. Secretary McAdoo says that the success of the Liberty Loan is a genuine triumph for democracy

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AN ardent enthusiast and leader in the movement for daylight saving, Hon. Marcus M. Marks, president of the Borough of Manhattan, has conducted a campaign which has made a profound impression. He has shown the economic value of the plan as a necessity in war times. Mr. Marks is energetic in acting upon ideals in a practical way, and is devoting his life to public matters. He is a champion of the gospel of work. Starting in business, after a college education, he knew what it was to work in a store by day and sleep there by night, and conserve every minute of time. He understood men, and his success in business was largely due to his knowledge of the human equation. When he retired from business to give his entire attention to the perplexities of labor problems, he proved to be one of the most effective arbitrators in labor disputes that has been called to this delicate and perplexing service. He served in over a hundred industrial disputes.

Under his Advisory Commission plan, he has brought together the people of the great city of New York as a community. In this way he has been able to gauge the sentiment of the borough, and give the same consideration to those living in the great congested districts as in Riverside Drive. His work has to do with pavements, streets, sidewalks, sewers, street signs, public and private buildings, etc.—those things connected with the actual living conditions and everyday life of the people. The sixteen commissions, covering the whole island of Manhattan, are a federation for borough welfare. The rules and regulations adopted for the regular order of business reflect the spirit of the town meeting in the early days of New Amsterdam, and constitute a feature of municipal government attracting world-wide attention. A description of the boundaries and the people living in the different districts is a fascinating glimpse of metropolitan life, showing the further evolution of democratic ideals in assimilating millions of foreigners with the fellowship of citizenship.

Meetings are held with the regularity of tides and calendar days, but special meetings are convened by the president to meet emergencies. On Thursday of every week, Mr. Marks lunches with the heads of different departments, where they discuss matters in the true family spirit. The subjects are widely diversified, covering everything from sewers to skyscrapers. The thousands of people in the service of the borough recognize in President Marks a leader unselfish and devoted to public service. The recent flashlight photograph taken of Mr. Marks under the entwined flags of the United States and the flag of New York represents the two great patriotic devotions of his life.

HENRY S. GRAVES
Chief of the United States Forest Service, who has gone abroad to make arrangements for the forest work which the American army engineers will undertake in France in connection with the military operations of the allied forces. Mr. Graves has received a commission as major in the Reserve Engineer Corps

While he made his first reputation as an industrial conciliator, the result of the years he devoted to the study of the labor problem at first hand, covering many and varied industries, he has all the essentials of public leadership. As president of the National Association of Clothiers, he brought this and allied trades to a high state of organization. He is always prominent in educational and philanthropic movements, and president of many important organizations. Associated with the Merchants' Association and New York Chamber of Commerce, Educational Alliance and National Civic Associations, Marcus Marks has always done a man's work. Appointed a member of the

Roosevelt Nobel Prize Committee of nine and by Governor Hughes a member of the Immigration Commission, his activities have encompassed a national and international scope.

As President of the Borough, with entire charge of the control of streets and maintenance of public buildings and supervision of public works, he has proved to be a practical business man. Mr. Marks is a philosopher and insists that happy is the man who can live the better life while the blood is running warm in his veins. He believes that wrongs would soon be righted if right thinking men would only take an active part in public life—be appreciative and tolerant of the other fellow. The adequate appreciation of the real functions of citizenship he believes is fundamental, and that every man, thru contact with other people, should come to have a sympathetic appreciation of their point of view.

I spent one night going about New York with Marcus M. Marks—from Harlem to the Battery. He just dropped in at a meeting here, a concert, school exercise there—seven engagements were covered that night, and everywhere he was greeted with the welcome of a friend. Basically all problems come back to the human equation.

As an outgrowth of his activities in industrial matters, Mr. Marks has done yeoman service in the work of national defense, enlistment and Red Cross work, but most of all he has made the lonesome man of the city realize that even among the millions, his individual duty counts for quite as much as in the isolated areas, and that mere numbers do not divide or lessen the responsibility of the citizen. Marcus M. Marks believes first and last in men—and in making men believe in themselves.

HON. MARCUS M. MARKS
President of the Borough of Manhattan. He is an enthusiastic believer in the movement for daylight saving

President Marks is the father of the open public market idea in the city of New York. At the beginning of the European war three years ago, when the cost of food was rising so rapidly, President Marks was of the opinion that open markets would bring much needed relief to the masses, and after untiring energy and co-operation with many citizens and organizations, he succeeded in establishing four such public markets under bridge approaches and at the waterfront in the Borough of Manhattan. These markets at that time very materially aided in reducing the price of foodstuffs.

Another new idea in government put into being by President Marks was the establishment of Joint Trial Boards. This new and progressive idea to assure employes of a square deal when charges are preferred against them, was introduced by him shortly after he took office as President of the Borough of Manhattan. The plan provides that instead of a hearing before a single commissioner, who might be moved by prejudice or politics, the charges are heard before this Joint Trial Board, made up of two representatives of the administration and two borough employes *selected by lot.* These four, after hearing the charges and the explanations, advise the president of their conclusions.

Truly, Marcus M. Marks is a man of ideas, always having in mind that which is for the good, not only of one, but of all.

JOHN N. WILLYS
Who recently became head of the Curtiss Aeroplane Company, which will speedily bring the aerial equipment of the country up to full war strength

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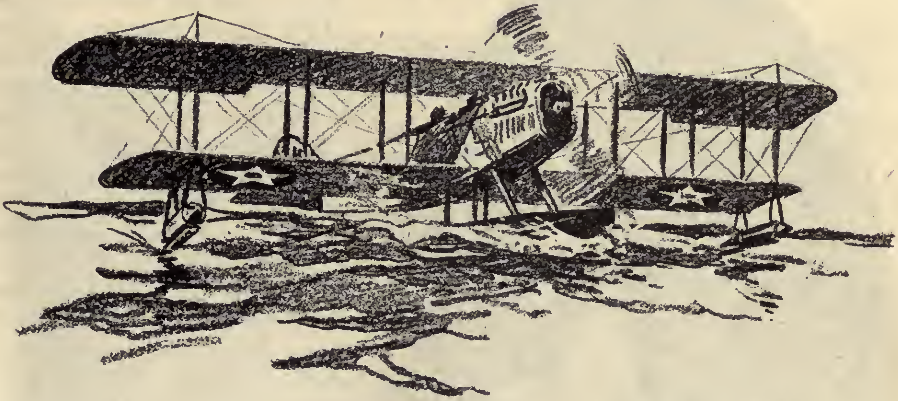
WITH the accelerated pace of the times, reflected in the growth of the automobile industry, the new aircraft company, with John N. Willys at its head, promises to exceed all records—even the German myth of efficiency. The prediction is freely made that the initiative genius of America in the Curtiss Aeroplane Company will speedily bring American aerial equipment to full war strength.

The daring spirit of the men being trained for aviation work is the result of the fearlessness developed in automobile and motorcycle racing and speeding.

There is a thrill in this branch of the service that especially appeals to young men, and many of the Americans who have won their medals in aviation work abroad are returning to their native land to aid in training the aerial corps of the United States.

We have to look back only twenty years and review the changes which have taken place to have a suggestion of what will occur in the next twenty years. The mobilized inventive genius of America is at work, and out of this intensified war activity tremendous development along lines never dreamed of are certain to follow. It is recorded in Holy Writ that a people without a vision must perish, but the stimulation of virile activities and the lively vision of the American at this time is one thing that German "efficiency" can never comprehend.



America's Best Bit

EVENTS of the past few months indicate that the great American republic is slowly—and we hope surely—beginning to develop a national spirit. Her sons and daughters are turning from the state of self-seeking into which they had drifted to the service of their country. Among these enthusiastic "boosters," one who has attracted much attention for the special way in which she is doing her "bit" is Miss Bertha Barnes, known as an American singer of American songs. Vivacious, full of life and the joy of living, Miss Barnes inspires her hearers with her earnestness in the great task of arousing Americans to a realization of the worth of American musical compositions.

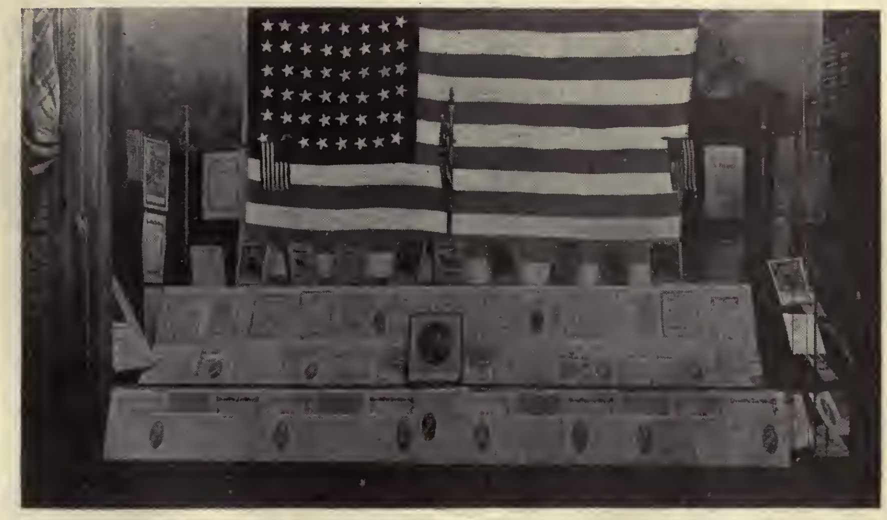
"Let us not be parasites," she urges. "Let us build on our own foundations. Let us realize that we have good music, and appreciate it. We have been too used to following the lead of foreigners who look with contempt upon our national product. Many singers belittle American music, because they are not familiar with it. They do not study it and affect prejudiced indifference when hearing it. So how can they judge its worth?"

Miss Barnes' programs are made up entirely of American songs, and at the present time she always concludes with the "Star-Spangled Banner" or some other national song. It is especially appropriate that Miss Barnes should be the leader in this work of bringing to public attention the beauties of American music, for she is American thru and thru. Her great-grandfather fought at the battle of Bunker Hill, and a great-uncle was brevet major-general of United States volunteers during the Civil War; to crown all, she is a descendant of Richard Warren, one of that fearless band who first saw Plymouth Rock, and on the maternal side, Miss Barnes inherits American Indian blood. So she is peculiarly fitted to take hold enthusiastically of any work aimed at Americanizing sentiment, more so in the way of music, as her voice is a rich, brilliant, sympathetic mezzo-contralto. Her forte is interpretation, with unusually clear diction. She insists that it need not be difficult to sing in English, if one is willing to put forth the effort to master English enunciation. "My object is to Americanize America," she says earnestly. "And it needs to be aroused to a sense of our great resources and capabilities."

While not in the least hostile, she believes that Americans should recognize native ability rather than to imitate foreign manners and methods. "Our own country should be of foremost consideration," declares Miss Barnes positively, and she cited instances where aliens, eager to retain friendship with the people of this country, had expressed patriotic sentiments, altho harboring enmity toward the United States.

MISS BERTHA BARNES
American singer of American songs

She has given joint recitals with Richard Platt, American pianist and composer. "You are doing a very splendid artistic service," said Charles Wakefield Cadman, of American Indian song fame, whose claim to Americanism also dates back to Revolutionary times. She has the endorsement of the most important patriotic and civic organizations in Boston, and in bringing her propaganda before the public, the Oliver Ditson Company devoted an entire window to display of her songs and posters. Miss Barnes is accepting engagements under the direction of The Players, of Boston. In making up her programs, she always keeps in mind the audience, and gives what she feels would most appeal to them. Bainbridge Crist, writer of excellent songs, says of her work: "It is impossible to overestimate the importance of any movement that will so stimulate a sane interest in American music that our public will listen to it without disdain or predilection. Either posture stultifies art and the spirit of internationalism, which ought to characterize our attitude toward the music of all nations—even of our own."



DISPLAY BY OLIVER DITSON COMPANY OF MISS BARNES' SONGS
In the middle of this window display is a picture of Miss Barnes

In a letter to Miss Barnes, Richard Platt writes: "The more I have thought over your plan for fostering an intelligent appreciation of American music thru unceasing publicity, the more I am convinced that now is the receptive period. Presenting the music of American-born writers in the dignified manner which your plan insures, I am sure the public will for the first time listen with an American ear and grasp with amazement that there is an American music worthy of respect and also worthy of fostering, and that alone will supply the spark to the native composer to spur him on to work that will challenge any that the world has ever yet created. Carry the work along and your country will indeed bless you."

Miss Barnes urges all loyal Americans to co-operate in supporting and advancing American music, American composers and American artists. "Do allow us to at least be heard without prejudice," she pleads, and earnestly recommends the adoption of "our country first" as a motto, even in music.

ELEVEN THOUSAND feet of war film were recovered from the cameras of eleven photographers who were killed during action in the western front, and brought to Washington. This film was cut down to two thousand feet, carefully edited and expurgated, and even this two thousand feet was so gruesome that it was feared its showing might affect enlistment and deter the United States from entering the conflict. The pictures were sent not only all over the United States, but were called for by countries in South America, and the films were edited by Franklin Adams of the Pan-American Bureau. This indicated that the people are not amused but intensified as they realize the real horrors of the war they are entering without flinching, in face of death.

A DIVISION OF THE FRENCH AERIAL FLEET

IT has been thought clever in some circles to say slighting things of a Vice-President; to shrug when mention is made of his succession to the Presidency as provided by the Constitution. The public estimate of the public man is sometimes sadly distorted when his work is not in the spotlight. Vice-President Thomas R. Marshall is winning the admiration of members of all parties who are familiar with the proceedings of the Senate. He knows how to consult with people who *know what he wants to know*, and his speeches scintillate with humor. Senators insist that he has made a good presiding officer; that he keeps in close touch with all the large affairs of the nation, and, best of all, has a fund of good, old-fashioned common sense.

His was one of the three names that represented the "voice of a nation" on the war resolution. As he signed the document with a sweep, under the eyes of the senators assembled, he remarked: "When the truth must come out, hold firm on the forceps." His early experience as a lawyer and political campaigner in Indiana kept him in close touch with the people, which is most essential for a public man. Appreciation of the Vice-President's growth under the responsibilities of these trying times was heightened by the brief but most eloquently expressive remarks with which he introduced the Rt. Hon. Arthur J. Balfour to the Senate. He has a way of saying things that is refreshing.

AN old story, but new in the telling by one who was personally concerned, is the story of the Monitor, as it was told to me by Dr. Bushnell. As a lad, he accompanied his father to Washington on a trip made to interest the Navy Department in Ericsson's invention. Dr. Bushnell remembers John Ericsson as he took from a shelf the dust-covered model of the new boat to show to his father. Ericsson had received a gold medal from Napoleon III in France, and, altho his model had been refused by the British admiralty, he was not discouraged. He brought it on to America, and when the battleships of the North were being threatened by the ironclad Merrimac, his friends felt that the time for using it had come. The Northern blockade was being broken, with a prospect of their navy being swept from the seas. Even then, naval Washington protested against taking up this new iron boat.

The elder Bushnell visited the Navy Department, with little success. He went to Abraham Lincoln, who asked him to go and see the authorities again, but even the endorsement of Lincoln was not sufficient to overcome obdurate official opposition. When Bushnell returned, he told Ericsson part of the story, insisting if he would only go to Washington again himself, something might be accomplished. "They say that your iron ship won't float. They say it would go to the bottom." To which Ericsson replied: "I will go down and float an iron pot in a tub of water or a tin dipper, and I will show them." He went down and floated the iron pot—and the result was a grudging assent that the ship be built at private expense.

With courage unflinching, Mr. Bushnell, then residing in Connecticut, and two gentlemen of Troy, New York, decided to go ahead and build the Monitor. When the news came from Hampton Roads that the "Yankee Cheese Box" was successful, the result of that test established turrets and ironclads as naval equipment. When that famous battle was fought, the Monitor was not owned by the United States. It was not even in the commission of the government, but was the private property of three business men, who merely loaned it to the government. After the battle, the men who had staked their fortunes on the success of Ericsson's invention felt that the idea had triumphed.

The world has its great navies today because of the persistent and undaunted patriotic faith expressed in private financing, which added to the glory of the nation. Few histories even record the fact that the Monitor was not in the commission of the United States Navy when that memorable battle with the Merrimac at Hampton Roads was fought. It was indeed the unbounded faith of the inventor in the little cheese box that won the fight.

IS there an individual who has not at one time or another, just loved a dog? When Nellie, the little Belgian battle dog, was brought to Washington, she commanded almost as much attention as an individual, for there was something about that bright little dog which indicated that she knew instinctively the dread and the horror of the battlefield, and yet how heroic she appeared. I saw staid Senators stop to pat her on the head, and her alert appearance seemed to reflect the gratitude of a nation. One could almost feel that Nellie, like all others who visit, is anxious to be back and at the front doing her work.

"NELLIE." BELGIAN MASCOT
Nellie has been a constant companion of Major Ostereith, a member of the Belgian mission in Washington. She has been twice wounded in the trenches, and has been petted by hundreds of soldiers

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IN a chat with Speaker Clark recently, he spoke about the work being done in his birth-state, Kentucky, toward stamping out illiteracy. Mrs. Cora Wilson Stewart, he said, had inaugurated this work, and was carrying it thru to amazing success. "Why don't you look up about her, Joe," he suggested, "and write about her in your magazine?" So I did. I find that it is Mrs. Stewart who first started the crusade against adult illiteracy in this country. Prior to this movement she was the superintendent of schools of Rowan County, Kentucky, and president of the Kentucky Educational Association. She is now known as founder of "moonlight schools."

"Several years ago, in 1911, to be exact," said Mrs. Stewart, "I conceived the idea that all adult illiterates could and should be taught. The problem was how to go about it. I tried out the plan of opening all the schools in Rowan County on moonlight nights, and pledging my corps of teachers to take charge, inviting all illiterate adults to come. You can imagine that was rather a delicate situation to handle, for some of them resent being called illiterate. In three years' time, every inhabitant of Rowan County, almost without exception, was able to read and write. And best of all, twenty-five other Kentucky counties were engaged in a like crusade."

Thru the influence of Mrs. Stewart, the Kentucky Legislature created, in 1914, an Illiteracy Commission, the first of its kind in the world. The Governor of Kentucky appointed five of the state's ablest educators on this Commission, and placed Mrs. Stewart at its head. Under her able leadership, Kentucky is engaged in a state-wide conflict against illiteracy. Teachers, editors, club women and statesmen are all enlisted in the cause, and their slogan is "No illiteracy in Kentucky in 1920." Since this campaign was launched, the state's number of illiterates has been halved.

With a vision of a nation-wide crusade, Mrs. Stewart has carried her message into every section of the country, resulting in the establishment, within two years, of illiteracy commissions in eleven states, and moonlight schools in twenty-two. In North Carolina alone, ten thousand men and women were taught to read and write during the autumn of 1915, and the campaign is being continued in that state with great energy and enthusiasm.

Alabama, Mississippi, South Carolina, Georgia and Arkansas are among the states best organized for the illiteracy fight, but many states in the North, East and West are taking up the Kentucky plan.

A unique and valuable set of readers has been compiled by Mrs. Stewart, their object being to teach reading with ease and at the same time to educate the pupil along progressive lines.

As a lecturer, Mrs. Stewart has the reputation of having appeared before more state and national educational bodies than any woman in America.

Dr. A. E. Winship of Boston, in his address at the Lincoln celebration held at the Lincoln Memorial University, Cumberland Gap, Tennessee, last February, said of this work: "Not only has the South patterned after the North in her educational system, but she has led the North in these later years by directly attacking the appalling

MRS. CORA WILSON STEWART

Appointed by the governor of Kentucky in 1914 as head of the Illiteracy Commission of that state. Mrs. Stewart has already extended her work to eleven states and planned a nation-wide campaign against illiteracy, which will be most effective in making valuable American citizens problem of adult illiteracy, and under the unprecedented noble and brilliant leadership of Cora Wilson Stewart, the South has taught more adult native American illiterates to read and write in five years than the North has done in three centuries."

WAR conditions are bringing the people closer together. Former Governor A. O. Eberhart of Minnesota called the attention of the Agricultural Department at Washington to a wanton waste of tillable land. While he insisted there is no occasion for alarm, the food situation is one that requires serious consideration. He called attention to the fact that the states of South Dakota, North Dakota, Montana and Minnesota have approximately four million acres of state lands, which are suitable for cultivation, and at the present time these states are deriving comparatively no returns from such lands. He suggested that two million acres of this land could be put under cultivation, and that immediate action be taken, so that these lands should be made to produce a quantity of forage crops, and prepared for a maximum yield in 1918. Most of these lands are prairie, and by using tractors the forage crops could be put in late. Anything broken later than June would be in readiness for next year's operation.

HON. A. O. EBERHART
Former governer of Minnesota, who advocates the utilization of all waste lands for the production of food crops

The plan as outlined by Mr. Eberhart is for the agricultural schools and colleges to furnish students and experts to take charge of this work, under the authority of Uncle Sam. With several thousand tractors in charge of trained men, wonders could be accomplished in farming on the wholesale plan.

Every city and village could furnish someone to operate a gasoline engine, having the work under general and expert instruction, the same as would be done under army orders. The equipment for breaking and cultivating these lands, including labor and supplies for the first year, would be about ten dollars per acre for the first year and five dollars per year subsequently, which, it is felt, could easily be covered with an average yield of ten bushels per acre after the first year, so that in three years the investment would be returned to the government and the lands thereafter bring large returns to the states.

Selective conscription could be utilized in farming as well as in the army—for this is going to be a hard year for the loafers. A small allowance made by the government to the various states for the lands would be a wise army food investment. If action could be taken by Congress on this matter speedily, so that the machinery could be provided, and the students of schools and colleges not called in the army draft, given a service to do quite as essential, it would make patriotic service something more than mere words.

As Mr. Eberhart has said: "This transaction between the various states and the Federal government would be one free from all suspicion of profit or personal gain. The utilization of the idle lands in the country is a matter of paramount importance at this time."

THESE are the days of "pitiless" spotlight—as well as "publicity"—in Washington. From a tower of an adjoining building a searchlight is thrown on the traffic policeman as he stands, like a statue of liberty lighting the way for the honking autos, beside the semaphore which signals the "go" of green and the "stop" of red. There is also a little yellow sign that is always in sight with the legend "Be careful," and this glimpse of night life in the Capitol is indicative of the inclination of some new-born officials blooming in khaki to find a place in the spotlight as "warriors bold." War-time activities absorb attention.

Everybody is on the *qui vive* to know who is to "go" and who is going to "stop" as the departmental semaphores are displayed. The censor of the War Department, General McIntyre, Chief of the Bureau of Insular Affairs, had extensive experience in this work in the Philippines and on the Mexican border, and knows how to segregate information affecting military operations so as not to interrupt general business, and his own pencil is a "go" or "stop" on news. Every office in the War Department is filled to overflowing with additional clerks. Newspapers contain little or nothing concerning the movement of troops or military operations, for censors seem to understand and the newspapers know how to co-operate. It also indicates how much useless so-called news and information that now fall under the erasive ink of the censor has been cluttering the columns of newspapers.

"HOW'S your garden getting along?" is the most popular summer greeting among Congressmen. The public man without a garden is not in good standing these days, no matter what his golf score may be. This is the year when the habitual salutation of those having farm constituents—"How's your crops?"—is uttered with a personal significance. The anticipation of the man who has "planted something" and his enthusiasm in telling of the wonders of his ability as a soil tiller is distinctly refreshing and indicates aroused interest in farming.

The First American General in France

by William Eliot Merrill

THE honor of commanding the first division of American troops to go to France was given to Major-General John Joseph Pershing, who was taken from his command of the troops on the border and sent across the seas. The appointment was deemed a logical result of his active and efficient experience in regular army service. When I met General Pershing, I felt I was in the presence of a man who is every inch a soldier. Born in Kirksville, Missouri, in 1860, at the age of seventeen he was teaching country schools in his native state, and graduated from the State Normal School the following year. In 1882 he was appointed to West Point, where he took the school rank of first captain when he graduated in 1886. Even in his cadet days, young Pershing was recognized as an organizer and a diplomat. His first service as an army officer was in an Indian campaign under General Nelson A. Miles, when in the warfare against the Apaches and Sioux, he conducted some daring expeditions that marked him as a young officer of action and decision in the first tests under fire.

For four years he was professor of military tactics and science at the University of Nebraska at Lincoln, and in 1892, six years after his graduation, he secured his appointment as first lieutenant of cavalry. He was stationed at Fort Assiniboine, Montana, in control of Cree Indians, and his work at this post singled him out as an army officer of peculiar administrative ability. While he was on duty as instructor of tactics at West Point, he joined his regiment in Cuba, and was appointed chief ordnance officer of United States Volunteers. His promotion as assistant adjutant-general followed as a logical result. In 1900 he was sent to the Philippines in charge of the Division of Customs and Insular Affairs, and it was then that he began that famous campaign against the insurrectionists which won him rank as captain of the First Cavalry, U. S. A.

His three years' service in the Philippines was distinguished not only by success in the field, but in diplomacy. In 1905, upon his return to Washington, he married Miss Frances H. Warren, daughter of Senator F. E. Warren, of Wyoming. A year later he was made military attache of the Legation at Tokio, and followed General Kuroki's army in the Manchurian campaign as a neutral observer, which gave him an experience in all phases of modern warfare that has come to few officers. When he was made brigadier-general by President Roosevelt, in recognition of notable service in the Philippines, he was "jumped" over many senior officers, and returned to the Philippines as commander of the department of Mindanao. This naturally created disturbance in army circles, but all agreed that Pershing had made good.

He made a third campaign in the Philippines in pacifying the Moros in 1913, and upon the outbreak of troubles in Mexico was given command of the division on the

Mexican border, with the rank of major-general. In 1917 he was appointed to succeed the late Major-General Frederick Funston as commander of the Southern Department. General Pershing was revealed as a Spartan when the wife whom he worshipped and his three little daughters were burned to death on the Presidio at San Francisco during his absence in the field. With this grief overwhelming the strong but tender-hearted man, one could never forget the look in his eyes as he continued to do his full duty as a soldier.

With an experience already covering two hemispheres, and with a dauntless spirit that has made him the inspiration of his soldiers, Major-General John Joseph Pershing may be depended upon to add distinction to the colors which he has served so valiantly for many years. After meeting General Pershing on the parade ground, with his keen eyes searching for perfection in discipline and drill, and then in evening dress at a social function at Washington, in the lecture room, in civilian clothes on the street, and as a civilian officer helping with the work of the great exposition in San Francisco, it revealed to me as to many of his friends long ago, the full development and balance of this typical American soldier who, at fifty-seven, has assumed with all the energy of which he is capable, a command upon which is focused the eyes of the world, and holds in his hands the honor and success of American arms.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN JOSEPH PERSHING

His service in the cavalry naturally gives him a place in the most picturesque branch of army service, but whether on his horse, driving across the arid plains of Mexico, or in the jungles of the Philippines, John Joseph Pershing personifies purpose and persistence. He is not without his sense of humor.

When the general returned to his old home in Missouri, he went to see Aunt Susan Hewitt, a friend of his mother's, whose pies were a luscious memory of childhood. Altho it was a public reception in honor of the returned soldier-hero of the town, General Pershing insisted on taking Aunt Susan to the party in a buggy, provided she would take along some of her pies to make sure of having the commissary amply supplied. He insisted he would not run the risk of fluffy angel cake or fudge when Aunt Susan's pies were available. Here is where he indicated his efficiency as a quartermaster. Like Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, and others, he attained his position more thru the arduous and unromantic labors associated with the quartermaster-department, involving careful attention to details, than to any other one thing. With the knowledge of every detail of ration and kit, General Pershing could calculate unerringly upon requirements for a cavalry dash or a campaign, where every ounce of supplies carried had to be considered.

His arrival in England was the occasion of greetings from the people and royalty, to which he responded with the modesty befitting an American soldier. In France, a grateful people showered upon him the devotion of the land of Lafayette. Whether in the shadow of Les Invalides, where rested the remains of Napoleon, or in the Chamber of Deputies listening to Viviani as he told of America's reception to the French Commission, Pershing responded with words and actions suitable to the occasion.

Surrounded by his staff, he was the picture of the American soldier-leader, ready to face the trying situation at the front, fearless and undaunted with the absorbing purpose in mind—victory and success with honor to American arms in its unparalleled crusade for democracy and human rights.

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GENERAL JOHN J. PERSHING

A new and characteristic snapshot made in front of the State, War and Navy Building. Before leaving Washington, "Go-getter" Pershing was busy all day and much of the night with the preparations for his departure for France In Paris he is the same tireless worker, and almost immediately upon his arrival, after fulfilling the most urgent of his social obligations, he plunged into plans for entering the American troops into active service

Go Fight with Pershing

by BENNETT CHAPPLE

GO fight with Pershing,
  There's work to be done!
Go fight with Pershing
  And Glory, my son!

God pity the coward
  Who's weak in the knees,
God pity the coward
  At such times as these.

In calm days of Peace,
  When the world is at rest,
There's nothing to show
  Real men in the test.

Today we must stand
  Either craven or strong,
The world's eye upon us;
  We're where we belong.

Go fight with Pershing
  There's work to be done!
Go fight with Pershing
  And Glory, my son!

With the British Labor Leaders

by John B. Gorgan

AMONG the various commissions that were catapulted across the continent, and had their view of America chiefly from sleeping cars, were the members of the British Labor Commission. The war has developed a comradeship among the leaders in the allied countries, and an understanding between labor and capital that augurs well for the future. Most significant was the work of the British Labor Commission, entertained by Mr. Samuel Gompers in Washington, and visiting various labor centers. In this commission was Hon. James H. Thomas, head of the Railroad Unions in England, the largest of any kind in the world, and a member of Parliament. The climax of their trip came at a luncheon tendered the members of the commission at the Boston City Club by Mr. Louis A. Coolidge, treasurer of the United Shoe Machinery Company. It was a veritable summing up of a most wonderful trip.

As toastmaster of the occasion, Mr. Coolidge, whose cleverness as a toastmaster reaches back to the Gridiron days at Washington, introduced the speakers. Mr. Thomas laughingly admitted that in order to face the Food Controller when he returned home, he very naturally asked the waiter to shove the lobster out of the way, because if a snapshot had been taken of himself and friends with that before them, they certainly would have been looked upon as traitors to their country. He explained how the labor movement in Great Britain was essentially a peace movement, and while there would never again be a war—"But, sir," he said, "there is something worse even than war, and that is national dishonor. And we felt that the issues involved in this conflict were of such vital importance, not only to ourselves, but to the future of democracy, that there was no other alternative than for us, as a movement, to range ourselves on the side of our government.

"But in doing that, I do want to emphasize this fact—that as strong and powerful as we are as a labor force, we have always recognized that no section of the people is greater or stronger than the government as a whole."

Declaring that there should be some common understanding between all the people, he added: "Capital has its privileges, its wealth, and its power. It has also its duties and its responsibilities. Labor, on the other hand, has got its responsibilities. In other words, citizenship carries with it duty and responsibility, and the duty of all at this moment is to realize that there is a common enemy at the gate, and that common enemy can only be defeated by the unity, determination and common sense of all sections of the people being utilized in the nation's interests. When the war broke out we found ourselves as far apart as the poles, as far as capital and labor were concerned, but we came together."

In introducing the Rt. Hon. Charles W. Bowerman, member of Parliament, Privy

Councillor and secretary of the British Trades Union Congress Parliamentary Committee, Mr. Coolidge said: "I hope you will all like him as well as I do."

"I want to say," said Mr. Bowerman, "that we have been well received in every city; but we do appreciate the hospitality and kindness extended to us in this city from the fact that one feels more at home here, despite ancient history, and feels that there is an association, and feels that there is a tie of friendliness, the character of which we have not met with in other cities in the States."

He closed with an expression of the enthusiastic determination felt by his countrymen as to the termination of the war—that termination being victory for the Allies, adding: "Although it was never in doubt, you have clinched it by the action of your country in joining us in the fighting line." At his conclusion a hearty toast was drunk to the two flags joined for a common cause—the democracy of the world.

Professor A. W. Garrod of Oxford University and member of the Ministry of Munitions, was the next speaker. He insisted that every good Englishman, when he comes to America, wants to shake hands with Dr. Charles W. Eliot. "We in England," he said, "entered on this war without passion. We are now fighting this war with a passion which previously would have seemed to ourselves incredible, and which, I have the feeling, appears to some of you in America, if I may speak frankly, to be a little of the spirit of revenge. Well, I ask you not to believe that of us. If we are fighting with that incredible passion, it is because we have suffered incredible wrongs, and not we only or primarily, because we are strong, but those wrongs have been inflicted chiefly

THE BRITISH LABOR DELEGATES IN BOSTON

(*Left to right*) John H. Connor, vice-president and foreign manager of the United Shoe Machinery Company; Joseph Davies, secretary to Lloyd George; the Rt. Hon. C. W. Bowerman; Louis A. Coolidge, treasurer of United Shoe Machinery Company, who tendered a luncheon to the visitors at the Boston City Club; H. W. Garrod and James H. Thomas. Photo taken at the Copley-Plaza Hotel and primarily upon the weak and upon the defenceless; and that is why we are fighting this war with our passions so greatly enkindled.

"Well, we hope before long that we shall be sitting around the council table debating terms of peace. When that hour comes, we shall be very glad to have the cool reason and the clear thinking of America. We trust that if you find in us any purposes of mean ambition or revenge, that then you will hold us back. But do not ask us—and I say frankly I don't think you will—do not ask us to stop fighting before we have exacted justice for crimes that have already been committed, and do not ask us to submit to terms of peace that do not include full and perfect vindication for an outraged humanity."

The next speaker introduced was Dr. Charles W. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard University. "These national unions," he declared, "these bonds that tie one nation to another for centuries—for all time, we may hope—are not treaties, nor agreements; they are sentiments, common absolutely to the people to be tied together, the love of liberty, the conviction that mankind is rising, improving, and can best go forward thru mutual good will and co-operation. But what makes such bonds firm? Nothing so well, gentlemen, as the shedding of blood together for common objects, and now we are going to have the chance to shed our young men's blood to cement eternal bonds of union between the United States, France, and Great Britain."

The toastmaster called upon Major Henry Lee Higginson to arise. Major Higginson thereupon arose and was greeted with long and continuous applause. "Mr. Coolidge is very kind," he said, "but I should like to ask him the purpose of having me arise." To which Mr. Coolidge replied: "My object in asking you to arise was to give all the rest of us an opportunity to rise with you, as we have done, that we may give three cheers as a final tribute to our British guests." The three rousing cheers closed an event of deep significance and import, not only in its relation to war conditions, but here the seed of amity and understanding was sown that will bear fruit for all time to come.

WHEN THE SAND MAN COMES

By WILL D. MUSE

WHEN I'm tired, you know, and the day slips out
Thru the lonesome fields of night;
When the stars just wink at me; and the moon
Comes up so round and white.

When the fire in the grate burns big and red,
Then Daddy comes home to stay,
And he says, as he puts his hand on my head,
"Have you been a nice man today?"

When I say, "Yes, sir!" he says, "Tut, tut,"
But he smiles as he rocks and hums,
Then says, "Better get those blue eyes shut,
Before the Old Sand Man comes."

So he rocks, while I try to count the sheep
As they gallop across his knee;
And I count, and count till I fall asleep
With his strong arms holding me.

Joffre in America

by Joseph I. C. Clarke

"SO he is here, your Joffre of the Marne."
"Just Joffre, if you please, sir,
With the heart as big as a barn,
And the pluck and brain of Julius Caesar.
Private, general, marshal—
Who cares a button for that,
Or the shape or trim of his hat?
To titles I'm none too partial.
Just Joffre—Joffre, of France,
Who made the Kaiser's puppets dance.

"Gosh, when the Boche barbarians
Came tramplin' the Belgians down—
Prussians, Huns, Bavarians—
Ravaging field and town,
They swept into France from north and east
With the rush of the tide off Barnegat.
An' France didn't seem to know where she was at.
With my old Paree in reach of the beast,
And the beds with wounded beginning to fill,
How our hearts at the Hotel Dieu stood still!
Before the Huns were a huddle of French
Who hadn't had time to dig a trench,
And, anyhow, didn't have guns enough—
Oh, it was tough!
So blamed hair-trigger had been the jump
Of the Kaiser's hounds
That the most the English few could do,
In face of the terrible slump,
Was to offer themselves as a target, too,
Fire a few rounds
And fall, fighting back.
So with old Paree marked ready to fall
It looked like a little bit of all.
'Twas then old Joffre
Had something to offer"——

"What?"

"Wait, let me tell how the great town felt
With the Prussians buglin' outside her door—
Little more than as far as an auto honks,
About as far as from here to the Bronx.
Why, their fat limburger could have been smelt!
A million they were and more,
And if the rotten brutes had been
Beasts to the Belgians, sure they'd be
Devils in hell to my old Paree.
The women! The children! We'd heard the story
Of murder and lust, bestial and gory.

And loot and sack
Were sure to follow the Prussian track.
And when all was raped and robbed and stolen,
With the last defenders piled in ridges,
And the Seine with Frenchmen's corpses swollen,
They'd burn the town and steal, by gum, the bridges.
It was then old Joffre
Had something to offer"——

"Just what?"

"First let me say how *I* felt; well,
I give it up. I felt like hell."

"What *did* he offer,
Old Joffre?"

"Pshaw, I was only a hospital orderly;
You know, a Yankee volunteer;
Good, maybe, for driving a motor bus,
With load after load of guns and men,
Out to the fighting lines, and then
From Chantilly with wounded back again.
So I can't talk soldierly,
Describing the muss;
But just when a Boche they call Von Kluck
Was running amuck,
And was stretching his hand for the Eiffel Tower,
God's absolute clock was a-hitting the hour
On the loudest bell in Notre Dame.
A big French army came, biff-slam-jam,
On his front.
Like a steamboat hitting a punt.
And a big French army shivered his flank—
Some gorgeous wallops, take it from me—
And every German son of a gun
Started to run,
Quitting his rank,
Breaking his files,
Dropping his pride and his sausages,
Not even stopping to yowl for beer—
Ran and ran for fifty miles,
While Billy in Potsdam stamped and raved,
And France for Joffre gave one grand cheer.
And my old Paree was saved.

"That's what he did, old Joffre.
He *did* have something to offer.
And you couldn't praise him
More'n you could feaze him.
Warn't it the oddest
To do all that and act so modest?
When they pressed him to come in high state to dine,
And join in a Victory dance,
He said: 'Wait till we see them across the Rhine;
'*But now and always, Vive la France!*'
That's Joffre!"

Saving Money for Uncle Sam

by Joseph E. Ralph

Director of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*Importance of the dye industry in its relation to articles of everyday use has been realized more deeply than ever before by the people of the United States. The fact that dyes used by manufacturers—and by the government, too—were imported from Germany before the war brought home to us our own ignorance of the art of producing dyes, and has put American producers on their mettle to make as good dyes if not better than came from Germany. A conversation overheard recently in a department store shows the spirit America should display. A woman purchasing stockings for her boy said she would like to have some that wouldn't fade, that all those she had been purchasing had faded quickly, tho they had worn well. Whereupon her husband remarked that Americans shouldn't worry about that, because while American dyes may be in the experimental stage now, they are sure to reach perfection before long, and Americans should at this time especially exercise their patience and encourage American manufacturers by using American-made goods. The following article by Mr. Ralph shows what has been done by manufacturers in discovering methods of making dyes, and particularly by the government in obtaining dyes for its postage stamps*

THE dry colors, of which the largest quantities are used by this bureau, are manufactured from products that are produced practically in Germany; for instance, bronze blue, Chinese blue, and Prussian blue are made from yellow prussiate of potash and iron salts, and Germany controls the world's supply of potash commercially thru the natural deposits at Stassfurt. This product, prussiate of potash, was formerly imported from Germany, and American manufacturers of colors use it in manufacturing blues, and, with the combination of yellow, the green colors. Since the European War, manufacturers in the United States have begun the substitution of sodium ferro-cyanide for the potash salt, and are now getting fairly good results, tho not the equal of the potash blues. Owing, however, to the fact that soda can be substituted for potash salts in a number of cases, soda being very similar to potash, and in many instances can be used in its place, the price of soda has risen to a great extent, thus making the domestic product cost three or four times as much as in normal times, while the blues made from the imported potash salts, which were from twenty-three cents to twenty-five cents per pound prior to the war, were sold at from seventy-five cents to one dollar and a half per pound the last time any quantity was available in this country.

The yellows are made from domestic products, and in the process of treating them it is necessary to use materials such as nitric acid, and that has advanced very largely in price, owing to the enormous demand for it in making explosives.

Paris white is obtained entirely from England and France, and there has been difficulty in getting this material owing to the freight rates, and the price has consequently advanced about fifty per cent.

Zinc white, which was formerly seven and one-half cents per pound, is now quoted at from twenty to thirty cents, the material being largely imported, but the domestic manufacturers have increased the price, owing to the rise in metallic zinc, which is used in making shells.

The black color in normal times contains vine black as one of its principal ingredients and this material was imported from Germany, but it has been necessary to find an American substitute for the reason that vine black cannot be obtained, and the price has necessarily advanced, with incident difficulty in maintaining a satisfactory quality. One of the American manufacturers has, I understand, been able to adopt as a substitute for the vine black a form of cellulose which is a by-product from the manufacture of wood-pulp for paper-making, and another manufacturer has been able to make use of a black earth deposit which is believed to be a coal deposit in an incomplete formation.

* * *

Aside from the excessive price necessary to be paid for the colors, the Bureau has been able to meet the situation in a fairly satisfactory way on all colors except the reds. Red lake, prior to the war, could be obtained for twenty-five cents per pound, but since the war such quantities as were available have cost from sixty cents to one dollar and forty cents. This material is composed of a base, such as barytes or aluminum hydrate, or both, dyed with a coal-tar dye. Coal-tar dyes are made from products derived from the distillation of the tar that is left after the manufacture of illuminating gas or coke. These distillation products, which consist in the main of benzol, napthalene, phenol, and anthracene, are from their chemical treatment developed into dyes, drugs, chemicals, disinfectants, etc. In our work we need the dyes. There is another class of dyes made from vegetable products, but they are not suitable for printing inks. The work of the Bureau requires a color that will be fast to light and not affected by water, oil, or varnish, and the colors we have been using are entirely satisfactory in this respect, but while the lakes were made in this country, the dyes were all imported from Germany. The reason for the necessity for importing these dyes is because of the superior scientific and technical development of the chemical industry in that country and its great concentration there. The fact that all of the by-products produced on one plant are used by other plants situated in the same locality, and the fact that the whole consumption of coal-tar dye stuffs in this country in a year only amounts to about six million dollars' worth, which is a relatively small amount when the cost of production and the money invested are considered, is another reason why the business is confined to Germany. There are a few plants in this country, but they make principally textile dyes from intermediate products imported from Germany. There are some plants that are turning out a small amount of dyes and intermediate products from semi-crude material produced in this country, but these are principally for their own consumption. Moreover, the principal raw materials used for this purpose are also in demand in munition manufacture. There is an acute shortage in coal-tar lakes in this country, as there is practically no import business being done. It has been stated that the total value of the German coal-tar industry is about seventy-five million dollars, and that the importations to this country have been only about six million dollars.

* * *

I have given the above statement with regard to the origin of colors used in the work of this Bureau in order that it may be appreciated how seriously the stoppage of shipments from Germany has affected the procuring of supplies for our work.

To meet these conditions as far as practicable, in the latter part of August, 1914, about a month after the beginning of the European War, when it became known that the conditions in Europe would at once stop shipments to this country, I visited New York and Philadelphia and made arrangements to procure all of the available quantities of red lakes, Prussian blue, Chinese blue, and chrome green that could be secured. This prompt action gave this

Bureau a supply of those colors which carried on its operations for about ten months, and it was possible, from time to time, by correspondence, to obtain other quantities which, thru some means or other, were permitted to reach this country from abroad.

* * *

I found it necessary again in July of 1915 to visit the same cities with the chief of the ink-making division of this Bureau, and was fortunate again to obtain some colors, at, however, very high prices, which gave us another respite from anxiety.

Due to the adaptation of soda salts in place of potash salts in the manufacture of blue, fairly satisfactory results have been obtained under a contract made with A. Wilhelm & Company of Reading, Pennsylvania, who have developed the manufacture of this color since the war. The normal price for blue is from twenty-three cents to thirty cents per pound, but this Bureau has been required to pay as high as one dollar and a half per pound.

It being evident, however, that while we might, thru the adaptation of American products, be able to secure substitutes for the blacks, blues, greens and yellows, the supply of red seemed to be practically exhausted, and I, therefore, took up the question with the Secretary of the Treasury of obtaining supplies of these colors, and especially the reds, direct from German manufacturers for the use of the United States Government, and thru the efforts of the State Department, the English Government agreed to permit the shipments to be made, and the Consul General of the United States at Berlin obtained quotations from a manufacturer at Charlottenburg, Germany, to furnish a lot of these colors to the value of about forty-five thousand dollars, the shipments to be made as soon as the colors could be manufactured.

The first instalment of these colors, aggregating about twenty-five thousand pounds, was received in April, 1916, and the second instalment, aggregating about thirty-five thousand pounds, arrived in May, 1916. The third instalment, aggregating about twenty thousand pounds, left Copenhagen on the 11th of May, and the fourth instalment of about twenty thousand pounds left Rotterdam on the 13th of May, leaving at that time about fifty thousand pounds of colors to be forwarded from Germany.

These various shipments, aggregating approximately one hundred thousand pounds, were procured at an average price of about thirty-five cents per pound as compared with an average price of about twenty-five cents before the war, and with prices varying from one dollar and a half to four dollars per pound for such small lots as were available in this country at that time.

It might be seen, therefore, that the purchase of this lot of colors from the German manufacturer will result in a saving of at least two hundred thousand dollars as compared with prices that would have to be paid if dependence were placed entirely upon the domestic supply houses.

While the procuring of these colors of standard strength and shades from Germany will enable this Bureau to produce postage stamps and other work in colors conforming more nearly to the standard than has been possible in the past year, they will not, however, enable the standard to be fully maintained for the reason that, due to the uncertainty of the prolongation of the war, it is necessary to conserve them to the greatest possible extent by dilution with bases, such as barytes and similar materials, unless arrangements can be made to procure further supplies from abroad.

Aside from the advantage to the Bureau in the money saving and in procuring standard colors from Germany, there is also a big advantage to the commercial industries of the United States in that this Bureau is one of the largest users of these colors and to the extent it is a purchaser in the domestic markets the other consumers of these colors are given greater advantage in procuring supplies.

The Man Who Discovered Himself

A Message to the Down-and-Outers

by Willis George Emerson

Author of "A Vendetta of the Hills," "The Treasure of Hidden Valley," "Buell Hampton," etc.

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Illustrations by Arthur Hutchins

SYNOPSIS.—*Victim of a dread disease. fifty-year old Marsh Gordon, intent on providing a good home and even luxuries for those dependent upon him, struggles for years as an humble shoe-pegger. Miriam Gordon, his wife, is a woman who has come to care only for money and the position and comforts money will bring. She accepts every sacrifice her husband makes with no compunctions, even when she sees him ill and alone. Anxious for social position, she encourages the attentions of Burn Hopkins, a rising young attorney, to her older daughter, Bernice, but keeps her husband out of sight by providing him a little one-room cottage in the back yard of their home at Venice, California. Here he stays, when not at his work. For companions he has his books. He is, however, proud of his capable wife, and denies her nothing in his power to give her. Uncomplainingly he accepts the social ostracism which she forces upon him. The only really bright spot in his life is his little daughter Bessie, who spends as much time as her mother will allow in her father's company. At last the day comes when his cough has taken such a hold upon him that he is not able to go to his work. Thinking that a day in the air and sunshine will benefit him, he goes to the hills accompanied by Bessie, and there they spend a happy day, gathering tiger-lilies and cowslips. Refreshed by the short rest, Marsh returns to his work, but finally is obliged to stay away longer. This time he loses his position entirely, and makes up his mind to take Miriam's advice to go to the desert. The night before the twenty-fifth anniversary of his own marriage to Miriam, she announces to him that Bernice is to be married on the morrow, and hints that he should absent himself from home that day. Hurt beyond measure by her utter disregard of him, he leaves his savings of nine hundred dollars for her and a letter, and taking but thirteen dollars and ten cents for himself, he starts alone for the desert. He finally finds himself in the desert, where he falls in with a band of "hoboes," who rob him of money, clothes, watch and kit of tools, and then drive him away from their campfire. He comes at last to a farm and sleeps in a haystack until morning, when he is found by the owner, Mike O'Meara, who treats him to a good breakfast and sends him on his way with a loan of five dollars and a big Mexican hat.*

Meanwhile Miriam has discovered his departure and rejoices over the nine hundred dollars which he has left for her.

CHAPTER XIV

A Youthful Optimist

A PLACE with several notable points was Submarine Junction. In the first instance, it was more than two hundred feet below the level of the sea, away down in the sink of the Great Desert of the Colorado River. Secondly, it was called a junction, altho it was not a junction, for the railroad running north to tap the fertile lands which border the mighty stream was as yet only in the surveyed stage of its existence. Then, again, it was reputed to be about the hottest place on earth in midsummer—if chickens survived until that season they laid hard-boiled eggs, so it was veraciously averred.

A sun-baked wayside railway station, with the regulation agent's office, waiting room, goods shed and platform for handling freight, all on the most diminutive scale. But there were three huge round water tanks that were out of all proportion to the rest of the equipment and loomed as a landmark for a dozen miles around. The abundant water supply was required for the replenishment of the locomotives, which from this point of lowest depression had to climb the heavy grades, east and west, across the arid wilderness. These storage tanks in turn were kept filled with water brought in tank cars from the Colorado River. So water was water in those parts, and was held in the respect it deserved. But there was unavoidably some little wastage that just sufficed to keep alive a row of scraggy, diminutive palms which some audacious hand had transplanted from one of the canyons among the foothills on the far western horizon.

* * *

Such was Submarine Junction. And here dwelt Ned Collier, alone, lord of all he surveyed, a gay and gallant youth of only eighteen, full of vim and energy despite the withering desert heat, proud of holding down his first job, that of station agent, filled with optimistic visions of the future, when he would be promoted, first of all, as a train despatcher to Los Angeles, then to the executive offices in San Francisco, and finally to the exalted post of president of the entire railroad system. A happy, sanguine boy who was content to whistle if he felt lonely, or, when the wire wasn't busy, jolly one of his brother telegraph operators along the line.

Ned was the son of a prominent attorney in Phoenix, Arizona. No name was better known thruout the state than that of Ledgerwood Collier, for the lawyer had spent a great deal of time and money in politics, his avowed ambition being the governorship, or, alternatively, a United States senatorship. Ned inherited his father's keen brain and active temperament. The young fellow had been graduated from high school with all the honors, had spent six months in qualifying himself as an expert telegraph operator, and had then promptly accepted the first position that offered.

Both father and mother had protested that life out on the desert, and more especially at Submarine Junction, most lonely and God-forsaken of all desert spots, was not to be thought of. But Ned counted that he had his foot on the first rung of the ladder to success, and laughed at solitude, thermometers, tramps, coyotes, and rattlesnakes. He was thoroly contented with himself, mightily pleased to have obtained a salaried appointment right at the start, and by his own unaided efforts; and while city attractions might have their lure later on, for the present the desert and its free life, the daily duties to his hand, the sense of personal responsibility, the immunity from being bossed by anyone, also the monthly pay check, all looked good to the young Arizonan. No more courageous spirit ever held down a telegraph key.

The youthful station agent was fond of books, and between the scheduled hours of passing trains had plenty of time for reading. He had also taken advantage of his position by homesteading one hundred and sixty acres close to the railway line, and had put up, mainly with his own hands, the modest little board shack that complied with the residential conditions of the law. There was talk of a high-line irrigation ditch being brought in before long. Therefore the land might prove of value some day, and meanwhile he had a place to call "home," also an abundance of occupation during off-duty hours in improving his property by vegetable gardening on the strictly limited scale rendered possible by a half-inch pipe that brought from over the way an occasional trickle of water from the overflow of the depot tanks.

But if the onion bed did not exceed a couple of square yards in area, and the tomato vines could be counted on the fingers of both hands, tomatoes and onions that had to be so carefully wet-nursed to maturity were "some vegetables," as Ned was wont to declare when slicing them for the salad bowl. Moreover, their size and rapid growth proclaimed the fertility of his land—rich river silt that required only the magic touch of water to make it exude with productivity.

Thus the truck-gardening helped to pass the time in an interesting way, and Ned's life had grown to be quite a full one. For the desert is really lonely only to those who make it lonely; the companionship of work or books need leave no hour dull.

* * *

It was late afternoon, and Ned had just aroused himself from the siesta which the desert climate in summer time renders both agreeable and advisable. He was standing on the verandah of his little home, casting an eye at the railway office only a stone's throw away. He was debating with himself whether he would cross over and get ready the waybills for a wagon load of wool that had been brought in by a rancher from up the valley and was to be shipped out by an early morning freight train. Or would he take it easy yet awhile and perform his task in the cool of the evening? It wanted only an hour now of sundown.

To verify this estimate of the time, he turned his eyes westward. There, coming along the railroad track, perhaps three or four hundred yards away, was the figure of a man. Not a hobo—the hobo sticks to a shady spot during the heat of the day. Most likely a Mexican, to judge by the hat he was wearing. But one thing was certain as the figure drew nearer—the man was pretty nearly all in, for as he walked he reeled from side to side of the track like a drunken man. Ned was too experienced to imagine for a moment that the man was drunk—an inebriate could not have survived for an hour the torrid heat of the desert on such an afternoon. It was a case of thirst, that was clear.

And just as Ned had swiftly arrived at this conclusion the figure stumbled, fell prone, and remained where it had fallen. In a trice the young fellow had reached for the canvas water bag hanging at the doorway, and was sprinting for all he was worth across the sand and then along the ties.

Ned turned the figure over. The man was alive all right—just thoroly exhausted, and in need of water, too, for his first act was to raise his finger tips to parched lips. The rescuer lost no time in asking questions. He just lifted the sufferer's head, and supporting his shoulders, held the water-bag to his mouth. A murmur of thankfulness mingled with the gulping of the grateful fluid.

A minute or two later the boy had the man upon his feet, and slipping an arm around his waist, was helping him along. He had carefully replaced the big conical Mexican hat on the wayfarer's head. The lean hands were again extended for the waterbag.

"No, that's enough for the present, old fellow. Oh, you'll have another drink later on. What you've got to do next is to get out of the sun. Why in the name of wild cats did you try to cross the desert in the day time? You must be a pretty green hand. There now, steady. Stretch yourself out on this chair; let me fix the pillow for you. Yes, here's more water now—in a tumbler this time. Feeling better, eh?"

These sentences had been interjected at intervals while stumbling footsteps were being guided from the tracks to the shack, until finally the rescued man had been placed upon a long rattan chair under the shade of the veranda.

"Thank you, kindly," the stranger at last managed to articulate. But he was too weak and fatigued for the present to say more. His eyes closed from weariness.

* * *

Ned gave him a little time longer to recover, remaining silent, cutting at his tobacco plug meanwhile and filling his pipe. Thru the puffs of smoke he surveyed the recumbent figure. A down-and-outer, assuredly, to judge from the sparse and ragged garments—no coat or shirt, tattered breeches, and broken shoes. But not a dyed-in-the-wool hobo, for the bare arms were heat-blistered, not sun-browned—they had been white arms only a day or so before. And the face, altho unshaven, was that of a clean liver—with clear-cut features, really quite intellectual-looking with the high-domed brow. Ned, too, had no difficulty in guessing what the tall, gaunt framework of bones really meant.

"Out for the desert cure, I suppose," he murmured to himself. "And by the Lord he nearly got it, good and plenty, for all time. He couldn't have made another hundred yards. A cup of tea is just about the right thing for him. If he gets a nap, too, so much the better."

Ned rose, and moving on tiptoe, entered the cabin. Within a minute he had the oil-stove alight and had filled a kettle of water from the big red earthenware *olla* standing in a corner of the room.

A little later the warm brew of tea revived the patient wonderfully. The stranger sat sideways on the long chair as he sipped the refreshing beverage. He smiled gratefully toward his host. Ned's first impressions were confirmed; he liked the old chap's face.

"You certainly saved my life," said the visitor. "I was almost done—it was a close call."

"Oh, you'd have made it, I guess, with the water tanks sticking up in front of you," replied Ned cheerfully. "But what beats me is how you came to be out on the desert without a canteen."

"I had a small canteen, which my friend the wagoner gave me at parting. But I emptied it, then lost it, together with the coat I was carrying over my arm."

"I understand. When a fellow gets thirsty on the desert, his first impulse is to fling every superfluous thing away—there are cases, I'm told, where they have stripped themselves naked. But how did you come to hit the ties, anyway? You're no hobo."

"No, thank God, I'm not a hobo." The speaker drew himself proudly up, and there was supreme disgust and disdain on his quivering features as he spoke the words. "Yet, would you believe, my dear lad, until a few days ago I had succeeded in convincing myself that the hobo's lot is the ideal one? As the old song says: 'Homeless, ragged, and tanned, who so free in the land, who so contented'—as the tramp, without a care to worry him?"

"So you tried the game?" grinned Ned.

"I came out onto the desert to try to recover my health. You can see what I am reduced to—mere skin and bone. I don't need to tell you my trouble. But many cases of tuberculosis have been cured by desert air, and I resolved to try the remedy."

"Then did you outfit as a hobo? Those trousers and shoes have all the earmarks of the tribe."

"No, sir. It was a gang of hoboes who outfitted me. The other night at a campfire they robbed me of all my belongings—even stripped me of my clothes."

* * *

Ned uttered a low whistle of comprehension. The fist resting on his knee closed tightly. His eyes looked pityingly on the old man, whose lips were trembling now from the shame and humiliation of the memories invoked by the telling of his tale.

"The damned scoundrels!" muttered the youth. "But by the living God, I'll get level with some of them for this. In future, any brake-beam tourist my eyes light upon will take the sand trail from Submarine Junction on. I'll make this a railroad terminus for the dirty skunks, tho up to now I've always felt inclined to pass 'em along."

The object of this mingled indignation and commiseration sipped his tea reflectively.

"Well, there are good men as well as bad men on the desert," was the quiet remark. "I've found that out already—am finding it out now, my kind young friend."

There was tremulous gratitude in the voice, a soft glow in the eyes that looked across at the boy who had succored and welcomed the wanderer.

"Good Lord, what I've done is nothing," objected Ned. "Do you think that I could have stood by and seen you perish? Besides, what are people good for, anyhow, but to give each other the helping hand? I guess I was intended to do you a good turn—to help you out of your present troubles, old chap. And the present troubles are always the worst ones, aren't they?—altho as a matter of fact yours don't amount to a hill of beans. I've got an old suit that will just fit you fine, and tho I'd counted it past further wear, you'll feel yourself in Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes as compared with your present togs. Your hat's all right—I'll say that much," he added reflectively, pointing to the conical headgear resting on the floor beside the chair. "Let me tell you that it probably saved your life, my friend."

"It was a gift to me from a kind-hearted rancher."

"Well, the rancher knew what was needed. You can't beat a Mexican straw hat out on the desert—or, for the matter of that, lots of other Mexican things, too—their *ollas*, *tortillas*, *frijoles*, even their *siestas*. Those old Spaniards certainly knew the whole game of eating, drinking, and sleeping—of living the life. Isn't that so?"

* * *

As he put the question, the boy leaned back in his chair, stuck his thumbs in his braces, and puffed out his chest complacently. *He* knew the life—*he* knew what he was talking about. Gesture and attitude spoke just as eloquently as words.

A faint little smile played upon the stranger's face.

"I am acquainted with the Spanish terms you have used," he replied, "but I have not had much actual experience of the desert."

"Oh, well," laughed Ned, "I'll help you to plenty of experience, don't you worry. Gee, it's good to have you here—to have somebody worth while to speak to. I know right now that we're going to be great friends, Jim—regular pals."

The prospective pal raised his eyes in some surprise at the name bestowed, but the gay-hearted youngster gave no chance for interruption. He rattled on, volubly:

"Well, to get back to the clothes question. We had settled about the suit and O. K'd your hat. Next, as to shoes—you can have your pick from half-a-dozen pairs, Jim. You see, I've always had a weakness for shoes, and keep myself well supplied. So after you've had a few days' rest, you can hit the trail again in respectable style. I'll be able to get you a ride in the caboose of a freight. Oh, I've lots of friends among the train crews, old boy."

The thanks struggling to the stranger's lips were checked by an attack of coughing. He tried to smother it with his hand. Ned went on:

"But you've got to get rid of that cough of yours, Jim."

"Excuse me, my name is Marsh"—but the words were cut short by a renewed paroxysm.

"Jim Marshall—that sounds a good name," the boy replied. "Well, mine's Ned Collier. But it will be Jim and Ned for short—sort o' makes us pals from the start, eh? Well, Jim, you must be dog-goned hungry, I'm thinking. So if you just stretch out your legs again, shut your peepers, and have another little snooze, I'll be getting the supper ready."

"Can't I help?" suggested the visitor.

"Oh, your help will be called for later on, when the grub is ready. You're in luck, I can tell you. The westbound mail brought me a fine porterhouse steak this morning—from Yuma."

"That's where I am going."

"Well, it's here you're staying for the present at all events, Jim, my friend. There, make yourself comfortable. And here's a newspaper only one day old. Oh, don't thank me. The luck is mine. I can tell you I was beginning to feel so derned lonesome that sometimes I almost hollered aloud. So count yourself a welcome guest—welcome as the flowers in spring. I'll wake you fifteen minutes before supper-time so that you can have a wash. Perhaps also you'd like a shave. I can lend you a safety razor. My sweet little mother sent me one for a birthday present, but I stick to the good old-fashioned blade"—the mere boy looked very manly and consequential as he spoke the words. "No lawn mowers for me, thank you. But perhaps you, too, object, Jim."

"No, no," murmured Jim—the name seemed to fit all right now, for its owner attempted no further protest. "I'm accustomed to a safety razor."

"Well, that's good. I'll dig it up after I get the wood-stove alight. Grilled beefsteak, my boy—no frying on an oil-stove for such a rare luxury! So get your appetite ready. The sun's down, and it will be fine and cool within an hour. Then we'll have a proper old yarn—after dinner, under the stars."

The joyous youth vanished. Marsh Gordon closed his eyes in restful thankfulness.

CHAPTER XV

Rehabilitation

Perhaps an hour had passed. Jim—to give Marsh Gordon the new name his youthful host had so persistently fastened on him—had reposed, and occasionally dozed, on the verandah. Within the shack, Ned had been busy over the mysteries of cooking. He never took such pains when he was alone. But tonight he seemed determined to impress his guest—all the resources of both his larder and his skill were being called into requisition.

When preliminary preparations were completed, and the cooking of the meal was proceeding automatically, Ned consulted his wardrobe, selected a suit that was partially worn, but still more than serviceable, a khaki shirt of the regulation desert pattern, and a pair of shoes without flaw in their anatomy. To this little pile of clothing he added a towel and a cake of soap. He peeped onto the verandah; his visitor was awake.

"See here, Jim," he said, advancing with the garments in his hand, "if you want a bath and a change before dinner, now's your chance. Oh, I can give you the finest shower you ever saw. Just step over to the depot, get under one of the water tanks, turn the spigot, and there you are. But take care to leave a little water for the Los Angeles Limited—it's due here at

9.14 P. M. Go ahead, and don't be shy. There are no Peeping Toms in this wilderness. By the time you get back that porterhouse will be done to a turn. Or, if you hurry up, there will be time, too, for a shave. There is hot water ready on the stove."

* * *

If ever a human being enjoyed a change of raiment, it was the rescued wanderer that night. He swung the hobo trousers around his head, and flung them far out into the wilderness. The derelict footwear followed. And there was no sparing of soap or hard rubbing to wash out the sense of contamination that now alone remained. The shower bath under the spigot was great, despite the excruciating agony that had to be endured when the cold douche hit the sunburned tender spots on arms and shoulders. But this pain soon passed, and when Jim finally strode back toward the verandah he felt like a new man. He looked it, too, altho Ned's trousers were a trifle short for his long, lanky limbs.

The razor—yes, he was ready for Ned's despised "lawn-mower," and in the zeal of his regeneration, he swept away not only the stubble that covered cheeks and chin, but his mustache as well. He had never before ventured upon such an audacious alteration in his accustomed appearance. If he had sometimes thought of getting into line with modern ideas as to unnecessary hirsute adornments, the thought had been dismissed in favor of the conservative traditions of young days. But tonight he was free from all such trammels of habit, and lo and behold! when the safety razor had accomplished its full task, he stood forth clean-shaven as an old-time Roman. As he looked into the mirror, he himself was amazed at the result. The seemingly slight change had in reality amounted to a transformation. Marsh Gordon hardly recognized himself. "Jim" certainly seemed to be the appropriate new name from now onward.

* * *

The feeling of physical rehabilitation had a mental reaction as well. After all his miseries and humiliations, self-respect was restored. Mike O'Meara's silver dollars jingled in his pocket—borrowed money, no doubt, but tangible, and bestowing the confidence that comes from actual possession. It was with a glow of satisfaction that he took his place at the hospitable board.

Ned surveyed his guest with unconcealed surprise. "Gee, but you look fine and dandy now. I'm glad you've got rid of the cream strainer," he went on laughing, as he playfully pointed to Jim's upper lip. "But we must put a little flesh on your face, old chap—too much like a cameo just at present. Well, that will come, no doubt, in a little time. Meanwhile, as an old miner friend of mine used to say, 'Fall to and help yourself, pardner.' The beefsteak speaks for itself, and I'll recommend those baked potatoes, also this old-fashioned country milk gravy such as my mother makes. The bread is home-baked —oh, I'm a crackerjack cook, as you'll soon allow. And by gosh, Jim, I'm hungry myself, and it's a bad thing to wait when the tummy takes to growling."

Whereupon the gay-hearted lad proceeded to play the part of host. With his merry blue eyes, a wealth of black curly hair, and cheeks tinged with the roses of perfect health, he indeed formed a striking contrast to his lean-visaged guest on the opposite side of the table.

* * *

But Jim's old haggard look was now gone. From his deep-set eyes there beamed a soft glow of thoro contentment. He ate with quiet appreciation of the good things provided, and at the same time listened with a happy smile to Ned's irrepressible flow of conversation.

From this he learned incidentally how the boy's mother contrived to keep the desert larder supplied with delicacies. The pumpkin pie had arrived from Phoenix the night before, together with a couple of dozen of fresh-laid eggs—"those beauties in the bowl over yonder." And there was a special turkey being fattened on the home place for Thanksgiving, which would arrive in due season, stuffed, cooked, and ready for the table.

"You certainly have a kind, thoughtful mother," commented Jim.

"The best and dearest ever," assented Ned enthusiastically. "And the dad's a rare good sport, too. You know he's the top-notch lawyer in all Arizona. So the old man, of course, wanted me to get into the law business with him. But nothing doing! My mind had always been set on railroading. And do you know how I got my job here, Jim? Well, I just told the staff operator that I wasn't afraid of all the coyotes or wild cats or rattlesnakes in Southern California, and if he wanted a real, unscalped brave to hold the fort at Submarine Junction and tap the keys between whiles, I was his huckleberry."

Jim could not but laugh in unison—the boy's overflowing good spirits were irresistibly captivating. Here was a psychological problem presented. Was it not just such indomitable souls who were conquering the wilderness and transforming the grim desert into smiling farms and orchard lands?

"You are the very man for the job, Ned," he commented.

"That's just what I said—the very man"—the phrase appealed to him, and he patted his chest appreciatively. "So the job was mine, and I defy any operator on the line to get it away from me. There's just one danger, tho. Promotion! It's sticking out its head from behind every Joshua tree on the desert. Oh, believe me, all the railroad bosses have at last got their eye on Ned Collier, from the president down. Then what will become of my one hundred and sixty-acre homestead? But, say, Jim, I've an idea. Why not stay on here? I'll teach you the Morse alphabet. Who knows but you might get my job when the management finds it can no longer do without me in Los Angeles or San Francisco?"

Jim smiled wistfully.

"I'm afraid that would be a big undertaking for a man of my years."

"Don't speak about years. A woman is just as old as she looks, but a man is only as old as he feels. And now I've a sort of hunch that this is the very climate for you, my friend. You haven't coughed once since we sat down to supper. Have you noticed that? Well, if you haven't, I have. And I'd bet you used to cough your head off most of the time."

Jim assented with a nod.

"That is true," he remarked. "I am already beginning to feel the good effects of the desert climate."

"Of course you do. That thoro baking you got today out in the sun will have done you no end of good in the long run. It's the sort of thing to paralyze the microbes in your lungs. From now you'll improve right along."

"Oh, I've made up my mind to get well, my dear boy," replied the invalid with a bright smile.

"Which is half the cure," exclaimed Ned, enthusiastically. "Now then, let me see." He consulted his watch. "I must go over to the station, Jim. The Los Angeles express will be here within fifteen minutes. She stops for water. Then I've some waybills to make out for an early freight in the morning. Would you like to step across? Will help to pass the time."

Jim surveyed the supper table and a light came into his eye. "If you don't mind," he replied, "I think I'll wait for you here."

"All right, old chap. Have another rest—that's the best thing. But don't go to sleep. I've lots of more things to tell you tonight before we turn in. I haven't had a good old-fashioned yarn with anyone for a month past. So long, then. Have a look at my books. There's McClintock's 'History of Arizona'—just great—will interest you, sure. Make yourself at home."

* * *

But Marsh Gordon had other plans for the hour at his disposal. He merely glanced at the title-page of the proffered volume, then replaced it on the bookshelf for the present, at all events. He filled a big kettle with water, and put it on the stove, after replenishing the latter with a couple of small logs. While waiting for the water to boil, he stepped onto the verandah. In the near distance now he could hear the rumble of the incoming train. As the big headlight swept forward, toward the very spot where Ned Collier had rescued him, he reflected that, had it not been for the providential succor that had reached him just as he was perishing from thirst, even now his body would be being ground to pieces under the big wheels. He shuddered at the thought. But it made the lad still dearer to him.

"God bless the boy!" he murmured. "He has not only fed and clothed me. But he has also restored to me my self-respect—given me a new hold on life, so to speak. Now I must see what I can do for him."

However, he lingered on the verandah yet awhile, watching the train as it pulled in, the big locomotives taking water from the tanks, and then the resumption of the throbbing journey up the steep eastward grade. The station was quiet once again, the whole place in darkness except for the gleam of the signal lamps and the glow of a light from the window of the little station office.

There Ned settled down to his clerical duties. He was tapping cheerfully away at a typewriting machine, whistling at times while he filled up the official blanks with the descriptions and weights of the freight accumulated for despatch in the morning.

* * *

At last his tasks were completed. He put out the light, locked the office door, and after a final survey up and down the line, started across the way for home.

Jim was not on the verandah, but the lamp was still alight in the living-room.

At the threshold Ned stood stock still from amazement.

"Jim!" was the only word he uttered.

The room was a marvel of neatness and orderliness, the debris of the meal all cleared away, every dish washed and restored to its proper place, pots and pans burnished and hung on the wall behind the stove, the stove itself polished as it had never been polished before, at least in Ned's days; even the wash cloth and drying towels had been rinsed out and were hung in a corner across a stretch of string.

The worker of all this change was in the act of rolling down his shirt sleeves, thankful that the job was finished before Ned's return, smiling a pleasant welcome home.

"Jim!" Ned again exclaimed. "You shouldn't have done all this, old boy."

"Could I have done less?" responded Jim, laying a hand on the lad's shoulder. "But for you, my dear Ned, the coyotes tonight would be picking my bones. And a mighty skimpy meal," he laughed grimly. "Not much more than rags and bones. So even a coyote has at times its cruel disappointments, eh? Well, I managed to keep awake, you see. And now we'll have that promised yarn—under God's own bright stars."

Chapter XVI

Rejuvenation

"By Jove, I wouldn't have believed it's three whole months since you blew in, Jim. It seems more like three days."

The speaker was Ned Collier. Jim and he were in the office at the railway station. It was night. The lamp was alight. They were waiting for the passing of the eastward-bound express.

"The shortest three months in my whole existence," commented Jim. He was seated before a telegraph instrument, and was tapping away at the keys while he spoke, repeating again and again some special combination of dots and dashes. "And useful ones, too," Jim went on. "I really believe I'll be an expert operator before long."

"I'm certain of it, old boy. I never saw a quicker pupil. You're a wonder. The way you keep sticking to that Morse alphabet, you'll have every letter, sign, and symbol at the ends of your fingers before another three months have gone. You're sure the chap that put 'p' into 'luck,' because you have got the right sort of pluck in you. And say, Jim, do you know I'm beginning to feel like a living fraud?"

"How's that?"

"Well, just look at this bunch of waybills you got ready this afternoon. You're the station agent right now—I'm a sort of looker-on."

"What nonsense! And don't forget how mighty kind you have been in teaching me all I know. I used to consider myself a down-and-outer before I came here, but I do believe I could hold a job now against a good few young fellows in the railway service."

"You bet, and give most of them points, too. And you know, Jim, you look a different man. What did you weigh before you came here?"

"Ninety-eight pounds—of skin and bone," replied Jim, with a grim smile of reminiscence.

"Well, say, let's put you on the scales

now, Jim." As Ned spoke, he advanced to the open door. "Come along."

The other complied, and a minute later the two were in front of the scales on the freight platform. Ned, with the aid of a lantern, was adjusting the weights.

"Hop on," he said laconically, when all was ready.

After sliding the movable weight a little distance, he raised the lantern and announced the result.

"One hundred and thirteen pounds. Good for you, Jim. That's going some. Let's see—a gain of fifteen pounds in three months' time."

"It's wonderful," remarked Jim. "The desert has certainly proved my salvation."

"And you never cough now. Guess the hot air has just dried out those lungs of yours fine. You're as good as ever, sporty. Wait a moment now. I'll weigh myself, too. Around one hundred and thirty pounds, I reckon. Steady, there. By gosh, one hundred and thirty-three. I'm piling on a pound or two myself every week, Jim."

"You're still growing, Ned. You'll be taller than I am by the time you're twenty. It will be you who will be having the high-water pants when you come to wear a pair of mine, old man." With a laugh, Jim, raising a foot, surveyed the somewhat imperfectly clothed ankle.

"We'll have to get you a suit of tailor-mades," responded the boy merrily, "if you keep on increasing your waist line at the rate you're doing now. You'll be fat, positively fat, Jim, by Christmas. I'll have to put you into training—get your muscles hard as nails, like mine." He stretched forth his arms so as to display their well-developed biceps. "For myself, I don't want to be too tall. It's chest measurement that counts"—this as he folded his arms across his breast complacently. "I'm glad to be of the proper athletic build. Wait till I get to Los Angeles—I'm going to teach them a few things down there—how to tackle in football, for instance."

They had descended from the freight platform, and were moving back toward the office. Ned rambled on:

"But, gee whizz, that promotion's a bit long in coming, isn't it? I sometimes begin to fear the president of the road must have forgotten me."

"Or perhaps they can't find anyone else capable of filling your shoes here, Ned," suggested his friend.

"That's possible—probable, too, when you come to think of it. There are not many candidates for the station agent's job at Submarine Junction, eh, Jim? But that's all right; I'm glad to be nursing it awhile for you, old boy. Only a little longer, and they won't be able to pass you over, that's a cinch. You already know all the ropes here, Jim. In fact, you're the only competent man I could name to take my place. When you've had just another thirty or sixty days' practice at the keys, I'm going to wake the bosses up, remind them that I'm in line for promotion, and at the same time insist on nominating my successor. That's the dope, Jim, both for you and for me. They'll be readier to let me out from here when they know you're on the spot to take over things. And that reminds me about the land."

* * *

They were again seated in the office by now and corn-cobs were alight.

"Why worry about the land?" asked Jim, as he tossed away the match he had been using. "Can't I look after it for you?"

"Impossible. If a homestead claim is vacated, it is lost—forfeited back to the government. The next fellow can jump in and take possession. But I've been studying up the law a bit. I can sign a relinquishment, and the very moment it goes into the land office you can file on the quarter section. This won't give any interloper the chance to get in and cut you out. I would hate to see the land go to a stranger, Jim; for while it ain't worth a dollar an acre today, there's just the gambling chance that it will be worth something later on when the high-line canal comes in. But I'm beginning to doubt that project. Seems more remote than ever. Guess we'll both be in our graves, old chap, long before there is flowing water at Submarine."

"Oh, I'm not so sure about that," replied Jim. "I've looked over this country pretty thoroly. I can see with half an eye there are no real engineering difficulties. Then the soil is great—just great. It looks like sand, but is really rich silt. With water, it will be able to grow anything."

"No doubt. And without water it can grow nothing but sage and cactus. All the same, Jim, as I said before, it will be good to hold on to that 160-acre tract. I've half a mind to get one of the operators at San Bernardino to send me up a relinquishment form right now."

"Why the hurry?"

"Because who knows when I mayn't be hitting the trail, old scout? Oh, make no mistake. Los Angeles is a-calling me. Some fine morning they'll be waking up there to find that they can't run things any longer without the assistance of yours truly, Ned Collier. So it will be best to have matters fixed just right, well ahead of time. You'll have to run down to San Bernardino—that's where the Government land offices are—deposit my relinquishment, and then get in your own filing without a minute's delay. Only a small fee to pay, and the thing's done."

"Well, but I'm going to insist that you remain half owner of the land."

"Nonsense."

"Why nonsense?"

"First of all, there can be no collusion in taking up government land. A relinquishment is a relinquishment—it must be for good, with no underground agreements. You're not going to catch me bucking the law against Uncle Sam, not on your sweet life, old boy, even to gratify your generous whim. But apart from that, do you for a moment imagine, Jim, that I'm going to bother about such things when I get to Los Angeles—that I, Ned Collier, head train despatcher and right in line for the president's chair, am going to worry over a miserable quarter section of desert scrub not worth in spot cash today a ten-dollar bill?"

* * *

The listener smiled, but did not interrupt. Ned went on:

"Besides, it's only the fellow who sticks to the God-forsaken patch of wilderness that holds any rights at all. The place suits your health, pal—you say you're willing to hold on after I leave if you get the station agent's job, and I'm going to see that you get it, that's a cinch. Oh, I've a bit of influence at headquarters, don't you forget it. So it's quite likely you'll be at Submarine for the next ten or a dozen years, and the high-line canal will surely be here by then. And, holy smoke, you'll have earned every acre of the land long before that time, out here in the sizzling heat. I'd like to know where any half interest for me would come in."

"That's how I regard it, all the same," persisted Jim.

"Well, forget it, my boy. Hallo; here she comes at last." Ned rose and was looking at his watch; far away could be heard the faint rumble of the incoming train. "Ten minutes late. That's mighty unusual. I'll try and get a newspaper, Jim. Then we'll hike for home."

* * *

Jim, true to the habits of a lifetime, began to straighten things in the office before locking up for the night. Ned meanwhile had strolled onto the platform, lantern in hand.

Only a few minutes of delay for watering, and then the train resumed its journey toward the east. The two comrades, again alone on the desert, sauntered across the narrow belt of scrub and sand.

When the lamp had been lit, Ned's eyes glanced around.

"My word, Jim, what a difference you have made in this old shack," he remarked appreciatively. "Do you remember what a pigsty it was when you first showed up here? Everything lying around—mud and dirt everywhere—half the dishes permanently unwashed—pots and pans a fright, the stove a nightmare. Now we might be having a lady housekeeper. A place for everything and everything in its place. I remember when first you uttered that dictum, old fellow. But certainly you've given me a few wrinkles. Never knew before how to twist a Sunday newspaper into a clothes hanger with a bit of string for the hook." Ned went on laughing, as he hung his jacket on the indicated article of convenience.

"What's it to be tonight, Jim?" he resumed, seating himself on a chair. "Some reading aloud, eh? Shall we finish Byron's 'Prisoner of Chillon'? Or am I supposed to put in another hour's study over Brewster's 'Traffic and Traffic Management'? By jove, Jim, since you came here, I've been able to do more solid reading in three months than I ever did before in three years. You're a veritable encyclopedia of knowledge, I've always said. Well, I'm fast becoming at least an abridged edition, old boy—at least in my particular line. Can't teach me much about railroading, can they, now I've read that row of technical volumes on the shelf, eh? Good biz! I guess I'll be able to give the bosses in Los Angeles some pointers. But there, I clean forgot the newspaper." On entering he had laid it down on the table, and now reached forth his hand. "This morning's date. Wonder how the old world is jogging along. Hallo! What's this? Picture on the front page—a good-looking female, that. And her hubby's been eaten up by coyotes. Another desert tragedy."

He had unfolded the paper and was glancing at the page. He continued to summarize the news for Jim's benefit.

"Up in Death Valley—the same old story—death from thirst, and the coyotes to finish up things. His wife identified him by his coat and a little gun-metal watch with an inscription inside—'M. G. from Miriam.' But Miriam don't look very down-hearted all the same. Bit of an artist, with her palette and paint brushes. But, by jove, the wee girl's pretty. Bessie Gordon, the dead man's younger daughter."

Jim had been listening, dumbfounded and speechless, his muscles tense and taut; only his underlip quivering. But Ned did not notice his agitation. He had turned over the page, and was starting on another news item—something about the never-ending troubles in Mexico.

But Jim was not listening. He was thinking—thinking—thinking. So Marsh Gordon was dead—dead to his little old world at all events. He wanted to read every word of the story. But he had now regained full command of himself—there must be no premature self-betrayal. A little later Ned would voluntarily relinquish the newspaper. The story could wait. So Jim, with face averted, waited too.

Ned at last was satisfied.

"No news worth a hang," he remarked, as he tossed away the journal. "Guess I'll tackle Brewster."

He moved to the bookshelf and pulled forth one of the volumes from among the row of technical treatises.

"Then, if you don't mind," murmured Jim, "I'll light the lamp on the veranda and glance thru the newspaper before I turn in."

"Liberty Hall, old chap. Submarine Villa is all your own. But I expect you'll be asleep long before I, the studious one, have ceased burning the midnight oil. So, good-night, my dear Jim."

"Good-night," and Jim stole away, the newspaper clutched in his hand.

CHAPTER XVII

The Passing of Marsh Gordon

With a dull, sickening feeling at the heart, Jim read every word of the newspaper story about the latest desert tragedy. He was oppressed by the thought that the end might have come to him—eaten by coyotes!—just as it had come to the unfortunate hobo who had been wearing his stolen coat and watch.

The body, or what remained of it, had been found at the southern end of Death Valley by a team making for Daggett. The man had obviously perished from thirst, and the coyotes had picked his bones—picked them with a thoroness characteristic of the coyote tribe. What garments could be collected were brought in for identification purposes, together with the little gun-metal watch found in one of the pockets. The coat bore the label of a store in Creston, Iowa, a clue that eventually established its former ownership and the location of surviving relatives.

So when Mrs. Marsh Gordon, notified by the authorities, had come from Venice-by-the-Sea to Daggett, recognized the coat as the one worn by her husband when he left home three months previously, and exactly described the watch he was carrying, bearing his initials and her own name engraved within the case, the proof of Marsh Gordon's death on the desert had been held to be final and conclusive.

Here the tragedy part of the story ended. But there was a great deal more about the widow and her family—the recent marriage of Bernice to the brilliant young attorney, Burn Hopkins; the musical abilities of the younger daughter, Bessie; the high artistic attainments of the mother herself, whose china painting was already gaining for her a wide and rapidly extending reputation. Mrs. Marsh Gordon, formerly of Wellesley, Massachusetts—in this connection there was no reference to Creston, Iowa—was hailed as a distinct acquisition to art circles in Southern California, where already also she was interesting herself in social activities and taking a distinguished place as a leader of the higher culture. The picture reproduced with her kind permission showed the lady in her studio at Venice-by-the-Sea, and the smaller cuts were from recent photographs of her two charming young daughters. The widow had explained with many tears that she did not have even a single picture of her husband.

* * *

The dead man read this long and voluminous appendix to his own brief obituary notice with growing feelings of repulsion and despair. The horror of it all was that this newspaper story must have been inspired, just as the photographs were supplied, by Miriam herself. Before the end of the article was reached, the death of her husband had become a mere passing, or rather past, incident in her own brilliant artistic and social career. Indeed, while the words were not actually written, the general impression conveyed was that the death of Marsh Gordon, a hopelessly chronic invalid, altho, no doubt, sad and painful in its circumstances, was to be considered in the light of a relief for the surviving members of his family.

"My God," he groaned aloud, as the newspaper dropped from his unnerved fingers, "and to think of my dear little Bessie having most probably read all this."

He arose and in his agitation paced the verandah. He would die of shame now if Ned, having read the story, ever came to connect his new friend, Jim Marshall, with the Marsh Gordon who had passed on and whose memory was treated with such callous, almost contemptuous indifference. Better to remain dead than to be resurrected in such abominable and humiliating circumstances.

He wanted to be alone, to be out in the open, to think things well over while yet alone. So with a supreme effort, he recovered his self-control, and, approaching the doorway, quietly and in his accustomed voice, spoke a few words to his comrade within.

"Ned, old man, I'm going for a little walk—toward the foothills. No, no, don't disturb your studies. I won't be long gone."

The same thing had often happened before, so Ned paid no particular attention. Just to stretch his legs, however, he got up and came to the doorway.

"It's certainly a grand night for a walk, Jim," he called out to the figure already receding into the distance.

Turning round, his eye fell on the discarded newspaper. He picked it up and glanced again at the pictures.

"Certainly she's a bonnie wee thing," he murmured.

Then he re-entered the room, took a pair of scissors from the mantel-shelf, and cut out the picture of little Bessie, finally placing it as a book-marker in the volume on the table. A minute later he had resumed his reading and his note-taking.

The big nearly-full moon had risen and was casting over the wilderness a flood of silvery radiance. Everything was very still, very peaceful, very beautiful, and as he walked along the peace and beauty of it all entered into Marsh Gordon's soul. The subtle, brooding spirit of the mighty desert was around him, bringing solace and soothing to his troubled mind. The very silence seemed to be audible—a vanishing sound like the dying of a day or the outward ebbing of a night wind.

* * *

Onward he wandered, now picking a laborious way over billowing sand dunes, a few minutes later passing thru a patch of weird-looking Joshuas, six or eight feet tall, with big, naked top limbs that suggested orchard trees blasted and withered by lightning, until finally he reached the foothills where the scenery again changed, this time to huge boulders and slashed rocks and lofty battlemented ridges. Here he sat down to rest and commune with himself for a spell.

At first his thoughts were of a general nature. The mystery of life, the mysterious ways of Providence, overwhelmed him. Whence? Whither? Why? All were big points of interrogation. This was certain, that life leads thru a strange country where no mile-post is passed the second time, where there may be green fields and fragrant flowers to cheer the wayfarer, or only barren wastes of sand and dwarfed scrub to chill his soul. The path traversed runs from an unknown point of departure to an unknown point of arrival. Our coming, we believe, is from omnipotence, and therefore our going, we hope, is to immortality. Life is a season of probation—for purification or for deterioration—for the chiseling of a debit or a credit. As the flowers by the wayside give out their sweet perfume in unstinted abundance, so also should we let unmeasured gentleness and kindness radiate from us to all humanity. We only pass this way once, so that each life should strive by its sweet influences to make mankind conscious of its passing.

From lofty general thoughts Marsh Gordon came down to concrete facts in his own strange existence. Providence, destiny, kismet, fate—call it what you will—seemed to be working designedly for the obliteration of his former personality. Several times during the past three months he had been on the point of writing to Miriam, but something had always stayed his hand—the changing mood, waiting for assured good news about his health, and so on. Therefore, in a measure, he had contributed by his own neglect to the ghastly error of the wrong identification.

Now why should he thrust himself back into the life of the woman who was so obviously glad to be freed from the depressing burden of his presence? He was in no forgiving mood now toward her. It was the sense of personal pride that was rising in revolt within him—the personal pride that was coming back with improved health, restored vigor, and the consciousness of power to accomplish things despite his years and despite his past failures.

All right, let Miriam go her way, the way of her heart's desire, and he would go his way, his lonely way thru the wilderness that had now become for him home. Let her seek the artistic and social incense for which she craved—the career to which his presence could only prove a handicap and a hindrance. Let him turn to the achievement of practical things which he dimly sensed were coming to him even here, right in the solitude of the desert. Let Marsh Gordon pass. Let Jim Marshall, the new name fortuitously acquired, henceforth stand alone.

Such was the result of his self-communing. The resolve may have been a stern one, but the stern spirit of the desert had that night entered his soul. In the desert, cruel and remorseless, each living thing fights for individual existence—a hard fight of fangs and talons, spikes and spines. It was in this mood that Jim Marshall determined to face the future by himself.

"Kismet," he murmured, as he rose to depart. "Well, let it go at that. Alone! Alone!"

From a little distance came the cry of a coyote, and glancing in its direction, he caught sight of the creature peering at him, timidly yet eagerly, from behind a boulder. He had seen the same animal before, for it limped along on three feet and had evidently lost a paw in some steel trap. In fact, on several occasions, Jim had brought out scraps of meat and left them as a meal for this crippled denizen of the wild. But tonight he had forgotten—he had nothing to offer. And he felt sorry for the poor beast, showing that, despite the fighting spirit of the desert, a touch of kindliness, of thoughtfulness for others, still remained. Alone, yet not quite all alone!

(*To be continued*)

A Summer's Afternoon

by *Susan P. Atwood*

WITHIN a shady nook,
Secluded with my book,
Upon a summer's day,
In my canoe reclined at ease
'Neath overhanging, whispering trees,
I wile the hours away.

Against my frail craft's side
The gently rising tide
Murmurs with rhythmic beat
'Til slipping from my listless hand,
Charmed by the beauty o'er the land,
My book lies at my feet.

I watch with idle eye
The gauze-winged dragon-fly
Dart swift across the stream;
The grasses on the river's brink
In swelling ripples rise and sink
In shadow and in gleam.

Encompassed by the tide,
Fringing the river-side,
In many an unscathed row,
The flag-flowers stand, so straight and tall,
Like soldiers waiting for the call
To march upon the foe.

Upon each broad green lance
The quivering sunbeams dance,
And on each spike so blue,
While countless butterflies, red and white,
Hover and soar and then alight
To flutter forth anew.

A speckled turtle near
Is basking without fear
Upon a mossy log;
While from the meadows loud and clear
The frogs' shrill piping I can hear
From out their weedy bog.

A droning bee flies past
Seeking to find at last
Some dainty to his mind;
I note the tiny circles made
By leaping minnows slowly fade,
Nor leave a trace behind.

But hark! From yonder bush
I hear the hermit thrush
Pour forth his liquid strain;
A golden glory fills the sky
Mingled with clouds of Tyrian dye,
And twilight falls again.

The World's Great Tree Museum

by Mitchell Mannering

IT was on a Sunday in cherry-blossom time that I first visited the Arnold Arboretum. The first thing I saw were some Japanese writing their tributes to the sacred tree in Japanese characters and pinning them to the trees. It recalled to my mind the little girl who whispered to the tree-bound nymph.

Long had I known, heard, and read of this famous Tree Museum, and long will be the memories of that happy Mayday I spent among the living encyclopedia of trees. The Arnold Arboretum is a world-famous tree garden, located on land that has been leased for a thousand years. The length of the lease itself suggests the majesty and longevity of trees. It seems more like an ideal park than a museum, yet it contains every tree that can be grown in the climate—a collection unrivalled in the world, a veritable treasure-trove of dendrology. This arboretum is a monument to its generous founder, Mr. James Arnold, a merchant of New Bedford, who bequeathed $100,000 for the advancement of horticulture, and Professor Charles S. Sargent, whose genius has created a tree wonderland.

Just beyond Jamaica Plain gate, in front of the Administration Building, the magnolias were in bloom, making the air fragrant with their exotic perfume. At the left, a long line of stately willows follows the brook. Just beyond the Administration Building I came upon a most gorgeous array of tulip trees; then I wandered down Linden Path, where the honeysuckles bloom and the lindens grow. The dogwoods in blossom recalled the Maytime woodland where we boys used to search for May apples. The Malus Sargentii, the little dwarf crab apple tree, named for Professor Sargent, was a mass of perfect bloom, a veritable bower of blossoms.

As I watched the people wandering up the winding road to Bussey Hill, I wondered just how many appreciate what these two hundred and twenty acres mean in the park and landscape development of the country, not only for today, but for centuries to come. The Arboretum possesses a dignity like, and yet unlike, that of the Egyptian Pyramids. The work at the Arnold Arboretum aids not only in beautification of landscape, but here also is studied the practical uses of different trees, such as the spruce, fir, juniper, pine, and other woods in commercial use.

The climax of my walk about the Arboretum was reached in approaching the stately dignity of Hemlock Hill, where Emerson's lines came to mind: "Trees are God's own temples." Hemlock Hill, winter or summer, spring or autumn, seems like a veritable tower. The impulse came to sit on the grass, look about me, and drink in the woodsy air. I did not resist it. The hickories and barberries commanded my attention; then the sociable poplars over on the border and the alders and hawthorns skirting Peters' Hill. When I came to the hornbeams I was reminded that it was a hornbeam tree that Abraham

Lincoln planted in Washington during the Civil War, and that hornbeam tree today is the most fitting monument of the fame and name of the great Emancipator.

I care not how men may trace their ancestry
To ape or Adam,
Let them please their whim.
But I, in June, am midway to believe
A tree among my fair progenitors.
Such sympathy is mine with all the race;

PROFESSOR CHARLES S. SARGENT
Who has devoted his life to the Arnold Arboretum and has made it what it is today—the greatest tree and shrub museum of the world

Such sentiment and recognition sagely sweet
There is between us—
Surely there are times to own me as their kin
And condescend to me and call me cousin.

These lines of Lowell's came to mind as I rode and walked about the Arboretum one bright June morning later with Professor Charles S. Sargent, whose life has been devoted to this great work. We went to the summit of Bussey Hill—where the air is free from the odor of gasolene—and there were the same lilacs that stood about the old Bussey Farm. Lilacs are a Bulgarian shrub, he told me, which explodes the old Persian romance of its origin.

A perfect blaze of azaleas out on the hill—these floral ambassadors from Japan were as lurid as a tropical sunset. Below were the more delicately shaded blossoms. These were the favorite of the master, who stooped to fondle the petals. The newest thing at the Arboretum is the Chinese garden. For many years Mr. Wilson, representing the Arboretum, has been traveling in China, sending back every tree and shrub that it was thought would stand the rigors of the New England climate. And they have succeeded so well that even in the biting blasts of an arctic winter there is a Chinese plant which puts forth blossoms as tender and delicate as a rose, successfully defying ten degrees below zero. Ancient and legendary indeed are these Chinese plants, for much of the flora and fauna of Japan, so noted, came originally from China. There are Japanese beeches, accounted perhaps the rarest trees in this country.

Every season of the year brings new beauties to some spot in Arnold Arboretum. I have visited Kew Gardens in London and famous European parks, but it seems to me that Arnold Arboretum is just a bit closer to Nature —to real things—than any other place.

In 1872, Mr. George B. Emerson, a friend of the generous donor, turned over to Harvard University the money that had been bequeathed by Mr. Arnold for the establishment of a chair of arboriculture and the founding of an arboretum. The University decided to devote the Bussey Farm, bequeathed by Benjamin Bussey, for the purposes of the arboretum. The name itself is striking and particularly appropriate, for it is the Latin for "tree garden." In 1872 the Arnold Arboretum became a fact, and it was decided then to gather together all the trees, shrubs and herbaceous plants, either indigenous or exotic, to be raised in the open air at West Roxbury, each specimen to be distinctly labeled. Professor Charles S. Sargent, director of the Botanic Garden in Cambridge, was put in charge of the new enterprise, and he was expected to develop these one hundred and twenty acres without money and without public interest or support; but, nothing daunted, he began the work. Later he was joined by Frederick Law Olmsted of landscape fame, and these two friends in their joint love for trees began a work that is truly monumental.

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The Arboretum is now a part of Boston's park system, without, however, having released its scientific control, for under its right of eminent domain, the Park Commissioners of Boston "took and located as a public park" the Arboretum tract, and at the same time, December 30, 1882, by virtue of "an act of the General Court of Massachusetts," leased to Harvard University for the original purpose of the Arnold Arboretum all of the tract so taken, except "those parts of said land delineated and marked as driveways and parkways . . . to have and to hold . . . for the term of One Thousand Years from the date hereof . . . yielding and paying during the said term the yearly rental of one dollar." This document, which may be renewed on the same terms for another thousand years, perhaps covers a longer period of time than any other existing, and seems in itself to contemplate the great trees of the Yosemite. So the Arboretum still retains its place as a part of Harvard University, and yet its roads and walks are maintained by the Park Commission; but with all this, the work accomplished by Professor Charles S. Sargent is nothing short of marvelous.

An addition of seventy-five acres has been secured, and these acres possess a value that even the gold hills of El Dorado did not possess, for the vista always presents a picture whether of wooded knoll or running brook, quiet pond, or bare field. One has a feeling that even the horizon does not mark the boundaries of this great park. There is nothing stiffly labeled and nothing unnatural. True, the labels are there, but the trees are there as Nature would have placed them, and here the students come in the summer days and winter days to see the living lessons that make botanical textbooks more interesting. Who does not remember the joyful time of going far afield with teacher and the botany class? The very contact with God's trees is inspiring and ennobling. Trees have always seemed to me human, for who does not remember the trees of childhood? I remember the old trees at home that I named affectionately, the swing under the trees, the playground. What else in nature has afforded such shelter for mankind as the trees?

The impression of permanence, the beauty, the fragrance of flower and shrub indicate how closely blended, after all, are the exactions of science and the beauties of Nature. To inhale the balsamic odor of evergreens or stand in the majestic calm of forests, all within a few minutes' access to the noisy city, is a privilege indeed. From sturdy oak to tiny shrub there is a lusty healthfulness about it all. To realize that the first permanent planting was not begun until 1886, little over thirty years ago, makes the work more marvelous. One feels like placing the wreath on Professor Sargent and Jackson Dawson, the gardener genius, who has so well supported Professor Sargent in his great work.

The Administration Building, on Center Street, was erected by Horatio Hollis Hunnewell, and in this building is a marvelous collection of the "Woods of North America," given by Morris K. Jesup. Here is also housed a library which Professor Sargent claims is the most complete dendrological library in existence—to say nothing of a large herbarium. From this point radiates the most technical and comprehensive knowledge of trees. In the files of a weekly magazine published during ten years, *Garden and Forest*, is represented a labor of love. The great "Silva of North America" and the new "Manual of the Trees of North America," which is the last word of science on the subject, were produced within these walls, and the pages of this publication have scattered knowledge of trees far and wide over the world. The first accurate information on "Forests of North America" was given in 1886 in connection with the census report.

Arnold Arboretum might be called the renaissance of dendrology. If there were no other collection of the kind in the world, Arnold Arboretum would be considered a shrine by lovers of trees, for here may be found many trees and shrubs from all parts of the world. Sometimes plants and flowers are received that cannot thrive in this climate, and they are sent on to California or to the South. All over the country you find the influence of the work that this quiet man with the white beard is performing in his far-famed Tree Laboratory. The Arboretum is not only a national, but an international institution, for it has also sent many American trees and shrubs to Europe and Asia.

As we wandered about, I wondered if there was not something in this interchange of plants and shrubs that forecast the intermingling of peoples and races, for wherever a scientist goes, there is a fellowship among those who know and study trees and shrubs, discovering the secrets of science, that transcends racial bounds. The things that grow determine the character of the people in that environment. America, with its influx of immigration from all parts of the world, is fortunate to be able to propagate the flora and fauna of foreign lands to make the emigrants feel even more content and at home 'mid the glowing radiance of the foliage from the home country, which sooner or later becomes our own.

One visit to the Arboretum leads to another, until you feel that no lord of the manor could look over his baronial estates with more gratification than the humblest citizen can view the Arboretum and feel that it represents the common ownership of the people. All this has been accomplished in the noble work of Director Sargent, and he is never satisfied. There is equipment still needed, for the community naturally expects from such an establishment a well-equipped laboratory for

ENGELMANN SPRUCE IN THE PINETUM

the study of tree diseases and one for the study of insects injurious to trees. No wonder that the Director feels it is necessary to develop the library, herbarium, and museum. The time is coming, if, indeed, it has not already arrived, when the Arboretum will be conceded the best place in the world to study trees, to prepare books on trees in the new insular possessions of the United States, and to extend the study of trees in all quarters of the globe.

This work has all come from the original Arnold bequest of $100,000, which, by wise investment and supplemental gifts received, amounts to $341,826, providing an annual income of about $14,400—a mere pittance compared to the services rendered, but it represents unselfish devotion to science and remains a monument unparalleled. The thought occurred to me that there is not a man, woman or child in the United States who ever loved a tree but should unite in giving this Arboretum an endowment of a million dollars—little enough, indeed, for properly extending its work. It seems as tho something ought to be done to stir the people to an appreciation of what they owe to this work, for there is not a park or a landscape in America today that is not indebted, either directly or indirectly, to Arnold Arboretum. Why should men give all their money to building great marble temples and shafts when here is an opportunity for the wealthy men of America to build monuments in living, growing trees that will continue for thousands of years to come, and every year will breathe the very spirit of God. What better typifies all life itself than the trees?

Arnold Arboretum has done much to keep alive the sentiment of Arbor Day, for its influence has made many waste and arid acres of the West blossom with foliage that clothes the landscape with the verdure of green which ever attracts the eye in its search for living things. This great outdoor museum already possesses more than four thousand varieties of woody plants and miles of labeled shrubs, with no two alike. Here one sees the difference between the blue and white spruce, the

VALLEY OF THE BUSSEY BROOK WITH HEMLOCK HILL ON THE RIGHT southern and northern hemlock. Here the subtle distinctions of oak and maple are clearly defined. Here is emphasized the relation of forestry with the water supply. Here the plants of woody fiber can be studied and analyzed. It is a visual lesson.

While the Kew Gardens acquired fame from herbaceous and tropical plants, it has no such scope as the Arboretum. Each tree is here nurtured with the soil it requires, yet withal is a dominant adherence to Nature—no cramping, or crowding, but giving that sweep of landscape and concentration of shrubs characteristic of Olmsted's ideal landscape gardening. The glory of the cedars of Lebanon is here preserved. "There's no such thing as a cedar tree in America," declared Professor Sargent. "They are all junipers. The cedar tree comes from Lebanon." And here they were—grown from seed which Professor Sargent had had brought to this country from the Anti-Taurus. The Himalayas and North Africa are the other haunts of sculptural cedars. Caesar found the holly and the Scotch pine, the only conifer in Great Britain, and the stately elm which has beautified England and New England was not native to Great Britain. The work at the Arboretum is just beginning to be appreciated, for with the increasing necessities growing with increasing population of the world, new adaptations for the use of man will follow from the forests of the world. And to think this has all developed from a peat bog in a meadow and scantily developed upland! It shows what the concentrated genius of a man in love with his work can accomplish.

JAPANESE AZALEAS ON AZALEA PATH

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Professor Charles S. Sargent has traveled far and wide, and if there is anything printed in the most obscure language concerning trees, I feel almost certain that he must have read it or knows about it, for he has given not only his scientific knowledge and administrative ability, but also of his own means to further the work. The son of a Boston banker, with experience gained in managing his father's large estate in Brookline, Professor Sargent has created a triumph in what I long to call "treeology." When he was at the head of the Botanic Gardens at Cambridge, he startled Dr. Asa Gray, the author of the botany many of us have studied, with the decisive changes he undertook to make, which made the elder botanist shake his head. He proved to be right, and his fame has steadily increased from those early days when he decided that trees, like humans, sometimes need surgical operations to improve their conditions.

In 1880 Professor Sargent was head of the Forestry Division of the Tenth Census, which today is counted the most remarkable and comprehensive account of the country's timber ever published. It tells of forests and their histories, economic worth and uses, and describes the native woods. It sounded the first warning against forest fires, and a host of other things that influence the commerce of the country, and was accompanied by colored maps showing forest growth and density in different states. It was a monumental undertaking, but Professor Sargent's work

HEMLOCK HILL

for the government did not end there. He has continued to collect valuable material, fortified by years of study at the Arnold Arboretum, which has resulted in "The Silva of North America," the most important contribution ever made to dendrological literature. The marvel of it all is to realize that in spite of discouragements and the paltry pittance available to carry on the work, so very much has been accomplished. For, mingled with trees that looked upon scenes of the Revolution, are the low bushes and shrubs brought to this country within recent years, as the fields and forests of the world are being explored by the Arboretum to bring to the United States every variety of tree or shrub known in the world.

Years of painstaking care and painstaking nursing, with the knowledge and practical soil skill of science has been focussed upon this museum of leaf and bough. Those great hemlocks that curtain the side hill are pronounced the most beautiful in the world, surpassing the famed Black Forest in Europe. In the mass of dark green on the hillside, larger than in gardens, as if from breathing in the life-giving ozone of the ancient forest, bloom brilliant azaleas. At the foot of the hemlocks flowed the little brook, which called to mind the immortal lines:

> I love thy rocks and rills,
> Thy woods and templed hills—

I then and there felt sure—this was afterward verified—that this very place inspired those lines. For they were all here—"the rocks, the rills, the woods, the templed hills," at this tree shrine of the Arboretum.

WHITE OAK

What a view met my eye in the brilliant sunshine of that bright morning, looking out toward the Blue Hills: to the right the towers of Boston, with the dome on Beacon Hill reflecting the sun's first rays. Birds were singing in the Arboretum; but with the birds to my ears came soft music of murmuring rills—a charm which even Corot could never have portrayed, for there before me were singing leaf and pulsing bough. Why should one linger long within stuffy walls, when he could wander in God's outdoor and look upon the greatest work of creation? The world is moving far afield these days. The trolley car and automobile have made it possible for the denizen of the tenement in the brick canyons of the city to feel, after a few minutes' ride, that touch of Nature that makes us all akin.

LAURELS AT THE BASE OF HEMLOCK HILL AT ARNOLD ARBORETUM

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What can excel the bliss of creation, planting the tiny seed, finer often than a mustard seed, and later watching it grow in the magical laboratory of Nature. That morning it seemed as if every bud, flower and leaf was singing together in happiness, with the birds twittering and carolling in the bough. Some years ago Mr. John D. Rockefeller told me of his ardent love of a beautiful landscape. He had often moved trees to more perfectly balance a picture, and help the trees in their gallant fight to beautify the earth. Mr. Rockefeller not only knows, but loves trees. Henry Ford, with his thousand bird houses, his hedges and rows of shrubbery, where the "birds make music all the day," insists that trees are the temples of birds, who are God's messengers of music to the world.

The outdoor flower show in Boston was an event of moment to horticulture—a display unrivalled, but here and there were the contributions of the Arboretum where, with a freedom unknown in parks or palatial estates, the people were being brought close to Nature and inspired with a love of tree and shrub that might otherwise become atrophied among the denizens of wood, brick and mortar dwellings. After visiting the Tiergarten in Germany, with its moss-grown trees, and many of the other forest shrines of Europe, I felt that there was nothing that could compare with opportunities afforded the people in the Arboretum. Here everyone may feel that it is truly his own estate, that those lilacs and flowers, those woods and templed hills—all within reach of a five-cent carfare—where he can sit literally under "his own vine and figtree," represent the triumphal knowledge and wisdom of the master of dendrology, and the perfected ideal of democracy in enjoying and perpetuating Nature's wonders for the ages.

THE DRUIDS OF THE OLDEN TIME

YEA, I have heard their solemn chants,
  Their old, unwritten ritual,
Beheld the robed inhabitants
  Of altared hill and cloistered dell.
They gather in the oaken grove
  When midnight bells have rung their chime,
And thru their changing circles move—
  The Druids of the olden time.

Thru marshaled oaks their steps they weave;
  Their paths are bright with vervain bloom;
And, ever as they pass, they leave
  The scent of hyssop in the gloom.
Their hassocks are the springing sods;
  They speak their faith by rote and rime;
They sing the praise of Nature's gods—
  The Druids of the olden time.

These shapes are ghosts of men that were,
  Their old religion, like them, dead.
They thought their pagan faith was sure,
  Yet other gods men love instead.
Our faith, at most, is but a dream
  But, if mistaken, still sublime—
And that sweet virtue shall redeem
  The Druids of the olden time.

—*Douglas Malloch, in "In Forest Land"*

French Commission Visit and Its Effects

by

The Editor

WITH the exact time of arrival and departure unheralded, because of war exigencies, the French Commission made an epochal tour of the United States in this year of momentous events. The minutes were measured between the time they landed from the President's yacht, the Mayflower, at the Washington Navy Yard, until their departure, unannounced in the press dispatches. The people did not know they had left the country until the newspapers told of their safe arrival in France. The blaze of patriotic enthusiasm in their welcome indicated that the visit was made at the psychological time for this fraternal expression between allied nations. There was an atmosphere of genuine enthusiasm—nothing planned or strained or perfunctory—that filled every day. A trait common to both French and Americans is a desire to give vent to the feelings without repression. From the moment M. Rene Viviani and le Maréchal Joseph Jacques Cesaire Joffre marched down the gang-plank to the strains of the "Marseillaise," the refrain of the stirring song rang over the country from state to state, almost a continuous echo of the French national air. The French flag now has a new significance to the American people. Every village or hamlet, every city and town was radiant with the tri-color against the verdure of the new-born springtime.

The tour was significant in unifying the national consciousness of the grim duty of the hour. The effect was magical, in its spontaneity, appealing to the innate spirit of hero-worship. When the eyes of the United States centered on the little red cap of Marshal Joffre—circled with the oak leaves emblematic of this sturdy hero of the Marne—there was a perceptible quickening of the public pulse. Hero-worship first plowed the ground, and then came the masterful eloquence of Viviani to prepare the soil for the seed. Every word and phrase of Viviani, as effective as tho he had spoken in the language of the country, inspired the broadening impulse. In his flashing eye and expressive gestures, in his every attitude, he translated the very soul of France into the universal language of the human heart.

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From the National Capital on to the mid-west, the party received the ovation of conquering heroes returned from war. And is it not, indeed, our war now? Everywhere the people strained for a glimpse of Joffre, and listened to hear the words of Viviani as representing the France of today, just as did Lafayette and others in the yesterday of history. The visit of the French Commission revealed, as in personal relations, that we are closer to our absent friends than we sometimes realize. Despite the age-old affinity so generously evidenced during the trying days of the Revolution, a remembrance of the past did not altogether inspire the dominant feeling of welcome. A realization of the duties and relations of the present and the future, and the admiration of the living, glorified France of today, fighting the battles of civilization, was the most salient force.

At the tomb of George Washington, the eloquent tribute paid by Viviani to the friend of Lafayette made it a moment of international consecration. There was official temerity in Chicago at first. The Mayor of the city hesitated to invite the French Commission, but American sentiment aroused soon turned the Mayor's hesitancy into a hurrah, and accentuated rather than dampened the enthusiasm and heartiness of the welcome. From the moment the Commission arrived in the mid-west, I could almost feel—in street, hotel, office, shop, and home, in the cars, all over the city—a wave of popular enthusiasm, indicating that the people were beginning to realize what the winds of war portend.

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While the visitors may have been impressed at the spontaneous enthusiasm, the people themselves were surprised at how swiftly this acquaintance seemed to ripen, as tho one of centuries standing. The social functions were brilliant, but what impressed me most in Chicago was when the people by the thousands gathered in the great pavilion in the stock yards, with flags of France and the Stars and Stripes—a mass of harmonious color—which the visitors looked upon with tears in their eyes. Never has the "Marseillaise" been sung in America as it was sung in Chicago that day in a pavilion dedicated to the great animal and agricultural husbandry of the mid-west and west. Every man, woman and child, some who had traveled thousands of miles to be there, even those who were not so fortunate as to have a glimpse of the distinguished visitors, had some little memento of the occasion, a flag, a badge, or a photograph to carry to their homes, a personal tribute not only to the Commission, but to glorious France.

In sections presumed to be pro-German, at St. Louis and Kansas City, the welcome repeated the history of the Civil War. At that time the border states, in their division of public sentiment, only intensified the patriotism of either side. Actual war has now swept away all considerations except that of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." St. Louis, justified its Gallic origin, with even its streets, parks and statues having French names. One of the world's greatest expositions was held there in honor of the part played by France in giving the United States a homogeneous and great transcontinental territory. Even the German population, born in the Fatherland, was impressed with the fact that, after all, the United States of America is their home; that where the light of their own firesides gleam, loyalty to the flag of that land should never waiver.

Anomalous as it may seem, the visit of the French Commission did much to bring the German population of the United States to a realization of the actual situation as far as the United States is concerned. With apparently no purpose of strategy, the tour was the most dramatic and spectacular that has ever occurred in this country for many years, recalling the tributes given to Dewey and to our General Grant in his trip around the world.

At the tomb of Abraham Lincoln, with the ardency of French fervor, the visitor stooped and kissed the very marble containing the beloved ashes of the great Emancipator. The act sent a thrill thru every American heart and cemented more firmly than ever the friendship between the countries. Thru Ohio, the State of Presidents, where McKinley, Harrison, Grant, Hayes and Garfield were born, the tour continued a triumph. At the state capitol, with its turreted tower, in the midst of a large German population, the people of Columbus joined heartily in a greeting that came from the wellsprings of their hearts.

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In the shades of Independence Hall, at Philadelphia, a few hours served to crystallize a war sentiment even in that Quaker town such as has not been known since the Civil War. Amid the whirling commercial maelstrom of the metropolis, the zenith of welcoming enthusiasm was reached, when, in City Hall Park, thousands of New York's school children sang the "Marseillaise" and waved the entwined flags, and a million New Yorkers greeted the visitors. Every function was fraught with significance, serving to permeate all angles of American sentiment, with no striving for abnormal expressions. The naturalness, the simplicity of the tour revealed yet another point of unity between the two great republics of the world that have fought the battles of democracy for half a century.

A gathering of democracy's legions it might be called, when the British and French Commission dined at the same board in New York. The eloquent words of the late Hon. Joseph H. Choate, former ambassador to the Court of St. James, aroused the guests to the high duty of the hour. The last words and final message of the "Grand Old Man," the ideal citizen of the Republic, were like a benediction, and thrilled the hearts of the people, as he indicated fearlessly the path of our national duty.

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The ovation given to the Rt. Hon. Arthur James Balfour indicated the close unity of the Allies. His addresses in measured phrase and word presented the sweeping view of the situation, showing how the arts and sciences must be utilized for the advancement rather than the destruction of peoples. The ringing voice of Britain's great statesman reflected the ideals of a thinker and a world-statesman in the broadest sense of the words.

Pressure for time divided the French Commission on their notable visit to Boston; Joffre appearing on Saturday, when the State and the city gave greeting to France that was a fitting climax of the tour. From the time of arrival until departure, the party was in charge of Boston's able and popular mayor, Hon. James M. Curley, whose daughter presented the casket containing $175,000 for the soldier orphans of France. Before the State House on Beacon Hill, overlooking the Common, where the Minute Men drilled, General Joffre reviewed the troops of the Bay State. His eyes sparkled as he saw the young cadets pass "eyes right." His earnest appeal for American troops at the West Front was more effective than any legislative action could have been, because it was a call from the man who had commanded at the Marne; from one who had felt the flash of comradeship with men in arms. Within the historic walls of Faneuil Hall, the "Cradle of Liberty," General Joffre was entertained at luncheon. A reception was given him by the General Court, thru Governor McCall and Mayor Curley, and he saluted as he passed thru the Hall of Flags, eloquent with reminders of American valor. All this in one day, from sunrise to sunset. The sturdy hero dashed away many a tear of gratitude as he received with true French gratitude the sum of money which was New England's gift to the orphans of France. This recalled the fact that American school children's pennies erected the statue of Lafayette which stands in the court of the Louvre in Paris. Whatever else can be said of the United States of America and France, they are two republics that are not ungrateful.

From the banquet at the Copley-Plaza, Joffre hurried to Montreal. On Sunday following M. Viviani captured Boston—a day memorable in the annals of New England. At his address in the Boston Public Library, as he stood at the head of the main stairway near the seat of Caesar, with the audience on the stairways reaching far above and far below, he felt the inspiration of the hour and paid his tribute to Boston's ideals. The library itself was founded by a Frenchman, Vittemare, and its first contribution—fifty books sent by the city of Paris—now grown to over two million volumes, and considered the most notable city library in the country.

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Everywhere en route was something recited that recalled a reason for gratitude to France, emphasizing the close relations of the two countries. The events, interwoven into the warp and woof of the history of the two nations, were mellowed in the glow of friendly national remembrance.

The words and music of the "Marseillaise" are now more familiar than ever. Some Americans know all the words of the "Marseillaise" who still only hum the second verse of "The Star-Spangled Banner."

From coast to coast newspapers blazed with huge headlines, poets invoked the muse, special songs were sung, the voices of the children and the huzzas of the men and women were raised in greeting that was not prompted by idle curiosity. It was an expression of international affection implanted deep in the hearts of the American people. Behind the banners of welcome was a growing realization of the duty of the hour. The story of the three weeks in which the French Commission looked into the faces and glimpsed the flash of friendship in the eyes of the American people will remain an epochal event in the history of America—and comprises a significant chapter in the record of the great world war.

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The net results may be summarized—first, in crystallizing sentiment thru Congress on conscription and preparation for a long war. It accelerated, indeed vitally influenced, the action of Congress, and spurred up all departments of our own government to activity. It demonstrated to the American people new beauties in the French language, and now our troops are studying the allied tongue with vigor, for when they go "somewhere in France," they want to be able to express themselves in the language of Lafayette. May it not also have a reciprocal influence in France in giving added significance to the language of Shakespeare, which carries with its every word the sturdiness of integrity of purpose, and an uncompromising pledge to push the onward march of civilization.

It was gratifying to hear the expressions of the members of the French Commission as to the United States. This country is more truly French than many of us think, for French culture has had more real influence in our national life than the widely-flaunted German "kultur." American short stories, literature, art, music, all indicate the fundamental influence of France. German "kultur" utilized in the commercial world suffers in contrast to that which controls the very soul and spirit of America, which is today more French than German.

Another effect of the "acquaintance expedition" was the impetus in recruiting under the volunteer system, which had necessarily been retarded because of the impending conscription act. The saying of Napoleon that America is a fortunate country in learning from the mistakes of Europe was again exemplified, for the French Commission came, not to direct, but simply to give freely and unreservedly of their own experiences, even of their own errors, that the young republic might avoid some of the pitfalls they had met in the early days of the war.

With these experiences in mind, it is felt that the United States might most thoroly prepare for effective service in bringing to a termination the great war of civilization, with but one purpose in mind—and every American understands that purpose. Montaigne's saying was suggested by Viviani in a conversation: "He who should teach men to die would at the same time teach them to live." America need not *fear* the grim specter of war, for out of the very tombs and graves of the soldiers will come the real birth of nations and the new civilization.

* * *

The Commissions came, saw, and conquered, repeating the results of Caesar's expedition to ancient Gaul. "Everything had two handles, one by which it may be borne; another by which it cannot," quoth Epictetus, nineteen hundred years ago. The French Commission revealed to the United States the two horns of the dilemma, and indicated the one by which the duties of the hour may be borne, besides bringing to us the very breath and spirit of the glorious re-born France.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—*This sketch, written for the* NATIONAL, *was published in all the French newspapers thru the Maison de Presse, a department of the Foreign Office of France.*

Jimmability and the Jimmers

by Robertus Love

WE are told upon eminent Indianapolis authority that the late James Whitcomb Riley disliked being called "Jim." "I'm Mr. Riley," said the poet to himself one day; but somebody overheard this strictly personal remark and spread the news. Thereafter he was Mr. Riley to most of those who knew him, and "Jim" Riley to those at a distance who affected to be on more or less intimate terms with the celebrity of Lockerbie Street whom they never had seen face to face.

To be called by a vulgarization of one's given name—is it a mark of that familiarity which breeds contempt, or is it indicative of an honest liking for the subject? That depends. There are in this old world of ours many varieties of what may be termed "jimmers." Likewise are there many varieties of persons, both celebrities and humbler men, who from one or another cause are distinctly "jimmable."

To the boys who grew up with him at Greenfield, and dived with him in the old swimmin'-hole, Mr. Riley was "Jim"—even when some of them became grandfathers. He did not object to being jimmed by them:-they were just the same as home-folks, and in Mr. Riley's case they were about the only home-folks to be had. But when every Tom, Dick and Harry—or shall we say Thomas, Richard and Henry?—began speaking of "Jim" Riley there was some reason for a person of his eminence to insist that he was entitled to be mistered.

Abraham Lincoln is one of the most jimmified personages in history. Nowadays there is nothing opprobrious in the "Abe" with which our first martyr-President is aureoled. It is a concession to the innate humanness, the unimpeachable loveableness of the man. But there was a time when "Abe" was uttered in derision. Tho Mr. Lincoln was not afflicted with that degree of dignity which makes some men sway-backed, he occupied the most dignified political office in the world; and for the total stranger to call him "Abe" was, to say the least, not according to the Hoyle of official etiquette.

The jimmification of Robert Burns is a different matter. Nobody ever called him "Bob," but millions call him "Bobby." It is a love-name pure and simple. Burns never occupied a position of excessive dignity while alive, either political or poetical; nor, for that matter, does his wraith occupy such a position in the latter field today. He was and is a democratic poet; living, a democratic person; dead, a democratic personage. Burns was an excise commissioner, as we call the office in this country. Many a jimmifiable person occupies such an office. Distinctively human—perhaps too much so for his own good and that of his family—was Burns; wherefore are the jimmers acquitted of contemptuous familiarity when they call him "Bobby."

In America it has become a habit to jimmify our most noted statesmen—when jimmification is possible. Witness "Teddy," for a living instance, and "Tom" Reed, "Jim" Blaine, "Andy" Johnson, for dead ones. Some of our statesmen have names which it is almost impossible to jimmify. President Wilson is one of these. "Woody," it is true, has been attempted by the jimmers, but the name Woodrow is hardly jimmable for permanence. The President's honest-to-Bible name was Thomas Woodrow Wilson. But for his elimination of the Thomas he might be now "Tom," Wilson, as United States Senator James A. Reed of Missouri, is "Jim" Reed to his constituents.

Speaker Clark's first name, as now used by him, is utterly unjimmable. Originally his name was James Beauchamp Clark. It has been said that in youth, when he aspired to high political honors, he determined that he never should be known as "Jim" Clark. Let us pause to consider, fearsomely, what might have happened to Mr. Clark had he retained the whole of his baptismal middle name. "Beau" Clark. One is constrained to believe that the Speaker is a sworn foe of the jimmers.

* * *

A great American poet was named Walter Whitman, but in early life he cut his first name to Walt. As Walt he will be known for ages in world-literature. As Walt he was known to the printers, tramp and otherwise, with whom he set type in early life. Walt never affected any dignity and never was offended when those who could appreciate him called him Walt. His dignity was in his devotion to democracy, his supreme seership, his vision, his vista. Walt Whitman jimmified himself and "got away with it." Happily his name was not William. Think of "Bill" Whitman, world-bard!

William, by the way, is the most jimmable name of all. "Willy," "Will," "Billy," "Bill!" Yet it depends very largely upon the bearer as to whether William is going to be jimmified. Ben Jonson and other friends of Shakespeare called the Bard of Avon "Will"; but it is not recorded that anybody vulgarized him to "Bill." Christopher Marlowe, father of English blank verse and tavern roysterer, was "Kit" to his intimates. Ben Jonson, who had been a bricklayer, like Walt Whitman did his own jimmifying for posterity by cutting off the syllables which, presumably, added dignity to his first name.

Returning to the Williams, we have William Dean Howells. There appears to be something about Mr. Howells that makes him altogether immune to jimmification. "Bill" Howells! The very writing of the jimmified form makes one prone to seek apology; while to address the great American realist to his face as "Bill"—well, it never could be done. He is Mr. Howells despite all the jimmifying that ever was or will be.

Former President Taft is a conspicuous example of the jimmified William. When we say "Bill" Taft, however, we are expressing a measurable affection. Mr. Taft is a big, smiling, good-natured man. It is not true that nobody loves a fat man: quite the reverse. Few or none nowadays speak derisively when they call the ex-President "Bill" Taft. They simply like him. He is a likeable person. His jimmification is his justification.

Other names with varying degrees of jimmability are Joseph, Thomas, Charles, David, Herbert, Andrew, Richard, Matthew, John. The latter never is jimmified save as an expression of good fellowship. When John becomes "Jack" it is a sign that he is a likeable fellow. John Adams, our second President, was a personage of solemnic New England dignity. "Jack" Adams? Even the frogs in Boston Common pond would have croaked—using the word in both its proper and its slang senses—at hearing John Adams thus jimmified into undignifiedness. John Adams was one of those men whom the jimmer passes by instinctively.

Tremendously jimmable is the name Alexander. While it is not of extant record that Alexander Hamilton was "Aleck" to either his admirers, his enemies or his own kin, the South produced a noted statesman who was jimmified all his life—Alexander H. Stephens. "Aleck" Stephens was a little fellow physically, but a giant mentally. It is a matter of speculation as to whether the jimmers hurt his feelings or made him happier.

The present writer once heard Mark Twain, in private conversation, speak of

"Charlie" Warner. It was several minutes before the fact percolated his consciousness that the illustrious humorist was jimmifying his old Hartford neighbor and friend, Charles Dudley Warner. But who ever has heard of "Charlie" Fairbanks of Indiana? There is an iciness of dignified reserve in the former Vice-President which precludes the possibility of his jimmification. One hardly can believe that even when he was a long-legged, limber Hoosier lad playing mumble-peg or three-cornered cat he was anything less than Charles to his playfellows.

Chief in the glittering galaxy of the unjimmifiable is George Washington. George is one of the most unjimmable of names, even as Washington is one of the least jimmable characters in history. Happy that he was not named Joseph, David, Alfred or Arthur! Fancy "Arty" Washington, Father of His Country!

While, as indicated, a man's jimmability depends largely upon his name and his personality, there are exceptions. Some men with unjimmable names and unjimmable personalities are victims of the jimming habit thru a makeshift nickname process, as "Shorty," "Slim," "Fatty" and the like. But our true jimmer, who needs must have justification for his jimmifying, scorns such attempts at jimmification as irrelevant and incompetent.

It is in order to admonish prospective parents that, if they would forestall the jimmification of their male offspring, they avoid jimmable names. Is it too much to urge that all boys born hereafter be named George?

THE WORLD'S WATCHWORD

By SARAH MARTYN WRIGHT

A WATCHWORD for all nations! Guiding star of wayward world.
One glorious flag, one banner in every land unfurled.
Emblem of Peace, of Brotherhood, of Freedom; blessed three!
Freedom to live, to love, to work, freedom of man to be
  Master of his own destiny!
  Diversity in unity.

A Watchword for humanity! Base greed for power stilling,
The good, the beautiful, the true, all thought, all life enfilling.
War's ghastly spectre takes its flight, as hideous phantom of the night
Before the all-encircling light,
  What shall this wondrous Watchword be!
  From whence this power to set men free!

Full many a century agone, to earth such word was given;
But in selfishness, a world against that word has blindly striven.
Until in its insanity, its frightful inhumanity,
Upon it, hell's appalling horrors rush, by demons driven.
  But hark! Above a sullen roar of portent wild,
  To listening ear is borne a sound with accent mild,
  O world, the message heed, in this hour of direst need!

Cease, deadly warfare, for a moment cease!
List! 'tis the watchword of the Prince of Peace!
"All things ye would that men should do to you,
Even so to them, go ye and do."
The "Golden Rule" God's watchword for the world!
  Haste, let its peerless banner be unfurled!
  Guiding star of all the nations, oriflame of all the world.

The Political New Day for America

by James Hamilton Lewis

United States Senate Whip, Senator from Illinois

THE declaration of war by the United States of America struck the death knell of present peace. It also struck the death knell of present living political parties.

Parties by the name of "Democratic" or "Republican" may live in the future. But the present Democratic party, upon the issues that now exist, is dead. The Republican party, upon the issues which it has maintained in its political campaigns, is dead. Each may live in the future, but they will live upon future things, not upon the past.

The tariff as a political issue cannot again be revived during the life of the present generations. No persons or interests in America can be for a protective tariff upon all things—prohibiting the goods of other countries co-operating with our own. Low tariffs or free trade can never exist as a principle applicable to all things, so long as the needs of revenue, compelling duties to be collected, shall continue. Nor can such doctrine prevail as a political issue so long as the war-scarred worlds will be able to throw their products in mass upon America, without regard to price. The tariff of the future is not to be a political question, but a commercial adjustment, and all political parties will turn their attention to the objects and the subject matter of these adjustments, rather than to any political aspect of the economic principles involved.

THE FUTURE ISSUE

After the war the great issue will be whether America shall enter into the affairs of civilization as one state of the world, or whether she shall remain an integral republic, refusing partnerships or alliances with any countries of Europe or Asia. The question will be: Shall the United States remain what she has been for one hundred years—individual and aloof from any alliances other than friendships with the nations of the earth? The great issue will be: Shall America be for Americans only, with friendships for the world, or shall it be for the world, with only friendships for America? The cry will be: Shall the republic remain a republic, or only a republic by name and a mere state of government in the United States of World Government? These great questions, in some form, will be the real issues of the coming political campaigns after the war. In conjunction with this there will be many collateral issues.

There will be six political parties. There will arise one new party of prohibition, peace, and government possession of all forms of government agencies. This will amalgamate much that is now called socialism and prohibition. But whatever may arise as to the collateral matters and incidental issues, the old Republican and the old Democratic parties, as now existing, are no more. All political alignments of men and issues for the future days will be all anew.

As the Revolutionary War gave the issue of Federalism or Republicanism, the first led by Hamilton, the second by Jefferson—and as the Civil War gave the issue of states' rights against national centralization, one led by the Democracy, the other by Republicanism—so the present World War will create the new issue of nationalism for America, or internationalism of the world. Politically, the tomorrows are all uncertain, and the destiny and hope of America now turn upon the new things of the tomorrow, unguided by any events of the past.

Finding Homes For New Yorkers

by George Willoughby

MUCH has been written and said recently regarding the great industrial housing movements that are now under way in the fast-growing cities of the country. The work of providing the laboring man with neat, sanitary homes in pleasing surroundings within reach of his wages has called for the best skill and brains of scientifically trained men, and most excellent results are being obtained.

There is another and even more fascinating story about housing, one which has to do with the providing of homes for the well-to-do and the rich, which is no less important in the growth and development of our great municipalities. Suburban real estate developments, always a barometer of prosperity, at the present time are very active thruout the land. Probably no city in the world has more cause or reason for suburban activity than New York City. Of its millions of population, hundreds of thousands of executives must find homes—homes outside the congested districts, homes costing anywhere from $5,000 to hundreds of thousands. This constitutes what might be termed the salaried man's housing problem.

He wants to get into the country to live, especially if he has a family of small children. The story of many of these men is the same. As a green country boy, perhaps, he has come to the city to make his way. His aptitude wins promotion, and with an increase of salary he marries and starts housekeeping in a modest apartment. Another advancement starts him looking for a moderate-priced home in the suburbs. As success crowns his business life, he moves to an estate embracing several acres and eventually retires to become a gentleman-farmer—with all of the fun and none of the work—contented and happy, with his circle of life complete. For while climbing the ladder of success, he has at the same time been traversing the great circle which carries him back to the farm from which he came.

It is this wheel that the real estate operator keeps turning before the eyes of the city dweller, knowing full well that sooner or later, circumstances permitting, he will mount it.

As New York is the most important—at least the largest—city in this country, the development of its beautiful and aristocratic residential suburbs is a story of national interest.

The absorption of the countryside to the north of New York City in the development of the more pretentious suburban homes has been natural and gradual. Westchester County has been the magnet that has drawn the city's lines northward. Favored by every mood of nature, this wonderful county of New York State, for a distance of thirty miles, embracing all the land between the majestic Hudson—"the river of mountains"—and the Sound, has become a beautiful area of wealthy estates and residential parks.

Added interest lies in the fact that it is all historic ground. Battles between the

British and the little American army under Washington took place at almost every crossroads. In a speech delivered before the Daughters of the American Revolution at the White Plains anniversary celebration, Mr. Robert E. Farley, prominently identified with the great suburban development of Westchester County, has drawn an interesting historical picture of this region: "During the war the British lines extended a few miles into Westchester County. The American lines first stretched across the county at White Plains, but they moved gradually north to the Croton River. The land between—most of the county—was called Neutral Ground, and it was a land of desolation and devastation. No section of our country ever suffered more in war. Much of the bitterness between the pro- and anti-revolutionists remained. It was not only the battle ground of the opposing armies, but the field of pillage and plunder for both armies. Cowboys and skinners continuously scoured the country, robbing, torturing, and murdering the inhabitants."

Indeed, many of the Westchester towns where New York business men make their homes, bear names well known in Revolutionary history, most of them in existence when it was a journey of three days and over to Boston by coach along the old post road.

Today Westchester County has blossomed into full bloom. Automobilists who ride for pleasure are familiar with every foot of the beautiful drives and natural scenery of this section. The surrounding hills overlook a vast rolling country, and nestling here and there are little villages whose individualities do not readily wear away, tho pasture bars and decaying farm houses are slowly giving place to iron gates and handsome homes. The wooded slopes and meadows are no longer dotted with the lowing herd, but have been changed into wondrous landscape pictures that form the background of famous golf and country clubs.

Photo by Pictorial News Company GREENACRES LAKE AND PARK AT HARTSDALE, NEW YORK

People do not leave the cities and settle the surrounding countryside like the hardy pioneers of old. Someone must precede them to establish all the conveniences and comforts of the city before the city dwellers can be interested, and here is where the suburban real estate operator finds his opportunity. He selects some attractive stretch of country adjacent to the great city, sizes up its landscape possibilities, works out its accessibility as to transportation, plans its community interests and lays out its streets and parks in a most interesting manner. Thousands of dollars and tons of enthusiasm and energy are expended in the work even before it can be offered to the public, but when it is thrown open every little detail that will add to the comfort and pleasure of those settling in the new section has been carefully worked out.

Men have developed real genius in this sort of work, and the one name that stands out conspicuous in the distinctive suburban development which has made Westchester County the home of influential men of New York City and of those prominent in the affairs of the nation is that of Mr. Robert E. Farley. When, as a young lawyer twenty years ago, he bought the old Bronson Hotel opposite the court house at White Plains, Mr. Farley little dreamed he was taking a step which would eventually lead him into the front rank of suburban real estate operators of the country. His story is interesting as an example of the art, imagination, and skill that play a most important part in the development of the country contiguous to the great metropolis into aristocratic colonies of beautiful homes.

Mr. Farley at once saw the possibilities of the region and organized the Westchester Land Exchange, a general real estate brokerage and investment company which has played an important part in the rapid development of the county for suburban homes. Then, in 1908, young Farley, having attracted favorable attention on account of his appreciation of the potentialities of the section, was selected to succeed the late James G. Cannon as president of the Scarsdale Estates.

Photo by Gessford ROBERT E. FARLEY
President of Scarsdale Estates, Gedney Farm Company, Westchester Land Exchange, Country Life Exposition, etc.

A part of this rugged section, at the Hartsdale station, had been the worst-looking spot on the Harlem railroad. The place was well named—"scars" meaning crags, and "dale" meaning valley. It was here that James Fenimore Cooper wrote his

ITALIAN GARDENS AND OLD REMODELED MANOR HOUSE AT GREENACRES, HARTSDALE, NEW YORK

stirring Indian tale, "The Spy," building his story amid his wild surroundings.

It required much imagination and considerable work to change this rough place into the beautiful "Greenacres" of today. After looking over the property, Mr. Farley bought two unsightly business buildings, the principal industry of which was a saloon, and converted them into a handsome half-timbered store and apartment building to introduce an atmosphere at once unique and attractive. He induced the railroad company to build a new station appropriate to the surroundings, and created a beautiful park with deer inclosure, Italian garden and fountains. The change was magical. The attractive surroundings drew many wealthy people from the city, and within a few years the aggregate investment for home building operations in this spot alone amounted to more than two and one-half million dollars, founded on a visionary dream which had become a reality. Scarsdale is today considered one of the most beautiful of the residential sections adjacent to New York City.

A further example of the readiness with which Mr. Farley gives his imagination full play in the development of a new section was when, in 1913, he began the rehabilitation of Gedney Farm for Mr. Howard Willets. This famous old estate in White Plains Mr. Farley laid out into a high-class suburban property. He saw in the low rambling lines and stately towers of the Gedney dairy barns an impressionistic picture of a French chateau, and he promptly converted these barn buildings into the famous Gedney Farm Hotel, known to tourists thruout the country. Part of the barn was reconstructed into a beautiful dining room, modeled after the cabin of a vessel with beams and braces, and lighted with nautical-shaped fixtures. The immense ballroom—the erstwhile cow barn—was made resplendent with arched ceilings studded with diamond-shaped clusters of lights. The wagon sheds that lined the barns were metamorphosed into red-tiled, glass-enclosed porches. Nowhere had Mr. Farley's fertile imagination been impossible of realization, and the charm of its homely origin only intensified the aristocratic denouement of the Gedney Farm Hotel.

The elaborate residential development

which followed the establishment of the hotel attracted many of the best families of New York City. Thru the recent purchase of the Safford farm adjoining, it has been possible to lay out a beautiful eighteen-hole golf course, and the dilapidated Safford mansion has been converted into the present Gedney Farm Country Clubhouse. Gedney Farm is the headquarters of the Westchester County Polo Club and the Kennel and Horse Shows, and is the mecca for the favorite pastimes of the wealthy.

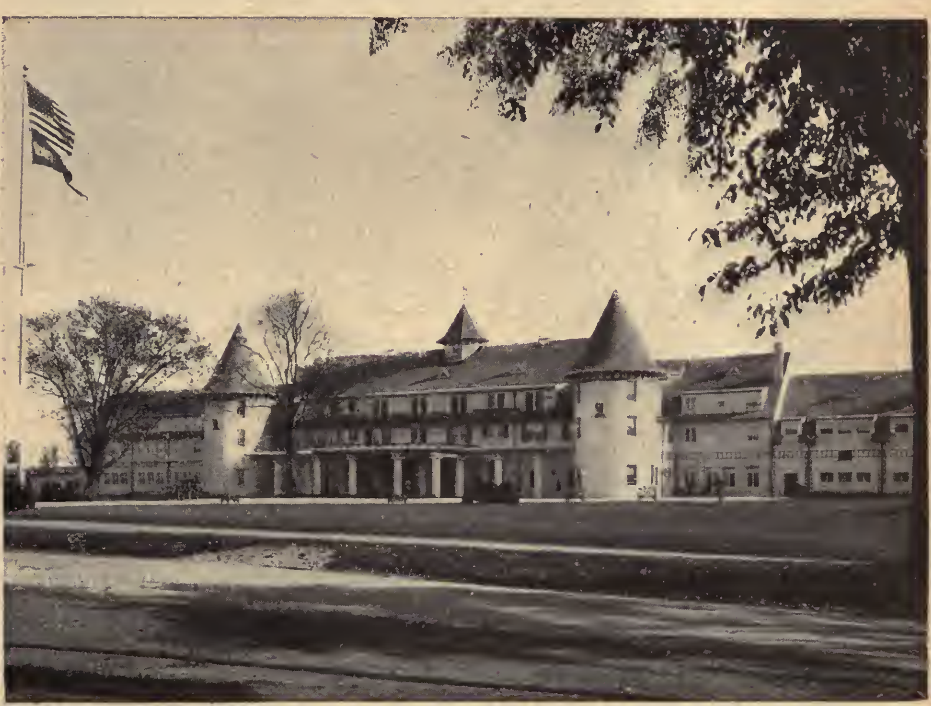
The famous liberty coach built for James Gordon Bennett, and later owned and used by James Hazen Hyde, is now in use for four-in-hand coaching parties at Gedney Farm.

Mr. Farley's development of Battle Hill Park, which marks the scene of the conflict of the Battle of White Plains, is in keeping with his idea of preserving historical sections as something more than mere relics of the past. He combines the historical interest with the comforts and advantages of a home center most effectively.

Westchester County abounds in diversity of scenery, including the sloping hillsides of the Sound, the rolling plateaus of its central part, and the thickly-wooded bluffs that overlook the majestic Hudson.

* * *

At Philipse Manor on the Hudson, just above Tarrytown, Mr. Farley has also found opportunity to evidence his genius for organization and effective work. A prior effort to interest city dwellers in this particular spot had failed, largely because of mismanagement. The property was ideally located, and Mr. Farley saw immediately it should prove to be one of the choicest locations along the Hudson River. Within a few months his genius had asserted itself, and it grew rapidly into a community of professional people, writers, actors, and others of similar walks in life. The famous old Philipse Manor house, said to be the oldest house in New



THE GEDNEY FARM HOTEL

From the esplanade the hotel displays low, rambling lines and stately towers, giving the impression of a French chateau. The homelike atmosphere, so often missed in the country hotels, is here accentuated. The hotel is open the year 'round, and is popular in winter as well as in summer. On all sides beautiful sites are available for building purposes, the houses ranging in price from $10,000 up

Photo by Pach Photo News, Inc. WESTCHESTER COUNTY HORSE SHOW AT GEDNEY FARM

York, was recently purchased by Elsie Janis, of theatrical fame.

Along the line of the old Putnam railroad, which traverses one of the beautiful valleys of Westchester County, Mr. Farley's skill as a master builder of suburbs is again evidenced in a new addition in the city of Yonkers, known as the Nepperhan section. This property, as had Philipse Manor, needed resuscitation when Mr. Farley took hold of it.

Even as far as forty miles away from the city, Mr. Farley sees possibilities for the right kind of suburban development, and at Peekskill, which will mark the end of the electrified service of the New York Central Lines, he has taken the old Nelson estate of several hundred acres to turn into beautiful homes for New Yorkers.

While Mr. Farley's activities have been largely engaged in the exploitation of Westchester County, he has recently identified himself with other regions adjacent to New York City. In the Nassau Haven development at Hyde Park, Long Island, within a half-hour's commuting distance from New York City, Mr. Farley has given expression to his home-building ideals regarding moderate-priced homes, in an exquisite "Garden Suburb." Here again is repeated the same old story of a real estate boom that died, only to be brought back to life by the genius of a man who could make out of it something that the people wanted. He employed the best landscape artists, laid out attractive streets, planted shrubbery, and planned every home with a garden, even to the extent of having the soil examined by scientific analysis to learn what could best be grown in the gardens.

Almost every day Mr. Farley is offered some such suburban developments which have started, struggled, and failed. These opportunities Mr. Farley studies with an experienced eye, and unless his imagination can visualize them into big, successful, beautiful communities from the home-buyer's standpoint, he is not interested, for he has never taken hold of a suburban development that has not proven his unerring judgment in this field.

Mr. Farley maintains in his office in the Grand Central Station, New York City, the largest suburban real estate organization in the world, with a business amounting to $15,000,000. He has organized and is president of the Country Life Permanent Exposition, and in a spacious exhibition hall, occupying the entire front of the great terminal, he has set aside permanent booths for the display of every commodity that has to do with the building or comforts of country homes. In this great high-ceilinged hall has been erected a full-sized house, built of North Carolina pine, and completely furnished thruout. There are also innumerable models of country homes, ranging from bungalow style to those costing hundreds of thousands of dollars, for study and examination by those desiring to build. The exposition also includes various departments for information on farms, mortgages, and a bureau of general information on country life in and about New York City.

In combining art and imagination with his business, Mr. Farley has been following a natural inclination. He comes from a literary family, his mother having written over fifteen hundred stories and fifteen books under the name of Ernest Gilmore. Mr. Farley organized the Gramatan National Bank at Bronxville, serving as its first president, and has been identified in an executive capacity with nearly every organization for business and social advancement of Westchester County.

Altho he entered the real estate field in earnest only seventeen years ago, Mr. Farley enjoys the distinction of being the foremost suburban operator in America today. His work is that of a great creative artist; his brush and palette the materials of the builder and landscape gardener, his pigments the colors of nature; his canvas the earth and the sky; his subject, "Home, Sweet Home."

ENTRANCE TO PHILIPSE MANOR ON-THE-HUDSON
Showing Manor House, erected in 1683, now owned by Elsie Janis

A Real American Mother

by Myrle Wright

WHEN biographies of notable American women are written, and the record made of lives that have had a far-reaching influence, the name of the late Mrs. Harriet G. Walker, wife of T. B. Walker of Minneapolis, will be emblazoned in letters of living remembrance. For many years she was an inspiration to hundreds of young men and women who have known her motherly and kindly interest. It would seem that there never was a day of her life that she did not do something for others. The mother of a large family, she knew how to give that same kindly attention to thousands of others, who had not, perhaps, known the tenderness of a noble mother.

For over thirty-eight years she gave without stint of her time and means to the Bethany Home, the Northwestern Hospital, and numerous other "helping" institutions in Minneapolis. As the earlier founders of Bethany Home dropped out, Mrs. Walker continued the work for a great many years almost alone, and was individually responsible for its maintenance. Her work was a source of inspiration to others, for it was a labor of love. She accomplished more in a quiet way in this Home than any other similar institution in the country. It was a work that did not appeal to the spectacular—a work that was shunned by the women who loved philanthropy only when it was poetic and spectacular. The thousands of individuals, mothers and children, who have passed thru Bethany Home and gone out in the world to become useful and prominent citizens, saved from themselves, is a record that, had she done nothing else, would make the name of Mrs. Harriet G. Walker one ever beloved and revered in the annals of American philanthropy.

Always kind and thoughtful, keeping the unfortunate ones screened from the eyes of the curious world, the appreciation of her work is eloquently portrayed in the "In Memoriam" resolutions passed by Bethany Home:

IN MEMORIAM

HARRIET G. WALKER

It is not an easy task for us, the girls now enjoying the refuge of Bethany Home, to intelligently express our personal loss and profound grief in the death of our beloved and honored president, Harriet G. Walker. We fully realize a deeper duty to those now living within these walls, in expressing, not only for ourselves, but for the thousands of girls now scattered over our fair land, the words of sympathy and gratitude they would command us to say were they present in person at this memorial service. If the vast army of girls who have found haven during the darkest hour of their lives in Bethany, knew of the passing of their friend and benefactor, then surely this hour would be one of grief in many and remote places over our great continent, for the little candle of hope lighted by Mrs. Walker and the officers and directors of Bethany Home has illuminated the pathway of many weary girls in passing years. If our children, the children who caught the first glimpse of a great world thru the windows of Bethany, children whose health and happiness in later years is due to her, could only join with us this afternoon, there would ascend on that ethereal pathway that leads from this earth to that heavenly Bethany, a grand chorus of praise for her whose life and work made possible this shelter in the time of storm. She must, she surely does know now, that the veil has been lifted, the knowledge of earth made perfect, that we who may not have expressed while living our love for her, deep in our sorrowing hearts have saved a place ever sacred to the memory of our beloved benefactor, Harriet G. Walker.

We would respectfully ask our superintendent to convey to Mrs. Walker's family this token of our esteem, and to the board of directors that a copy be spread upon the permanent records of Bethany Home.

Signed this 28th day of January, A. D. 1917, for ourselves and on behalf of all the girls who would be glad to join if they were with us.

Lelia
Lillian
Theresa
Clara
Amanda
Vivian
Josephine
Christie
Minnie
Hazel
Magna
Nettie
Edna
Geraldine
Margarette
Alice
Kathryn
Ina
Gladys
Hilda
Eda
Marie
Minnette

This was not all. At the Northwestern Hospital, Minneapolis, she worked like a valiant Florence Nightingale, day after day and night after night. She was the old-fashioned mother kind, ready to respond at any hour to the call of distress.

* * *

In Brunswick, Ohio, on September 10, 1831, a daughter was born to Fletcher and Fanny (Granger) Hulet, who had moved westward from Berkshire County, Massachusetts. This daughter was Harriet Granger Walker. Her grandfather had played a distinguished part in the Battle of Bunker Hill, and built the first Methodist Church in the State of Massachusetts. Early in life showing marked literary ability, it was her girlhood ambition to write a book. Among some of her poems that have been published, was one contributed to the pages of the NATIONAL—one of the most touching bits of verse printed in recent years. It was written shortly after the loss of one of her children.

THE LATE MRS. T. B. WALKER

From an early age she was identified actively with work in the Methodist Church. In 1863 she was married to her schoolmate and childhood companion, Thomas B. Walker. They located in Minneapolis, and ever since those early days, Mrs. Walker has been prominently associated with the leading charities of the State of Minnesota and the country. She was also active in establishing a Nurses' School, and prominently identified with W. C. T. U. work. Her lectures in the Nurses' Training School were reprinted in the *Nurses' Magazine,* and widely quoted thruout the country.

Under her leadership there was remarkable growth and prosperity among the Federation of Clubs, in which seventy organizations were represented in the

Women's Council, of which she was president for seven years. The Newsboys' Home, the Kindergarten Association, the Children's Home—a long list would be required to name all the organizations to which she gave not only of her means, but herself, unreservedly, with self-sacrifice and devotion.

Harriet Granger Walker was a woman whom we are proud to call a model American mother in the broadest sense. Her life was devoted to work worth while; she never wasted time with mere social functions for personal pleasure. Her warm-hearted, sympathetic personality has made her life career a bright chapter in the history of the city, the state and the nation which she honored, with the sort of fame that glows with an inspiration for all the years to come, in making American life more wholesome and more in harmony with the ideals of home, radiant with the blessings of mother—the first and sweetest name lisped by human lips.

THE BATTLE FLAG

O SWEEPING wave of white and red,
Flow ever at the column's head!
O star-lit field of blue, lead on
Where Trust and Faith so oft have gone!
Onward tho' foes dispute the way,
Onward by night and on by day,
Up the slant path whatever bars—
The kindred of the mounting stars—
Till he who bears thee waves thee high,
Where those who scorn thee fall and die,
O battle-flag of Ours.

For war has claimed thee: thine the strife;
Thy threads all thrill with fighting life:
Thy lifting wind a sulph'rous blast,
And for thy flaunting no tall mast
On frowning fort or tow'ring ship,
Only a brave man's steadfast grip
To bear thee while the heavens reel
With crash of iron, flash of steel;
But Death a thousand lives must call
Ere thou shalt droop, ere thou shalt fall,
O battle-flag of Ours.

O beauteous flag that Love upholds,
Spread freedom 'neath thy silken folds,
And Truth and Justice mark thy sweep
On land or on the rolling deep;
And stern and swift thy message be
Where freedom fails on land or sea.
On by the light from Glory's face,
On with the passion of our race!
And battle torn or redder dyed,
Still float supreme in starry pride,
O battle-flag of Ours.

—*Joseph I. C. Clarke, in "The Fighting Race."*

The Frivoler

A Romance of the Birth of a Soul

by

Eliot Harlow Robinson

"WELCOME home, old friend!" Bertrand Willis spoke with an assumption of levity which he was far from feeling, as the postman handed him a long envelope addressed in his own handwriting.

"Which of your effusions has come home to roost this time?"

"How to live on a paltry thousand a week?" queried Tom Winters, while the rest of the group of young men and maidens added their usual sarcastic jibes, for Bert's attempted sorties into the field of literary endeavor was a subject which never failed to produce mirth and mockery in his companions, the more so because he himself pretended to take them so seriously.

Bert responded with a tragic sigh, "Ah, no! 'Tis either my latest excruciatingly humorous short story, or my next to latest great epic. But in either case, the fact that the 'Welcome' on the Editor's door-mat was not meant for it, only goes further to prove that 'a prophet is not without honor,' and so forth, and that the Metropolis—like the seven cities of ancient Greece—is wilfully blind to the fact that within it dwells a writer of marvelous ability, whose name modesty prevents me from mentioning. Verily I am seriously thinking of moving to . . . to Kalamazoo, where—perchance—my true worth may be recognized."

"Heaven preserve you from such a calamity," broke in Jack Summers. "Besides it is not necessary. I know at least a dozen Broadway favorites who fully recognize your 'true worth' at present—having taken the pains to look your dear Papa up in Bradstreet. Well, what do the adamant-hearted Editors say, this time?"

Bert mournfully held the envelope—still unopened—against his forehead, closed his eyes and spoke slowly: "We return herewith the manuscript which you so kindly send us, having, after careful consideration, found it unfit for publication in our magazine. This rejection implies no lack of merit in your story, and, indeed, aside from being utterly lacking in originality, too long—or too short—and altogether faulty as to style, it is excellent. 'The Editors.' "

"By present indications," he went on, "I am certainly doomed to become a great author some day. As such of whom I have ever read began their careers as I have by having their manuscripts returned invariably for at least ten years, assuming, of course, that they had the price to enclose a stamped envelope with them, before softening the hearts of those abominations—'The Editors.' "

And now Bert slit open the envelope and the fatal rejection slip fluttered earthwards. "I knew it," he added with a deep groan. "If I can't score as an author, I can always earn a living as a clairvoyant. After all, we authors have to see beneath the surface of . . . "

"That 'we authors' you spell w-e-e, I presume," interrupted Jack.

"Of course, I have become so chastened of late by my many bitter disappointments that now when I send off a story I begin my accompanying letter 'Enclosed please find stamps with which to return,' etc."

As he spoke Bert drew out the enclosure.

"Read it to us," said Will, "I guess we can stand it, and I, for one, will try anything once."

"It is my epic, as I suspected," groaned Bert, "and, despite my well-known bashfulness, why if you insist . . . "

"We do," laughed the others. The would-be author struck a dramatic pose, and with appropriate gestures, read—

THE BEAR TRUTH

Bill Bludsoe was a hunter bold, a man of courage rare,
List to the thrilling tale of how our hero killed a bear!
'Twas on the coldest day e'er known, with snow above the roof,
But this in nowise daunted Bill—for Bill was waterproof.
So cold it was the mercury stood ninety-nine below,
And Bill's breath froze in icicles, and fell upon the snow.
Despite all this Bill sallied forth and climbed a mountain high
(A mile at least, Bill told me, and he never told a lie).
At length he reached a likely spot within a forest dense,
When, startled by an awful roar, he faced a bear immense.
Now Bill was bravery itself, and never knew a fear,
But simply out of strategy he "beat it" for the rear.
The bear pursued with mighty leaps and roars of awful glee,
And to add spice unto the sport Bill quickly climbed a tree.
He was not frightened, no indeed! as this will plainly show,
He held his trusty gun thruout, and never let it go.
But, as he climbed, his bullet pouch somehow became undone,
And out of it the bullets fell, and vanished every one.
All unaware of this great loss, Bill reached the topmost limb
And calmly loaded up his gun with powder, to the brim.
The bear, meanwhile, had never paused, but climbing like a cat
Was scarce a hundred feet below (the tree was double that),
But when Bill reached to get a slug and finish up the fight,
To his dismay he found his bullet box was empty—quite.
Bill wept, he told me frankly, at the thought of the disgrace
Of being buried in a bear, great tears coursed down his face.
And as one tear of extra size hung pendant from his nose,
The icy air congealed it there, and hard as rock it froze.
He broke it off, and was about to drop it in disdain,
When suddenly a plan took form in his ingenious brain.
He slipped the tear into his gun and rammed it home with care,
Then, aiming coolly, fired the charge at the approaching bear.
The frozen missile tore its way into the creature's head,
And, in surprise and fear and pain, the bear shinned down and fled.

ENVOI

So Bill was saved, and what is more, he got that bear again,
For it—poor creature—died next day, of water on the brain.

Howls of mirth and derision followed the completion of the effusion, and Bert assumed an expression of hurt dignity.

"If you could only arrange to send a motion-picture film of your gestures with it, surely no editor, be he ever so hard-hearted, could resist it, at least I'm sure that *I* could not," said Lucille Manley, who theretofore had taken no part in the repartee, but in whose eyes had been a troubled, far-away expression.

"That so?" asked Bert, eagerly. "Then the next time that I propose to you I'll try to remember to put more feeling into my gestures and less into my words than in the past. Let's see. How many times *have* you refused me, to date?"

"Four, I believe," she replied, a little wearily. "Not including the time when you were delirious after being thrown from your horse, which of course, doesn't count."

"Why not? I am sure that I was equally crazy about you, I mean the other four."

"Oh, please let's talk about something interesting," cried Lucille, "I'm certain that your nonsensical lovemaking bores the others to death, as it does me."

"Right, as usual," chorused their companions. "Let's go sailing."

"Count me out," replied Bert promptly. "I'm too completely overcome by this remarkable display of appreciation to be fit for any strenuous exercise. I'll retire to my den in high dudgeon, and tear off a scathing essay on 'Man's Ingratitude'—'how sharper than a serpent's tooth' and all that sort of thing, you know, which Worst's syndicate of news perverters may purchase for a fabulous sum. See you all at the dance tonight," and with an airy wave of the hand he strolled off, whistling blithely.

Lucille's eyes—the troubled look still in them—followed him, and she sighed under her breath, while Will, voicing the unspoken thought of all, said, "Too bad. Bert's a splendid chap, got real talent, too, and the greatest natural aptitude for doing more than passably well any one of a dozen things, that I ever saw. But he has no more ambition or aim in life than a . . . a—" he stopped at a loss for a simile until his glance lit upon and his lips named a gaily-colored butterfly which at that moment fluttered past them on its journey nowhere. "To improvise a verb from an expressive adjective, he's just a 'frivoler,'—never was, and never will be anything else."

"Bet you a hundred that you're wrong—as to the last clause, at least"—promptly contradicted Tom, who was ever Bert's satellite and staunch supporter. "He is bound to discover his true bent some day, and make all of us take off our caps to him."

"You're on," replied the other. "But it's like taking candy from a baby."

And Lucille sighed softly again.

* * *

Indeed, there was little in the appearance of the only son of Abner Willis, the purposeful steel magnate, indicative of easy-going indecision.

He was big, athletic and his attractive features were firmly molded, but the almost perpetual smile on his lips made his face in time appear somewhat weak to a student of physiognomy.

Lucille Manley was his nearest neighbor and childhood chum, and since Bert's return from college, two years previous, it had been regarded a foregone conclusion that these two would marry. And if there is anything in the theory of the attraction of opposite types, such a match seemed most suitable, for—in all save the mere externals of wealth and popularity—she was his exact antithesis.

He was big and fair; she petite and a pronounced brunette, with hair so rich and dark a brown that it passed for black, large luminous brown eyes, characterized by men as "soulful," and a mouth not small but sensitive. Her manner was always quiet and purposeful, and the expression on her sweet face spoke of a beauty and strength of character seldom found in such a marked degree in a girl scarcely out of her 'teens.

* * *

"My dance," announced Bert, a few hours later, immediately swinging Lucille into the intricacies of the Maxixe, first across the broad veranda of the Manley's Bar Harbor mansion, then down the gravel walk to a little pergola built out on the cliff, which rose precipitously from the dark waters of the Atlantic, and which was now the terminus of a shimmering path of light straight from the low-hanging moon.

Correctly anticipating what was coming next, Lucille leaned against a marble pillar in an attitude of resignation, and Bert, having prosaically dried the moisture from his broad brow, began, "For the fifth and latest, but not necessarily the last time, will you marry me?"

"No."

He performed a very realistic imitation of a boxer who has just received a knock-out blow, and solemnly counted himself out. No answering smile in Lucille's eyes was evoked by this buffoonery, however, so, sitting up on the bench where he had fallen, and taking the hand which hung listlessly by her side, he began again.

"Oh, come now, Lou, please have a little heart. You know perfectly well that I am mad about you. What is the matter with me, anyway? I'm not a bad sort of a chap, 'if I do say it as shouldn't,' I'm sure that you don't want any more money than I've got, I admit that I'm terribly clever, and . . . and I'm warranted to eat out of your hand."

"There, Bert, you have answered your question yourself, and put it in a nutshell. Now I'm going to convict you out of your own mouth. You're 'not a bad sort of a chap,' indeed you are one of the nicest men whom I know. Money? You've got altogether too much for your own good. If you did not have a cent you might be forced to do something worth while, and so grow into a real man. You are clever, but what good have you ever done thru it, when have you ever turned your really exceptional natural abilities to any real account? Believe me or not, Bert, but I think that I would rather marry a man who *beat* me, but who did really worthwhile things in this world, which is crying out for men of action, than I would a good-natured nonentity."

"Oh say, Lou, aren't you rubbing it in pretty hard?" he interrupted, squirming a little.

"I hope so. I meant to. Why, Bert, you ask me to marry you, as tho you were springing a joke in a burlesque show. Can't you be serious even at such a time? For marriage is surely one of the most serious matters in life and therefore—as the prayer book says—'Not to be entered into lightly.' Do you expect me to live two-thirds of my life in the most intimate of relations with a man whom I neither honor nor respect?" The force of her own emotion swept her on. "I *am* fond of you, more so than I like to admit even to myself, but such a feeling is no foundation upon which to build a wedded life. Do you know how Will Winters, contemptuously characterized you this afternoon? As an irredeemable 'frivoler' and I'm not sure but that he is right."

* * *

He broke the pause which followed by saying with a flash of anger, "Thanks. I owe him one for that," but added immediately in a lighter tone, "Well, perhaps he called the turn and I may as well plead guilty and throw myself on the mercy of the Court. Besides, you're one yourself; you've trifled with my affections for ten years, and . . . "

"Bert, Bert, are you really hopeless?" Lucille almost wailed. "You know that I have never encouraged you in the least, and you need look for no clemency from me now."

"Then I might as well put in a defense, and really I don't see where I've done so badly. You admit that I can do any number of things, and without boasting I can say that I sell more bonds on the street than any other fellow in our set."

"I know it. But, Bert, don't you, can't you see that I am not questioning your *ability*, but your attitude toward everything in life. You know that you don't take your business—nor any other of the hundred and one things which you can do—seriously, you simply toy with them. Selling bonds isn't a particularly noble achievement in itself, but it would do to serve as a test of your purpose, but with you it is merely a pastime, and you are ever ready to leave it for any counter-attraction, no matter how trivial. The same is true even of your recreations. You are a natural athlete, but you have never risen above mediocrity even in a sport. Why, you've never had 'stick-to-itiveness' enough to do *anything* which would require persistent, stubborn effort, and I am egotistical enough to think that my heart and hand are worth making such an effort for." And now Lucille, shaken by the depth of her own feelings, leaned her head against her arm, and began to cry softly.

* * *

Bert stood for a moment mutely, at length really aroused by the force of her invectives, and then—catching a glimpse of the tears on her cheeks—broke out, penitently, "For Heaven's sake don't cry, Lou. I didn't guess that you cared so much as this, and I'm not worthy of a single teardrop from your dear eyes."

"No, you're not, Bert. That is what makes me cry. I didn't realize myself how much I cared, but . . . I am going to give you up."

"Oh, no, not that. For God's sake don't say that, dear," broke in the man, truly aroused. "Give me one last chance and I'm sure that I'll make good."

"Its the old, old story, Bert. Always 'going to.' "

"I hope not. You've made me feel like a pretty poor imitation of a man, and I guess that I deserve to, Lou, but give me a little hope to cling to and I'm sure that you can make a real man of me," he said, putting his arms about her. "God knows that there is one thing, at least, about which I am really in earnest. I *do* love you."

"I'm not so positive, even of that," she answered, making no effort to disengage herself from his embrace, and—feeling no answering thrill in her form—Bert dropped his arms after a moment. "Moreover," she continued, "I suspect that no one can make a man of another. It's up to that man himself. Still, in spite of the past, I cannot help but believe in you a little, and I believe that . . . yes, I will give you that one chance which you ask." He started eagerly.

"Now listen. If you will give up all of your many diversions—I cannot call them pursuits—and apply yourself to one thing for a year, and really 'make good' in that, I will believe in you. And I think that I can promise that when I believe, I will love you, too, in the way you desire."

She put her hand in his, and he kissed it, saying earnestly, "I believe it, dear, and I believe that I shall succeed. If I don't . . . " His gesture was one of finality.

"I'll say frankly, dear boy, that altho I hope, my real confidence in your regeneration is none too high. Still, your earnest promise is something gained, and I want you to begin the steep ascent right now by choosing the straight and narrow path which you intend to follow to your own salvation. I would not want my . . . husband to be called a 'frivoler,' a Jack-of-all-trades, master of none."

Bert's reply was instantaneous. "Very well, then, it's literature—pardon the presumption—and I choose this in part because I know that I really have a natural bent that way, partly because this morning I surprised myself by seeing red for an instant when the crowd was guying me on the return of those fool verses, and I mean to show them, as well as you."

"You will find your path no rose-strewn roadway, Bert. Indeed I'm afraid that you have chosen the very hardest one open to you, dear boy, but as the test is harder, so will the reward be sweeter if you succeed. I mean," she added, blushing with confusion at the implication, "success will be its own best reward." He would have interrupted her, but she hurried on. "And now you are a Prince in a fairy tale—my fairy tale—and this is the task set you to do. For twelve months you are on probation. If, within that time you can convince me that you are deadly in earnest, and thru your earnestness—for I admit your innate capability—you succeed in having some literary endeavor, such a one as you yourself honestly regard as worth while, not popular trash, printed by a leading publisher, I'll . . . I'll marry you, Bert. In the meanwhile, no more proposals or lovemaking and not a whisper of all this to a living soul. You have got to work out your own salvation, boy, perhaps in grief and pain."

"We are as good as engaged already, sweetheart," joyously answered Bert with an instantaneous return to levity. "And I crave the boon of just one kiss to seal the bargain."

"Certainly not," replied the girl, and she sighed again with misgiving.

* * *

For a time the astonishing application, which the "crowd" characterized as "Bert's latest freak," was the cause of much amusement and many wagers were laid upon its duration, the outside limit being a fortnight. But, to their ever-growing surprise, week after week slipped by, and he still steadfastly refused to be decoyed from his self-imposed task, save for an hour or two of golf or tennis in the afternoon, or a little social relaxation at night. And, despite his wearisome labors, the men who had formerly looked upon him as an easy victim on the links or courts now found him almost invariably the victor in their contests.

Meanwhile Lucille viewed his struggle with secret glowing pride. She was his constant confidante, closer than she had ever been before, and for her ears alone he reserved the intimate story of this, the first moral battle he had ever waged. Ream upon ream of paper he used in practice stories, once saying to her with assumed seriousness, "With paper at its present cost, you'll be marrying a pauper next summer, if I keep on using it at this rate."

Occasionally, too, he showed her his productions, and, altho her role was rather that of spur than flatterer, she could not but admit that he was steadily improving in technique, and that his plots were undoubtedly clever. Still, there was ever present in her heart of hearts, the feeling that something vital was lacking in his stories. Just what it was she—being a novice—could not determine, but she had the feeling that the really gripping appeal was absent.

A paragraph which she read at this time stayed in her mind, "It has been said so often as to become trite, that a real writer is born, not made. This is true. But the great gift need not come with physical birth necessarily. The ability may be born in a man late in life, even. It may come as the result of some great upheaval in a man's soul. In order to succeed, a writer must study, practice, work continually to the day of his death, but the true creative faculty is not of the brain alone, nor primarily so. A real, 'worthwhile' story comes straight from the soul of a man. It exists because its creator is *forced* to give it being. It may spring out of joy, or out of the depths of despair and anguish of spirit, but it is never the result of deliberate intention. That is why there are nowadays so few really strong, impelling stories. The average author writes to live, not lives to write—to paraphrase a familiar adage."

At times the terrifying thought came to her, "What if the spark of divine fire is really missing, and Bert fails in his great test? What will become of him . . . and of me?"

* * *

So summer passed into autumn. All of the rest were rugged, and brown as the proverbial berries, but Bert was beginning to look thin and wan, and his eyes troubled him. Moreover his father, garrulously complained of what he termed "foolishness with which he had no patience or sympathy," and once brought about a heated quarrel, from which Bert emerged with resolve unshaken.

"Good for you, boy," said Lucille delightedly, when Bert recounted the interview to her, and she squeezed his hand with a little laugh of triumph, a laugh which sounded in his ears like a battle cry, and once again he kissed the hand in his with strengthened spirit. "The first skirmish has ended in a victory . . . for us," she whispered, and he re-applied himself to his task with singing heart.

Winter came. In his New York home the student continued to labor diligently, still refraining—with a power of will which surprised himself—from submitting a single contribution to a publisher. At length came a day when he felt certain that the time was ripe for a new assault upon the citadel, theretofore impregnable to him. Without taking Lucille into his confidence he sent off his latest, and strongest story. Four days later it was back on his desk. the old familiar slip folded within it. With a new stubborness of purpose he sent it off again, and yet again. On the evening of the day on which it had been returned for the fifth time there was a ball at the Manleys.

Never had Lucille looked so utterly charming, appeared so altogether desirable. Bert had arrived somewhat late and was pleading with his hostess for the first dance when Jack Summers appeared, interposed a prior promise and bore Lucille off with a look of such undisguised triumph that instantly the green devils of jealousy joined the blue ones of bitter discouragement and laid hold upon his heart. Before he really realized what he was doing. Bert had hastened from the house.

* * *

As much surprised as distressed over Bert's inexplicable disappearance, Lucille called up his home the following morning, and her heart stopped beating when, in answer to her inquiry, a maid's voice answered, "Mr. Bertrand, Miss Manley? Why didn't you know? He left only a few moments ago for Palm Beach, to be gone for several weeks."

With a sickening sense of dread Lucille hung up the receiver, and all day long was as nervous as a caged animal.

Night brought the expected letter:

LUCILLE,

I have tried and failed. Yesterday the story which I foolishly counted upon to carry me thru the last of my test—the actual achievement of something worth while—came back, rejected for the fifth time. Last evening I was insane. I must have been. My disappointment and a horrible, unreasoning and unreasonable jealousy against Jack got the better of me. I wilfully gave up the fight, and . . . ran away.

When you read this I shall be well on my way toward Palm Beach. The old wanderlust is upon me and I have neither wish nor will to fight against it longer. I love you this morning more than ever I have, and thank you from the bottom of my heart for trying and trying so desperately to redeem me, but I now realize in bitterness of soul that I am all that Will said of me—a loafer, a trifler, and that you are as far away from me as the farthest star. Forget that you ever tried and this time do not shed a tear over me, for, in spite of the fact that I realize that I am deliberately closing the doors of Heaven against myself, my strongest feeling is not so much one of remorse as of relief. I am not going to struggle and fight against the current longer. I am free, free to drift again, and you are free to make happy some better man than I can ever hope to be.

BERTRAND.

For a long time she sat with the letter in her lap, seeing nothing, the tears running unchecked and unheeded down her cheeks. But in time the light of battle shone thru the clouds, and she went down to the library where her chum and mentor—her father—was reading before an open fire.

Cuddling down on the arm of his chair, with her dark brown hair resting against his silvered head, she told him, for the first time, the story of Bert's struggle and hers, and finally gave him the letter.

He read it thru slowly, and then sat in silence some moments gently caressing her cheek with his capable wrinkled hand.

"Do you really love him, dearie?" he asked at length.

"Yes, with all my heart I think. No one realizes his weaknesses more than I, but in spite of them, something within whispers that he is worth fighting for, that he is my man. Daddy, you and I are going to Palm Beach tomorrow."

Her father thought for some time, and then answered, "Very well, we will go, if you wish, but not tomorrow, dear. Let him have his fling for a while without a word from you. I suppose that his feelings are much the same as those of a drinker who is battling to reform himself. At times, I am told, the old call comes like a clarion and cannot be denied. If Bert's struggle has been as earnest as you say it has, and it has accomplished anything at all, a reaction from this present lapse is bound to set in. Have patience for a little while. Wait until he has had an opportunity to experience the disgust and remorse which is sure to come if he has a spark of real manhood in him, and I, too, believe that he has. There, that is an old man's advice and I think that it is sound."

Lucille finally assented and returned to her room resolved and somewhat comforted.

Meanwhile Bert, on reaching Florida's famous winter resort, had been received with open arms by those who had known him there in other years. He was greeted like a returned prodigal, and for him the fatted calf was killed daily. For a full week he took part in a wild debauch, not of alcoholism—for drink had now no appeal—but of every known and some until then unknown forms of frivolity. He swam, sailed, played golf, tennis, cards, motored, danced, loafed, flirted and gossiped with all the abandon of a reformed drunkard on a wild spree. A book he looked upon with abhorrence, and shunned the writing room as tho it contained a pestilence.

There were periods, to be sure, when his conscience pricked him into a remembrance of the past, or Lucille's clear eyes sad with unspoken reproach, for not a word had he received from her, gazed into his mind's eye, but these occasions were only the signal for some new wild and more insane prank.

So seven days passed.

On one evening, as he was playing billiards with several boon companions, the reaction predicted by Mr. Manley surged over him like an engulfing tidal wave. Suddenly he laid his cue aside and without a word of explanation or excuse, hurried from the room and his amazed fellows, and, hatless, made for the beach with quick nervous strides. There occurred his mental Golgotha.

* * *

By a prank of the goddess of fortune, who ever loves the unexpected and sensational, Lucille and her father arrived that selfsame hour. It was not long before she heard of the latest queer act on the part of her old friend, and going to her room she spent some moments in making herself as bewitching as possible. Then, slipping out by a side door, she, too, sought the beach.

There Bert, torn in spirit, came upon her, and drew her, unprotesting, into his crushing embrace, in which were mingled love, grief, repentance and new hope.

The following morning Bert was absent,

and the next his erstwhile bosom companions at Palm Beach heard of him was in letters from friends in New York, who mentioned that "Bert Willis has reappeared as suddenly as he left, but is just as crazy as ever," implying thereby, that he was again working his head off over his scribbling, and absolutely a "dead one," as far as any fun was concerned.

When Lucille, too, returned to town a few days later, and ran in upon him with the freedom of a lifelong chum, she discovered him mournfully engaged in covering a sheet of paper with innumerable figures.

"For goodness sake, Bert, what *are* you up to now," was her greeting. "I thought that you were trying to become a litterateur, not a public accountant."

"All bosh," he answered, sadly grasping the two hands which she held out to him. "For unnumbered ages I have been trying to learn to be a great author by making myself cognizant with the works of all the master-minds of literature. I've burned the midnight oil, ruined a perfectly good pair of eyes, laid the foundation for a nervous and dyspeptic old age, and all to what purpose? I turn out a short story which would have turned Poe green with envy, and the unappreciative editors turn it down. All bosh!"

In spite of herself Lucille laughed, as she inquired, "But why the logarithms? Do you expect to find the secret of success in some mystic numerical formula?"

"Mrs. Sherlock Holmes! Right you are! After reading all the 'best sellers' and magazines in the world, I have—don't breathe it to a soul—discovered a great secret, no less than the secret to modern literary success." Seizing the paper he pretended to read, in a thrilling whisper, "Formula for a 'Best Seller.' Original plot: not necessary. Description (except in the case of the Williamsons): one per cent. Philosophy, or moral: zero to five per cent. Repartee: twenty-two per cent. Thrills and horrors: thirty-one per cent. Love-making (1916 brand): the balance. All should be liberally seasoned to taste with slang and profanity. There, I am now armed and equipped, *cap-a-pie* to sally forth and conquer the world of letters."

Again Lucille joined her laughter with his, but at the same time the shadow of foreboding passed over her soul.

* * *

But the months continued to succeed one another, and Bert steadfastly retained his singleness of purpose, despite the levity of his conversation—a levity often assumed to hide the smarting wounds to his complacency.

So passed the winter, and another spring came. One day, as Lucille was packing to return to her summer home, Bert burst unceremoniously in upon her, waving a bundle of manuscript and singing: "Hail the conquering hero comes, sound the trumpets, blow the drums."

"Gracious, Bert, how you startled me," cried Lucille, sitting down suddenly on the edge of a trunk, her heart pounding. "Do you really mean . . . ?"

"That I have scored? No, not yet, but soon. This here . . . ," he added, tossing the neatly-typed pages into her lap, "is a real, live, honest-to-goodness, long-run story, and if it isn't accepted I'll . . . I'll eat it, or make the rejecting editor do so. Read it for yourself and cease to doubt."

With the old sinking sensation in her heart Lucille complied, while Bert danced madly off around the room, ending up by looking over her head, his hands on her shoulders.

As she progressed, she became so deeply absorbed in the story that she fairly forgot his presence. Now and then she laughed aloud; once she furtively wiped her eyes. When she had finished, he tilted her face back between his hands, leaned over, and said seriously, "Well?"

"Its good, Bert. It is awfully good, and I really think . . . "

"May I kiss you now, Lou? Please," he begged softly, bending closer.

"No, not yet, but I hope . . . soon," she replied, flushing deeply.

* * *

At Bar Harbor the rest of that week dragged almost interminably for Lucille. Bert had written twice, but both of his letters—brimming over with old-time enthusiasm—had ended with the meaningful postscript, "No news."

Saturday came and passed with no

Bert, and no word from him, and without knowing why, Lucille, tho outwardly calm, was within torn by strange misgivings. So passed Sunday also.

On Monday morning when she came downstairs and started to get the mail brought in the early delivery, her father stopped her, an expression of deep concern upon his countenance, and said, "You had better read this first, my little girl." He handed her a New York daily, dated Saturday, and silently indicated a column headed:

LATEST RELIEF SHIP SAILS

The text read:

> The "Good Samaritan," America's latest Red Cross ship, given and supplied by New York's Four Hundred, and carrying among the active workers several young men and women whose names figure in the most exclusive circles, sailed this morning for Poland. The ship is sent in response to urgent appeals from that distracted land, for it is well known that conditions there are infinitely worse than in Belgium two years ago. The country is a war-swept desolation, and still the seat of a bitter struggle. Thousands upon thousands are starving or dying of sickness, and the people are in the last stages of hopelessness, misery and want.

She read on down the column with eyes that swam with tears until she came to the words, "Among the volunteers for active service in alleviating conditions in that stricken land, was Bertrand Willis, son of the millionaire steel magnate, and well-known athlete and leader in the younger social set, who, with his customary unexpectedness, went aboard at the last moment unheralded."

A low moan broke from her lips, and covering her face with her hands, she slipped limply to the floor.

Later, lying upon a couch in her shaded bedroom, she opened an envelope which had come in the same mail, drew forth a single printed sheet, and read thereon thru her blinding tears, the opening words, "We regret . . . " On the back was scrawled in pencil in a straggling hand which she scarcely recognized as Bert's, the sentence, without caption or signature, "I'm thru. I've done my damnedest and failed again. I'm tired of being a football for malicious Fate. You will soon hear where I have gone and you know why. I hope to God that I get shot."

Lucille read and re-read the bitter words, and each reading brought a new stab to her heart. Never, in speech or written word, had Bert used profanity to her before. And as her eyes viewed the words, her soul felt the anguish and torture of spirit behind them, and she, too, excoriated the Fate which seemed to be spitefully destroying Bert's happiness.

This time she could not bring herself to believe that the fault was his. He had labored diligently and done well. Why had he been allowed to fail?

During the many days which followed, Lucille grew pale and distrait. The well-meaning efforts of her merry companions proved utterly futile to draw her out or cheer her. Her one interest in life centered in the war news from the eastern theater, and on this subject she soon became better versed than most expert critics. And still no word from the Red Cross worker there!

* * *

One July morning, almost exactly twelve months from the day when Bert had made his decision, Mr. Manley looked up from the magazine he had been reading, and said, "Have you read the article on Gallicia by the special war correspondant, Lou?"

"Not yet," she responded, listlessly, but nevertheless accepted the periodical which her father passed to her, and was shortly deeply absorbed in the writer's heart-gripping description of the desolation of that war-swept, unhappy land.

One paragraph especially caught and held her mind with vise-like grip:

> A titanic scourge like this gives birth to strange offspring. Today I visited a teeming hospital. It was once the silent, sacred cloister of a monastery, now shell-shattered, bloody, barbarous. In the midst of the crowded dead and dying from both armies I ran across a young man—apparently a Red Cross worker, and the blood and grime which covered him could not disguise the fact that he was an Englishman or American of the highest breeding. He was unconscious, badly wounded; insatiate war spares neither the innocent nor the guilty, the man of destruction nor the one laboring as valiantly and with the same self-sacrifice under the sign of the Prince of Peace.
>
> By his side lay the stub of a pencil. In

one hand was clutched a dirty scrap of wrapping paper. I unloosened the stiffened fingers, and—with the tears streaming down my cheeks—read the scrawled words. The writing was in rather crude blank verse, a sublime invective on War, and on *this* war especially, and if ever a poem was wrung from the very soul of a man, and written in his heart's blood, this one was. To me, who have known something of the horrors he knew, it was transcendant, and veritably I believe that the spirit of a great writer was born out in this God-forsaken country, and the awful sights and unholy sounds of battle were its accompanying birth pains. The writer may be dead as I write this, but if he lives and fulfills the promise, the world will be richer for a new and inspired poet. Here are the verses which I copied.

Lucille's shaking hands could no longer hold the paper. Laying it down she clinched her hands until the nails bit into the palms, and with swimming eyes read the brutal, naked verses, and it seemed to her as tho every printed letter flamed fiery red as if indeed written in heart's blood. Her own soul cried out with pain and anguish to meet that of the writer. When she had finished she walked weakly, shaken like an aspen leaf, to her father, and sinking down beside him, cried, "Father, I am going to Poland, to . . . my husband."

Fearful for an instant that her brain had given way under the strain, her father took her tenderly in his arms and began to pet her and soothe her with loving sentences. But she broke away wildly. "Don't you see? Don't you see? They were his verses. Bertrand is that unknown Red Cross worker who was lying wounded, dying—no, not dying, not dead, oh my God, not that," and she fell to sobbing terribly.

* * *

Money can work miracles, 'tis said. Never had it been put to a greater test than when its omnipotent influence was called upon to carry Lucille Manley to that war-devastated, insignificant, Polish village, and thru hardships and dangers which would, a hundred times over, have turned back a less resolute spirit than hers.

At last she stood within the converted monastery. She was being led by a calm-faced nun to the pallet of the unknown Red Cross worker. She heard the words, repeated by the interpreter, "Yes, but certainly he is going to get well; he is almost well now, tho for weeks he was—how you say?—not in his head. See, he sleeps like a baby."

And now she was looking down at the scarred, emaciated, but still, to her, handsome face, a face with many a new line deeply engraven thereon at the time when his soul travailed and the new man was born.

And even as she had read, there still lay beside him a few scraps of paper, brown, soiled, torn.

Reverently she lifted them and smoothed out their wrinkled surfaces. Then, kneeling by his side, she read again thru her tears the words which had been wrung from the heart and written in blood.

AWAKENING

I THOUGHT because I put you from my heart
  And shut you from me with its bolted door,
That I had done with our old-life and love
  For evermore.

I thought because with brutal hands I plucked
  Up living roots without a tear or sigh,
The white flower of affection, holy, pure,
  Would droop and die.

Too late I know—but as I go my way,
  My prayers shall fold you, tho I dwell apart,
And every wound I gave you, dear, will bleed
  In my own heart.

—*Anna Spencer Twitchell.*

My Address at the "Movies"

by Henry Irving Dodge

WHEN my book, "Skinner's Dress Suit,"* was published, so many persons wrote me asking how I came to write it that I had a number of postal cards printed as follows: "Read 'Skinner's Dress Suit,' particularly line 8, page 3." In this way I hoped both to satisfy curiosity and sell the book. You will observe that I made no reference to a public library on the card.

A number of my friends, in turn, thought it a happy idea to send copies of the card to their friends. Quite unlooked-for results sometimes attended these friendly efforts. For instance, a dear friend, Mrs. Sadie C——, sent one of the cards to a married man. Instead of signing her full name, she carelessly signed it simply "Sadie." The aforesaid married man's wife came across the card and, seeing so suggestive a name as "Sadie" signed to so enigmatical a message, her suspicions were at once aroused. She immediately went out, purchased a book, and read line eight, page three of "Skinner's Dress Suit," which is: "It was his wife. She made him do it."

When her husband reached home that night she met him at the door, with the card in one hand and the book in the other.

"Who is this 'Sadie'?" she demanded irately. And holding up the book and pointing to the fateful sentence, "What have you been telling her that *I* made you do?"

And it took no little explaining on the part of that gentleman to clear him, I can tell you!

When "Skinner's Dress Suit" was brought out in moving pictures, it became famous over night. I don't claim that the picture is superior to other films. It's something different. That's all.

One day I happened to be in the K. E. S. E. Exchange, looking for news of the doings of "Skinner," when a little old-fashioned, dark man, proprietor of a little old-fashioned moving picture house out in the suburbs, was introduced to me. The little dark man was a real opportunist. No sooner did he learn that I was the creator of "Skinner" than he asked me to come out to his show place some day and see the film presented there. Thoughtlessly I promised to do so and forthwith forgot the incident.

Two weeks later, however, the Exchange called me up and reminded me that the little old-fashioned exhibitor had taken my words quite seriously and had advertised the fact that I would be present at his five and ten-cent suburban emporium on such and such a day. In other words, I was to be part of the show! This was the penalty of the careless word cordially spoken, the promise thoughtlessly made! But there was nothing left for me to do but to go.

The fateful day arrived and with it a steady, dreary downpour of rain. It was none of your Scotch mists or drizzles. It was a prolonged downpour, accompanied by tempestuous blasts that rendered any umbrella quite futile. And to make the matter worse, the journey involved about a dozen changes of cars, each meaning several minutes' wait in the drenching rain.

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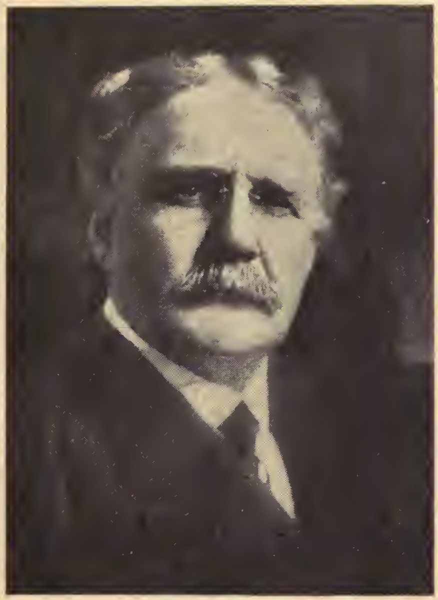
*"Skinner's Dress Suit." By Henry Irving Dodge. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. Price, $1.00.

At last I was put down at the entrance of a curious little one-and-a-half story oblong building, the amusement emporium, where I was cheered by the sight of great posters of Bryant Washburn and Hazel Daly, described in huge, crude letters as "the two greatest moving picture histrionics of the day!"



HENRY IRVING DODGE
Author of "Skinner's Dress Suit"

Also it was proclaimed in huge letters that I was to address the audience at the close of the evening performance. The word "address" struck me as formidable. If my little dark friend had only advertised that I would make brief remarks or say a few words, it would have been bad enough, for I am one of those unfortunate persons to whom stage fright is no stranger. But "address" savored of some long-drawn-out, involved, tiresome, scholarly composition of which, thank heaven, I am incapable.

Very well. Between the afternoon and evening sessions I went to a restaurant nearby and during dinner jotted down some ideas which to me seemed very funny and which I thought would prove diverting. Then I went back to the show. I am glad to say there was a crowded house and everything went smoothly.

When "Skinner" was finished, the projector man threw on the screen a huge sign asking the people to keep their seats while "one of the most noted authors of the world" should address them. I didn't care a whack what he said about me—he might even have charged me with something worse than that. My one idea was to get thru with the nauseating business—nauseating, I say, because the roof of my mouth was hot and dry and the pit of my stomach cold and qualmy. As the little dark man escorted me from the rear of the hall to a pulpit-like arrangement which was led up to by a spiral staircase, the aisle seemed to be half a mile long.

I had thought to catch an inspiring laugh with my first sentence, and I hurled it in the most approved oratorical way to the rearmost seat in the dim distance.

"I am not used to speaking in a theater," I roared, "any more than I am used to speaking in a pulpit." Here I paused for some sign of appreciation, but hearing none, I proceeded. "But when my friend Tanhouser asked me to say a few words here tonight, I thought the chance too good to be lost." I paused for a handclap from those cursed with local pride, but got none and went on:

"What I have to say is in the nature of a warning, in case any of you should think of writing moving picture scenarios." This was not deemed the absurdity I had hoped. In fact, it was taken quite seriously. "When you write a story," I went on, "or a scenario, you never know what will happen to you or where your trouble is going to end." A pause—no laugh. Clearly, I was still in the tragic vein. "No sooner had 'Skinner' appeared on the screen than they began to get after me. Clothing store men wanted me to pose in their front windows as the great champion of the dress suit." A loud, single-barreled guffaw from somewhere right down in front of me greeted this. I looked down hopefully. The ice was broken, I thought. I had them going at last. The noise had been made by a little bootblack, whom I afterwards congratulated.

"Hatters and shoemakers wanted me to advertise their wares. And that isn't the worst of it," I shouted. "A young woman wrote me that her husband had seen the picture and had then drawn out their savings, and had got a dress suit, and now she couldn't do anything with him." I had laid a wager with myself that this would get them, but it didn't. So I decided to play the rest of the comedy as tragedy, and went on:

"A young man wrote me that he thought my idea in 'Skinner's Dress Suit' too extravagant and wanted to know if I'd guarantee him a partnership if he'd get a dress suit." They were beginning to open their mouths now, but not with laughter, and were staring hard at me. "An old lady in a New England town, who kept a book store, refused to sell the book because 'Skinner' had fooled his wife. I told her if she refused to sell books to every man in that town who fooled his wife, she'd soon go out of business." Not a sound!

"You will see the force of this when I tell you that that town was Worcester, Mass." I can't for the life of me, tell what made that bootblack laugh again, but he did. "How long would that kind of a bookseller last in this town?" No answer.

Then I sprang my banner story, carefully mapped out in the Essanay press department, Chicago, committed to memory and rehearsed by me. I'd always thought this a sure-fire joke.

"The other day I was in Chicago and was invited by George K. Spoor, president of the Essanay, by long odds the greatest moving picture producing company ever known, to attend a dinner. At the last moment I happened to think that I didn't have my dress suit with me. So I telephoned to Bryant Washburn, that great motion picture artist who, with Miss Hazel Daly, you have seen upon the screen tonight, and asked him to loan me the original of 'Skinner's Dress Suit,' which he did." This also was received in dead silence.

Then I told them an honest-to-goodness experience:

"On my way home from Chicago I was sitting in the smoking car, enjoying a cigar and the memory of that good George K. Spoor dinner (which I never got) when a commercial traveler who sat next to me started a line of talk. As is my custom on such occasions, and on all others, for that matter, relevant or not relevant, I asked him if he went to the moving pictures very often. This, of course, was a lead-up to the inevitable question.

" 'Once in a while,' said he.

" 'There's a new picture that's exciting a good deal of talk,' said I. 'It's called "Skinner's Dress Suit." Have you seen it?"

" 'No,' said he, 'but there's a curious story regarding that picture. Everybody knows it's a dead steal from a story that appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post* last year. Why, those fellows even had the nerve to use the same name. Think of it! Ain't that gall for you?'

" 'It seems incredible,' said I, with bated breath.

" 'Have you read the story?' said he.

" 'I've seen the play,' I finessed.

" 'Well, look here,' said he, getting excited, 'I've read the story. I'll tell it to you and you see if it don't correspond in every detail with the play.'

" 'By Jove, it does,' I said when he'd finished, making believe that I was amazed.

" 'Ain't it?' said he eagerly, 'ain't it'?

"We had now reached Albany and my drummer friend jumped up and left the car before I had a chance to explain and convince him of the complete innocence of the Essanay scenario department." (Here I glanced down at my little bootblack friend, but he was regarding me with awe—I don't know why.)

* * *

But I didn't tell the rest of my invented-for-press-agent purposes experiences! All that careful invention, all that stage fright, all that attempt to be funny and only one laugh!

The explanation followed, however. As Tanhouser escorted me up the aisle and introduced me here and there to his clients, every one I met asked me eagerly where there was a good market for motion picture scenarios. Clearly, I'd hit upon a serious topic, one not to be taken lightly!

PAST THE CENSOR

(AN ACTUAL OCCURRENCE)

By FRANKLIN RILEY

WHEN Lieutenant Karl Richter, of the State Militia, sailed into our harbor, Liberty's outstretched arm seemed suddenly to have descended, burning asunder with its flaming torch all umbilical connections with his native land. Lieutenant Richter is now an American, naturalized—yes—but an American with no qualifying adjectives.

Wilhemina Kurtzman was his playmate in school days in Sorau, Germany. When they wept together at the parting tryst, "farewell" was not the whispered word, but "*auf wiedersehen*"—"till we meet again!" War, with its innumerable tragedies, has prevented Wilhemina's home from being Ashville, New York, and her name from reading—Mrs. Karl Richter.

Very few of the many letters exchanged between them since August, 1914, had reached their destinations. Some had been held up and others had been sent to the bottom of the Atlantic. News was scarce and inaccurate. Press despatches chronicled Teutonic victories and defeats, and frequently the deaths of friends of boyhood days. They described unprecedented sacrifices, hardships suffered by men and women, famines in foodstuffs, starvation and deprivation. Karl read them with ever-increasing anxiety. More particularly was he alarmed over the absence of word from his betrothed.

March first of this year brought the long-hoped-for message. His heart leaped at the thought of good tidings. The envelope bore the printed pasters of the German and English censors; the postmark showed it had been mailed in January. Karl hastily opened it and read:

> *Dearest Karl:*
>
> We are all well at home. Father is recovering rapidly and expects to report to his company soon. Brother so far has escaped serious injury, and has distinguished himself for his bravery. I am longing and praying for the time when I may be with you. With love, Affectionately, WILHEMINA.
>
> P. S.—The stamp on this letter may some day be of value for your collection. You should keep it. W.

Karl read this almost formal note, and re-read it. His disappointment at its failure to enlighten him was painful. Studious precautions obviously had been taken not to risk the censor's disapproval. He inwardly cursed the spying system. However, she was well and evidently as happy as could be expected. This wholesale human slaughter could not continue much longer, he pondered, and then— But, lest he forget, he would follow her suggestion and save the stamp. In order best to preserve it he moistened it with steam. He drew it off gently. As it curled in his fingers a word, blurred but legible, written in indelible ink in tiny characters, was revealed on its back. Then another—and another! He tore it loose excitedly. The brief message read:

We are
starving. May
be dead
when this
reaches you.
Good-bye.

New First National Bank of Columbus, Ohio

by

W. C. Jenkins

ONE of the most conspicuous evidences of the prosperity of this country is the significant gain which has been made in the deposits and assets of the leading banks of this country during the past two or three years, and nowhere is this gain more noticeable than in the well-managed banks of Ohio. Prosperity has reigned triumphantly in that state during the past year, and not a little of this prosperity may be attributed to the scientific banking methods which prevail in the Buckeye State.

Among the leading banks of Ohio, and one which has a phenomenal record to its credit, is the New First National Bank of Columbus, which, paradoxical as it may seem, is the oldest national bank in that city. For fifty-six years the doors of this banking institution have been regularly opened on every banking day, and it has always stood as a pillar of financial strength in the community. Its success has been more significant during recent years, however, due to new energy and enthusiasm which came to the bank twenty years ago. At that time two financial institutions which were doing business in Columbus were consolidated. They were the National Bank of Columbus and the Fourth National Bank.

The moving spirit in the consolidation was Mr. Charles R. Mayers, who since the two banks were united has been president of the consolidated institution. Mr. Mayers has spent the greater part of his life in the banking business, having been with his father in a bank at Millersburg previous to his assuming charge of the Columbus bank.

When the two banks were consolidated in 1897, the deposits were less than three-quarters of a million dollars, with no surplus. Today the bank has deposits of approximately $6,200,000, and a surplus of $522,000. In addition, it has paid its stockholders during the past twenty years dividends amounting to $1,166,500. It is now paying twenty per cent, and this rate has been paid on several occasions during late years.

* * *

Right after consolidation took place the New First National Bank started on its career of prosperity. Mr. Mayers took with him to Columbus new ideas in banking practice—ideas which rival bankers of that date said were not ethical, for but few bankers thought it a part of the work to go out and hustle for business. Mr. Mayers, however, was not content with the business that flowed to the bank thru the ordinary channels; he started at once to create new channels, and this was accomplished by a personal canvass and constant and persistent solicitation. He invited the accounts of men and solicited the reserve deposits of banks. According to the published statements of the eight national banks of Columbus, there are on deposit in that city about seven and one-half million dollars belonging to outside banking institutions, and of this amount one-third is deposited in the New First National Bank, This alone shows the popularity of this bank among the country bankers.

Mr. Mayers was the first banker in the United States to realize the importance of dealing in municipal bonds as a feature of banking, and it is stated that his bank was the first in the country to start a municipal bond department. The New First National Bank has sold over ninety million dollars of this class of securities, and in not a single instance has there been a default in the payment of interest or principal. The bank advertises in many of the leading magazines of the country, and its customers are scattered all over the United States and Europe.

CHARLES R. MAYERS
President of the New First National Bank of Columbus

The bonds are obligations of counties, municipalities and school districts, and today these securities are considered as safe as those issued by the national government. They bear interest from four to six per cent.

Recently the New First National Bank opened a Savings Department, and already over three hundred thousand dollars have been deposited in this department. It is very popular with the thrifty workers of Columbus, and has great possibilities for the future.

The safety deposit boxes and vaults in this bank are modern in every respect, and this department has more patrons than any other bank in Columbus, it is said.

While the principal figure in this financial institution is President Mayers, it should be stated that the Board of Directors is of a higher type than is generally found in banks of similar character. The Board is composed of ten aggressive, successful, and wealthy business men of Columbus—men whose names stand for honor and integrity in the community. A spirit of confidence in each other and in the success of the bank exists, and the business of the institution is always transacted in the most harmonious manner.

Without any desire to make profit out of its transactions in co-operating with the Secretary of the Treasury, the New First National encourages its depositors, and Columbus people generally, to stand behind the President of the United States and invest in the Liberty Loan. The bank bought a large block of the first government notes for its own investment.

* * *

The New First National Bank is a member of the Federal Reserve System, and thru that connection has all the benefits of the system behind it. Recently the bank was made a depository for the Federal Farm Loan Bank, located at Louisville, Kentucky, and has made arrangements to encourage and promote local associations in the Columbus district. It is also a depository of the United States, Postal Savings, State of Ohio, Franklin County, and the City of Columbus.

President Mayers has always cherished the belief that a banker must first of all be a banker, and not a manufacturer or a professional man. In this age of specialization the men who succeed pursue some one ideal, and not several, and it is for this reason that he has always refused to become identified in any manner, or allow his name to be in connection with any other enterprise than his bank. The affairs of the New First National Bank are constantly under his watchful supervision, and he does not allow his attention to be attracted elsewhere, no matter how alluring may be the possibilities for gain.

Mr. Mayers, however, is one of the most optimistic believers in the future of his city. He never loses an opportunity to sing the praises of Columbus to strangers who may visit him, and in movements for civic advancement he is generally found in the front ranks.

Such banks and bankers represent the solid foundation upon which American cities are built, for where men and institutions of this character are lacking there can be no real progress.

The officers of the New First National Bank are as follows:

Charles R. Mayers, president; Charles M. Wing, vice-president; Henry C. Werner, vice-president; Charles R. Shields, cashier; Henry Pausch, assistant cashier; Edgar L. Abbott, assistant cashier; L. Francis Wolls, assistant cashier.

WHEN THE BEES ARE ON THE CLOVER

By J. MORRIS WIDDOWS

WHEN the bees are on the clover, and the partridge in the wheat,
And the glimmer of the sunshine pouring thru the summer heat,
And the harvest days are nearing, when the reaper's merry song
Fills the land with joy and gladness, happy days then roll along.
Then I wander back to childhood—to those happy days of yore,
And I see the morning glories blooming by the kitchen door,
I can see the red June apples—Oh! they are so good and sweet—
When the bees are on the clover, and the partridge in the wheat.

You may sing the praise of springtime, and the early autumn days,
And the splendor of a sunset, thru the Indian summer haze,
And of moonlit nights of winter, calm and beautiful to see—
These are mighty grand and glorious, yet there's something else for me;
Let me see the dome of heaven, blue, without a cloud in sight,
Let me feel the south wind blowing gently on a summer night,
Take me back to that old brooklet, where I bathed my sunburned feet,
When the bees were on the clover, and the partridge in the wheat.

There's a charm beyond description glowing over all the land,
When the harvesters are reaping golden grain on every hand;
And I love to dwell upon it—on the grandeur Nature yields,
Lavished from Eternal goodness, in the garniture of fields.
Oh! the golden hour of summer, of a summer land of song,
Let me see again thy beauty, for the years have grown so long;
Let yon shadowy woodland hide me, gently from the glare and heat,
When the bees are on the clover, and the partridge in the wheat.

Oh! those bygone days of sunshine, how they pass before my view,
Lying here beneath the maple, looking up into the blue.
Sing on sweetly, ye wild warbler, sing for me a sweet refrain,
While I'm dreaming, fondly dreaming, that those days are here again.
Would that I could paint a picture, or could utter with my tongue,
Or could sing with low sweet music, as no song was ever sung,
To my theme the birds would listen, and the glad refrain repeat,
When the bees are on the clover, and the partridge in the wheat.

Pen Corner in New York City

by Flynn Wayne

THE eightieth anniversary of the birth of Mr. L. E. Waterman, and the thirty-fourth anniversary of the industry which he founded, was made the occasion for opening a new building on Broadway by the L. E. Waterman Company, who thus marked another epoch in the history of their remarkable institution. How Mr. Waterman came to invent his first fountain pen is an interesting bit of a story. He was at the time a successful insurance agent, and expected to close a large contract. The man whom he was to insure happened to be uptown looking after a large building operation. Mr. Waterman followed him there, pulled out the policy application, and handed him a fountain pen, which, unfortunately, leaked, ink-blurred the lower half of the policy, and of course it had to be rewritten. Meanwhile a rival insurance man signed up the contract. Mr. Waterman blamed his boss for the faulty fountain pen, and, determined to make one for himself that would not leak, he began business in a little shop back of a cigar store on Fulton Street. The first year he made two hundred pens all by hand—in sharp contrast with the more than two million that were sold last year. Today the business employs eleven hundred people, three hundred in the executive offices alone.

The handsome new building on Broadway, at the new Pen Corner, is the most elaborate retail pen store in the world. The character of decoration and architectural treatment is most appropriate. The ceiling of the store is perhaps the most striking example of this idea. It seemed essential that the indirect sources of light, some twenty-one in number, should be a definite part of the decorative effect. Each light consists of a pear-shaped bowl etched with garlands and plaques in the Adam style, with bronze frame above and bronze tassel below. These permit only a portion of the light to pass thru, most of it being thrown up against a white reflector which forms and integral part of the ceiling. These points of light, together with the supporting columns, divide the ceiling into twenty-one equal panels, which are octagonal in shape, delicately decorated in low relief within their borders, but having a plain surface between, except for a single line of carefully-modeled leaf ornament following the center of each beam and encircling each capital.

The walls of this store are wainscoted their full height in broad, simple panels of American walnut of a natural finish. This is the only wood used thruout. The counter, pen-cabinet, furniture and stairway to the second floor being all of the same beautiful material.

The counter and pen-cabinet form the decorative feature of the store, and their treatment deserves particular attention. From a practical viewpoint, they make provision for twenty-one hundred pen drawers, in each of which is space for ten pens. All these pen drawers automatically lock when necessary. The counter has provision for ink stock and other specialties

AFTER THE WORK BENCH, THIS BECAME THE FIRST FACTORY

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pens
Plant of
Waterman's
Ideal
Fountain Pen

PRESENT NEW YORK FACTORIES—NUMBERS ONE AND FOUR aside from pens, and the cabinet has six spaces for the pneumatic cash-sending stations and six repair desks on the inside, with working space for the repair men. Four concealed spot lights for examining pen points are provided at the corners of the pen-cabinets, and special lights for the repair men on the inside as well are provided.

The decorative treatment of the cabinet is secured largely by the use of a carefully-selected croch-veneer, which flashes in one pattern over the face of each stack of pen drawers. The bronze name plates and frames are all toned to harmonize with the wood colors. The ornamental feature of the cabinet, aside from the decorative value of the wood, is confined to the small cornice at the top and the hand-carved cresting at the back. The counter depends for its decorative effect entirely on the richness of the wood, all carving is omitted, and only the finest and simplest of moldings used.

The floor is of cork tile laid in large, diagonal squares of two tones, dark and light brown. This makes a practically noiseless, non-slippery, sanitary floor, and yet by its color and pattern suggests the old-fashioned diagonal marble floors, so characteristic of the Adam and Colonial periods.

Style harmony has been the keynote of the entire scheme. The effort has been to answer every practical requirement down to the minutest detail, all the way from the lighting effect for display purposes to the convenience and efficient working of employes in their service to the public. Not a single point of practical consideration has been sacrificed to architectural or decorative effect, and yet every feature of the architectural and decorative scheme has been worked out so harmoniously, so perfectly in keeping, each part with the other, and each practical feature made into so perfect a decorative or architectural motive, that one loses consciousness of any purely practical condition, and sees only a beautiful and tastefully-decorated room, with handsome furniture and fittings, in which the actual work of a very busy store is carried on without the slightest confusion or hindrance.

Today the L. E. Waterman Company occupies five factories: two in New York, two in Seymour, Connecticut, and one in Canada. It has branch service stores in many of the large cities of the country, as well as thruout South America and Europe. The new Pen Corner in New York City exemplifies the success of American ingenuity, character, and sagacity when applied to business.

PRESIDENT F. D. WATERMAN AND STAFF OF ASSISTANTS ON OPENING DAY

The Origin and Study of Golf

by Mitchell Mannering

AS the interest in the ancient and honorable game of golf increases year by year, the discussion of this subject has an allurement to every person who has gripped a golf club. It is one of the games that cannot be easily explained, and represents a skill guided by intuition. It has remained for Mr. Alexander H. Revell of Chicago, to prepare an appreciation of golf that has already taken its place as a classic. It is entitled "Pro and Con of Golf," and is not only an exhaustive treatise, but woe to the man who is not a golfer who reads it, for the fascination of the game is most alluringly portrayed. He builds up the twenty-four chapters in a way that would make one feel that he had actually enjoyed the playing of "at least" eighteen holes—with a score that was gratifying.

The opening chapter has the significant title of "Commencing Right," and the writer shows how golf is a distinctively individual game, where one has to depend on himself as he proceeds. He speaks with familiarity of brassies, midirons, mashies, niblicks and putters. He suggests starting right with congenial company, possibly those who would overlook the use of an explosive d——n, now and then, in a club that fits the pocket-book; for he points out that golf may be either a high or a low cost game. He has called attention to the fact that most people disgusted with their game have enjoyment in being just miserable, and telling others "How it all came about."

The use of various golf clubs is described in detail. "To perfect your game," is the slogan in which he insists, in a clever anagram, that "mighty few cash in on their hopes."

Illustrations throughout the book manifest a prevailing good humor. The methods of play are taken up, and it is pointed out how experts do it. Mr. Revell describes "super-golf," and compares the game in England with that of America. He makes an interesting review of the development of the game in the last fifteen years, and tarries to comment on "Chick" Evans and the putting shot.

He gives sage advice to women beginners. There are illustrations showing the various "grips" of distinguished golfers, including Harry Varden. These "grips" are as interesting as a study of secret society hand-clasps.

All through the book are incidents that give it the charm of a "best seller." He throws little lights on the game, proving that there is orthodox and unorthodox golf, and altogether a self-reliant spirit in the game that is refreshing to the sturdy Scotchman and the individualistic American. Naturally, golf has its social phase, for what popular resort hotel would be complete without its golf links, and the sands of the south afford a sharp contrast to the turfed greens of the north.

Midway of the book is a chapter on "Concentration," and how to keep an eye on the ball. The reader does not proceed far before he observes the analogy between life and the game of golf—for there are the hazards and restraints, and many of the aspects confronted in a lifetime. He has preserved for us John D. Rockefeller's famous tribute to golf, and ever keeps his eye on the rules and the courtesies, and those phases of the game that have been heretofore handed down by word of mouth like the traditions of ancient peoples. With a book like this in the library, one does not feel the handicap of the bogie, but he has at least been initiated into the mysteries of the ancient pastime. A mention of golf would be incomplete without a description of the caddie and the role he plays in the game, with never a disdainful glance toward the moving "gallery."

It would not seem a book from Mr. Revell without some allusion to the philosophy of the game, and "Pro and Con of Golf" is replete with such observations.

A succinct historical story of the game is told. Its origin is a mystery, but Mr. Revell suggests that it came from the ancient game of "kolf," and "pell mell," a favorite pastime in the days of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland. Then the antiquarian finds that golf balls were imported from Holland into Scotland, and it is thought that the original name was "goff." It was a game of kings, and has always been called the ancient royal game, as it was a favorite with most of the Scottish monarchs, and many of the English kings for many years. In 1457, the Scotch parliment becoming alarmed at the growing popularity of the game, and the way people were neglecting archery for golf, passed a law that anyone caught playing the game on Sunday would be arrested.

Conan Doyle's tribute to golf is quoted in "The Club Library":

It's up and away from our work today,
For the breeze sweeps over the down,
And it's hey for a game where the gorse blossoms flame,
And the bracken is bronzing to brown.
With the turf neath our tread and the blue overhead,
And the song of the lark in the whin;
There's the flag and the green, with the bunkers between—
Now will you be over or in?

Photo by Dana Hall, Chicago

ALEXANDER H. REVELL

The last chapter is entitled "At the Nineteenth Hole"—which "ain't," as the caddie would say. It sparkles with epigrams and incidents that make one feel that this dainty little book will find a most welcome and permanent place on the library table, and furnish many a bright hour for present and future golfers.

Brigadier-General Clarence R. Edwards

by Philip Chadbourne

IN the great Harvard Stadium, where throngs have witnessed many a hard-fought football game and athletic meet, on this past Memorial Day the Harvard regiment, R. O. T. C. (Reserve Officers Training Corps) was reviewed and inspected by Brigadier-General Clarence R. Edwards, commander of the Northeastern Department. The people now gathered to see Harvard boys in khaki. They had been working earnestly under the direction of French officers who came to America to prepare them for service at the front in France. These Frenchmen have become very popular because of the intense personal interest they have taken in the training of the corps, not only on the field, but in the class-room, giving the boys the advantage of their experiences in the trenches, on the field of Marne and other scenes of bloody conflict. Led by the band, freshly uniformed, with new drums and colors, the regiment marched down the horseshoe with "eyes right" as they passed the reviewing stand. On this stand, where the red caps and natty gray uniforms of the French officers contrasted with the U. S. A. khaki, were Major Henry Lee Higginson of Boston and President A. Lawrence Lowell of Harvard.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL EDWARDS, U.S.A.

As the boys swung by, General Edwards turned as if to look each one squarely in the eye. It was truly an inspiring sight as they formed on the green in the bowl—three battalions strong—under the entwined colors of the nation and the Harvard crimson. General Edwards then walked up and down the line and "inspected," while every one of the twelve hundred men stood "at attention." Even the band did not escape scrutiny to see that instruments were held in the "war-time" way. From the great bowl thousands of people—many of whom had relatives in the ranks—formed a chorus of "There goes Jimmy!" "How big Bobbie looks!" "Isn't Jack fine?" All eyes centered on the boys in khaki. The crowd could not restrain a ripple of laughter when General Edwards stopped to straighten the shoulders and smite the belts of over-protruding stomachs. Evidently he was going to *know* those men, and as he marched along he looked over every man, giving an inspection at once thoro and helpful. There was a sigh of relief as the troops stood "at rest" after they had been passed, to watch the other fellows "get theirs."

* * *

At West Point General Edwards was called "Sep," because he entered in September. When a cadet acquires a nickname at West Point his future is secured. Young Edwards comes from the good old New England stock of Jonathan Edwards, but was born in Cleveland, Ohio. Graduating from West Point in 1883, he was at once detailed to frontier duty and has been ever since a most enthusiastic supporter of "infantry." His work in charge of the Bureau of Insular Affairs, an integral part of the war department, furnished further evidence of his constructive and executive ability. Exacting demands in the quartermaster department gave him, as well as many other successful officers, invaluable training. When he joined the staff of General Lawton during the Spanish American War, remaining with him up to the time of his tragic death in the Philippines at San Mateo, General Edwards knew the fundamentals of effective army service. In Hawaii, Texas and in the Canal Zone, everywhere he was detailed he made a record, and his appointment to the newly-created Department of the Northeast, with headquarters at Boston, was a logical sequence. The record of this tall, energetic soldier shows that there are few commanders who have been more popular among their men. He is a business man as well as a soldier, giving his men first consideration, but expecting their best effort in return. His asociation with the idolized Lawton who held him in the utmost trust, impressed the rank and file with this man's fitness to command.

General Edwards has never been a "parlor" soldier. Having been under fire in the Philippines no less than one hundred and ten times and "mentioned" many times by General Lawton in his reports, he knows the grim realities of war. The portion of a soldier's biography containing mention of his acts in official reports from the battlefield is the real stuff that counts. Recognized as one of the most energetic officers in Washington, efficient and sure, whether in charge of an ammunition train or as a mule driver, his advancement was steady and certain. He knows how to do most things. When he doesn't know, he learns how, and expects his men to do the same. With a record in the Bureau of Insular Affairs (where he served under three Presidents — Roosevelt, McKinley, and Taft) that appeals to business men as well as soldiers, it is not surprising that he was offered an income of thirty thousand dollars a year to leave the military service. It is also not surprising to learn that he refused it, for he felt that the career begun at West Point should be completed in serving under the flag.

* * *

In his home life, he has impressed his friends with the fact that he is a citizen as well as a soldier. General Edwards married Miss Bessie Porter of Niagara Falls, and they have been very popular in the social life of Washington. He has always been a great favorite with the newspaper men and the public, and his good-heartedness, frankness of manner, and sincerity of purpose have already captured New England. The firmness, vigor, and earnestness with which General Edwards has taken up the work before him is an example at once wholesome and inspiring to the thousands of young men who will begin their army service under his command.

His Dad

by

William Edward Ross

IT was the beginning of a perfect day. The drowsy clouds hung in lazy languor high above the sleeping earth. The first shimmering rays of the morning sun irradiated the small dew crystals and caused them to shimmer and gleam—Nature's brilliants in emerald settings.

The air was languorous with the heavy, all-pervading fragrance of lilacs and the penetrative, nostril-expanding sweetness of apple blossoms—a perfume that almost cloyed because of its intensity. There was not a breath of wind, the stir of a leaf, a single movement within the entire confines of Paradise Valley. The very serenity of the earth breathed a lazy content. Aye, it was, indeed, the beginning of a perfect day.

Suddenly there was a whirr of wings, a brilliant flash of carmine against the peaceful background, and a robin, red-breasted herald of dawn, perched on the limb of a pink-blossomed apple tree, and burst into a joyous lilt—an exultant apostrophe of the dawn.

From a far corner of the valley an oriole piped an answer; from the eaves of a farmhouse a sparrow chirped; a wren on a fence post added his individual lay; other birds joined in, until from every bush and tree came the matutinal chorus. It was the call to life.

Wrens and linnets, orioles and robins, sparrows and finches, all the feathered songsters, and some that were not singers, lent their voices to the chorus. To the joyous caroling of the birds was added the cackling of fowls in barnyards, the deep-throated bellowing of cattle in pastures, and the shrill neighing tenor of horses in the stables. The symphony was punctuated by the sharp, staccato yelps and the deep, baying rumbles of the farm dogs. The valley was awake.

It was a harmony as familiar to John Newlands as his fifty years of life, but, like the man, it never grew old, never failed to awaken a responsive chord in his being as he heard it. It was as much a part of his life as the morning call of his wife:

"John! Oh, John! Get up! Breakfast's ready!"

On this particular morning the two calls were simultaneous, and with a cheery "All right, Mary; I'll be right down," the man leaped from bed and stretched himself luxuriously, his entire being pregnant with the utmost joy of life.

It was the rule of John Newlands' life never to fail to kiss his wife the first thing every morning, never to fail to greet his family with a smile and a cheery morning salutation. There were no exceptions to the rule; it was inviolable. He found that it was the one means, as he put it, "Of starting the day right and of driving away any cases of grouch that might have been acquired during the night." The result was a well-ordered household, a family that loved and respected him and each other, and an habitual peace of mind. He was a man who never had much to say, who was content to jog along in a quiet way, whose wife and family were his joy and comfort, and whose redeeming and solacing vice was an old corncob pipe.

When John stepped into the dining room the mother was pouring the coffee, but she stopped her morning labors, leaving a cup half filled, and lifted up her face to his with a light in her eyes that twenty years of married life had served to increase rather than diminish. The man kissed her tenderly and smiled when she broke off a sprig of lilac from a bouquet on the table and placed it in his buttonhole. A boy and a girl sat on opposite sides of the table, a girl of ten and a boy of twenty. The father kissed the girl, greeted the boy with a slap on the shoulder, and seated himself at the table. His act was the signal for the others to bow their heads, and in a few well-chosen sentences the man asked God's blessing upon the little flock.

* * *

"Daddy," the little girl ejaculated, when the first pangs of her hunger had been appeased, "what do you think? Jack wants to go to the city."

The brother flashed her a warning glance, but it was too late, the secret was out. For just a moment a spasm of pain crossed the mother's face, but the next instant she smiled cheerily at her husband. The latter stirred his coffee reflectively.

"I was just about Jack's age," he observed thoughtfully, "when I conceived the same idea, and I went"—he smiled reminiscently—"but I found, after the glamor had worn off, that the country wasn't so bad, after all. In fact, it possessed a charm"—he glanced quizzically at the mother and was rewarded by a pink flush which stole over her cheeks—"that I couldn't resist and I came back to the old home. I have never been sorry that I did so." Husband and wife looked at each other in a way that told plainly that love's old, old story had never grown old to them.

"I suppose it is the natural desire of youth to explore the unknown," the father continued, "and I don't know but what it is the best thing after all. It leads to solidity later in life."

"Then I may go?" the boy asked eagerly, so eagerly that a momentary look of pain appeared in the man's eyes, but he answered quietly: "We'll talk about that later on."

"I don't want Jackie to go," the sister demurred. "I want him to stay at home with me."

"But think, Sis, of all the picture postcards I would send you," Jack replied gayly.

For a moment the girl considered the bribe, then she replied:

"That would be nice, but I'd rather have my brother than all the old postcards in the world."

A glad gleam lighted up the boy's eyes, but they instantly sobered. His voice was thoughtful as he replied:

"I hope that I'll never do anything to change that opinion of yours, Snookums, but some day you'll forget all about me in the contemplation of somebody else's brother." The girl blushed.

"Jack," the mother's sweet voice reproved, "you should not talk that way to Nellie. She's too young. Why, to hear you two children talk makes me feel like an old woman."

Jack folded his napkin and stepping up behind his mother, playfully rumpled her hair.

"No, no, Mummsy, dear," he crooned softly, "you're one woman who will never grow old."

There were tears of happiness in the mother's eyes as she drew his head down and tenderly kissed him. Momentarily embarrassed by his emotion, the boy turned to his father, and asked gruffly:

"What's on today, Dad?"

"I thought we'd better prune the trees," was the quiet reply. "That old apple tree down by the barn needs attention, or we'll not get her usual crop of fruit."

"I thought Jake was going to prune today," the mother observed.

"No, he's plowing. It will do Jack and me good to get the stiffness out of our joints. Come, son." Arm in arm, the two men left the room.

II

Jack leaned back in his armchair and stretched his long legs up on the veranda railing. His father smiled at the picture of indolent content the boy presented, and after filling his old corncob pipe, sat down in a chair beside the latter.

"Rest is joy when your work's well done," the father remarked, puffing contentedly on his pipe, "so if you'd always enjoy your rest, son, pitch into the work you may have on hand and you'll always find a sweet satisfaction in the relaxation that follows."

"This is good, Dad," Jack replied. "Somehow these evenings here on the old back porch are the best part of the day."

"Kind of makes you forget your hankering for the city, eh?" There was an underlying note of eagerness in the query.

"Yes," the son sat up. "It does. But," he added quickly, "that is the response of the selfish side of me—the side that would sacrifice responsibility for bodily comfort. The other side, though, bids me to be up and doing; to, as it were, get busy."

The older man sighed.

"I'm glad," the boy continued, "that I've will power enough to conquer my indolent wishes, and that it is my one desire to do something."

"I'm glad, also," the father said slowly, laying his hand affectionately on the boy's leg, "but it's going to be hard to lose you, son, nevertheless."

There was a suspicious quiver to the boy's chin and a huskiness to his voice as he replied:

"I know, Dad, I know."

* * *

For a long time neither spoke, each being busy with his own reflections. It was the boy who broke the silence.

"Think, Dad, of what the city offers me. The chance for advancement, the opportunity to meet people, the battles to be fought—all these call to me, and my blood is stirring for the fray. It's in me, Dad, this lust for achievement, and it can only be satisfied among the great concourse where everyone is fighting for the same thing and the spoils of victory fall only to the able. Dad, the city calls me and I must go; it is my right."

As the boy talked persuasively, eloquently, of the city's charm for him, the old man looked out over the fertile farm—the farm that had yielded him a rich largess, sent his boy to college, and brought both to him and the mother a peacefulness and happiness that they could have found nowhere else. The heart of the man told him that it was the place, also, for his boy, but he was too just to forbid the latter his right to lay out his own life in his own way. Counsel, guide and aid him he might, but he could not forbid him his manhood's right. When the boy finished talking, winding up with the query, "You'll let me go, Dad, won't you?" the father idly stroked his wrinkled chin, then said:

"All right, son; you win."

III

The law firm of Jenkins, Reynolds & Jenkins was noted for its wealth, its power, and the brilliance of its legal lights.

To have the array of talent for which the firm stood arrayed against one in a legal suit meant almost sure defeat. For this reason, the clients, whom the law firm represented, were the largest business houses, the most powerful corporations, and the richest individuals in the city. It was with this firm that Jack Newlands elected to read law.

The first two years of his stay with them were uneventful. He read much law, and acquired a workable knowledge of legal phraseology and business from the many briefs, reports, etc., which it was his duty to transcribe. During his third year, besides continuing his studies, he was detailed as a private investigator for the firm. It was his especial duty to find witnesses, settle claims and do detective work in the interest of the law firm's clients. Jack saw all kinds of life and all sides of it, and he fast lost his unsophistication, but never parted with his inherent cleanliness and fairness of view. The boy reveled in the excitement, the glamor, the unceasing change of occupation at first, but he soon learned to read beneath the surface, and then the artificiality palled. Not that he considered the entire city, or the whole mass of people in it artificial, he was too level-headed to judge the individual by the mass, but the great, selfish struggle for self-advancement sickened him and left a bad taste in his mouth. It was absolutely different from the fresh atmosphere in which he had been raised.

The fourth year of his apprenticeship to the law, the year in which he was to be admitted to the bar, found the law firm engaged in a serious and difficult piece of litigation over a certain piece of property that was very necessary to the extension of one of their client's businesses. The property in question was owned by a widow, and was the home of the latter and her daughter, a girl of nineteen. Jack was sent to visit the obdurate woman and try to effect a settlement. Far from the opinionated, pompous woman he had been led to believe he would see, Jack found the widow to be a refined, middle-aged gentlewoman. His expectations of being rudely repulsed received a severe jolt.

* * *

The widow courteously invited him in, seated him in the most comfortable chair in her neat parlor, and with a few well-chosen words put him at his ease. It was not so much his errand that embarrassed Jack, however, as it was the striking beauty of the girl whom the widow had introduced as her daughter.

"As you are aware, Mrs. Washburne," Jack began, "the Interboro Transit Company is very desirous of extending its line and opening up the country to the north of you. Unfortunately for its plans, your property lies directly across the end of this street, and it is impossible for the railway company to extend its line, except by going a very roundabout way, and open up the street to the proposed new addition unless they go thru your property. For this reason, I have been delegated to offer you a very handsome price for your property, or a less amount, but still a munificent offer, for that section of it which is the terminus of this street, providing you are willing to sell a strip the same width as the street."

"And if I am not willing to sell?" the widow interrupted him.

"Then we have no other recourse than to have the city condemn the property for necessary street improvements. I hope, however, that you will be public-spirited enough not to force us to this course, because you must realize the advantage of adding the proposed new addition to the city."

For half an hour Jack talked persuasively and logically of the benefit of the proposed improvements, all of which time the two women were attentive listeners. When he had concluded, the widow abruptly ejaculated:

"Your argument is very well thought out, Mr. Newlands, but have you a father?"

Jack was too nonplussed at the moment to answer readily, but when he recovered from his astonishment at the form of the question he emphatically answered:

"Have I? The best Dad in the world!"

The widow nodded her head approvingly, and turning to the girl who had sat silent during the controversy, said:

"Show Mr. Newlands our reason for refusing to sell, Viola."

Viola nodded and escorted the young lawyer through the house and out into the back yard. Back yard, however, is a misnomer, for the yard into which the girl led the bewildered young man was a veritable paradise of roses. There were roses everywhere. Climbing roses, wild roses, American beauties, and every variety, almost, of bush roses. Jack stopped at the edge of the garden in astonishment. When he had grasped the beauty of the scene before him, he turned to the girl and caught her watching him. Her interception of his glance caused a warm flush to mount her cheeks, and Jack mentally vowed that of all the roses in the garden those which bloomed on her cheeks were the most beautiful. The girl instantly recovered her composure and said simply:

"They are beautiful, are they not?"

"Yes" was Jack's quick reply, glancing shyly at her, "they are. No wonder your mother does not care to sell."

Viola caught his side glance and laughed merrily, then instantly sobered.

"Even their beauty," she said softly, "much as we love them, would not keep us from disposing of the place, or keep us from getting away from this eternal bickering and squabbling over the property. You are the fifth man who has been sent to see us this week. The real reason for our attitude is imbedded deeper in the ground of our hearts than these roses are in the soil from which they spring. Come."

* * *

Like some sprite of the garden thru which she led him, the girl tripped daintily ahead, carefully parting the rose stems, which in some places made progress difficult and obscured the path. Finally, a little distance ahead of them Jack saw a high mound of earth, about ten feet square, and protected by a low iron fence. Roses bloomed about its entire base. When they reached it, the girl mounted a short flight of concrete stairs and opening the iron gate, motioned for him to enter. He did as requested. In the center of the plot was another mound, at the head of which was a granite shaft. The granite shaft was lettered and the young man read thereon:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY
of
RICHARD A. WASHBURNE
HUSBAND AND FATHER

One winter's day, the first of snow,
He went the way that we all must go,
And his spirit soared to the realms above
On the wings of a simple-hearted love.
And we know, that when we cross the bar
We'll find him there by the gates ajar,
And he'll say, in a voice from deep within,
"Hello, folks. Come in."

There were tears in the girl's eyes when Jack turned to her.

"Now you know," she said brokenly, "why it is impossible for us to sell. This grave is directly in the center of the proposed street."

"I see," Jack said gravely. Then, "Believe me, Miss Washburne, I did not know, or they would have had to send someone else on this errand."

The girl impulsively held out her hand, and her eyes were bright as she said:

"I knew you were the right sort, and so did mother, or she would never have sent you out here to see this treasure of ours."

Jack bowed and reverently removed his hat.

"It was father," the girl continued, "who planted these roses, laid out this garden, and it was his last wish that he be buried here among the flowers he loved. It was the least we could do, and now they would make us undo our labor of love. It's sacrilege!" She broke down. Jack longed to comfort her, but for once in his life was at a loss for the right words. He pursued the best course and kept still.

When she had recovered from her grief she defiantly asked:

"Is there no way that this—this sacrifice can be avoided?"

"I'm afraid not," Jack said, "the Interboro will not stop for sentimental reasons, and they are determined to get their right of way." Then he added impulsively, "If there's a way, tho, I'll find it and save this spot for you. Will you trust me?"

* * *

The girl's sole reply was to extend her hand. Jack took it in his and, as he did so, a great sympathy for the fatherless girl welled in his heart, and he resolved to find some way to help her.

The two went silently back to the house and into the parlor where the widow and mother sat gazing abstractedly out of the window, watching the laborers employed by the street-car company, who were tearing up the street a few blocks below the house. Jack sensed her thoughts and impulsively laid his hand upon her shoulder.

"Don't worry, little mother," he said softly, "I understand and I'll find a way to get around your difficulties."

The widow rose impulsively, and before the astonished boy sensed her purpose, kissed him lightly upon the cheek.

"God bless you," she said. "I've been praying for some way out, and I believe you're the answer."

Jack returned to the office in no uncertain frame of mind. He immediately went to the private office of the senior partner to whom he recounted his experience. The latter listened carefully to his report, then quizzically asked:

"So the black eyes of the widow's daughter captured you, eh?"

Jack flushed indignantly.

"You surely cannot intend to aid in this matter any further," he gasped.

The lawyer laughed.

"When you are as old as I am, you will learn not to let sentiment interfere with business, my son," he said kindly.

"This is more than sentiment," Jack observed warmly. "It is justice."

The old man stared at him questioningly.

"If you insist on carrying out this matter," Jack continued, "it is only fair that I tell you that I will not be a party to it. In fact, I shall do all that I can to thwart you."

The old lawyer angrily arose and towered over the determined boy.

"What is this, blackmail?" he asked icily.

There was an angry gleam in Jack's eyes, but he kept his temper.

" 'A rose by any other name would smell as sweet,' " was his sententious reply.

"You're fired," the old lawyer snapped irascibly at him. "Fired! There is no place in this office for an ingrate. You belong back on the farm with the pigs and the chickens and the other animals. Get out of here!"

IV

The next few days were busy days for Jack. The Interboro Company, thru the city, set about instituting condemnation proceedings against the desired property, and the case was set for hearing one month from the day on which Jack paid his memorable visit to the rose garden.

The widow's attorney was a venerable gentleman of the old school, and he welcomed the ardor and youth that the latter instilled into the case; for Jack, tho not yet admitted to the bar, was a worthy aid in helping the elder man to find some means of thwarting the railroad's plans.

Jack found it necessary to pay frequent visits to the home of the widow, and Viola and he were thrown much together in their search for some hidden clause of legal lore that would frustrate the railroad's design.

It was on the day before that in which the trial was to be held that Jack excitedly laid an old musty copy of an ancient code of the state's laws upon the old attorney's desk and pointed, with a shaking forefinger, to a paragraph. The old attorney read the paragraph, then put on his glasses and read it again. The next moment he rose and, after carefully wiping his spectacles with an old bandana handkerchief, solemnly took Jack by the hand. In a voice that quivered, notwithstanding his efforts to speak casually, he said:

"You've saved the day, son; run along and tell the girl."

Jack needed no second bidding, but, grabbing his hat and the old statute book in almost the same fraction of time, dashed out of the office. He found Viola alone in the rose garden. Without a word, he opened the book, marked the paragraph, and handed it to her. The girl read:

> In the matter of condemnation proceedings, heretofore referred to, nothing in this statute is to be considered as giving or bestowing on any city or municipality the right or authority to condemn for any purpose whatsoever any property that may be used as a cemetery or other place of interring the dead.

Illuminated with happiness, the girl's star-eyes gazed into Jack's excited ones. The boy saw that in her eyes for which he longed, and he extended his arms—open; the next moment the girl was sobbing happily upon his shoulder. It was some time later that the two sought out the widow. They found her in her usual place of late, the sitting-room window, watching the laborers, who were now at work directly in front of the cottage, confident that it was only the matter of a few days until they could continue thru the disputed property.

"Well, mother," was Jack's greeting, "I've won my first case."

The widow looked up startled, and it was only her rare intuition which enabled her to sense the situation from the two excited children who, both talking at the same time, explained Jack's discovery.

When the widow had tearfully thanked him, Jack said:

"While I accepted no retainer in this case, I'm going to ask a big fee, nevertheless."

The widow, not understanding, stared at him with visible embarrassment; Viola blushed.

"Viola," Jack continued, "has agreed to be that fee."

A glad smile illuminated the widow's face and she softly said:

"My only wish for you two is that your life together may be as happy as mine was with Viola's father."

* * *

The air was again redolent with the varied fragrances of spring. A man, woman, and little girl sat on the old back porch of a country farmhouse. Three years had made little change in the Newlands family. The father was, if anything, more courtly; the mother, sweeter and gentler, and it was only in the girl that any change was noticed—she had grown and was more fully developed.

It was Sunday afternoon and the family was enjoying the peaceful serenity of the day when a neighbor stopped his automobile in front of the house, and waved a packet of mail at the little group. Nellie went out and got it.

"Tell your paw," the neighbor said, "that I was down to the postoffice, and, seeing this mail in his box, thought he might like to have it, so I brought it along."

Nellie thanked him, returned to the porch, and handed the mail to her father. There were five letters: one in Jack's handwriting, one bearing the business card of the law firm for which he had formerly worked, and three from local tradesmen. Newlands opened the lawyer's letter first. It read:

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS,
February 12, 1916.

MR. JOHN NEWLANDS,
Silver Creek, Illinois.

Dear Sir,—

This is to inform you that our hopes in your son have been sadly misplaced; he was too smart for us. A few weeks ago we were forced to discharge him for insubordination and going over to the side of an opponent. We judged him at that time to be lacking in business ethics and appreciation. The young jackanapes threatened to beat us, and as the enclosed clippings will show, he did it.

We fear, tho, that his actions were not so much due to his conscience as they were to the snapping black eyes and artful ways of a certain black-haired daughter of Eve. You, however, are the best judge of that side of the matter.

While we could not again consider his entering our employ—he is too smart for a subordinate—we offer him, thru you, one more chance. Our Mr. Jenkins is about to retire, and, when your son passes the bar examination, we will be pleased to reinstate him in our office as a junior partner. Kindly extend this offer to him for us.

Very truly yours,
JENKINS, REYNOLDS & JENKINS.

P. S. We are forced to admit that, after all, a little heart and sentiment does sometimes pay in business. Your son will understand this allusion when he reads this letter.

Jack's letter was a notice of his impending marriage, and wound up with the statement that he would be at home the next day and that Viola and her mother would accompany him. When he had read the letters, the father silently handed them to the mother, and, as she read them, he busily polished and repolished his glasses. The mother read both the letters and the clippings twice, handed them to the girl, and then, stealing up behind the old man's chair, tenderly laid her hand upon his head.

It was several minutes before either spoke. Each finding, in his own thoughts and in the knowledge of the sympathy between them, sufficient companionship for the moment. It was the mother who broke the silence:

"I always knew," she said softly, "that my boy would be as honorable and as good a man as his Dad."

In reply, the father drew her head down and tenderly kissed her.

It was the girl, tho, who voiced the problem they were all considering.

"I wonder," Nellie said, "if I shall like Viola as a sister?"

There is nothing so charming as the knowledge of literature; of that branch of literature, I mean, which enables us to discover the infinity of things, the immensity of nature, the heavens, the earth, and the seas; this is that branch which has taught us religion, moderation, magnanimity, and that has rescued the soul from obscurity; to make her see all things above and below, first and last, and between both; it is this that furnishes us wherewith to live well and happily, and guides us to pass our lives without displeasure and without offence. —*Cicero.*

COMMODORE THOMAS MACDONOUGH

Under whose command the American fleet was victorious at the Battle of Plattsburg. Macdonough was a native of Delaware and enlisted in the naval service as midshipman. He was with Commodore Decatur in the war with Tripoli. In 1813 he was made master commandant and was sent to Lake Champlain to command the flotilla designed to defend the lake. Altho impaired in health at the close of the war, he continued in the naval service and died at sea in 1825

The Days at Plattsburg

by Morris Lombard

SAILING across Lake Champlain into Plattsburg, a scene fraught with historic interest met my eyes. In the distance were the Green Mountains, luminous in the morning sunlight, recalling the heroic deeds of the Green Mountain boys in the Revolution. In this very harbor Macdonough's gallant fight in 1814 made history. Here on the parade ground plateau before me, soldiers of the later wars had been trained for service. On the hike to Plattsburg were a number of bright young men, loaded with valises, eager to shoulder their guns on the parade ground, where some of them had worked before in the days when "preparedness" was classed by many more as a joke than a real purpose.

The first glimpse of the Plattsburg barracks of 1917 indicated the reality of war. The parade ground was dotted with squads of men in khaki, eager and earnest at their work at an early morning hour, for it is real work at Plattsburg. Arising at five-thirty, on duty at seven, there is no cessation from drilling and marches until after high noon. Regular old-fashioned farm hours—chore time and all.

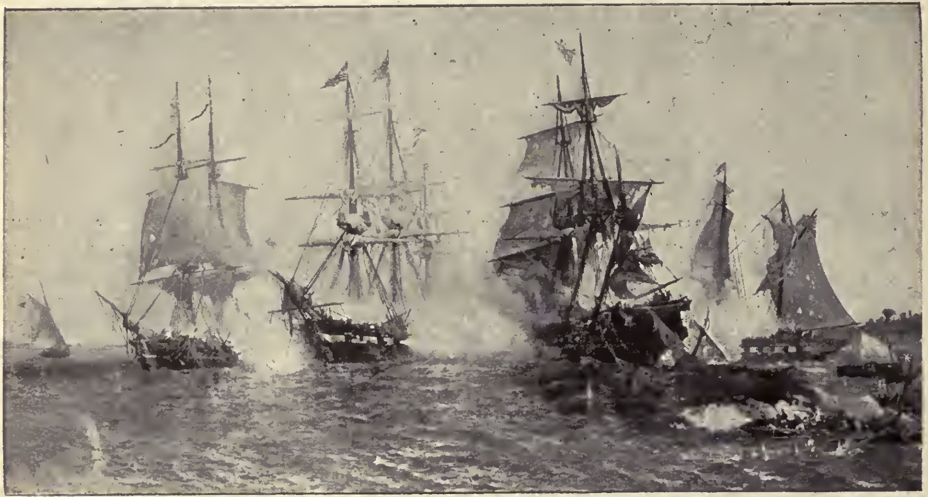
The city itself fairly throbbed with the military spirit. Every shop and store was ablaze with the military offering from wrist-watches to "carpets." At the boarding houses were many of the wives, sisters and relatives of the rookies (somehow that word "rookies" doesn't fit now), ready with their sympathy and help in the race for a commission. The Witherill and all the hotels were thronged with guests, who walked, talked, and slept with a military air. A few minutes' ride on the street car brings the visitor to the various entrances to the barracks. The long row of brick buildings for the officers surrounds the parade ground, with the view overlooking Lake Champlain.

As I looked into one large mess hall, simply furnished, there was an appetizing odor of dinner in the air. On little thin-legged stools dined many young men who had been accustomed to lobster palaces in New York—and some of them the stools in banks and business houses. The first thing that impressed me was the character of the men. They wore their uniforms like real veterans, even the brightness and freshness of equipment did not suggest the novice or raw recruit. On the parade grounds, the troops went thru exercise drills, stripped of coats and hats in the drizzling rain, watching the regular

LAKE CHAMPLAIN

arm troopers in charge as if their lives depended upon it. The rigor of the exercises told on some men, slightly bald (evidence of long service in the office), but every act reflected a grim earnestness that was inspiring. There was an interesting caper in saber drill, where they pranced around, fanning the air and advancing like Indians on a skirmish line. Some of the boys had dummies for practice; pasted thereon were pictures of the Kaiser, von Tirpitz, and others, to make the work more realistic. Some of them had to use mops and broomsticks well padded, because there were not enough guns just then. With these weapons they can thrust at one another in the fencing bouts without damage other than a black eye and a sudden loss of wind.

In the long khaki overcoats, they start early on the long marches, and the swish and tramp of the troops, without drum or fife, indicate that this training is a practical proposition—the real thing, without any of the flash associated with military array of militia days. In the marches, some had to drop out, but in the faces of these men—and I watched them as they went by—I could see a determination I never noticed before in a body of men. The physiognomy of the young American of today runs to "square jaws," not protruding, just firm, for the clothing poster men and shirt advertisers have not been far amiss in their conception. But it all looks different when the young man is in United States uniform. The uniform seems to make the young man seem more heroic and more useful to his country, and yet the training in khaki is preparing these young men for greater work when they return and don again the raiment of the civilian with the satisfaction of having earned the distinction of citizenship.

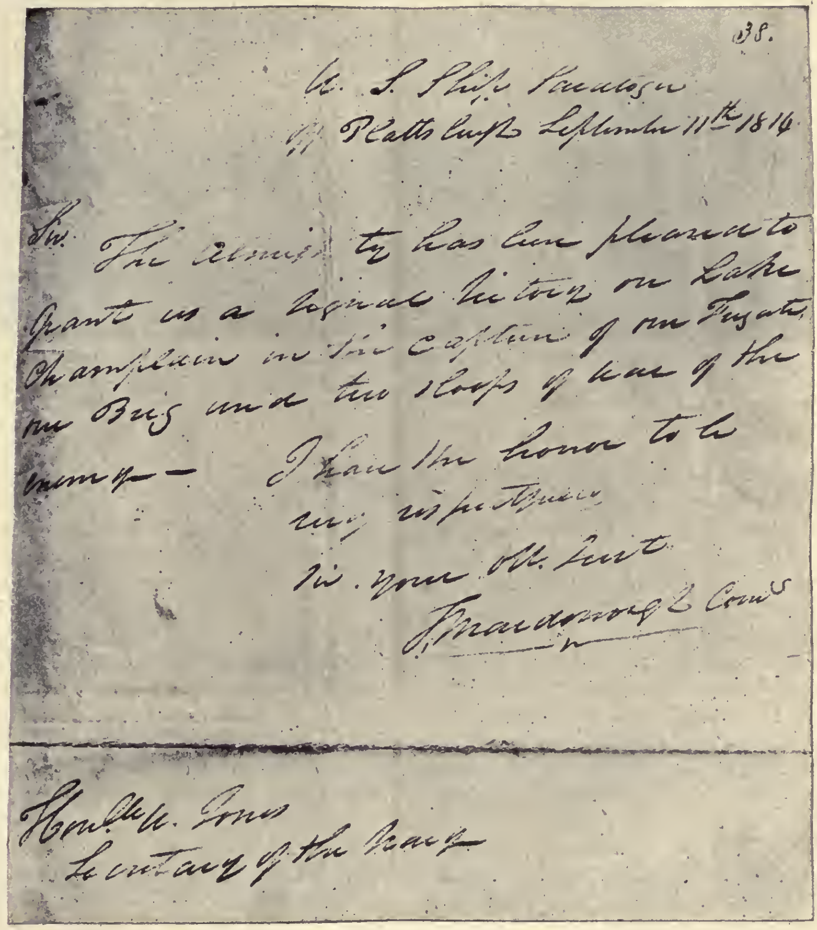

SCENE AT THE NAVAL BATTLE ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN IN 1814

There was a clatter of saw and hammer, preparing new wooden barracks for the men who are yet to come. In the barracks are two rows of bunks where the little personal belongings indicated that the soldier boys were not altogether weaned from their homes.

Around these barracks are benches with galvanized buckets and wash basins, and other indications of providing for the temporary convenience of the men. To wash and shave with cold water in the cold breeze from Lake Champlain is an experience, but it must be remembered that each one of the boys here is a candidate for shoulder straps, and they realize they are not at Plattsburg for picnic purposes. A printed schedule tells what every man shall be doing exactly at the same time and same minute of every day of the week and every week of the month. There is reveille at 5:30, mess call at 6:00, and on duty at

7 o'clock. The boys await their rifles and arms just as they would have looked for Christmas presents, and when they finally secure their uniforms and armaments, off to the picture gallery on the grounds to send a photograph home.

At the head of the building was the post-office, and how the boys rush there to get the mail after arduous hours of drill and work. Lessons and examinations furnish a sharp contrast to the work at drill, indicating that the life at Plattsburg is not all physical—these young men who are to have commissions must know and do everything required of a soldier in the ranks. As I talked with a little trooper of the Second Cavalry, with a yellow band about his hat, I could see that he appreciated his distinction as a regular army man. You can tell by looking at a man whether he is an officer or a private. The details of uniform are exacting, and young men accustomed to just going down to the haberdasher and buying anything that happened to be stylish or as fancy prompted were now compelled to wear just what all of his rank wore. Even if these men never go to war, the three months at Plattsburg is worth much in the general training received. While it would seem at times as if this work absorbed the energies and activities of thousands of young men uselessly, yet looking at ultimate results, they are laying a foundation of physical strength that will serve them for all the years to come, no matter what their occupation



38.

U. S. Ship Saratoga
off Plattsburgh September 11th 1814

Sir, The Almighty has been pleased to grant us a signal victory on Lake Champlain in the capture of one Frigate, one Brig and two sloops of war of the enemy — I have the honor to be very respectfully Sir. your Ob. Servt

T. Macdonough Comdr

Honble W. Jones
Secretary of the Navy

MACDONOUGH'S ANNOUNCEMENT OF VICTORY

may be: The history of nations indicates that when vigorous Spartan military training is neglected and given up for the pursuits of pleasure, decadence sets in. It makes them more like real men and eliminates empty-pated "dudeism." In the corral where the cavalry horses are kept, I saw young men, formerly chief "twinkle toes" at the tango parlor, busily currying horses. The horses were well curried, too.

There are few idle moments for the boys; there's always something to do or somewhere to go. In the last three weeks of the three months' course come the maneuvers, the supreme physical test. During the hot weather the long marches are in full swing, and then comes the last work on physical fitness. All these men are training to be officers, and each one is subjected to the same rigorous fundamental drill and training of privates in the regular army. They have not only to know how to do things and issue orders, but have actually to do them. It is all included in the curriculum.

ON THESE WATERS WAS DECIDED THE FATE OF A STRUGGLING NATION

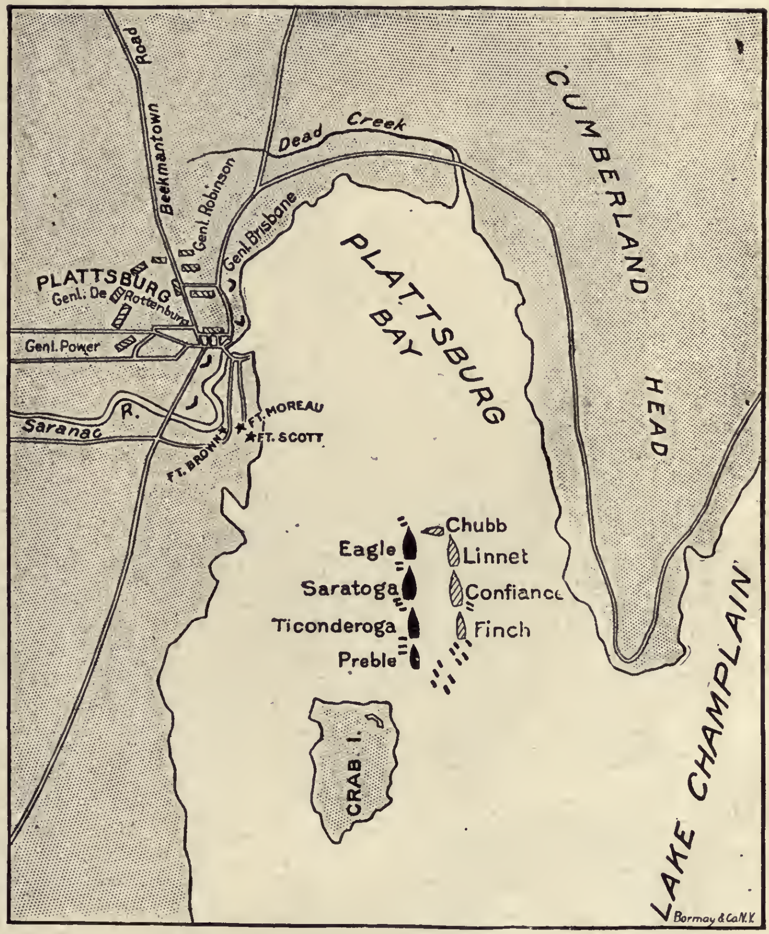
Today no heavy-armed war craft plow the waters of Lake Champlain, but near the shores are the training camps of the reserve officers—American citizens who have left home and business to help defend their native land

The Plattsburg idea was inaugurated none too soon. It's conception is due to the energy and foresight of General Leonard Wood. Now training camps are springing up all over the country modeled after the one at Plattsburg. General Wood, now in the Southwestern Department, has some fifteen training camps in his district.

In the Y. M. C. A. building, temporarily constructed of wood, General J. Franklin Bell gave a series of addresses that were of absorbing interest to the commission-seekers. The officers and instructors, in going over the thousands of examination papers, find their time even more absorbed than that of the rookies, and many look forward to field service as a rest. Colonel Paul S. Wolf is commander of the training camp, and Captain Baer the busy adjutant. The waiting rooms of the commanding officer's quarters are always filled with visitors.

Memorial Day was a carnival of sports. Cadets from different states organized, and the rivalry between New England and New York was expressed in a real baseball contest, indicating that there were days when the old life would be remembered in the ranks. The New York boys recalled that they had "with us today" Harry McCormick, the famous pinch-hitter of the Giants, and New England remembered that they had "Dave" Henry and M. M. De Vitalis, both crack pitchers of Brown, and George Abbott, captain-elect of next year's Harvard team. These names indicate the personnel of the Plattsburg camp.

You may not know "who's who" for a time, because in the ranks or on the parade ground all men look pretty much alike, but it was refreshing for some of the clerks to find themselves bunking with the executives who had commanded their appearance with buzzers in business offices. As one newspaper correspondent has written: "Plattsburg is praised by all who are there, and damned by all the young men who tried to enter and failed." They are all enlisted for three months, and are called candidates. These candidates change from day to day, for there are constant withdrawals, voluntary and involuntary.


Road
Beekmantown
Dead Creek
Genl. Robinson
Genl. Brisbane
PLATTSBURG
Genl. De Rottenburg
Genl. Power
Saranac R.
FT. BROWN
FT. MOREAU
FT. SCOTT
CUMBERLAND HEAD
PLATTSBURG BAY
Chubb
Eagle
Linnet
Saratoga
Confiance
Ticonderoga
Finch
Preble
CRAB I.
LAKE CHAMPLAIN
Bormay & Co. N.Y.

AT THE BATTLE OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN

* * *

Thru the training camp, Uncle Sam expects to secure eighteen thousand trained officers to be ready for the first army of conscription. The rules of the camp are exacting from the first day to the last. Every man is compelled to wear his uniform, and no man in a uniform may be sold any liquor, or be seen in a saloon, or even buy cigarettes in a saloon. As the boys remarked: "This is the tee-total existence for us."

There is an air of seriousness about the boys—no skylarking or fooling. The gravity of the situation gives them a more settled and serious air than college boys out for a lark. The candidates realize that in three months, thirty per cent of them will be in active service and have all the responsibilities of a commissioned officer. Tradition says that the one man in the camp who asked to go home was one who had served in the trenches in France.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ALEXANDER MACOMB

Who commanded fifteen hundred militiamen at the Battle of Plattsburg, in which he was victorious. General Macomb was born in Detroit, Michigan; entered the army at the age of seventeen, and rose thru various offices to the rank of brigadier-general in 1814, in command of the northern frontier on Lake Champlain. For his victory at Plattsburg he was made major-general and awarded a medal. In 1835 he became commander-in-chief of the army, and served for a time in the Florida War

He told the Colonel he wanted to leave because the work at Plattsburg was too heavy for him; he wanted to go back to the front for a rest.

The Plattsburg experiment has justified General Wood's campaign for preparedness. Years ago he insisted that this country should have at least ten military schools with the capacity of West Point, and that universal service was the only solution to the military problem. The Plattsburg Training Camp as a project was first inaugurated and supported as a private enterprise. Messrs. White, Weld & Company of New York financed the venture, but since it has proved a success, now it is governmental to the last degree.

In one of the camps I saw the American soldier's book of equipment and uniform. All the other nations in the world contributed suggestions to make the American kit better and lighter than any other. The first camp two years ago was in tents a half mile south of the post and the camp last year was in tents, but this year they are living in the long, wooden barracks that gives the post a look of permanence.

* * *

During June come the hikes on the ranges, but the conferences and quizzes on the pages of the textbooks are the work which the troopers seem to take to most readily. Evenings are real study hours, for there are certain paragraphs laid out for the day's "stunt," and there is no fluking on these lessons. The whole camp tingles with the spirit of rivalry, for each individual realizes that every moment counts. The students who don't win commissions as reserve officers will be used by the government in whatever grade their ability may suggest. Some of the officers may be placed in charge of other camps conducted on the Plattsburg plan in various parts of the country.

In spite of discomforts and lack of conveniences during the chilly spring months, very few of the candidates had colds. In drizzling rain, bare-headed was a common experience—but no colds—while the newspaper correspondents in comfortable hotels were coughing and literally "sneezing their heads off."

* * *

A view from the Plattsburg camp reveals the snow-topped ridge of Camel's Hump across the lake. To the west are the Adirondacks, majestic in the splendor of Nature's beauty undefiled. When the second period of five weeks began, the men were divided into three branches of service, and the pace of strenuosity was increased, for, as the time approaches for the army to actually leave for France, the fever of earnestness quickens with the anticipation, "When will it be my turn to go?" The difference between the soldier boys trained in the chorus for a show, and those whose feet touch the real ground is indicated at Plattsburg, revealing how essential is real military training as a fundamental preparation for almost any activity in life. While there is not the glamor of paper cap and wooden sword among the children of today, every boy in these times will soon become as familiar with military tactics and drill as with the popular slang. When the future Plattsburg camps are mustered in, they will find the boys not quite as awkward as on these first days in 1917, when they walked about wondering just what to do, why they were there, and where to put their feet.

Nothing short of West Point standards is going to satisfy the rookies of today. After visiting Plattsburg one never pokes fun at the "rookies." The name may have originated as a sort of a joke, but the seriousness of the work this year makes one feel impelled to salute every man who is there, with all the respect and honor due a "real" soldier. These men, grimly pledged to defend their ideals of civilization, are not inclined to barbarism; are not bloodthirsty. They have more the spirit of the Crusader—to protect and defend rather than to conquer and destroy.

The Committee on Public Information

by Arthur Beckerstaff

IN the classic aisles of the library of the Navy Department, with an entrance thru room 476, the Committee on Public Information of the United States was first housed. The great library tables, covered with "copy" and typewriters in alcoves among the books, made a scene like a morning newspaper office. The atmosphere was one of earnest activity. At his own large table, with a mass of correspondence before him, the chairman, George Creel, began work as he had never worked before in the busiest of his editorial days—in Kansas City or Denver. The work very rapidly outgrew the library, and headquarters have been established in an old residence at No. 10 Jackson Place, to which, under the necessity of having more room, the adjoining house—No. 8—has now been added.

Recognized as one of the most forceful writers of the country, Mr. Creel, first of all, has a keen instinct for "news," and knows how to differentiate between information that will interfere with the movements of the army and navy and what people ought to know to be able to judge as to whether public officials are doing their duty wisely and intelligently. At no time did Mr. Creel contemplate a department of censorship in the real sense of the word, but rather to give out news that should be published, as well as to indicate what should not be published. The response from newspapers and periodicals in compliance with governmental requests has been most gratifying, and Mr. Creel insisted from the first that there was no need to fear a drastic law that would interfere with the freedom of the press.

* * *

The story of George Creel's title to red-blooded citizenship is especially interesting at this time. Born in 1877, the privilege was his of having been reared in a village. Even in his early days he confessed to a passion for crowds, and attendance at a succession of county fairs was the lure. At eighteen he went to Kansas City, where, as a cub reporter, he early gave promise of going beyond the bounds of a reportorial career under the eagle eye of the cynical editor. His short stories indicate his strength in the use of words and terse sentences. Paradoxical as it may seem, he first began writing jokes, handing them out by the ream and sending the surplus to *Puck* and *Judge;* but, nevertheless, there is a dominant element of earnestness in George Creel. Launching a weekly newspaper called the *Independent*, his readers began to realize that the humorous editor had a strong penchant for fact and a passion for serious thought. For ten years he struggled with this newspaper and, just as he felt the balmy breezes of success, yielded his lively lance, always a-tilt, to seek a new field.

With longing eyes he looked toward Denver. Calling two employes into the office, he "gave" them his newspaper and left, with fifty dollars, to start life again in the West. He was soon in the thick of battle in Colorado state politics. With all the newspapers against him, he continued his crusade and enjoyed exhilarating experiences of a real and militant citizen of the state. Later he tried his lance in New York and began writing for magazines. Called back to Colorado, he entered the lists in strong political campaigns. Essentially an idealist, but withal practical, he was appointed Police Commissioner of the Colorado metropolis. With an "old head on young shoulders," he made a record which indicates conclusively that he knows what real war means. He was later swept out of his appointment by men who had been elected to office thru his enthusiasm and trenchant pen. He accepted the office of Police Commissioner, intending to try it for six months, determined to give his ideals of human sympathy full swing. His experience in Denver was a battle for free speech that makes it peculiarly appropriate that he should hold an office that might in other hands be unconsciously abused to curb free expressions and honest criticism. The President clearly defined that it was furthest from the intent of the Committee on Public Information to influence criticism or discussion, but that it is intended to be a real disseminator of information.

In building up projects looking to the welfare of the people, Mr. Creel championed a longer list of remedial legislative acts than legislators who have seen twice his years in public service. Seven of the twelve amendments which he proposed at the November election in Colorado were carried thru. During his fight, the announcement was made of his engagement to Blanche Bates, the California-born actress, star of "The Darling of the Gods" and "The Girl of the Golden West." She gave up her dramatic work that summer to stand side by side with her future husband in his fight. As a valiant knight of the pen, George Creel has made a career of sacrifice and devotion for his connections that inspires confidence. This is a matter of history and indicates the stature of the man who has done so much by his pen in the reelection and support of Woodrow Wilson as President.

While an ardent partisan, enjoying the distinction of having written some of the most forceful articles for the Democratic campaign of 1916, *he is, first of all, a believer in justice and fair play.* George Creel came from Missouri, and in his gleaming black eye and expressive brow are indications of a mind that thinks clearly. His eyes flash with the light of a Crusader, or soften with sympathy mellowed with an instinct for humanity and equity.

Copyright, Harris & Ewing

GEORGE CREEL

Civilian member of the National Commission of Public Information, of which Secretaries Lansing, Baker and Daniels are the other members. During the recent political campaign, the one man who seemed to know how to write about Woodrow Wilson to make people see him in the right light, was George Creel, magazine writer and publicity expert. His article, printed in the NATIONAL MAGAZINE for October, 1916, made quite a stir. Mr. Creel knows good news and effective material; best of all, he knows what not to write. His office looks like a regular newspaper sanctum—paste pots, ink well, lead pencils, yellow paper and other things that indicate the craftsmanship of well-directed publicity

At times he may have seemed a little in advance of the procession, but no one ever doubted his editorial ability. He has all ready a booklet for newspapers, giving information and a plan for handling news in such a way as to protect the common interests of the country, not interfering with giving out news or in any way disarming the "fourth estate" from the rights of honest criticism. As he says, "Give the facts and discuss them, no matter whom it hits," for he believes that this is the time for all citizens to be perfectly honest with one another.

* * *

Associated with Mr. Creel in the public information work is Secretary Daniels, also another old newspaper man, Secretary Baker, and Secretary Lansing of the Department most directly charged with the conduct of war and foreign affairs. His unswerving confidence in President Wilson's ability to deal with public matters earnestly, fearlessly and justly, made it possible for him to furnish a clear statement of the various phases of national conditions.

This responsibility may have somewhat sobered the radical of early days, but it has not taken from him the temper of steel in his pen for setting forth facts clearly and succinctly. As all other large corporations have their publicity departments and public information departments, why not the government? In later years it has been found more necessary to give real information to dispel misinformation than to try to support a proposition by any subtle propaganda. It is a straight out-and-out proposition of news, and the door of 476, the day I was there, was swinging continuously with messengers carrying appeals to this department, which must be put into words which would be clearly understood. In this capacity George Creel is at his best, and the statement of the President following is but an indication of the work of the Committee on Public Information as a clearing-house for all departments to make announcements to the public and give frequent reports and accounts of stewardship:

"I approve of this legislation, but I need not assure you and those interested in it that, whatever action the Congress may decide upon, so far as I am personally concerned, I shall not expect or permit any part of this law to apply to me or any of my official acts, or in any way to be used as a shield against criticism. I can imagine no greater disservice to the country than to establish a system of censorship that would deny to the people of a free republic like our own their indisputable right to criticise their own public officials. While exercising the great powers of the office I hold, I would regret, in a crisis like the one thru which we are now passing, to lose the benefit of patriotic and intelligent criticism."

* * *

The work of the committee has been divided into a number of divisions:

The division of news items, which employs a staff of a dozen or more men in the various departments of the government, who gather the day's news and issue it to the press in mimeographed statements.

The division of visé handles the work which is generally described as censorship. They have a force on duty during the twenty-four hours, always ready to reply by telephone to queries as to the advisability of publishing certain news items.

The division of educational and civic co-operation, which is trying to co-ordinate the patriotic efforts of our schools and universities and civic bodies. It has already issued one pamphlet, an annotated edition of the President's war message, which has received wide circulation, and has some other similar pamphlets under press.

The Official Bulletin, a division that is publishing a daily paper, which reprints the official acts of the government. It is not in any sense a newspaper, but a public record.

The division of pictures, which has to do with illustrations, posters, still photographs and moving pictures, and the division of foreign language papers.

Other work is continually coming up that will probably require the organization of a number of other divisions, so that the repressive or censoring work is only a very small part of the work. As Mr. Bullard, director of the division of foreign correspondents and foreign language publications, says: "The thing which interests us all most is the positive work of getting at the news and getting it out."

The Autobiography of J. Adam Bede

I HAVE been born twice—once and then again. The first time I was very young and inexperienced, so my parents gave me a twin brother to make merry with, and it was "fifty-fifty" with us in a co-operative creamery. We were born just before Jeff Davis started the war to free the negroes, so our childhood was in troublous times—in those unsweet days when the quality of patriotism was not strained—and that's what we lived on mostly. We breathed it, ate it, drank it, sang it, and heard little else save the promises and injunctions of Holy Writ. It was a combination of patriotism and piety which has always made me feel that in some way the flag of freedom, if not a brother, is at least a cousin to the Cross. To me, the Declaration of Independence and Constitution of the United States seemed a supplement to the Bible, and New England was another Holy Land that had known the joy and had attained the glory of sacrifice. I count it an unmeasured blessing to me that my childhood was passed in years when heartbeats seemed louder than drum-beats are today.

My brother and I looked so much alike that in diplomacy we would be called

AROUND HOME IN PINE CITY, MINNESOTA

AS REPRESENTATIVE IN 1906

WHEN I WAS SEVEN

identic notes, and it was perhaps on that account, thinking that one such was enough in the world at a time, that, like a dissolving picture, he faded from childhood to the fairy world.

As my parents had ten children, so they could keep track of us on the decimal system, and my mother was left a widow, we flew the coop early, with a kiss and a cracker, to make our way in the world. And the world still looks good to me. Among the sweetest memories are those of good mothers of mine in whose homes I lived while working my way thru school. "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

Learning the printer's trade, I soon found my way into country journalism, and then to the daily press, reporting the proceedings of the legislature, and spent several sessions of Congress in Washington as press correspondent. Later, I was a member of Congress for three terms, being paroled for good behavior, and have lived an exemplary life ever since. I have lived it down so well that it is seldom mentioned now and is no longer much of a handicap.

In 1885 I was reporting the South Dakota Constitutional Convention at Sioux Falls, when a committee suggested as a motto for the proposed new state the words, "Under God, the people rule," and a member of the convention moved to amend by striking out the word "under" and inserting the word "by." Quite a number of states have been ruled that way ever since.

In recent years I have lectured in every state in the Union and am fondly attached to every one of them. As one traverses the country from ocean to ocean, and from the lakes to the gulf, he is impressed with the oneness of our people. The humor or philosophy that reaches one community reaches all. The Shepherd that is yours is also mine. And the promise, "Lo, I am with you always," was to the whole nation, and "even unto the end of the world."

MYSELF TODAY

How Child Welfare Work Originated

by James W. Beckman

WHEN our fathers were babies there was not a single organization for the benefit of children—that is, if we have outlived our teens. In the cities the little ones suffered and suffocated in hot, stuffy tenements in summer, half-starved and almost frozen in winter, and no one ever thought of helping them until a busy New York editor's heart was touched one day by the misfortune of a little newsboy. That was forty-four years ago. The editor was George F. Williams. One hot summer day he chanced to walk thru a city park. In those days, as now, all grassy plots were decorated with the sign: "Keep off the grass," but a little barefoot boy, denied Nature's greatest gift—the green grass, air and sunshine of the country—disregarding the command, was blithely playing on the forbidden grass in the park.

When Editor Williams was not far from the boy, he heard a policeman order the little fellow off. The instant the child stepped on the burning pavements, his small bare feet were blistered, and he cried with pain.

It was a pathetic situation. Yet the policeman was not to blame. He had only done what city laws required him to do.

The tears of the barefoot boy touched the heart of this busy editor, and he thought, "Why can't something be done for these poor little children?" Then and there the idea came to him to hire a boat and take the little urchins of New York out in the country for a day, where they might play on the grass to their heart's content and breathe all the fresh, pure air of the country that their little lungs could hold.

And so he chartered a barge and all the little ones who could be rounded up were regularly taken on day trips. This was in 1872. The following summer the work was taken over by St. John's Guild, which has continued the work ever since. For several years only the stronger ones who could come of their own accord had been taken on these excursions. One day a little "newsy" was heard to say, "I wish 'mommer' and the sick babies were here." The unintentional hint was efficacious. From then on the sick ones have been cared for.

Another day the chief nurse of the New York Hospital was on board, and saw a mother feeding her baby a green cucumber. She took it from the child and gave its mother a lesson in dietetics. Ever since the Guild has employed graduate nurses to assist in the work.

* * *

Thus began the first movement of any kind for the benefit of children, a movement which has spread to all parts of the world in less than half a century. With all the welfare societies for children that exist today, it is surprising to think that it was only a little more than forty years ago that the world put into practice Christ's command to remember the little children.

The first hospital ship, called the Emma Abbott, was built by St. John's

Guild out of the hull of the old steamer River Belle. The second boat was launched May 4, 1899. It was named the Helen C. Juilliard, in honor of the donor, Mrs. Augustus D. Juilliard. This boat, which was thought to fulfill every requirement at the time it was put in commission, is surpassed in every respect by the new Helen C. Juilliard, the third ship operated by the Guild, which is in every way a modern hospital boat. It has a legal carrying capacity of twenty-four hundred, but the number has been limited to twelve hundred to provide for better service. Its electric light and steam heating plants make it available for use in winter as well as in summer.

The new boat has four wards, all situated on the front upper deck of the vessel, where there is abundant light and air. It is equipped with an operating room, irrigation room, a plant for sterilizing water, instruments and bandages, and a small mortuary in case of sudden death of any of the children. Altho many of the babies received by the Floating Hospital are at death's door, it has won a reputation for saving the lives of the little ones. It is seldom that a death has occurred on board, altho no sick baby has ever been rejected.

A ward with three beds is provided for mothers. A special convenience for both mothers and babies is an iron frame on the backs of the long benches on one of the decks, in which are swung little hammocks where babies not sick enough to go into the wards, can lie.

The ship was built and equipped at a cost of $125,000, donated by Mrs. Juilliard, who died only a short while before the new ship was completed for service. Her last hours were cheered by the fact that the new boat would soon be doing its work of relieving the sufferings of the children of the poor.

Because of the improvements on the new Helen C. Juilliard, more serious cases can be cared for than was possible on the old ship. The staff of the new boat consists of eight nurses, a superintendent, matron, and physician, with comfortable quarters for all. In the old boat there were many dark corners, but the new boat sits high in the water, with light and air everywhere. The bedrooms for mothers and children are large and convenient. These, too, are equipped with fresh water and salt water baths, hot and cold, of regulated temperature for medical baths.

* * *

Children ill enough to require treatment for several days, or a season, are taken to Seaside Hospital, which is situated on the shore at New Dorp on Staten Island, just across the Lower Bay from Sandy Hook. Here they get the air as it comes off the ocean, pure, salty, and invigorating.

The salt waves wash on two sides of the hospital. At one corner only the sidewalk and the retaining wall intervene between the hospital and the whitecaps. In front is an ideal, sandy beach, with several hundred feet of shallow water, which makes it perfectly adapted for the children to bathe in.

The hospital consists of five long wings, which give it a star shape. The sides are practically all glass. The structure itself is of steel and concrete construction, of simple and beautiful design.

All around the wings of the hospital are big screened porches which protect the babies from flies and mosquitoes. The little ones can be taken out there to enjoy the sunlight and open air without being eaten up by flies and insects. The ends of the wings are big glass-enclosed rotundas which are used as sun parlors.

The entire plan, design and detail of the hospital is modern and advanced. From operating room, dental room and laboratory, to diet kitchen, everything is arranged in a remarkably efficient manner. It is exclusively for babies of the poor, but children of the rich could not secure better accommodations. Here all the advantages of healing that Nature and science can give are bestowed upon the helpless little sufferers.

Social service workers thruout the city visit the various hospitals, milk stations, dispensaries, settlement houses, tenement houses, and various other places in search of cases they think would be benefitted by a stay at the Seaside Hospital. Then doctors and nurses go over to see the cases and examine them for signs of contagion. If none are found, the cases are accepted and brought to the hospital, where they are subjected to another more thoro examination before they are admitted.

In order to get the sick baby, the mother and any of its brothers and sisters under six years of age are also taken. This is necessary because the hospital is situated a long way from the homes of the children. The baby is cared for and put on the road to health, and the mother is taught how to take care of the children so that they will be healthier in the future. Thus the whole family is put in line for new and better things.

Seaside Hospital is under the charge of Dr. Sterling B. Ragsdale, the superintendent; Miss Dynagh W. Dolan is matron and superintendent of nurses; Miss Laura Cowell is chief day nurse. There are forty-four graduate nurses on the staff.

Dr. Harold Sanderson Martin, the house physician, is assisted by Dr. Arthur G. Quinn, first assistant, and Dr. John Marshall Lipscomb, second assistant, and Dr. Joe Haines Francis, third assistant.

The most representative people of New York are in charge of St. John's Guild. The trustees and officers are all men of prominence in their respective lines. Many are nationally famous business men, financiers, physicians, and professional men.

These men bring to the management of St. John's Guild the most efficient methods that American business has to offer. The result is a charitable organization without red tape, doing its work in a direct, efficient, businesslike manner. Necessity is the only requirement necessary to secure the help of the Guild. Quibble or useless and embarrassing questions are never indulged in.

St. John's Guild presents a wonderful system of organized charity management. Mr. Duff G. Maynard, vice-president of the Celluloid Company, is president of the Guild. For years most of the business organization, as well as the conduct of the Guild's work has been under the executive supervision of Mr. Maynard, who is largely responsible for its progress and efficiency.

William Sherer is first vice-president; Abraham Jacobi, M.D., second vice-president; John West Hornor, Jr., secretary; Isaac N. Seligman, treasurer.

The board of trustees includes such men as Carleton Montgomery, John T. Ijams, W. W. Flannagan, William Sherer, William H. Burr, Isaac N. Seligman, John D. Crimmins, Abraham Jacobi, M.D., William R. Corwine, Duff G. Maynard, Seymour L. Cromwell, Arthur Iselin, Leeds Johnson, John C. Travis, John West Hornor, Jr., Allen Wardwell, Richmond Weed, Edward Roesler, William W. Owens, Ralph W. Horne, Henry L. Des Anges and Joseph Larocque.

THE GLORY GIRL

WITH glory-eyes and glory-hair,
And face and soul both wondrous fair,
A maiden in her golden teens
A vision fair 'mid fairy scenes
Appears full oft before my eyes
To sweeten oft dear memories;
I hear her voice, with music filled,
I feel her presence, happy-willed,
Her changing mood, sunshine and shade,
Tho far away may be the maid.
I look, and from my heart I say
Unto this pensive-joyous fay,
May angels shield thee e'er from harm,
And heaven give a guiding arm,
And Life, so fair before thee now,
Be sweet as blooming apple-bough.

—*Homer Potter Branch.*

Conserving the Nation's Resources

by James Waldemar-Smith

AS an expert in conservation, Charles Lathrop Pack was quick to foresee the shortage of foodstuffs with which the nation is now threatened as a result of the war situation. His comprehensive view of national resources convinced him months ago that the situation was constantly growing more serious and that even tho the United States might not become an active participant in the great conflict, the food supply of the nation would be subjected to the severest test in history. He realized that food preparedness was as essential as armament, and to this end he organized and became president of the National Emergency Food Garden Commission.

The function of this commission is to stimulate, encourage and co-operate in the planting of food gardens in the backyards and on vacant lots and unused land in and near every city, town and village in the United States, and the conservation of these foods by canning, preserving and drying. Its announced aim was to bring about the planting and cultivation of not less than a million of these gardens, to produce, at a conservative estimate, $250,000,000 in value of foodstuffs. Its achievement has been to increase the food gardens to more than two million, and to thereby raise food valued at nearly $400,000,000, to add to the normal supply of the nation.

Associated with Mr. Pack in this important work are some of America's best known and most active economists. The members of the commission are: Luther Burbank of California; Dr. Charles W. Eliot of Massachusetts; Dr. Irving Fisher of Connecticut; John Hays Hammond of Massachusetts; Fairfax Harrison, president of the Southern Railway; Myron T. Herrick of Ohio; Dr. John Grier Hibben of New Jersey; Emerson McMillin of New York; A. W. Shaw of Illinois; Carl Vrooman, assistant secretary of Agriculture; Captain John B. White of Missouri; Hon. James Wilson, former Secretary of Agriculture; Frederick H. Goff of Ohio, and Mrs. John Dickinson Sherman of Illinois.

In organizing the commission, Mr. Pack recognized the possibilities in having close affiliation with the American Forestry Association, of which he is president. He felt that the work of stimulating increased food production would fit into the activities of the Conservation Department of the Forestry Association and enable the members of that organization to make helpful contribution to the national need. For this reason the headquarters of the association and the services of its organization were given the Garden Commission, and the work is conducted from Washington by Mr. Pack and Mr. Percival Sheldon Ridsdale, secretary of both organizations. The success of the plan has been tremendous. Two thousand newspapers thruout the country are publishing the daily planting, canning and drying lessons provided by the commission under the supervision of experts connected with the Department of Agriculture. The response of earnest gardeners has been immediate and in excess of all anticipation. That the mark of $400,000,000 will be reached and passed now seems certain. That the entry of this country into war renders this newly-created food supply a vital need emphasizes the worth of Mr. Pack's foresight.

This is merely one evidence of Mr. Pack's practical application of the principles of conservation. He has for years been widely known as an authority on economic forestry matters. He was one of the first Americans to study forestry in Germany. Soon after his return from his study and work in the Black Forest, he was retained by Jay Gould for expert advice on timber lands, and for this service he received what is believed to have been the first fee ever paid a forester in this country. The incident did much to establish Mr. Pack's international reputation as an authority on forestry.

At the famous White House Conference of Governors, called by President Roosevelt in 1908, Mr. Pack was present at the President's invitation to contribute expert counsel on conservation. This was followed by his appointment as a member of the National Conservation Commission. He was one of the organizers of the National Conservation Association, and also of the National Conservation Congress. In 1912, at the meeting held in Indianapolis, he was elected president of the congress. His administration of its affairs, culminating in the annual meeting at Washington in November, 1913, constituted an important contribution to conservation history and to constructive conservation policy.

Constructive work is Mr. Pack's central thought. He has been one of the moving spirits in the American Forestry Association for several years, and became president of the organization at the annual meeting in Boston in January, 1916. As a life member and director, he had had much to do with molding the policy of increased usefulness for the association. His first year of service as president achieved such success in constructive growth that he was re-elected in January of the current year.

Evidence of the breadth of his vision and the wideness of his scope of activity is afforded by his interest in those influences that make for equal human opportunity and the conservation of human life, as well as for the conservation of material resources. An example of his practical turn of mind in these directions was his unique gift to one of the important New England colleges for the purpose of providing an annual sum for the improvement of the quality of milk, butter and bread provided for the students.

His broad interest in the affairs of the world made him one of the early factors in the work of the World Court League,

CHARLES LATHROP PACK
President of the National Emergency Food Garden Commission of Washington and president of the American Forestry Association

which has for its purpose the establishing of a world tribunal of nations to adjust international disputes without war. In this field he has for several years been associated with such leaders as former President Taft, John Hays Hammond, and other men of international reputation. When Mr. Hammond was compelled by the condition of his health to resign the presidency of the World Court Congress a few months ago, Mr. Pack was chosen as his successor. In this field he is applying the same constructive methods that brought his success in other fields.

Mr. Pack was born May 7, 1857, in Michigan. He grew to manhood in Cleveland, Ohio, where he became a leader in the business and financial field. In colonial days the Packs, who had come from England, were a New Jersey family, and a few years ago Mr. Pack returned to that state. His home is in Lakewood.

THE COMRADES

By A. L. HARDY

WHEN you and I were young, Ben,
  Just fifty years ago,
When we gathered at the camp fire,
  In the evening's fitful glow,
And heard that on the morrow
  There'd be serious work to do,
Do you remember what you said then,
  And what I said to you?
Side by side we'd marched together
  'Neath the banner of the free,
The leaden hail of ruthless war
  Had no fears for you and me:
The whistle of the musket ball,
  The cannon's fateful roar,
Were nothing new to us, Ben,
  For we'd heard them oft before.
But you spoke of those we left behind,
  In the old town on the hill,
And we talked of those we loved, Ben,
  Till our eyes began to fill.
As memories of our boyhood
  Passed in reverent review,
We sang: "Just Before the Battle, Mother,
  I am Thinking Most of You."
And again renewed the compact
  Made when first we donned the blue,
That we'd stand and fight together, Ben,
  Till death took me or you.
I still can hear the bugle blast
  That called us from our rest,
When the sun rose in the morning
  O'er that southern mountain crest;
I still can hear the musketry,
  The deadly shrieking shell,
And I wonder how we both escaped,
  And are here today to tell
Of the maddened, surging masses
  Struggling thru that bloody fight,
Of the shot-torn flag that led us
  In that battle for the right.

The Mental Power in Selling*

YANKEE business genius, like Yankee pluck, is proverbial. The trading instinct of the early Yankee skippers who sailed to all quarters of the globe was a result of mental power. Education, mentality, were emphasized in New England ever since the landing of the Mayflower. The battle for existence and the rigors of the winters drew the people closer together. Around the firesides they not only read, but talked, and in the talking, adults and children alike developed definite mental powers and thought of things worth while—they *sold* ideas to one another. The very severity of religious views at the time concentrated attention on things worth while rather than frivolous games and amusements. The active use of the pen by early writers and educators in New England created a mental environment that blossomed into business prowess.

Generation after generation, this mentality progressed until love of adventure led the Yankee far afield. In the creation of our own Middle West and West, he was there, endowed with mental powers that usually made him a leader in the new communities. He had the foresight and vision which made the success of the Yankee a logical sequence.

Every great character in history is an example of selling power—their ideas were accepted. A sale never adds to the character of a nation or an individual, unless it gives positive benefit to both buyer and seller. The Louisiana purchase was a Napoleonic sale of momentous importance to France, as it was to the United States. France needed the money right there and then. We needed the territory. The purchase of Alaska, of the Philippines, and of the Danish West Indies are transactions accruing benefit to all concerned. William Penn *bought* Sylvania from the Indians. The price which he paid for the lands was infinitesimal in comparison to the cost of lands taken from the Indians by warfare and conquest; but tribes who were treated fairly gave us no trouble—revealing the importance of *foresight* in bargaining.

New ideals of selling have been an essential note in the new civilization. Contrasting sharply to the old ideals of conquest, they indicate conclusively that mentality means the development of the power of right selling as a tenet of business.

As I understand it, selling is nothing more than getting people in the notion of buying, of being able to convince other people that what you say is the truth—and creating enduringly favorable impressions. After the "notion" is created, the question of price, if fair and equitable, is not important. The Aladdin-like growth of the automobile industry right here in Detroit proves that prices may be maintained and even increased if the people are in the notion of buying—a tribute to the mentality represented in exploitation.

Selling from a standpoint of desirability rather than dollarability demands first a brain operation.

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*Address by the editor of the NATIONAL at the convention of the World Salesmanship Congress at Detroit, Michigan, June 10–14.

Brilliance, shrewdness and talkativeness do not always make the sale; in fact, are sometimes a handicap. The man who can sit quietly and sense what is wanted, then furnish it—that man gets the order. The successful salesman is a diagnostician, able to analyze the "notions" of people.

* * *

In meeting and mingling with many prominent men, I have observed in them some form of a highly-developed mental power that has enabled them to *feel* a situation and almost *read* the thoughts of others.

Years ago, I saw Harry Gordon Selfridge—creator of Selfridge & Company, London's great department store, demonstrate this theory behind a silk counter in Marshall Field's. His first act was like that of a lawyer gathering facts for the jury. He found out the "notion" of the juror-buyer—and sold the goods. He created the impression that the transaction was an expression of the purchaser's individuality—which it was in fact.

Years ago I met John D. Rockefeller as he was making a cruise of the Great Lakes, one of those frequent expeditions of his early and middle life, when he went about to find out what was "wanted," as well as what was needed. When they did that—the people paid for men's mental observations.

Creating sentiment is a misnomer. Sentiment is latent. Like the seed in the ground, it sprouts, and once started, it follows the law of Nature. Notions beget notions. When everybody is in the notion of wanting something—sales records mount upwards.

The *art* comes before the *article*—always! The art of selling really begins with the fundamental inventive genius painting in the picture in a vision—the imagination.

Here is a little story told me by David Belasco:

"I saw a hat salesman not long ago showing his wares to the buyer of a New York store. That salesman was an artist, and he came before the article. I never saw better dramatic consistency in my life. He took up a hat from his sample stock, poised it in his hand, touched its sides, holding up the outlines attractively, and then turned it toward the buyer and held the hat not on a level with his own eyes, but on a level with the buyer's eyes, and he did it with a grace that was irresistible. I wanted to get around where the buyer was so I could see it from the same angle, and I did. Also I bought the hat."

The purchaser is, after all, only a distributer—a selling agent of the manufacturer, and on the close bonds of this relation depends the liberty and freedom of trade.

There are, in the main, but two dominant ideas among buyers. One comes with a *fixed* notion of what he wants; the other comes for counsel and suggestion. It's up to the *mentality* of the salesman to first make this diagnosis of his customer. The successful salesman who gives interested service is the one to whom customers come for suggestions—he has their confidence, having proved worthy of that confidence.

Once I asked Mr. Theo N. Vail to name the world's greatest salesman. "Charley Schwab," he replied without hesitation. I asked him why. "Because," he answered, "Schwab has first the enthusiasm to get people in the *notion*, to want to see things as he sees them. Then he is very persistent, but not over-persistent. Knows just when to quit and when to take it up again." Our guest, Mr. Charles M. Schwab, can sell ships to nations on the same basic principles that he would sell tacks or a spool of thread to a woman.

* * *

Mental power—or just plain "brains"—must come before efficiency. To determine the character of the purchaser—to sense situations and all collateral surroundings means *thinking* first in order to make "safety first" a business slogan.

Mr. J. Walter Thompson, dean of American advertising agents, told me he believes Theodore Roosevelt to be the greatest salesman. Because "he knows how to get people in the notion of things." Roosevelt's directness and his vivid intensity, suiting the action to the word, without parleying, wins results. The people know he thoroughly *believes* in the goods he has to offer and that he possesses mental power.

One point which seldom occurs to the credit man is the potentiality of certain customers and their concrete value to the firm. With two orders of equal amount and equal profit, one customer may bring ten other orders, while the other never grows or develops. This emphasizes again the importance of differentiation. The young firm starting in business was the first concern of Marshall Field in his wholesale trade. He saw possibilities and intangible resources better than the men who furnished ratings. The green, awkward, but earnest young man of today might be the big customer of tomorrow, while the highly-rated, heir-loomed, heir-burdened corporation in the throes of evolution from shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves, might be the bomb-exploding bankrupt.

Gratitude has a part in business relations as in other affairs of life. The story of Daniel Ford of the *Youth's Companion* standing by those who helped him, the policy of Cyrus Curtis of the *Saturday Evening Post,* indicate that the selling power which helped to build up those institutions was a bundle of brains.

* * *

In my experience as a buyer and seller, I have found the human equation fundamental. It is impossible for me to know details of the cams and cogs of a machine I purchase, or the chemical properties of ink and paper. But I *do know* the *man who sells to me.* I confide in his mental and moral qualities. The question of confidence is paramount. Enthusiasm, knowledge, personality is all essential, but when you feel that the man who is selling is giving you a square deal, this makes a transaction that will establish permanent business relations.

In the old days of partnership, each partner represented one particular phase of the business, and the two created a balance. Each of the partners had his friends along varied lines, forming a blend of mentality that covered the market sought.

Mental power has been the foundation of national development. As the mental power of Japan grew, so did the nation. The same was true with Germany, given impetus by the philosophy of Baron Stein, thru which Napoleon got his ideas of efficiency. Mental development in England—Shakespeare and the brilliant names of the Queen Anne and Victorian golden age—preceded commercial growth. France established mental strength before fascinating the world with her artistic genius. China and South America, now looked upon as fields for future trade, will be so only in proportion as the mental powers of these countries are developed.

Mental power depends largely upon physical health and conditions, yet there have been men such as Pope who, tho suffering physical tortures, still wielded tremendous power in inspiring men to think. Selling power is in affinitative ratio to the capacity of making people think.

In the campaign for Liberty Bonds is created also indissoluble bonds of patriotism and bonds of business between citizens of the republic and the nation itself. The mental power of the government is put to a supreme test in selling its own securities to its own people, and this, in the last analysis, measures the mental capacity of the people to financially rate their own government. It has brought home to every American the realization that the emotion of patriotism, expressed in waving the flag, is not sufficient unless he has the capacity to know that a United States bond at three and one-half per cent is not only the foremost investment security of the world, but is a veritable diploma of his mental powers, and a test of citizenship to the point of personal sacrifice.

When Joffre made his recent tour and all eyes were focused on the little red cap of this sturdy hero of the Marne, the people were aroused, but the speeches of Viviani, the *mental power* of Foreign Secretary Arthur James Balfour, really crystallized into acts our undying confidence in the Allies. Mental power made Lloyd George Premier of England. In the chaos of providing for the men in the trenches, it was Lloyd George who mobilized the munition factories in England and made it productive of results, selling to the enemy the shrapnel and bullets at a tragic cost in human blood.

Great crowds surge by on the streets, coming, going, here and there. What is in their minds? Stop and think for a moment, what it would mean to concentrate the mental power of America upon the nation's future. What is the great thought of America today? What is it that is passing thru the mind of every man, woman and child in this country? Within two months was enacted a scene not paralleled in history, when ten million young men gathered at the polling booths, at the very spot where they exercise the sovereign privilege of citizenship, and consecrated, unreservedly, their lives, their fortunes, to the one supreme duty of the hour. Some with a song on their lips, others with sober faces, but none with daunted heart.

In this war, the little hunchback or dwarf behind a machine gun is as effective as the stalwart Highlander from Scotland. Germany most fears neither our armies, our armament, nor our battleships—but men like Edison, who have the mental power to develop ideas that would wipe out the submarine warfare. The mobilized mental power of the men in the ranks will determine our success of arms.

In anatomy we have the mental bone, meaning jaw, which might suggest a characteristic of Americans. They know how to use their mental bones for conversation in connection with their minds. What impressed me most in the boys on the parade ground at Plattsburg and in the barracks, was not limb or muscle so much as the mentality flashing in the eye, as they marched by. In the great Harvard Stadium I saw General Clarence Edwards, as he inspected the lines of the University battalions. He was not content to stand with the dignitaries in the reviewing stand, but walked along the line and virtually looked every man in the eye. It was mental power as well as physical discipline he was looking for. "It's the mental power of our troops that counts," said the grim warrior of the Philippines, after tapping protruding buckles and squaring the shoulders of some of the men.

The war is a duel of mentality. The United States, with all its concentrated moral and mental power, is offering to the world the priceless and pre-eminent privileges of a democracy that is coming with the dawn of peace in the creation of the United States of the World.

When Daniel Webster expounded the ideal of Union: "One and inseparable, now and forever," he saw the Union thru the bloody crisis of the Civil War; saw a union of the forces of freedom. It was this same great expounder of truth who said: "Mind is the great lever of all things; human thought is the process by which human ends are ultimately answered."

The basic principle of business, which is essentially democracy, hangs in the balance. Whether your business and my business are to continue upon the basis of mental power and moral responsibility to others, is now the grim work of the flower of American manhood sent across the seas. That flag is the emblem of not only the country, it is the mentor of our troops which we are now depending upon, a direct result of their practical training. They are giving what is the first essential of all business—service—the word that came from the Latin meaning "to protect," "to save," and in this service we are preserving not only for ourselves, but for all posterity, the hope of humanity.

Simplicity is the character of the spring of life, costliness becomes its autumn; but a neatness and purity, like that of the snowdrop or lily of the valley, is the peculiar fascination of beauty, to which it lends enchantment, and gives a charm even to a plain person, being to the body what amiability is to the mind.—*Longfellow.*

Summer Traveling Along the New England Coast

by W. H. W.

AMERICAN soldiers have recently landed in France, and the United States is now taking part in the great war. The scenes of action are so far away that those who stay at home will experience no material dire effects unless from alien enemies still within our borders. Thoughtless remarks, however ill-founded, will make more of an impression oftentimes than common sense, perhaps because people like to have their sensations of fear exercised. They fear possible disaster, even tho its occurrence is improbable. It is this attitude which earlier in the season was thought to have caused something of a slump this year in coastwise pleasure traffic.

The president of the Eastern Steamship Company, Calvin Austin, has been doing his utmost to dispel these impressions, a difficult task in the face of the war and the propaganda of frightfulness that has been insidiously published broadcast. As Mr. Austin said in calling attention to this subject, "All the vague rumors of our ships being taken over by the Federal Government, of German submarines and airplanes off the Atlantic seaboard are baseless, the work of a perverted imagination, and as such to be accounted for as undiluted silliness. There is not the remotest ground for timidity, and the traveling public is as safe now as it ever was. We will run all our boats on schedule time, and will put others into the service as they are demanded. The idea of danger from German submarines and the like is unthinkable to any rational man."

So this summer, encouraged by the stanch attitude of the president, the Eastern Steamship Lines are handling all the traffic that is possible, not only in the Maine and the Yarmouth service, but also on the Metropolitan or New York Line, which has two express twin-screw steel steamships, and makes daily trips between Boston and New York. Travel on the Metropolitan Line is by way of the famous Cape Cod Canal, which eliminates dangers and shortens the route.

Thirteen and a half hours are required to make the run. The steamers leave New York and Boston simultaneously at six o'clock every evening (Sundays included), and are due at their destinations the next morning at 7:30. In this way the passenger can have dinner and breakfast on board, a good night's rest and the benefit of the sea air. The boats on the Metropolitan Line are the very last word in maritime architecture, and are splendidly equipped and furnished throuout with everything that can tend to the comfort and convenience of the tourist.

Both steamers, the Bunker Hill and the Massachusetts, are supplied with a complete orchestra, under the efficient supervision of Mr. Harry Daggett. From five o'clock in the evening—an hour before starting—until bedtime, with an interval for dinner, popular and approved selections are dispensed to the evident enjoyment and edification of the patrons.

CALVIN AUSTIN

THE STEAMSHIP "CALVIN AUSTIN"

Short cuts in transportation have been sought since the earliest ages all over the world. Nearly three hundred years after the first settlement on Massachusetts soil, there came into being the Cape Cod Canal, the consummation of a project which had been under consideration, legislative and otherwise, since 1791. Emphasis had been laid as early as 1808 on the value of a canal at this point in the event of hostilities between this country and another. After many vicissitudes, plans for the construction of a canal were finally completed by a private corporation, and on June 22, 1909, August Belmont, the president, turned the first shovelful of earth on the Cape Cod Canal. It was an event of importance, not only to Massachusetts but to the whole nation. Five years later, on the Fourth of July, 1914, President Belmont rowed the first craft thru the open passageway, and on July 29 of that year, eight large vessels passed safely thru the new channel.

Lately there has been discussion in official circles at Washington concerning the purchase of the Cape Cod Canal by the government. Its military advantages are great, as it connects New York, thru Long Island Sound, with Boston on Massachusetts Bay.

Its use for battleships in time of a war crisis might spell victory instead of defeat.

The Metropolitan Line boats are the only ones that traverse this great artificial waterway, which is lit up along the whole length by electricity, so that passengers have an excellent opportunity to observe the country thru which they are passing. Following the canal is a splendid boulevard, along which may be seen a procession of automobiles, in itself one of the picturesque sights of the passage.

Starting at six in the evening, who but a confirmed "land-lubber" could help enjoying the sail down historic Massachusetts Bay, made more interesting than ever this year by the presence of Uncle Sam's war boats patrolling the waters.

Quiet, restful sleep is a panacea for many ills, and no place is more conducive to slumber than the almost noiseless, easily moving boats of the Metropolitan Line. To watch the sun rise gradually over the water and to enjoy the progress of the steamer nosing her way down Long Island Sound is an experience worth while. An early riser can watch the metropolis rousing itself gradually to the activities of another day. Passing under the new bridge across Hell Gate, can be seen at close range the wonderful feat of engineering which has made possible a direct rail route from Boston to Washington. Skirting the city, the Goddess of Liberty—that figure with which Americans have become so well acquainted during the past few weeks—comes into view, and over on the Jersey side, lying in the mud, is the huge German liner, the Vaterland, whose captain would not destroy her engines, so attached was he to his boat—consequently he can never return to Germany. These are but a few of the many diversified and interesting sights which hold the attention until the steamer docks at her wharf, and the traveler is on Manhattan ground.

The Portland, Bangor, International and Yarmouth lines offer the fullest and best facilities, and now that additional service has been inaugurated, a steadily increasing passenger patronage is assured. On the International Line, the passenger for Portland, Eastport, Lubec or St. John, has a full day's sail before reaching the Maine port, as the boat leaves Boston every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at nine A.M., is due in Portland at four o'clock the same afternoon; St. John the next afternoon at three.

One of the most popular excursions out of Boston is on the Bangor Line, from Boston to Bangor, with a stop at Rockland, and connections for Bar Harbor, Blue Hill and intermediate landings.

The Kennebec branch of the service started Friday, June 29, when the first boat—the City of Rockland—left Foster's wharf for Bath, Richmond, Dresden and Gardiner, Maine, making connections for Boothbay Harbor and intermediate landings. The time of leaving is six o'clock P. M. every Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday, but the boat which leaves Boston Friday evening goes to Gardiner only.

On the Yarmouth Line, which is accounted one of the most enjoyable and exhilarating excursions of the entire Eastern Steamship Company's itinerary, additional service has just been inaugurated, and a boat leaves Boston for Yarmouth every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at three o'clock.

THE METROPOLITAN LINE STEAMER MASSACHUSETTS
Which with her companion boat, the Bunker Hill, runs daily between New York and Boston

The Discovery of Auto-Hemic Therapy

by Bennett Chapple

IN a little red book called "Auto-Hemic Therapy,"* Dr. L. D. Rogers of Chicago, president of American Association of Progressive Medicine, has written an intensely interesting account of his discovery of Auto-Hemic Therapy, which advances the theory that practically all diseases can be cured by the use of blood serums.

For years Dr. Rogers had been seeking a serum to cure cancer, and although only partially successful, his experiments resulted in a new system of blood treatment which, it is believed, will revolutionize many old-time practices in the medical world. He began his experiments at the National Emergency Hospital, Chicago, under the same roof where only seven years before it was his privilege as dean of the college to give over his experiments and demonstrations, laboratory and operating facilities to Dr. Alexis Carrel—later of the Rockefeller Institute and winner of the Nobel prize of forty thousand dollars.

The new system of blood treatment as described by Dr. Rogers consists in making a serum which contains some of the patient's own blood. Five drops of the blood, or some multiple of five, are taken from the finger tip and added to nineteen times as much absolutely pure water. This is then subjected to certain degrees of heat, extended over a certain length of time, and further dilutions made according to its condition and the condition of the patient. Nothing is added to the solution except what naturally belongs in the blood; no poisonous chemicals or disease-producing germs either alive or dead. The serum, when made, is colorless, odorless and tasteless.

In describing the theory of action, Dr. Rogers says:

"Just as the latent energy residing in water may be converted by the application of heat into an expansive vapor, namely, steam, having a force to drive great engines and draw long, heavy trains of freight, and just as the latent energy residing in gasoline may be transformed by little sparks of fire into an expansive gas, having a force capable of propelling automobiles and flying machines at a wonderful speed, so, likewise, the latent energy in the blood, by the injection of a few drops of this serum directly into the vein, seems to be converted into "antibodies," which manifest their power and activity in a thousand ways.

"The ferments in the blood and tissues are numerous and vary in their function; a fraction of a drop of a ferment as illustrated by the poison of the honey-bee or the rattlesnake, may within a few hours set into commotion all the blood in the body."

Dr. Rogers supports his contention with the arguments of others showing its scientific basis. He quotes Stewart, an up-to-date authority on physiology:

"The blood contains at one time or another everything which is about to become part of the tissues and everything which has ceased to belong to them. It is at once a scavenger and the food provider of the cell."

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*"Auto-Hemic Therapy." By L. D. Rogers, M.D. Chicago: The Ideal Life Extension Press.

Surprising progress of his serum treatment in clinics and hospitals, covering a period of two years, is recorded by Dr. Rogers. He has addressed many medical societies in America and great interest has been aroused in his new method of combating disease, because of the undeniable results which have been obtained. The merits of this new treatment have also been verified by many progressive physicians in various parts of the United States.

Writing of his work in a highly entertaining way, Dr. Rogers has not hesitated to indulge in a little humor—when based on the facts of the case. He says:

"Some have called this new system of blood treatment 'The Anti-Lazy Beauty Serum' because of its energizing and beautifying action upon both body and mind; 'Lazy Serum' because of its action upon persons disinclined to work. Many who were semi-invalids for years and considered lazy by the unsympathetic have quickly responded to the treatment and become ambitious, energetic and tireless workers, having acquired seemingly unlimited endurance. This feature has afforded much amusement thru forecasting the agitation and restlessness that would take place in the labor world if this treatment was applied universally to 'hoboes.' With equal propriety it might also be called the 'Anti-Fatigue' or the 'Anti-Hookworm' Treatment. On account of the clearer complexion, smoother skin, better spirits, good nature and general rejuvenation that usually follows the treatment, the name 'Beauty' Serum also seems fitting."

Dr. Rogers, in common with most pioneers in medical science, has declared that the reason many new and efficacious theories are not in more general use is because the people are not educated up to them—that the doctors usually treat people as they wish to be treated, not as they really should be treated. It is for this reason he has written the book describing the wonderful results of his new treatment.

Dr. Rogers believes it is only a question of time until the whole world wakes up to the fact that "treating your blood with your own blood" is the only simple and scientific method of combating the diseases of the human body. Already recognized by many physicians who rank high in the profession, and who are using his discovery with excellent results, it may some day be universally accepted that every man carries his own drug store with him in his own veins.

Stranger things have happened.

AMERICA AT WAR

By D. H. VERDER

A RAINDROP on my lips,
Our men in arms march by!
My heart cannot but sigh;
The soldiers and the sailors go
To join the battle-cry.

Another day dawns bright;
Let wave the banners high!
Glad songs fill earth and sky;
The work is done of sword and gun;
Our troops come marching by.

Ode for July Fourth

1917

by H. P. Lovecraft

AS Columbia's brave scions, in anger array'd,
Once defy'd a proud monarch and built a new nation;
'Gainst their brothers of Britain unsheath'd the sharp blade
That hath ne'er met defeat nor endur'd desecration;
So must we in this hour
Show our valor and pow'r
And dispel the black perils that over us low'r;
Whilst the sons of Britannia, no longer our foes,
Will rejoice in our triumphs and strengthen our blows!

* * *

See the banners of Liberty float in the breeze
That plays light o'er the regions our fathers defended;
Hear the voice of the million resound o'er the leas,
As the deeds of the past are proclaim'd and commended;
And in splendor on high
Where our flags proudly fly,
See the folds we tore down flung again to the sky;
For the emblem of England, in kinship unfurl'd,
Shall divide with Old Glory the praise of the world!

* * *

Bury'd now are the hatreds of subject and king,
And the strife that once sunder'd an empire hath vanish'd.
With the fame of the Saxon the heavens shall ring
As the vultures of darkness are baffled and banish'd;
And the broad British sea,
Of her enemies free,
Shall in tribute bow gladly, Columbia, to thee;
For the friends of the Right, in the field side by side,
Form a fabric of Freedom no hand can divide!

LET'S TALK IT OVER

IN the June NATIONAL appeared a paragraph which began: "There's only one town in the United States that has a May breakfast. That town is Lynn, Massachusetts." Then followed a description of my first experience in witnessing the 1917 repetition of this novel annual custom.

No sooner had the magazine appeared, than letters began to arrive from past and present residents of Lawrence, Massachusetts. The gist of each and every letter was a vehement denial that Lynn is the only place where a "May breakfast" is held. They told me that in Lawrence, forty-one years ago, the first May breakfast was inaugurated to provide funds for the new hospital then under course of construction. The project proved successful, and they have been duplicating and frequently surpassing the initial success every year since. For many years, the proceeds were devoted to the hospital, but recently the funds were diverted to the Old People's Home, which was in need of aid. For thirty years, they tell me, they have realized $2,000 a year or more on these breakfasts. So now I have an invitation to "Come to Lawrence May 1, 1918, and find for sure that the ladies are fine cooks and fair and pleasant waiters."

* * *

DURING these stirring times, the old question of "What's in a name?" has achieved new prominence. Perhaps it was the decision that there is something in a name after all, that caused the proprietors of the Hotel Kaiserhof, one of Chicago's most famous hostelries, to change its name. For it now appears as the "Hotel Atlantic," and its many loyal patrons may still enter its portals without fear of being thought disloyal to the United States of America.

* * *

THE year 1917 will be known in history as "potato" year. There have been years when "King Corn," "King Cotton," and "King Wheat" have reigned, but this year it's "King Spud." The humble tuber brought from the land of the ancient Incas, now has a place as a monarch of soil products. It was taken to Europe first by the Spaniards, tho it was in many cases cultivated more as a curiosity than as an article of food.

With a foresight that has now become historic, Mr. Hazen J. Titus, superintendent of the dining car system of the Northern Pacific Railroad, a few years ago conceived the idea of making the "big potato" a dining car trade-mark. And the "great big baked potato" on the Northern-Pacific, a luscious and tempting meal in itself, soon attracted world-wide attention as a menu top-liner. The dining car service of the Northern Pacific has become distinctively known the world over because of this idea so cleverly exploited, aside from the usual "excellence of cuisine." Now that potatoes are potatoes—big potatoes will be more important than ever, and Mr. Titus has been flooded with requests from all over the country for seed potatoes of the Jumbo variety. As a matter of fact, it's a question of "eyes" rather than size in a seed potato. So says Titus, anyway.

All along the line of the Northern Pacific, where, heretofore, flowers have bloomed to attract the eye of the transcontinental traveler, are the gardens adorned with the flashing backs of the *Doryphora decemlineata*—known to the boys who used to pick them as "potato bugs." The big potato has even attracted the attention of children, and is exploited in toys representing a large flat car bearing one potato. Great signs in electrical lights along the line proclaim the majesty of the field potentate—the potato.

THE LATE ALBERT A. PORTER

"German fried" no longer reigns supreme—it is the great big baked potato that counts now. Even "French fried" and "Lyonnaise" are passed by when the mealy, luscious meat, lubricated with rich dairy butter, as if burst open like ripe fruit, is, in the language of the "Old Oaken Bucket," "presented to view." Poems are now written on the perennial potato. Philosophers, scientists, legislators—everybody—pays homage to the potato. And the traditional fruit of the Emerald Isle has come into its own. All hail to the big potato! May his tribe increase.

* * *

AMONG the first of the young Americans to give his life in the right cause was Albert Augustus Porter of Niagara Falls, New York, son of Mr. A. J. Porter, chairman of the board of directors of the Shredded Wheat Company. He was born in Buffalo, September 30, 1896. When about ten years old he went to Ridley College, at St. Catharines, Ontario, where he stayed until 1915, when he entered Cornell, and was in his sophomore year there at the time of his leaving for France. All during the early part of the war he was anxious to join the Canadian forces in France, but in consideration of his mother he did not do so. Finally, early in January of this year, he decided to join the American Ambulance Corps Field Service in France, and he was a member of this corps when he died. His funeral in Niagara Falls was the first in that city of a man who had given his life in the world war.

In the bloom of youth, this young man died for the great cause of civilization. He felt that it was his duty to respond to the call, and had traveled thousands of miles for this opportunity. The tribute that was paid him at the funeral reveals the deep-seated appreciation of the American people toward the soldier boys. The casket was covered with the flag that was placed there before the remains left Paris, and his soul is with those of classmates at Ridley College and St. Catharines who have laid down their lives in the world struggle for liberty.

The funeral service in France, held by the American Ambulance Field Service at the Episcopal Church, was most impressive, for it was the first to be held for an American in a French church since America had declared war. It was attended by many prominent Americans in France. Albert Augustus Porter has left an imperishable heritage in the service he has rendered, not only to his country, but to the world.

THE broad spirit of the business genius of the country is indicated in the prizes awarded for selecting a name for the Ever Ready Company's flashlight, which decided, like a blushing bride, to change its name. A prize of $3,000 was offered to the person who should suggest the best name. Thousands of suggestions were sent on to the American Ever Ready Works at Long Island City; the name winning the prize was "Daylo," sent in by four contestants—Miss Irene M. Schulz, Mrs. Katherine W. Hands, Miss Bertha A. Wilson and Mrs. F. C. Grow of Watertown, South Dakota.

MRS. F. C. GROW, WHO CHRISTENED DAYLO
The picture here given of Mrs. Grow holding the flashlight which she has christened also has the glow of the hearthstone of an American home

Each of the women received the full amount of the prize, $3,000.

Mrs. Grow explained she could not tell just how she came to think of the name, but it just seemed to come to her. It flashed upon her that "Daylo" was short, easily remembered, and most appropriate. "So I wrote it down and sent it in," she said, "and then promptly forgot about it. Imagine my surprise when I received a telegram one morning that I had won the prize!" How many of the really great things of life are done in just that way.

The name was especially appropriate because of its descriptiveness, embodying in one short word the old saying "Lo and behold the day," signifying that light from "Daylo" is symbolic of noonday splendor. After being duly re-christened, an extensive advertising campaign was launched, so that "Daylo" might glow over the land and make this word coined by a modest American mother known over the country. When the check was presented to Mrs. Grow, it was an event in her home town of Watertown, South Dakota. The Chamber of Commerce and Merchants' Association participated in the presentation. Addresses were made, and motion pictures taken of the event for use in the widespread advertising campaign to make the new name of "Daylo" as well known as "daylight."

* * *

VIRILE activity characteristic of the organization is being manifested in the war work plans of the Young Men's Christian Association, who propose to build and equip more than two hundred buildings at our Army Training Camps, carrying out on a large scale the work so well begun with the troops on the Mexican border, where forty-two buildings were maintained by the association. The work accomplished as well as projected has been endorsed by the War Department, and by the President in the following letter to General Secretary John R. Mott:

My dear Doctor Mott:

May I not, in view of the approaching meeting of the War Work Council, express to you the very high value I have attached to the work which has been accomplished by the Y. M. C. A. in behalf of our Army and Navy, as well as in behalf of the prisoners-of-war and the men in the training camps of Europe, and may I not express also my sincere personal interest in the large plans of the War Work Council for the work which is still ahead of the Association?

Cordially and faithfully yours,
(Signed) WOODROW WILSON.

DR. JOHN R. MOTT
General secretary of the international committee of the Young Men's Christian Association

Completed and in course of construction at the training camp at Plattsburg, Fort Sheridan, Fort McPherson and Fort Oglethorpe, the Presidio, and elsewhere are buildings that are representative of those which will accommodate one million, two hundred thousand enlisted men at the various army training camps in this country. In formally opening the building at Plattsburg, Major-General J. Franklin Bell, Commander of the Department of the East, said: "I am not here to talk shop. This is a Y. M. C. A. occasion. On the battle line it is character that wins, not ability or knowledge so much as character. You have only one life to live and one life to give; it does not matter when a soldier leaves this life, but it does matter how he leaves it. The soldier must think only of his duty and must do it in such a way that all who survive him will be proud of the way he gave up his life."

Work with the troops in other lands is an inspiring phase of the work of this organization. Nearly one hundred Princeton men and Northwestern University men sailed recently to engage in Y. M. C. A. work at the front, in response to a request from the British War Office. This little band will be expanded during the next three or four months by a succession of expeditions which will number over eighteen hundred men.

There is no question as to the great good done by the Y. M. C. A.—everybody is familiar with the aims and objects of this organization. The camp work with the regular army is evoking splendid commendations, not only from President Wilson and General Bell, but from General Bliss, General Wood, and other prominent commanders.

About thirteen hundred volunteer secretaries have been enrolled for this work. It will cost from three to five million dollars to build, equip and maintain the various kinds of services to be rendered by the organization in these buildings, the money for which is being raised by voluntary contributions. It is of interest to note that these two hundred or more substantial wooden structures will require the equipment of two hundred pianos and piano-players, 268,000 feet of motion-picture films a day, three million sheets of writing paper daily, ten thousand pens a day and a barrel of ink, ninety-five automobiles and trucks, fifteen hundred experienced association secretaries and assistants, two hundred moving-picture machines, two hundred graphophones and ten thousand records, forty thousand pounds of ice per day, a Bible to every man, and magazines by the hundred tons. In this way there is furnished a wide diversity of recreation for the men to relieve the monotony of training-camp life.

* * *

THE erection of the McKinley Birthplace Memorial, which contains a notable statue of the martyr-President, calls attention to one of America's most noted sculptors. For over twenty-six years John Massey Rhind has been one of the prominent factors in American decorative sculpture. When he arrived in New York at the close of the 80's, the general impulse to better things in art decoration came to the country. In his studio on Twentieth Street, New York, have been completed many of the most noted historical sculptures of the day. The adornment of the Carnegie Institute is the work of Mr. Rhind, also the decorative work and figures in many of the noted buildings of the country.

Born in Edinburgh in 1858, Mr. Rhind was educated in the Royal Scottish Academy. At the age of twenty-two he entered the studio of Alfred Gilbert, R.A., in London, and later studied at the Royal Academy and the South Kensington Art Schools, London. Winning the National Scholarship of England, he studied under the best professors of that country for five years. Then he won the Traveling Scholarship, which enabled him to go to Paris and Italy. After his sojourn on the continent, he spent two years in the studio of M. Dolon, the famous French sculptor.

THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION IN "NO MAN'S LAND"
At Gallipoli in Mesopotamia and in Northern France the association secretaries have carried their work well up to the enemy trenches, and have supplied hot tea, cocoa and light refreshments to the men as they came from the front-line trenches

His father and his grandfather were sculptors before him, and his work seems to answer the call of the blood. When young Rhind returned from Paris, his work was different from that of his father. The parent observed it critically. "All right, my boy, do the work as you are taught—but show me results." So he set to work. His mother was the model chosen, and Mr.

Rhind at this day feels that it was one of the best things he has ever done. When he completed the famous Astor Memorial doors for Trinity Church, New York, his fame was established in this country. An artist of note, he does not underestimate all that hard, plodding, and painstaking work means in artistic success.

J. MASSEY RHIND

In his studio I felt that I was among living personages. The allegorical decoration of the Grant Tomb on Riverside Drive, relieving the stiffness of the building, is the work of the Scotch lad—now American to the core—work praised by art critics all over the world. In Philadelphia he completed a monument to Stephen Girard that made him a prime favorite as a sculptor in the City of Brotherly Love.

His figures of Hendrick Hudson, to say nothing of the bronze equestrian statue of George Washington in Newark, indicated why J. Massey Rhind was chosen to prepare this famous statue of William McKinley at the Birthplace Memorial recently dedicated by ex-President William H. Taft at Niles, Ohio. His statue of Washington shows the rider dismounted, and imperiously standing by his horse, seeming to catch the very atmosphere of the leader of the Continentals during the perilous and discouraging Revolutionary campaign. It was a relief from the usual equestrian statue, with the Father of His Country perched in mighty majesty—losing the personal note so highly valued in Mr. Rhind's work. In his studio were suggestions of his notable Indian statues.

It is interesting to compare the work of J. Massey Rhind with that of his brother, Mr. Birnie Rhind, who remained in Scotland and recently completed a statue of Burns, unveiled in Montrose, Scotland, about the same time that J. Massey Rhind's statue of Burns was unveiled in Pittsburg. The comparison of the two statues was interesting to all art lovers as expressing decisive individuality. Mr. J. Massey Rhind's work reveals the impress of his American environment and activities. His conception of Burns was in decided contrast to that of his brother.

It is not alone the personal triumph, but the far-reaching influence of his work, that counts. He is a sculptor whose work the people understand, and they are made to appreciate and sympathize with the ideals that he has tenaciously held as belonging to the development of art in America.

The life work of J. Massey Rhind has found a fitting expression in his remarkable art tribute to William McKinley as a man exemplifying a character endeared to the American people.

* * *

INVENTIVE genius of today will be greatly stimulated by the government's acceptance of John Hays Hammond, Jr.'s new torpedo, one of one hundred and twenty-eight patents of vital importance, for which the young man is to receive $127,000. This price was fixed by a board of military experts, without any bartering on the part of the young inventor, although it is said that he spent approximately this entire amount on the perfection of the torpedo alone. While this may appear to be a large sum, it represents only a fraction of what had been offered by foreign governments.

The young inventor is the son of John Hays Hammond, the world-renowned mining engineer, and his experiments were carried out at his home at Watch Hill, off Gloucester harbor, on the Massachusetts coast. In his twenty-sixth year he has invented a torpedo which naval experts insist will effectively protect the entire coast line of the United States and make it entirely immune from enemy warships. The torpedo has a striking distance of twenty-eight miles and can be directed from shore, war vessel or aeroplane.

Staid Boston, with its bags of gold, and New York with its treasure vaults, may be able to rest easy now, for the millions spent in fortifications and coast defense have been made unnecessary by this ingenious and epoch-making invention, which will carry with it more glory than the perfecting of the secretive and aggressive submarine, still seeking the slaughter of innocents.

Young Hammond's inventions have been properly concentrated upon defense rather than offense, and as such reflect the spirit of young America today, which is still ready with its "millions for defense," but not one cent for conquest. The very nature of this awakening of preparedness and defense is to assure and guarantee enduring peace. The young inventor is modest, but an intrepid explorer in the field of research and invention, in which he has, indeed, won laurels surpassing the glory of epaulets.

* * *

IN all my travels, I have never looked upon a building of like proportions that impressed me so much as the new home of the Adirondack Trust Company at Saratoga Springs, New York. For a business building, it is a distinct architectural triumph. As I stood at the corner of the City Hall, looking upon the classic outlines in the afternoon sunshine, and later, in the evening when the pure white was bathed in the searchlight, I thought of pictures I had seen of ancient Athens. The edifice is more than a business structure; it is a fitting and appropriate monument to the splendid success of the Adirondack Trust Company, which started fifteen years ago, occupying the first floor of a corner store. Work on the new building, under direction of the architect, Mr. Alfred Hopkins, of New York City, was started in March, 1916. It was completed January 1, 1917, and a reception was held on New Year's Day. On the following morning business was begun in the new structure.

JOHN HAYS HAMMOND, JR.

The president of the Adirondack Trust Company, Senator Edgar T. Brackett, personally looked after the details of the bank's new home. The exterior of white marble suggests Greek architecture, with a Roman garland, signifying abundance, and a winged hour-glass below, a warning symbol of the speeding moment. The inscription on the cornice is simplicity itself, telling the story with artistic brevity. The bronze front doors give a glimpse of the mountains, woods, and life of the Adirondacks, and are, in themselves, a triumph.

The interior finish is of Botticino marble, and the impression is of spaciousness, complete symmetry, openness and airiness. There are no partitions to interfere with the lines that charm. The directors' rooms are in the gallery above, with a brass railing that seems more like a bit of jewelry than iron bars. On the four walls are mottoes that stand out and compel attention. North wall: "Saving is a greater art than earning. A penny saved is a pound earned." East wall: "Diligence is the parent of Fortune." South wall: "The first years of a man must make provision for the last." West wall: "Frugality is the mother of the virtues." In the center of the west wall above the balcony is the stone-faced bronze clock; the dedicatory inscription beneath is an inspiring message: "To all who love Honesty, Industry, and Thrift, this Building is Dedicated"—an epigram that tells the story of banking principles.

Every room has a definite relation to the work, and seems appropriate to purposes. The vault equipment is the last note in protection. In the center of the room are the chandeliers, having an emblematic stag's head as the dominant feature of Adirondack adornment. All is practical and yet artistic. The cameo-like women's room is as daintily furnished as those maidens' boudoirs described by Victor Hugo. The style is of the Adams period—wedgewood plaques, dressing tables, writing tables, chairs, etc.

INGERSOLL
CHATEAU
OLD GOLD WATCHES
PART PAYMENT
INGERSOLL

"SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE"

Where old gold watches are taken in part payment for Ingersolls, at Ingersoll Chateau. Soldiers of all nationalities make the best of their surroundings. They not only chop their wood, but they sometimes cook their own food over the little camping stoves—as seen in this picture

The tall windows on each side are relieved by smaller windows with a bronze grill work that has nothing of the prison-like air of bank walls, and emphasizes the massiveness of the structure with a relief in light that comes from the side windows as glowing as a sun parlor. The dark mahogany of the directors' rooms in the mezzanine overhead, where each chair is carved with a stag's head and monogram, is much different from the spare gloom usually associated with directors' rooms. Bronze tables and stools had their inspiration in the furniture taken from the ruins of Pompeii, a perfect replica of the stools and chairs used in that lava-buried ancient city. All of the furniture used in the bank is metal, and every precaution has been anticipated to make this building impressive of durability, proof against the onslaughts of time or chance.

It is no wonder that the people of Saratoga take pride in pointing out to visitors the striking beauty of this structure. There is not a convenience unprovided, but the charm is in the perfect harmony of the building and its uses. It is a monument to the Adirondacks, the mountains of New York that have long been endeared to nature lovers, that adorn the great state reservation park of the Empire State. It blends most perfectly the breath of Nature coming from the mountains near at hand, and the most artistic expression of the beauties of art.

* * *

NEW CASTLE has a rugged Scotch sound, and even the brakeman announcing the arrival has a rich burr in his voice. Few cities approximating fifty thousand population are more strategically located in an industrial way than is New Castle, Pennsylvania. Three rivers, the Shenango, Mahoning and Neshannock, form a junction at this point. There is something in the towering hills along Slippery Rock Creek which entrances lovers of scenic beauty.

The economic importance of New Castle lies in the fact that the environs of the city, as well as its tributary territory, comprise perhaps the richest limestone area in the world. Limestone is essential in the manufacture of steel, and has been a contributing factor to the supremacy of New Castle. All through the adjoining countries are large deposits of iron ore, making New Castle an important iron center of the mid-west. It was here that Mr. George Greer established the first tin plate mill in the country, and steel, tin, cement, iron, and the products of such raw materials are the principal manufactures of the section. The three-hundred-thousand-dollar high school, $150,000 Y. M. C. A., $75,000 Y. W. C. A., are an index to the pace of public enterprise.

Among these famous beauty spots of Pennsylvania is Cascade Park, which, with four other parks, form the breathing places of the various portions of the city in which they are located.

With an energetic Rotary Club, a live board of trade and leading citizens working out, like thorough-going business men, the problems that meet them day by day, it is no wonder that New Castle occupies a prominent place on the map of thriving industrial centers of the United States.

* * *

AN analysis of the books published and sold during these times is most interesting. Mr. F. E. Woodward, of Woodward & Lathrop, Washington, has for many years made a careful classification of publications since 1895. His opinion of the fiction, published in the United States during the last five years, is most interesting. The year 1910 was the largest book year ever known. During 1917 the demand for fiction is on the decrease, while the books of verse and philosophic idealism are increasingly popular, to say nothing of the war books.

The mental attitude of the world seems to be more in harmony with religious books and the visions of poets during war times. Mr. Woodward's tabulated reprints also reveal that works of American authors are increasing by leaps and bounds in the number of sales, even if the output and demand for fiction is decreasing. The interest in psychic subjects and matters pertaining to history are abnormally stimulated during war times. The thought of the people is reflected as accurately in the books they buy as in personal discussions, which always lead, sooner or later, to something that touches on the war situation.

COLD-PACK CANNING

FRUITS and vegetables preserved by this method are placed in cans and covered with either thin syrup or merely hot water; the cans are then sealed and set in boiling water or live steam for periods ranging from a few minutes to two hours. This heat kills all germ life within the cans, and the contents will thereafter keep indefinitely.

The great advantages of cold-pack canning are its cheapness and ease. No expensive syrups and spice preservatives are required, and much food can be canned—vegetables, fruits, or even scraps of meat, as soup stock—in a few minutes.

OUTFIT

Cold-pack canning outfits may be bought or may be made at home. For the home-made all that is necessary is a vessel to hold the jars or cans—such as a wash-boiler or a large tin pail. It should have a tight-fitting cover. Provide a false bottom of wood or a wire rack to provide for free circulation of water under the containers. The wood bottom may be of perforated boards or of laths nailed to three cross-pieces. If the boiler is deep enough to accommodate two tiers of containers, place a rack on the tops of the lower row to support another tier. All types of jars that seal perfectly—glass or tin—may be used. *Be sure that no jar is defective.*

Have containers ready, thoroughly clean.

Select sound fruits and vegetables, which should be canned the same day as picked, if possible.

Wash, clean, and prepare them.

Place vegetables or fruits in cheesecloth, or other porous receptacle, and dip into a can or pail of boiling water for blanching. After water boils, begin to count the blanching time (see table below). When blanching is completed, remove the vegetables or fruits from boiling water and plunge a number of times into cold water, to harden pulp and check flow of coloring matter. Do not let stand in cold water.

Pack the product closely into the containers, which should be heated before the cold product is put in them. Leave about a quarter inch of space at the top.

With vegetables, add one level teaspoonful of salt to each quart container and fill with boiling water. With fruits, use syrups.

With glass jars, always use a new rubber. Test rubber by stretching or turning inside out. Fit on rubber and put lid in place. If container has screw top, do not screw up as hard as possible, but use only thumb and little finger in tightening it. This makes it possible for steam generated within to escape and prevents breakage. If glass top jar is used, snap top bail only, leaving lower bail loose during sterilization. Tin cans should be completely sealed.

Place filled and capped containers on rack in sterilizer. If using home-made or commercial hot-water bath outfit, enough

Company, Attention!
Squads Right—March!

CATCHING the spirit of the nation—which is to "get ready" in every way possible for the world struggle against militarism and autocracy—the Editor of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE wrote the Secretary of War, suggesting that "Infantry Drill Regulations," as established for the United States Army, be printed in such a form that they could be scattered broadcast over the entire country, for the guidance of the Home Guard, and other military organizations that have sprung up, and are still springing up everywhere.

The men just entering organizations want these drill regulations for study; others want them for reference.

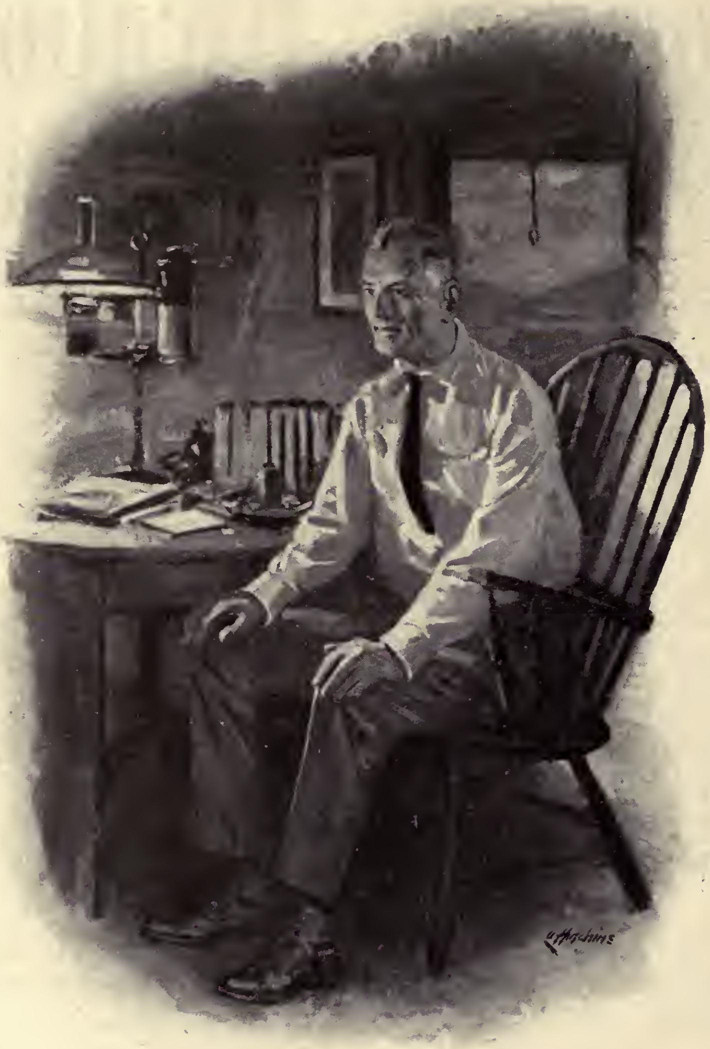
The Secretary of War approved the suggestion and transmitted, thru the office of the Adjutant-General, a copy of "Infantry Drill Regulations" with corrections to April 15, 1917, *Part I* of which, appears in the June issue of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

This *Part I* we have now issued in pamphlet form for more convenient distribution, page for page as it appears in the revised official war document No. 453.

Part I covers "Orders, Commands and Signals," "School of the Soldier," "School of the Squad," "School of the Company," "the Battalion," "the Regiment," "the Brigade."

Send sixteen cents in stamps for the booklet. Orders for twenty-five or more will be sent postpaid, or by express, prepaid.

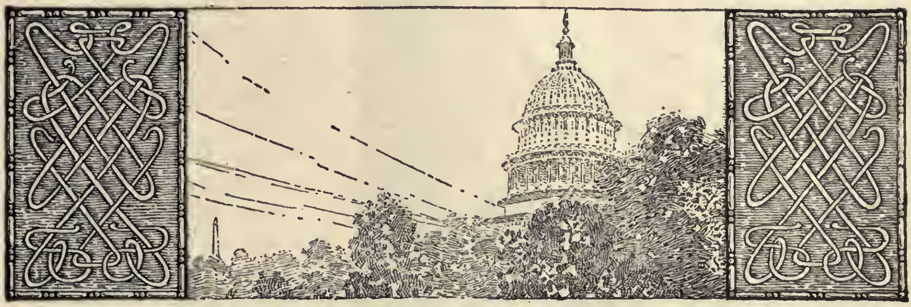
The Chapple Publishing Company, Ltd.
Boston, Mass.



Jim dropped the hand that held the letter. Into his face came a glow of great joy. He murmured aloud: "Oh, dear God, to think that these two may be united—the two beings I love best in all the world, Ned, my dear old pal; Bessie, my wee sweet maid."

—Illustrating "The Man Who Discovered Himself" (page 660)

NATIONAL
MAGAZINE



AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON

BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

SIMMERING in the heat of August days, Congress continues its deliberations, with only a spectacular debate now and then to break the monotony. While Senator Stone, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, recognized the one thing to do was to whip the Germans, he insisted that we could have kept out of war—recalling the slogan of the last presidential campaign. This aroused the ire of the dauntless John Sharp Williams, who caught these insidious words and delivered a patriotic panegyric that added to the electricity of a summer day.

Discussion on the Food bill has outrun all others into four solid weeks of talking. As one ironical Representative remarked, if this Congress waited for action on the Food bill, it would be a long time between meals—as well as highballs.

THERE is much shifting about among the department in Washington these days, and it seemed curious to see the Board of Education moving from its former headquarters to the Pension Office Building, where it is now located in the quarters formerly occupied by the Indian Commissioner. These two bureaus are in the Department of the Interior. There is always much confusion in locating the different commissions. Strangely enough, the Board of Public Health is under the Treasury Department, and one wit has remarked that since the greatest wealth of a nation is its health, why shouldn't it be connected with the Treasury?

The Board of Education, under Superintendent P. P. Claxton, has done effective work in getting in touch with all state, county and city superintendents, and all the teachers in elementary and high schools. The educational forces of the country are being mobilized in the same systematic way as the army itself, for it is felt that patriotic sentiment naturally begins in the schools.

The proof of this is found in the enthusiastic and efficient way in which school children respond with that touching allegiance to the flag and national songs of the country, knowing them much better than their elders. The division of Vocational Education, provided for in the bill prepared by Senator Carroll S. Page, has also taken quarters with the Board of Education in the Pension Office.

Formerly it had been thought that the great Pension Bureau, with its thousands of clerks, would gradually diminish, but instead of decreasing, pensions will increase with another war.

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FRANKLIN K. LANE AND WILLIAM G. McADOO
Discussing the advantages of physical training after their morning drill

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BUSY days these, in the Treasury Department, with Secretary McAdoo writing letters to Liberty bond enthusiasts. His tour added to the success of the campaign, and his correspondence shows the wide range of the Liberty bond holders. The tiniest tot who has written to the Secretary with her little contribution has received her answer. Mrs. Louisa K. Thiers, one hundred and two years of age, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, who secured a Liberty bond, received a letter from the Secretary, thanking her on behalf of the government for her subscription, and congratulating her on having lived to see a war of liberty—her father having been a soldier of the American revolution. Thus she becomes a living link between the two great wars for liberty, in which France and America were allied for a common cause.

MANY Congressmen have taken their vacations in relays. The increase of salary, hailed with delight a few years ago, has been neutralized by the increased time required for Congressional services, until it has been suggested that a "full crew" bill might well be introduced to save the situation.

Among the Congressmen who have given most conscientious service is Mr. W. Frank James, of Hancock, Michigan. His record in the Michigan Senate was notable, for every bill he introduced there became a law. Mr. James does not introduce bills until he feels the necessity of their passage. He has been interested chiefly in heading off pork-barrel legislation, and his other work has resulted in the saving of thousands of dollars. An ardent advocate of the selective draft, his addresses on this subject indicated the real balance of an effective legislator. He called a spade a spade, and berated the slackers in language that was understood.

He pointed out the fact that since war has been declared, it must be won, and won quickly. Mr. James is a veteran of the Spanish War. He knows the inefficiency of the volunteer system and what it is to serve under incompetent officers, suffering hardships due to the carelessness of those who manage affairs from easy chairs.

In time of peace as well as in time of war, Representative James has been fearless in standing for what is right. He is a legislator of man size, and has been constantly growing, not only in the estimation of his constituents, but of the nation at large, where his work has assumed national proportions. His Memorial Day address and speeches on the selective draft and public buildings and pensions, indicate that he is a man to be reckoned with. His able speech on conscription added a great deal to his fame outside of his own state.

TRENCH DIGGER AT WORK

Laying water mains in the cantonment camp at Quantico, Virginia. It is of the same type as those used to cut trenches on the battle front. The trench in the picture is ten feet deep, tho the machine, which is conveyed by a tractor, has a capacity of fifteen feet. The continuous belt operates scoop shovels, which empty into a bin; this bin is automatically emptied to the right as fast as it fills

In the colloquies, he has proven able to take care of himself—even in a waspish debate with J. Hampton Moore of Pennsylvania. He has impressed upon the country the value of the tonnage of Michigan—a thru tonnage of fifty millions and a local tonnage of forty-five millions, a total of nearly one hundred millions on the Great Lakes—a fact that seaboard legislators are apt to overlook in working for the development of an American merchant marine.

IN the War Department, the newly-created Commission on Training Camp Activities is in charge of Mr. Raymond D. Fosdick, who has been clothed with powers that the War Department has never before possessed. He realizes how important it is to conserve every ounce of American blood and every American life in the training camps, and the moral and physical well-being of every American soldier is the one result sought. Supplementing the work of the Young Men's Christian Association and the Knights of Columbus, in many camps the boys are furnished wholesome entertainment in the auditorium, not only by lectures and moving pictures, but also by good dramatic talent. A well-equipped library is provided in each of the camps. The intense work required in physical development must be supplemented by good reading and relaxation in order to keep the minds well-balanced and as wholesome as the bodies.

Work is also being done by the several state councils of defense, and the training camps are most rigorously inspected. The order prohibiting the sale of liquor to a soldier in uniform is producing good results. The department is determined to make the training camps equal West Point in general results. The President, too, is keenly interested in the proposition.

RAYMOND B. FOSDICK

As chairman of the Commission on Training Camp Activities, he has charge of the work of providing good, wholesome amusement, and to close the reservations to liquor and other menaces. Until three years ago Mr. Fosdick was commissioner of accounts for New York City. Since then he has investigated police conditions in Europe and the United States, and has written a book on the subject

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WASHINGTON has become the big buying center of America. Every day sees transactions in army supplies amounting to millions of dollars. The Navy Department recently asked for proposals on 2,500,000 yards of woolen uniform cloth, agreeing to furnish the wool. The tremendous amount of army and navy clothing being manufactured has materially cut into the business of commercial clothing manufacturers. With a million soldiers wearing khaki, regular clothes go begging.

FAT men, lean men, tall men, short men—all training for wartime efficiency! Father, mother, sister, brother, are all trying out the new stunts. If military training has done nothing more, what wonderful things it is doing to awaken people from their physical lethargy. Many prominent government officials, including four members of the Cabinet, have enrolled for physical training under the direction of Walter Camp, famous Yale coach, who is doing his bit by aiding in this way. Seven-thirty in the morning finds them out and at it; after the calisthenics comes a long hike. The performance takes place in the backyard of Representative William Kent, of California, who is a member of the class in good standing. He has installed shower baths in the yard and serves breakfast after the hike is concluded, and is consequently extremely popular.

GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS TRAIN FOR WARTIME EFFICIENCY

(*Front row, right to left*) William B. Wilson, Secretary of Labor; Joseph E. Davies, Federal Trade Commission; Louis F. Post, Assistant Secretary of Labor; Oscar T. Crosby, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury; Thomas W. Gregory, Attorney General, and Daniel C. Roper, of the Tariff Commission. (*Back row, right to left*) Franklin D. Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy; Edwin F. Sweet, Assistant Secretary of Commerce; Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior

Among those pictured are William B. Wilson, Secretary of Labor; Thomas W. Gregory, Attorney General, and Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior. It looks like a scene in a Greek play. Secretary McAdoo has confessed that one of his childhood ambitions was to have two pairs of suspenders. Franklin Lane is in his usual oratorical attitude, telling what's what.

EVERYWHERE, every day you see them—in the cars, trains, stores, on the streets, at the theater, at home—those gay-colored, cretonne-covered, copious knitting bags. I've often wondered how they do it, too, these girls and women who sit in rattling train and jarring street-car, calmly turning the heel—or, mayhap, the toe—of a sock, apparently unperturbed by the hustling, bustling world about them. They must repeat to themselves some ancient charm or spell to give them such an air of complete detachment. I'm sure I've watched their lips move to some formula or rhyme. And they're knitting, crocheting, stitching for the boys at the front—socks, wristlets, helmets, etc.

Which reminds me of a little story I heard recently:

A lady knitted a pair of socks, and before sending them away, attached, as I'm told they all do, a card bearing her name and address. In due time she received a note from "somewhere in France"—or maybe it was Flanders—which read:

"Dear lady: Socks received—some fit.
Used one for a helmet, t'other for a mit.
I hope to see you when I've done my bit—
But where on earth, lady, did you learn to knit?"

WHEN President Wilson voiced the spirit of the nation by declaring, "the world must be made safe for democracy," the world applauded. It has remained for Governor Samuel Walker McCall of Massachusetts to add deeper significance to the phrase by declaring "and democracy must be made safe for the world." The one relates to external relations, the other to internal—each of equal importance.

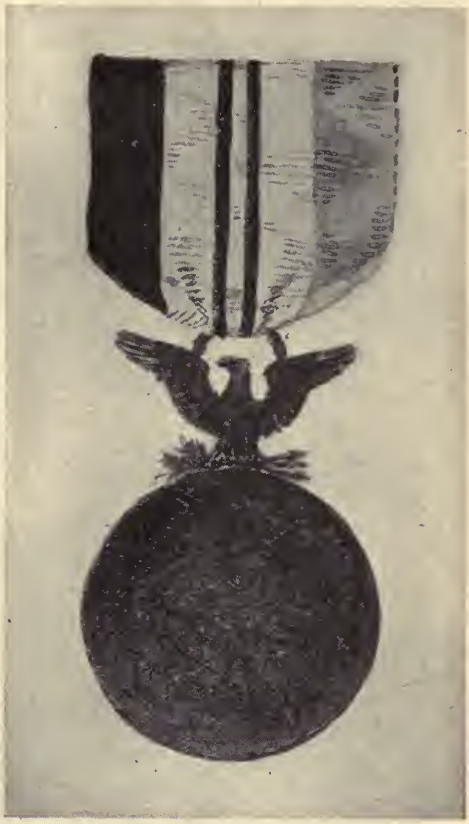
UNCONSCIOUS OF CAMERA, HE STUDIES MANUAL OF ARMS
One of the embryo officers in camp at Fort Myer studying the manual of arms during a lull in his day's work. The Fort Myer recruits are expected to study on their own time, for their schedule keeps them so busy that study is a matter of odd moments

Democracy can never be a fixed science, it must ever grow as the mind of man grows, and these two phrases, side by side, are the guide posts of its future.

A THRILL went over the House when the bill was read recommending that the two twelve-pound bronze, hand-carved guns presented by Lafayette be made into medals to reward United States soldiers who distinguish themselves in France. The two guns would provide metal for thirty thousand medals. These medals, which would rank next to the regulation Medal of Honor, would be especially appropriate, for these guns were presented by a Frenchman who fought for America, and the medals would be presented to Americans fighting in France for the one great common cause of liberty and freedom.

A bill of this nature will attract attention in the gallery when an appropriation bill involving millions of dollars is received with perfect nonchalance.

WAR times in Washington have overtaxed the Civil Service. This proud and haughty institution of our governmental life has succumbed—unable to supply the steadily increasing demand for trained stenographers, typists and clerks. The woman's committee of the Council of Defense has inaugurated a campaign to enroll women in this work. It is urged that trained minds can master typewriting and stenographic courses in the brief period of three weeks.



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PROPOSED DESIGN FOR VALOR MEDALS

To be struck from the two bronze cannon presented to the United States by the Marquis de Lafayette

FEW people realize the hundred and one details to be worked out in mustering an army of a million men. I was talking with a bright-looking young soldier on Pennsylvania Avenue, as we stood waiting for a car. He told me that the equipment necessary to provide for each soldier going to France amounts to five and one-half tons. Think of it! To take care of this storage load, which will be put upon the nation before the end of the year, an expenditure in excess of fifty million dollars will be necessary for terminal storage areas, probably requiring in all more than two thousand acres. And all this must be done before and not after supplies begin to come in.

MAIL at the State Department almost daily announces the arrival of a new mission—never before in the history of the country have the various nations sent as many missions to the United States as in the year 1917. There was much interest in Washington in the arrival of the Roumanian mission, from the gallant little country that had stood like Belgium, for the rights of freedom. Dr. Basil Lucaciu, chief of the Roumanian mission, has been for ten years secretary of the Roumanian party, and his life has been devoted to the cause of Roumanian nationalism. The object of the mission's visit to the United States is to recruit a fighting force among the Roumanians in America who have not applied for naturalization, that they may return to their native land and augment the depleted forces of the little army that so bravely stood its ground and was swept away before the German military Juggernaut.

IN VISITING Washington month after month, for many years, I have discovered that not all the interesting men in the national capital are in public life. There are many men who, in the regular routine of everyday, are doing things that have an influence as widespread in a personal way as if they participated in the enactment of federal legislation. Long before I knew who made "Martha Washington" candy, I felt there was an interesting personality connected with that business. There was no advertising to tell them the way; no emblazoned sign or public telephone number—but the people thronged to the little store with the colonial front that suggested Mount Vernon—and bought candy. In Chicago, Baltimore, and other cities, they wanted this candy named "Martha Washington," so branch houses were established, thus broadening its fame.

DIGGING TRENCHES AT FORT MYER

These young men, who are training to be officers, are learning to dig trenches, struggle with barbed wire entanglements and erect barricades. These lads are actually digging trenches, not merely overseeing the job

Now, I am not writing this to advertise candy, because "Martha Washington" products tell their own story; but the wonderful development of this business indicates over again that every business is the reflection of a personality. The personality I discovered is Mr. Elie Sheetz. His very name is distinctive and individual—yet he has never exploited or advertised it. Born in Pennsylvania, he began business in Lancaster, Pa., came to Washington and continued doing business in serving each customer in such a way as to bring another customer. Generous to a fault in impulse and purpose, he soon understood how to cater, not only to the sweet tooth, but to create a sweet and wholesome atmosphere in his store and among his customers.

His candy soon gained popularity because it was good candy, made of pure materials. It was christened by a happy circumstance; one of the boys selling the candy reported that a lady had jokingly called for some more of that "Martha Washington" candy. To Mr. Sheetz it was as tho the First Lady of the Land herself had spoken. He at once grasped the possibilities of making goods worthy of the name.

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HON. WILLIAM EDWIN HALL
New York lawyer and business man, in charge of the federal organization to supply the labor of city boys to farmers thruout the country, who are short of labor. The demand for boys is greater than the supply, in spite of the obvious advantages to city boys who are willing to spend a few weeks working in the open

MAJOR GENERAL TASKER H. BLISS
Acting chief of staff of the United States army in the absence of General Hugh L. Scott, who is a member of the United States mission to Russia. General Bliss has had a superlative military record, having been at various times commander of the eastern, western and southern departments of the army, president of the Army War College and a member of the general staff

The business grew and grew—but Elie Sheetz is not all business. He is first and last just a real man. His factory and store are pervaded with the family spirit; all aglow with the suggestion of just buying the candy at home. On the walls are historical pictures, portraits of the various Presidents, and many rare prints and photographs of Lincoln and his times. The collection of mirrors makes his home and office a veritable museum in itself. All this Elie Sheetz enjoys with his friends and his customers. He is the sort of man that I could not conceive of being anything but a friend to everybody. All about are rare old musical instruments—the flute on which George Washington played; an old harp; the fiddle of Bob Taylor; the drums of Revolutionary times. And when one passed over the threshold of that door it was a welcome in itself—there was music coming from the rear. Mr. Sheetz can call together at a moment's notice the fife and drums of 1776 or a symphony of 1917—it matters not, because the man is full of music and the spirit of melody. He loves and appreciates what the harmony of life means in its truest and broadest sense, whether it is in the making of friends or in the making of laws of the nation.

There is courtliness and chivalry in the attention to his customers, the same kindly spirit of welcome as would be extended to guests at his home. Mr. Sheetz has been able to reincarnate, in his stores, the southern hospitality of Washington's home at Mount Vernon.

If I were asked to make a list of the fifty most interesting personages I had met in Washington during twenty years, I should include Elie Sheetz. He is more than a merchant; more than a manufacturer—he is American to the core in word and deed, a citizen in the truest and broadest sense, who has radiated happiness in his circle that is far reaching. Let a city or a nation be made up of men like Elie Sheetz, and there is no doubt as to the world's growing better and more beautiful.

PROCEEDINGS at the Gridiron Club are never reported, but those who were present at a meeting some time ago will recall one time that they heard Woodrow Wilson at his best. The earnestness of that address foreshadowed the determined action that followed. He talked for many minutes without notes, and with the freedom of talking among confidential friends. He touched on matters that might have made them close the doors tighter at a Cabinet meeting. As the clock chimed out midnight, the President continued with one of the most demonstrative and emotional addresses he has ever made.

LEGISLATIVE speed laws in the House have not yet been drafted. Amendments come thick and fast on the Revenue bill. Various speakers trot down to the desk to deliver their remarks, and the leaders on either side carefully measure out the time for each discussion. When one wants two hours, the other insists upon an hour—sometimes they split the difference and make it ninety minutes. Some want ten minutes and some want five—finally they compromise on six minutes. Everything runs by the tick of the clock, but more time is often consumed in arranging for the time to be used than is actually devoted to the discussion.

"IS a man ever too tall to be accepted in the army?" was asked when it was found during the first rush to enlist that at least a man could be too *short* to join the army. Realizing that modern warfare can provide a varied range of opportunities for men of all sizes, and perhaps thinking that in trench warfare at least a short man might have a certain advantage over his taller brother, Uncle Sam issued a new order reducing the minimum height to sixty-one inches and the minimum weight to one hundred and ten pounds. "Bantam" is the term applied to men joining under this provision, and the NATIONAL MAGAZINE force is proud of the fact that one of their number, Andrew F. Roberts, was the first "bantam" to enlist in Boston. All knew how "Andy" had been rejected because he was too short, and all sympathized with him, when he came, his face shining with joy, and announced that he had at last been accepted.

"Andy" will make a fine soldier, and one thing is certain—his happy smile will radiate cheer wherever he goes on the battlefields of the world.

WHEN Congress passed the $650,000 appropriation for flying machines, somebody remarked: "Some difference from our former appreciation of the airship as a modern necessity of war." It was said that the United States Government owned only four airplanes at the outbreak of the war. Today it has expressed its determination to lead the world by building at once twenty thousand aircraft.

The mechanical genius of America will assert itself as never before, and the work will be carried on under the direction of the Aircraft Production Board. Mr. Sidney D. Walden, who retired a short time ago from the vice-presidency of the Packard Motor Car Company, is one of the big automobile engineers who has turned his talents toward the newer science of aviation, and will be prominent in the work. There is something about the swoop of an airship that suggests the American eagle, and it is easily the most popular branch of the army service for "dare-devils" to enter.

SIDNEY D. WALDEN

Who retired a short time ago from the vice-presidency of the Packard Motor Car Company, after fifteen years with the firm, has turned over all his time and enthusiasm to the Aircraft Production Board. Mr. Walden is an automobile engineer of wide reputation, but has bent his talents toward the newer science of aviation, with a keen interest in it

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STAGED in the Senate office building was the greatest lottery the world has ever seen, when Secretary of War Newton D. Baker, blindfolded, stretched out his hand into a deep glass bowl and drew forth "258," the first number of the selective army of the United States. For weeks General Crowder, who had been given direct charge of arrangements for the drawing, worked over his plans so there should be no hitch—and no possible opportunity for dissatisfaction. How well he succeeded is already history. Ten million young men between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-one are today conscripted into the American army for the defense of Liberty, each with his position and order of service specifically defined.

No longer will the Goddess of Liberty have to call for volunteers. That day is past. Today allegiance and duty are fixed principles of service under the banner of the Red, White and Blue. It is the most necessary step democracy has yet taken in world affairs. As usual, Uncle Sam finds a way.

RECENTLY decorated for notable service in France, Dr. Rosalie Slaughter Morton, of New York, has been honored in her own country by appointment as chairman of the American Women's Hospitals, an organization created by the war service committee of the Medical Women's National Association. Last summer Dr. Morton devoted four and a half months to medical and surgical service, under the French government, and was assigned for work to the Military Field Hospital in Sedes, Macedonia, not far from Salonica. On account of her position as professor at the New York Polyclinic Medical School and Hospital, and attending surgeon at the Vanderbilt clinic, many courtesies were extended to her. She made a journey to the Salonica front and witnessed an artillery battle at night.

The trip was an eventful one, as she stopped at Corsica, Marseilles and Aix in Provence to see the Serbian refugees. She returned to New York on the Chicago, which was on fire for a week at sea, and took twenty-five days to make a journey from Bordeaux to New York.

THE Shipping Board tangle, which resulted in the voluntary resignation of Goethals and the resignation by request of Denman, was one of the difficult problems bound to arise at such times as these. The new board has been instructed to "build ships," and their efficiency will be measured by one word—"results." Steel ships and wooden ships will both be included in the program—Uncle Sam doesn't care what kind, so long as there are plenty of them—enough to bridge the Atlantic and win the war.

DR. ROSALIE SLAUGHTER MORTON OF NEW YORK
Chairman of the American Women's Hospitals, an organization created by the war service committee of the Medical Women's National Association, with headquarters in New York

THE general movement to include "Dixie" as one of the authorized national songs is meeting with popular favor, and a prize is being awarded for new words to further popularize "Dixie" as a song as well as an air. It has been sung for three generations, and there is a movement afoot to have the government adopt it as a companion piece to "The Star Spangled Banner," "America," etc. No matter how many others may be played as national song favorites, "Dixie" is always the most stirring. Its popularity has far outgrown the original purpose of this song. It has a musical rhythm and lilt that thrills and moves, and there's always a cheer when "Dixie" is played.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF MILITARY CANTONMENT AT QUANTICO, VIRGINIA
One of the first of the sixteen camps for the housing of the conscript army. The camp fronts the Potomac River. Assembly halls, mess houses, kitchens, sleeping quarters and all other buildings are constructed along the same general lines, the materials being weatherboarding and tarred roofing. About twenty-five feet separate the rows, this space being a company street in each case. The work is being done by civilian labor, and construction is being rushed to the limit by a private contracting firm. This camp will house forty thousand men

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MORE than one hundred thousand men have been called from the labor market of the United States to build the cantonments which are expected to be ready September 1 for Uncle Sam's new soldiers of the first selective army. Colonel I. W. Littell, of the Quartermaster's Corps, War Department, supervising the war, has been a busy man and has taken every possible precaution to protect the government and see that it gets its money's worth in these camps constructed by private contractors.

Like the Panama Canal, the work is being carried out under the personal direction of regular army officers, and if the job on the Isthmus is any criterion, things will move, and move fast, when Uncle Sam's army men get behind them. The selection of the different sites for the cantonments was made with great care, while politics, as usual, attempted to pull and haul favored locations before the eyes of the War Department and the Council of National Defense. Nothing counted except military requirements for the health and training of the troops. One thing is certain, the cantonments will be kept clean. The selective army will represent the very highest type of citizenship, and clean, comfortable quarters is a nation's duty to the men who serve it.

WITH something more than one hundred million dollars raised by the special campaign of the Red Cross, plans for the efficient and economical handling of Red Cross supplies have been evolved. The program calls for the purchase of tons of drugs, hundreds of ambulances, and immense supplies of gauze for bandages. With two thousand Red Cross Chapters thruout the country, and millions of workers, the business of providing for the comfort and health of American soldiers has become one of the largest industries in the world. That there is no fear of unlucky numbers is attested by the fact that the organized work is to be carried on in thirteen branch depots of supply service.

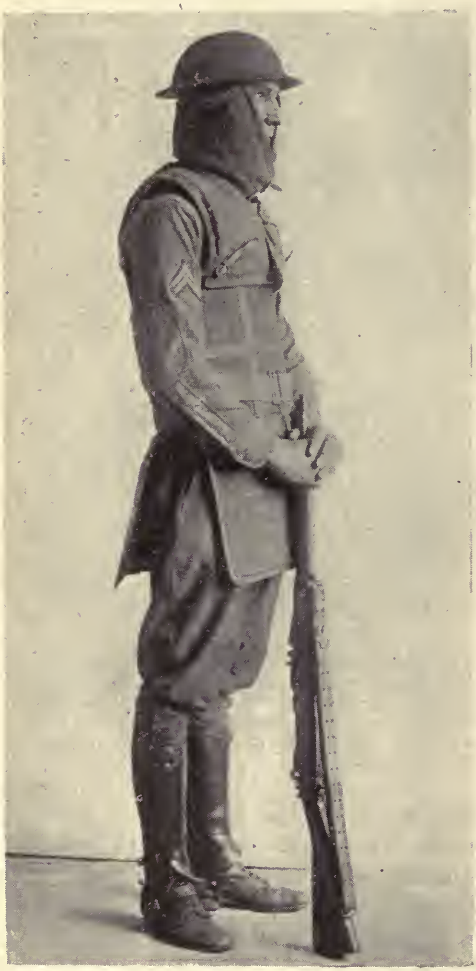
WOMEN'S RED CROSS AMBULANCE DRIVERS IN ACTIVE DUTY

The first actual duty performed by this ambulance corps was transporting two sick soldiers from a camp, "somewhere in Virginia," about twenty miles from Washington, to the engineer barracks in Washington. Mrs. William Colby Rucker (*left*), wife of a doctor in the public health service, drove the car, and Mrs. M. R. Blumenberg (*right*) acted as her helper. The trip was made over rough roads in good time. There being only two men to bring, a regular ambulance was not used. Captain Phelps, of the Army War College, is helping the soldier to a stretcher

These divisional staffs are made up, so far as possible, from the staff of patriotic business houses, to eliminate a very large percentage of normal overhead expense. Mr. Harvey D. Gibson, the new general manager of the American Red Cross, is conducting the work with the same keen perception that applies to any other big business. It is a satisfaction to the American people to know its generous response to Red Cross appeals will find every dollar doing its duty.

SUGGESTIVE of crusaders brave and ladies fair, is the new armament provided for American soldiers against the hail of German shrapnel. The United States forces in France are equipped with the British individual helmet and the shrapnel-proof body armor designed and used by the British and recommended by the army officers. The helmet is to be worn all the time except when the men are in the rear. Two pounds, two ounces is its weight, and it is made of tough material; the German helmet weighs two pounds, eleven and one-half ounces, and, besides being heavier, is inferior to the British type in shrapnel-resisting qualities.

No efficient armor is less than fifteen points thick—which will stop a rifle bullet. The British light body armor weighs sixteen pounds, three ounces. The space about the neck of the soldier is protected by a flexible canvas sack in which there are twenty-four layers of Japanese silk. This, in turn, covers an inner layer of silk waste. The body armor is issued only to men who are engaged in dangerous work, such as sallies into "No Man's Land," cutting barbed-wire entanglements, etc.



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BODY ARMOR PROVIDED FOR "SAMMIE" ON THE FIRING LINE

IN a Fourteenth Street car the other day I overheard a conversation—one side of it at least—between two young girls.

"Perhaps it's silly of me," said one, "but every time I pass a man in uniform, I feel like saluting. To be sure, here in Washington, I'd be standing at salute all the time."

I couldn't hear the answer, but I didn't think the young lady silly at all, and I wanted to tell her so. To me, hers was precisely the right attitude.

"About a year ago," she chattered on, "a friend of mine called me up—a boy I used to play with when we were kids. He was in the marines, and had just returned after the Haitian mix-up. He was to be here only over night, and hesitated to come out because he was in uniform. I told him it was nothing to be ashamed of. And do you know, he told me that the men didn't like to go abroad in uniform—so many doors were closed to them, girls refused to be seen with them, and goodness knows what else. Oh, I tell you, he had a string of grievances as long as your arm. I should think they'd be proud to wear the livery of Liberty!"

"Livery of Liberty"! And it's true that this uniform has sometimes been held in disrepute. The reasons for this are many and varied, but none of them adequate. A mere soldier was dismissed with a shrug, and was dubbed a tin soldier. And as for the national guardsmen, they were anathema, even to men in the regular army.

It was high time for a change of feeling on this point, and I'm glad to say there has been a radical change. The proudest women we see nowadays are those accompanied by a "Jackie" or a "Sammie." And that's as it should be.

BRIGADIER GENERAL JOSEPH E. KUHN
President of the Army War College in Washington, where officers are being trained in tactics more thoroly than ever before, but the public knows little of the maneuvers behind closed doors, where imaginary battles are fought on maps

OLD friends, like bad debts, turn up in most unexpected places. When I left the train at St. Johnsville, New York, the other day, I stepped straight into the arms of my old Canal Zone traveling mate, Lou MacWethy. Lou is a globe-trotter, country editor, and all-round good fellow. All of which recalls to me a story he told about his recent visit to the Virgin Islands.

"It may be recalled," said Lou, "that the final formalities connected with the transfer of the Danish West Indies from Denmark to the United States were somewhat abrupt. In fact, the whole thing was executed in less than a week's time. The flag of Denmark went down forever, and the Stars and Stripes were flung to the tropic trade winds on March 31, 1917. Things were moving so fast around me at that time that it has taken months to straighten the twisted grooves in my mind so that the current of thought may jibe with history. Why did we take the islands over in such a hurry?

"Read the record of the week from March 31 until April 6, 1917, and note the significance of the chain of events. On March 31 President Wilson sent a message to Congress asking that 'a state of war be recognized.' Congress broke all speed records for once, for a state of war was declared on April 6. But history will also tell us that the American Navy was not asleep for the seven days between the President's message and the actual declaration of war. What happened? Keep the dates in mind. March 31, President's message; March 31, Danish West Indies became American property and assumed new name of Virgin Islands.

"Then what happened? Nothing, except that the United States marine corps were landed to police the islands. Uncle Sam had spent twenty-five millions of dollars and was in possession. What happened further? All being snug and tight, Uncle Sam waited for Congress to declare war. This was on April 6, and on April 6 our marines took a stroll about the island and gathered unto themselves the officers and crews of two interned German boats and placed them under guard on their own vessels. Uncle Sam has been accused of being asleep.

"The Navy Department has stood for a lot of abuse. We have appeared to be backward in our method of handling delicate international questions. Perhaps we have. But our Navy somehow managed to keep pace with Washington in the Virgin Islands."

In this connection there is a little story which may or may not be true. Anyway, it will do no harm to tell it now, and Uncle Sam will probably dismiss it with a shrug.

Between St. Thomas and Porto Rico lies the island of Culebra—not one of those islands we used to define so glibly in our

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MME. DE LA GRANGE

Wife of Lieutenant Colonel de la Grange, head of the French aero mission to the United States, one of the few women who have accompanied members of the foreign missions to this country. Her charming personality has won great popularity for her in social Washington early geography lessons. It is not so much a body of land completely surrounded by water as a harbor almost surrounded by island. Germany wanted that harbor. She just longed for it, even as she longed for St. Thomas. Culebra was not so public as St. Thomas and offered tempting natural advantages as a submarine base. At least it would to any other government, and Germany is said to be entirely human in the matter of her desires. She may be hungry for food, but she is a whole lot hungrier for harbors—or was.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL JAMES A. WOODRUFF

After a service of eighteen years in the engineer corps, he is to organize and command a regiment of picked woodsmen and mill workers for service in France. The special duty of this regiment will be to get out timber needed by the armies, from the woods near the battle lines, and some of the territory will be under fire. Skilled axmen, sawyers, hewers, skidders, teamsters and blacksmiths are wanted—men between eighteen and forty. Enlistment will be for the period of the war. One battalion will be assembled at the American University, where Colonel Woodruff is stationed, and the other at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas

An innocent fisherman was plying his trade in Culebra. He was a lone Robinson Crusoe apparently, and what more natural than that a German boat should sail into his beautiful harbor and invite him to take a ride? The innocent fisherman acquiesced and climbed aboard. In excellent English, the skipper invited him to his cabin and spread before him bounteous refreshment. As the innocent fisherman partook of his hospitality, he glanced out of the port and observed that they were rapidly leaving the island. Whereupon he delivered himself of the following monologue:

"Look here, my friend, you may not know it, but I am familiar with sea terms, having done a bit of square rigging in my day, and I know the meaning of full speed ahead. You are an observing gentleman and good company, but there is one thing you have overlooked. At my side you noticed an automatic, but you evidently overlooked the fact that the end of the holster is missing. You may further take notice that I never draw a gun to shoot, having learned to shoot from the hip and rope cattle when the shooting and roping were good. Please do not rise, as my gun is pointed directly under the table and might go off. You can countermand your orders right where you sit. Thanks, that is as it should be. I prefer the solitudes of Culebra to the confinement of the Yarrowdale, and besides I have business to attend to. Sorry, old top, but you will have to excuse me."

And he was returned to his fishing. We may or may not have the finest secret service in the world, but we have a service fine enough to take care of our new possessions, and the story of how they kept those islands from falling into foreign hands will some day make good reading.

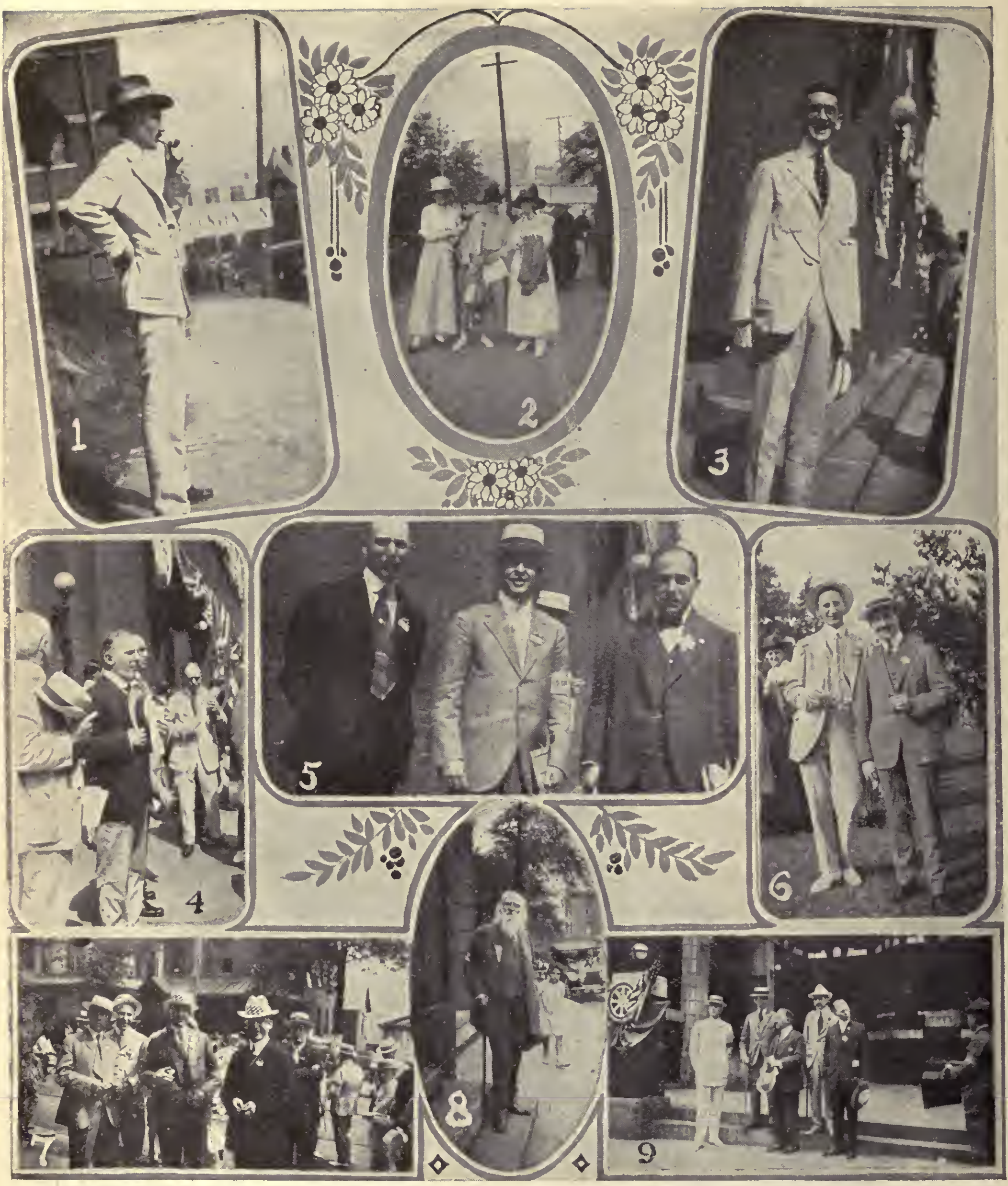
LOU D. MACWETHY IN THE TROPICS

ALTHO the *Official Bulletin* tells us that the soldier boys in France are called "Sammy," and that this name has been officially decreed, we hear that the French people insist upon calling the boys in khaki "Teddy." Whatever else may be said of the Sage of Sagamore, the fact is that he has clarified the vision of the American people as to this war. Everywhere the spectacle of Teddy smiling as he speaks occasions an outburst. What would it be with Teddy in action with a sword on the West Front?

WHEN I read the list of men who have received commissions in the Signal Officers Reserve Corps, I felt that the Army Register was supplanting "Who's Who in America." The Signal Corps has drawn the country's leading experts, including distinguished telephone and telegraph, radio and cable engineers, balloonists, educators, scientists and aviators.

First on the list to strike my eye was Major John J. Carty, chief engineer of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, and the foremost telephone engineer in the world, who is making possible the closest co-operation in the mobilization of communication resources for war. Major Frank B. Hewett, chief engineer of the Western Electric Company, is an authority on radio telephones, and a noted designer. George M. Yorke, vice-president of the Western Union, and Charles P. Bruch of the Postal Telegraph Company, have also been commissioned as majors in the Signal Corps. Professor Hiram Bingham, member of Yale faculty, and noted explorer, historian and educator, has charge of military aeronautic schools, with rank of major. Orville Wright, the well-known airplane pioneer, is another major of this distinguished corps.

JOHN J. CARTY
Chief engineer of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, who has been called to the service of the government, is making possible the closest co-operation in the mobilization of communicative resources for war



Photos by John Knutson, Bill Graham and Phil Kellar

THE ALL-SEEING CAMERA EYE IN ACTION AT ATLANTA

(1) Stuart Lees of Hamilton, Ont., watching the Chicago Patrol drill in front of convention hall. (2) Mrs. Frank Mulholland (*left*), Mrs. Guy Gundaker (*center*), and Mrs. William Gettinger. (3) Bert Adams, watching the crowd a-coming, snapped just before he was nominated for international vice-president; his name was withdrawn at his request. (4) Allen Albert and others before the convention hall, while Chicago Band plays "The Star-Spangled Banner." (5) Frank Waterman of New York, and President Alzugaray and Senor V. A. Perez of Havana, Cuba. (6) President John O. Knutson, a former governor of District No. 10, and Secretary Ralph A. Gaynor of Sioux City; John is in white. (7) Some Kansas City boosters and others; Horace Williamson of Cincinnati, A. E. Hutchings, Secretary Jack Squires, Rev. Frank G. Smith, Bill Gettinger of New York. (8) Uncle Charley Woodward of Indianapolis, great-uncle of Russell Greiner, ninety-five years old, and attending his fourth consecutive convention. (9) Five international officers; from left to right they are Pidgeon, Klumph, Albert, Chapin, and Perry; Secretary Perry is giving instructions to one of his Boy Scout assistants

The Rotary Convention of 1917

by Mitchell Mannering

THE wheels of progress are symbolized in the emblem of Rotary. The eighth annual convention of this organization at Atlanta included representatives from every profession and every line of business; in fact, every vocation. Essentially democratic, the convention reflected most accurately American sentiment, for the whole proceedings were dominated with thoughts of service to be rendered to the country.

Rotary spirit is almost as indefinable as the sunshine. There is no ritual or form, but the members are bound together under the common slogan, "Service, not self." The origin of the organization is unique. Its inspiration was the call of the lonesome men in the cities when Mr. Paul P. Harris now President Emeritus, was a lawyer in Chicago. He conceived the idea and rotated around, talking about it to some other fellows. When they became acquainted, they liked each other and continued to meet every week. That was the beginning of Rotary. The organization, first begun in the large cities, has extended now to smaller towns, and the annual convention has become an occasion of national importance in reflecting the crystallized sentiment of American business. This year's great program was masterfully arranged by Mr. Frank Mulholland of Toledo, Ohio, former president of the Association. The administration of Mr. Arch C. Klumph, of Cleveland, president, closed in a blaze of glory with the convention at Atlanta. The opening day was a day of convocation; sermons in the various churches on the creed of "Service, not Self," by resident and visiting clergymen. The convocation was held at Piedmont Park, the site of the Atlanta Exposition. There were flag raisings and patriotic demonstrations, and to hear Chief Silverthorn—in Indian attire from feathers to moccasins—a full-blooded Indian, now an attorney in Kansas City, sing the "Star Spangled Banner" was most impressive. Such a voice—the words rang out over the trees and over the lake with a resonance and carrying power truly marvelous—the voice of a Red Man singing the national song, was a significant indication of the march of events.

While the bands were playing the patriotic airs of the allied nations, the entire throng of people responded. The opening address was made by Dr. F. G. Smith of Kansas City, followed by Joe Mitchell Chapple and Mr. Frank E. Herring of Indiana.

* * *

The entrance of delegates from Canada, Cuba and the British Isles into the great tabernacle, upon the opening of the convention, indicated a gathering of inspiring purpose. They sang "Onward, Sons of Rotary," and the program revealed how thoroly the organization covers all forms of discussion, ranging from community service to work among boys in training camps and helping the Red Cross. Conferences were held in the afternoons, virtually "round tables," where Rotary

PRESIDENT PIDGEON'S CABINET

(1) Robinson A. McDowell of Louisville, first vice-president, I. A. of R. C. (2) Rufus F. Chapin of Chicago, treasurer. (3) H. J. Brunnier of San Francisco, second vice-president. (4) Samuel B. Botsford of Buffalo, third vice-president. (5) John Clifford Miller of Cincinnati (*on left*), sergeant-at-arms, getting pointers from his predecessor, W. H. Richardson, Jr., of Austin. (6) Chesley R. Perry of Chicago, secretary

problems were freely discussed and reports made to the convention.

Every session of the convention rang with the spirit of patriotism. The address by Mr. Pomeroy Burton of the *London Times* made a profound impression among those present. It emphasized the necessity of arousing the American people to the real condition of affairs. Mr. Burton was formerly a linotype operator and later managing editor of the *New York World*, and is the right-hand man of Lord Northcliffe, the great civic power in Great Britain. He has been in England all during the war, and declared that the length of the war will be determined by the time that America requires to get ready to participate. The man power of France is about exhausted; England now has about five million men under arms, and is ready to join in the final drive. The first thing needed, he declared, is ships, and next men, and he thought it would require from one to three million men from the United States to end the war within two or three years. He called attention to the world-wide food shortage, stating that thirty square miles are all that the Allies had reclaimed of the 180,000 miles occupied by the Germans. This gives an idea of the magnitude of the task to push back the German front.

* * *

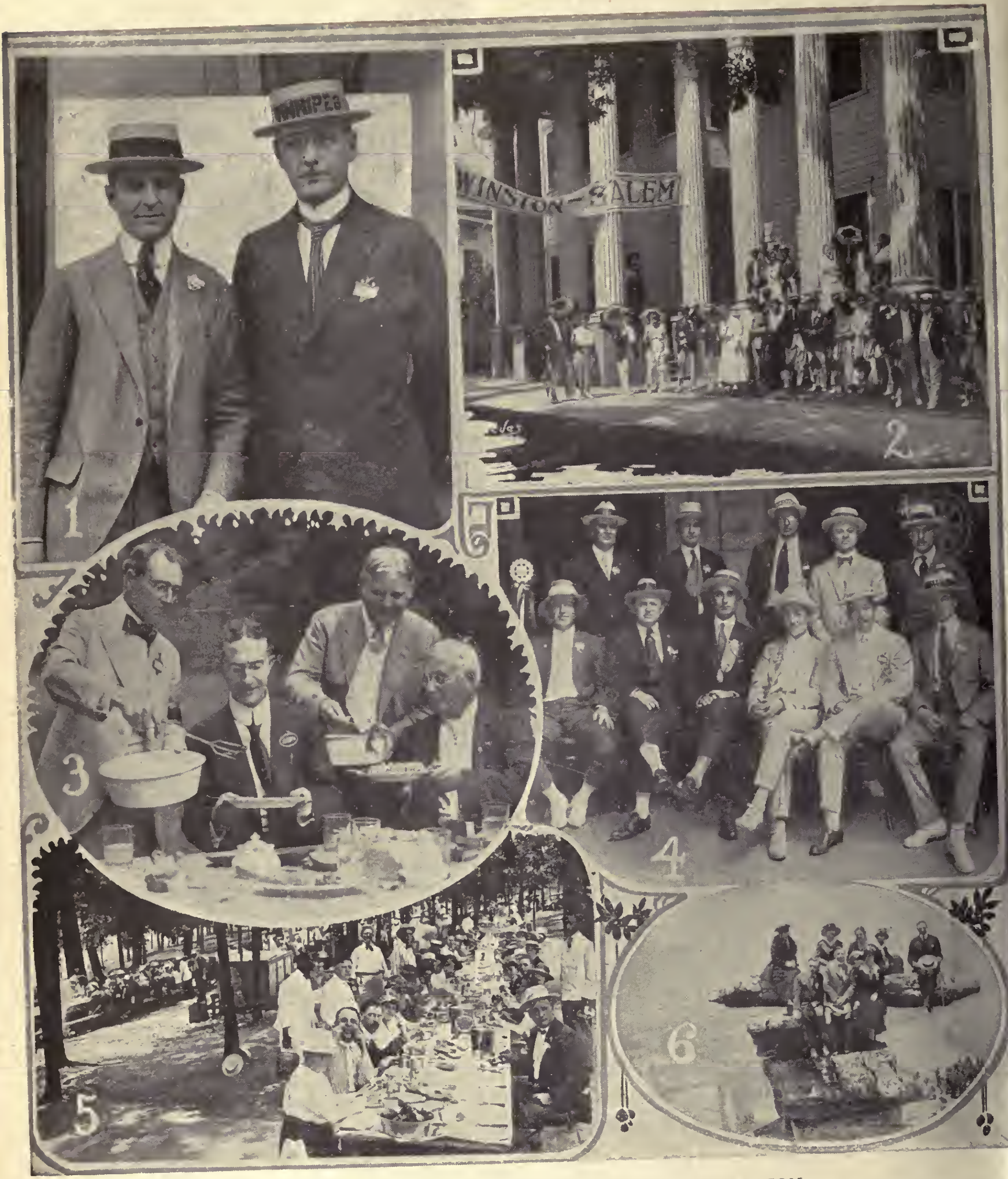
An outburst of patriotism was reached when Mr. Ashley Jones, of Augusta, presented the national colors to the convention with an address which never can be forgotten. The talk of General Wood on this occasion only deepened the sense of responsibility. Even in the social functions, something was done that would reflect the ideal of service. In the great city auditorium, the Rotarians contributed most generously to the Red Cross Fund, regardless of what they were doing at home—a further indication of the wide-spread, open-hearted generosity of the people.

Tuesday was a day of inspiration, when the work of the various clubs was reviewed. At one of the meetings, Rena Berndes, delegate from Havana, told what is being done in the new Republic. Almost every topic of civic interest and betterment was touched upon—and the feature most impressive about it all was that these talks were not of something *planned*, but of something *accomplished*.

Delegates from the same city were not allowed to dine with one another; the rule was to dine with those from other towns. Tuesday afternoon those representing different lines of business from different cities assembled, the doctors together, etc., making it a veritable convention of national conventions.

Wednesday was the day of Education, bringing out a discussion of Rotary duties and obligations during the war—a frank and open discussion suggesting the old town meeting, when everything was read to respond in word or deed. The night in fairyland at East Lake Park will not soon be forgotten, when three thousand guests gathered on the lawn before the lake and a pageant of the beginning of things was given by the Montgomery Alabama Club, followed by an entertainment by the Kansas City Missouri Club. The fireworks display which followed included a greeting from many southern cities, who joined with Atlanta in pyrotechnic welcome. It is impossible to include a report

E. LESLIE PIDGEON, OF WINNEPEG
President for 1917–18 of the International Association of Rotary Clubs



CAMERA SHOTS AT THE ATLANTA ROTARY CONVENTION

(1) President Klumph and President-elect Pidgeon. (2) Winston-Salem Rotarians were pleasantly quartered at the Washington Seminary. (3) At the jewelers' section barbecue; Armin Maier of Atlanta, A. B. Brown of Hope, Ark., Col. Walter P. Andrews and Mayor Asa G. Candler of Atlanta. (4) Burroughs Adding Machine Rotarians: (*standing*) Floyd Hughes of Greenville, Frank B. Jones of Lexington, St. George T. Cordell of Nashville, George M. Greene of Atlanta, B. G. Erb of Buffalo; (*sitting*) W. H. Riggle of Jacksonville, F. M. Fillingim of Waco, E. A. Falkhurst of Atlanta, J. B. Erskine of Toronto, W. J. Meyer of Jackson, R. W. Stockbridge of Portland, Me. (5) At the barbecue given by Birmingham Rotarians to visitors returning from the convention. (6) President Klumph and party on Umbrella Rock, Lookout Mountain, Chattanooga, en route to convention; (*Klumph is at extreme right*); seven states can be seen from this point

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Photos by John Knutson, Bill Graham and T. E. Gause

SIDELIGHTS ON ATLANTA CONVENTION TOLD BY SNAPSHOTS

(1) President Arch Klumph and Miss Grace Nelson of Kansas City, who delighted the convention with her singing. (2) A bit of the convention audience seen from the choir loft. (3) Ex-presidents Jim Craig and Herb Angster of Chicago, with the Indian princess, who dispensed Red Wing grape juice at Chicago headquarters. (4) Joe Mitchell Chapple and wife of Boston. (5) Homer Sumption (*in white*) of San Diego, and President Leon C. Warner of Minneapolis. (6) President Louis D. Hicks of Atlanta inspecting a punctured tire; Frank R. Jennings, advertising manger of *The Rotarian*, is just back of him. (7) Pipe Major Dunbar, with the Hamilton (Ont.) delegation. (8) Charlie Schramm of Salt Lake City and Dr. J. A. Donovan of Butte. (9) R. G. Knowles of London, England (*at left*) and Ralph Shaffer of Tacoma, governor-elect of Fifteenth District. (10) President Al Carter of Oakland, Managing Editor Philip R. Kellar of *The Rotarian*, and Stuart Lees of Hamilton, Ont. (11) Edward King of Tacoma, whose address, "A Vision of the Rotary of Tomorrow," was one of the oratorical gems of the convention. (12) Major-General Leonard Wood; the boy got in front of him just as the camera snapped. (13) President-elect E. Leslie Pidgeon. (14) Past Presidents Frank Mulholland (*at left*) and Allen D. Albert talking things over at the stage door

of the widely-varied activities of Rotary Clubs. There was Detroit which, in a few days, raised eleven companies of motor truck drivers for the army. As advance guard of the Red Cross, and in the Liberty Loan campaign, Rotary made a record. The Detroit Club topped the list with a million and a half of Liberty Bonds sold. The Red Cross Y. M. C. A. and the Commission on Training Camp Activities, in which Rotary has taken an active interest for some time past, were unanimously declared worthy of earnest support.

* * *

The program at times seemed to show utter disregard of printed schedule, but expressed the feeling of men who, in the mellow hours of fellowship felt that something worth while must be planned and done. Every member of Rotary who attends an international convention feels that he has dedicated himself to earnest and sincere work in public affairs, and the Rotarian becomes a better member of all other organizations, because of the stirring and stimulating impulse to do things.

It seemed all too soon when "Auld Lang Syne" was sung. The little lavender programs were covered with notes, for each one felt he must be ready to tell the story to the boys at home. While looking over the pages, cards and souvenirs, the reminiscent glow of the lodges seems only to strengthen the feeling that this occasion was one worth while, where, without religious, social, trade or professional affiliation, the visitor had given himself to the consideration of universal subjects.

When the Canadian delegates, many of whom soon go to the trenches in France, assembled before the platform and sang their song of "Smile, Smile, Smile," the thought came that, after all, service is the crown of hope. There seemed to be a refined atmosphere in the common and tragic struggles for democracy.

Mayor Candler and Banker Maddocks, and editors of the Atlanta newspapers gathered at a dinner and insisted emphatically that the Rotary convention was the greatest that Atlanta had ever entertained because of its influence toward directing the minds, not only of the members, but of the city, toward greater and nobler achievement. Rotary is not confined to the circle of its membership; its meetings are open and its benefits available to all who may desire to become interested in the work they are doing thru other organizations and associations. There is no didactic law, written resolution or edict saying that this and that "must" be done; it seems to have the freedom of expressing "are's" better "Nature," and finding the joy of doing things for others—furnishing the greatest happiness known to human kind.

REMORSE

By ANNA SPENCER TWITCHELL

IT is not always the selfish acts,
  The many thoughtless and unkind things,
Nor even the hasty words we speed
  As the shaft with barbed and cruel stings,

That haunt us longest in after years.
  'Tis not for these as a soul unshriven
I do my penance and say my beads,
  And seek the peace of one forgiven.

Oh, hand for whose touch I reach in vain,
  Oh, Spirit into the Silence fled . . .
I grieve for the kind deed left undone,
  For the loving word I never said.

The Man Who Discovered Himself

A Message to the Down-and-Outers

by Willis George Emerson

Author of "A Vendetta of the Hills," "The Treasure of Hidden Valley," "Buell Hampton," etc.

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Illustrations by Arthur Hutchins

SYNOPSIS.—*Victim of a dread disease, fifty-year-old Marsh Gordon, intent on providing a good home and even luxuries for those dependent upon him, struggles for years as an humble shoe-pegger. Miriam Gordon, his wife, is a woman who has come to care only for money and the position and comforts money will bring. She accepts every sacrifice her husband makes with no compunctions, even when she sees him ill and alone. Anxious for social position, she encourages the attentions of Burn Hopkins, a rising young attorney, to her older daughter, Bernice, but keeps her husband out of sight by providing him a little one-room cottage in the back yard of their home at Venice, California. Here he stays, when not at his work. For companions he has his books. He is, however proud of his capable wife, and denies her nothing in his power to give her. Uncomplainingly he accepts the social ostracism which she forces upon him. The only really bright spot in his life is his little daughter Bessie, who spends as much time as her mother will allow in her father's company. At last the day comes when his cough has taken such a hold upon him that he is not able to go to his work. Thinking that a day in the air and sunshine will benefit him, he goes to the hills accompanied by Bessie, and there they spend a happy day gathering tiger-lilies and cowslips. Refreshed by the short rest, Marsh returns to his work, but finally is obliged to stay away longer. This time he loses his position entirely, and makes up his mind to take Miriam's advice to go to the desert. The night before the twenty-fifth anniversary of his own marriage to Miriam, she announces to him that Bernice is to be married on the morrow, and hints that he should absent himself from home that day. Hurt beyond measure by her utter disregard of him, he leaves his savings of nine hundred dollars for her, and a letter, and taking but thirteen dollars and ten cents for himself, he starts alone for the desert. He finally finds himself in the desert, where he falls in with a band of "hoboes," who rob him of money, clothes, watch and kit of tools, and then drive him away from their campfire. He comes at last to a farm and sleeps in a haystack until morning, when he is found by the owner, Mike O'Meara, who treats him to a good breakfast and sends him on his way with a loan of five dollars and a big Mexican hat. Meanwhile Miriam has discovered his departure and rejoices over the nine hundred dollars which he has left for her. Faint and staggering, Gordon finally reaches Submarine Junction, where Ned Collier, who is stationed here, saves him from death. Under a new name—Jim Marshall—Gordon starts life anew. Shortly after his arrival he reads in a stray newspaper of the tragic death of Marsh Gordon, and resolves to accept his fate.*

CHAPTER XVIII

The Parting

AGAIN the hands of time had moved on the dial—a few more months had glided by, peacefully and happily for the two devoted comrades out on the desert. But now the hour of parting was at hand.

It all happened one Monday morning. An official message came tapping and clicking over the wires notifying Ned that he had been promoted to the position of assistant train despatcher at Los Angeles, that by the end of the week his successor would arrive to take over the duties of Station agent at Submarine, and that Ned would be expected to report for his new duties within three days thereafter.

Altho the news had been long anticipated, in truth eagerly awaited, yet it came now almost as a blow. For promotion meant the severing of a companionship that had grown to be very dear both to Ned Collier and to Jim Marshall. At the thought the young lad heaved a deep sigh. Jim had often insisted that Ned had taught him many useful things—the handling of a telegraph instrument, the routine of a station agent's duties, and so on. But how much more had he learned in return from this dear old chum who had so strangely entered into his life, having proved to be only seemingly a vagrant—in actual reality a scholar, a widely-read man, a thinker, a teacher, with whom association amounted to a liberal education. During the all too brief months of association, Ned had drunk deeply from the fountain of Jim's learning and philosophy. And now he was going to lose this best of all the friends he had ever made.

Jim's emotions were just the same. Despite the difference in years, this comradeship had also come to be for him like that of Damon and Pythias. The parting would be hard. But he tried to look cheerful as he warmly congratulated his young friend on the step in advancement which he so well deserved.

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To Ned, too, the loss of the desert meant no small sacrifice. He had grown to love the great brooding wilderness in all its moods and aspects—its illimitable horizons, its vast sky of blue by day and its star-bedecked purpled canopy by night, its glorious sunrises and wonderful sunsets, its sublime peacefulness, its very solitude far away from all the petty worries and strivings of the crowded marts of men. He had become mentally acclimated to the power of silence, and to transplant him now was like the tearing up of delicate rootlets of habit and preference.

"Well, we must be men of action, Jim," exclaimed Ned. He had been sitting meditative awhile, with austere knitted brows, but now he spoke with the forcefulness of a Napoleon. "When duty calls us to the fighting line, we've got to grab our guns, tighten our belts and go, old boy. *Go!*—that's the word."

There was a lump in Jim's throat, and he did not seek to interrupt—he just huskily murmured: "Sure, sure."

Ned rose and crossing over to his desk, drew from a pigeon-hole a neatly folded legal paper.

"Here is my relinquishment of the land, Jim," he went on, "all fixed up. Tomorrow morning you will take the early train for San Bernardino, file this relinquishment, and then put on a new filing for yourself."

This procedure had been decided on long ago, so on the following morning Jim was on his way to the United States Land Office. By noon of the morrow he was back at Submarine. The two chums clasped hands as if the separation had been for a year instead of a day.

But Ned's face was bright with happiness when, the Overland having continued on its eastern way, he led Jim into the office.

"I've got great news for you, old scout!" he exclaimed. "When you hear it, you'll admit I'm some fixer. The moment you were gone, I burned up the wires; got in touch first with division telegraphic headquarters at Yuma, was referred to Los Angeles, and then was switched back to Yuma again. And in the end everything came out right. You have been appointed station agent at Submarine Junction, and are to enter on your duties right away. The only drawback is that, seeing you are here and are already thoroly familiar with the job, I am expected to take this afternoon's train and report at Los Angeles for duty tomorrow morning. So today we'll have our last meal together in the dear old desert home."

There was a tremor of sorrow in the young fellow's voice as once again he wrung his comrade's hand. Jim, overcome by the suddenness of the severance, was too deeply moved to speak. He had a vague sense that he ought to be thanking Ned for the great service he had done in recommending him as his successor.

But both men knew what was in each other's hearts as they gripped hands and looked into each other's eyes.

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"I've been busy since you went away," Ned resumed, dropping into his desk chair. "All the work is completed down to the minute—waybills and everything written up, books posted, and so on. So for the few remaining hours we have nothing to do but enjoy ourselves in an old-fashioned visit. I have dinner ready except to boil the coffee and broil a mighty fine steak I ordered specially from Yuma for the occasion. Let's go over to the shack now, Jim."

Arm in arm they crossed to the little home that would no longer be so called by the boy who had built it some two years before with his own hands, and to the shelter of which he had welcomed the stranger who had since become so close a friend. These thoughts were in both their minds as they sat down to the farewell meal. They ate sparingly and in comparative silence, altho every now and then Ned did try valiantly to start and keep up a conversation in a small way. But the talk soon flickered out, with really nothing said. Their hearts were too full with the thought of the impending parting.

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When the coffee cups had been finally pushed aside, Ned sprang up with cheerful alacrity.

"Well, Jim," he exclaimed, as he commenced gathering up the dishes, knives, and forks, "we'll clear the table, wash the dishes, and tidy up things generally, side by side this time. In short, we're going to go 'fifty-fifty' on the housekeeping today. Stir your stumps and get busy, old pal," he added, forcing himself to laugh in a hilarious way.

Jim promptly started to his feet.

"No, no," he protested. "I'll attend to all this later on. You have your bags to pack, Ned."

"Not on your life!" rejoined Ned, sticking to the stack of dishes of which Jim was trying to relieve him. "All my things are packed and in perfect readiness over at the depot. You can wash, if you like, and I'll dry."

As the work of putting the little kitchen in order came to a close, Jim remarked:

"Ned, my dear boy, friends are not made, but discovered, just as you discovered me and I discovered you that day which seems so long ago, when you found me on the railroad ties perishing from thirst and almost at the end of my string."

"I subscribe to that," replied Ned, with attempted pleasantry in his voice. "It is very true. Friends are discovered. And when I discovered you, Jim Marshall, I found the best chap that ever lived."

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As he spoke he prudently glanced at his watch.

"Only half an hour now until that old train comes wheeling in from the east. Let's go over to the office, Jim. Cheer up, old boy. We'll light our corn-cob pipes for the last time together for perhaps many moons, and ask over the wire if the Limited has left Cactus. We'll put up our heels on the desk, tilt our chairs, mix smoke, and forget all sadness at our parting." Ned slapped Jim on the back, good-naturedly. "We are big men, old fellow, and strong men, and I'm going out into the world to conquer."

"Yes," responded Jim, laying an arm caressingly on the young man's shoulder, "you are going out to conquer, and you will win big things—bigger than you dream of, Ned. I know it. You are the real stuff that makes successful men."

"Thanks for the compliment, Jim. Let us hope it is a prophecy. And I'll write you every week, old pal. It will be my Sunday morning recreation. You'll give me long letters in reply, won't you—tell me all your news, everything that happens at Submarine?"

"My news of society events in Submarine won't amount to much," smiled Jim. "But there will be lots of things to write you about, all the same."

They had been smoking and chatting some time when at last the distant rumble of the incoming train was heard. Ned jumped up and snapped together the lock of his handbag; his trunk was already on the truck outside, duly checked for Los Angeles; Jim took temporary possession of the grip resting on the office counter.

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They were now standing together on the platform, watching the train as it swept down the grade to a palpitating halt in front of the depot. Each intended to say something more, but neither spoke. Presently the fireman pulled the chain at the water tank to refill the locomotive, the conductor descended and came strolling along the platform.

Ned formally presented the new station agent to the conductor, altho as man to man they already knew each other well. But the conductor had already heard the news, and had congratulations, both for Ned on his promotion and for Jim on his appointment. He sort of sensed the situation, and soon passed on toward the mail car, leaving the friends again alone.

A little later the clanging of the bell gave the warning of "all aboard." The chums stood by the steps of the coach and clasped hands. Jim looked into the eyes of the noble young fellow whom he had learned to love as he would have loved a son had he been blessed with one; while Ned, altho there were two big tears trickling down his cheeks, forced a laugh as he said: "Good-bye, pal, good-bye."

Just the simple, commonplace words of parting—nothing more!

It was with a determined air of resolution that Ned swung his grip and handbag onto the platform of the already moving car and climbed up after them. A wave of the hand, the train glided on, and Jim Marshall was alone. He watched the little flags on the rearmost coach as they gradually and swiftly vanished into the distance. And soon even the throbbing of the locomotive also died away.

For a few moments Jim stood, grave and pensive. Then he pulled himself together, strode over to the office, sat down at the telegraph instrument, and sent a wire to division headquarters announcing that he had taken over his new duties. As "the man in charge" now, he felt a sense of his responsibilities. But his thoughts were also fuller than ever of gratitude for all the good things that had come his way—of yearning kindness toward those in sorry plight as he had once been, the poor and discouraged of the world, the down-and-outers needing often enough only a helping hand and the smile of encouragement to raise them from the depths and restore them to usefulness as he himself had been restored.

Chapter XIX

Paths That Met

Three years had passed. For over two years of this period, Jim Marshall had continued to be the station agent at Submarine Junction. He enjoyed the reputation of being one of the most efficient employes on the railway, thoroly familiar with all his duties, an expert telegraphist, reliable at all times, resourceful in emergencies, cool, capable, tactful, and respected by all with whom he came into contact. On two occasions he had been offered promotion, once to quite an important town within thirty miles of Los Angeles. But neither the professional advancement nor the increased pay had attracted him. The desert climate had bestowed on him recovered health and strength, and he stuck to it, also to his homestead of a hundred and sixty acres.

The latter he had wonderfully improved. Ned's rough-and-ready board shack had yielded place to a neat and trim three-roomed cottage, with a spacious screened porch for sleeping quarters. He had applied to the railroad company for some privileges in the matter of water, and with these accorded to him, he soon had bright flowers around his home, also a vegetable patch of sufficient size to supply all his wants in this particular line. By taking advantage of the parcel post and the frequent trains, he obtained regular supplies of fresh meat, butter, eggs, and other provisions, so that canned goods were required only as an occasional standby, and did not constitute the regular diet to which most dwellers on the desert are compelled. Thus the place had proved for him nothing more nor less than an ideal sanitarium.

Under these conditions his cough had long since disappeared, the stoop had gone from his shoulders, his chest had expanded, his erstwhile lean, gaunt frame had taken to itself again the flesh that rounded out limbs and features. Into his sun-browned cheeks had come the ruddy tinge of health; even his hair had recovered its vitality so that scant gray locks had been replaced by a vigorous growth which might almost have been dignified by the name of pompadour. Altogether a wonderful transformation—one of those near-miracles which Nature, aided by the will power and the temperament of the individual, is capable of performing, even in desperate and well-nigh hopeless cases.

* * *

Physically Marsh Gordon had been to all intents and purposes reincarnated as Jim Marshall. Mentally the change was hardly less striking. The timid, shrinking reserve of the chronic invalid had completely disappeared. No longer was an apologetic hand raised to his lips for the suppression of an attack of coughing. Every gesture now was one of vigor and forcefulness, as many a hobo had come to divine long before getting within range of the fist that warned him to take himself away.

Then again, while Jim was still a great reader, he no longer shut himself up with books as formerly—concealing his infirmity both from himself and from others in their companionship. He was always glad now to lay aside a volume when some teamster happened along or a rancher from up the river came in with a wagon-load of wool. Conversation with his fellow-mortals, however commonplace, had come to have the preference over commune with the immortals of the printed page.

* * *

On such occasions Jim Marshall was the soul of hospitality. No rancher was ever allowed to start back for home without sharing a meal. The honest teamster passing by had never to ask for a cup of tea or coffee. And during a pleasant, leisurely hour the news of the day would be discussed—crops and prospects, the latest settlements, the coming of the high-line irrigation canal, most likely—that will-o'-the-wisp project which was always about to happen, yet never seemed to materialize. No one knew better than the alert-minded station agent the potential resources of the locality and the engineering requirements for their eventual development. He had not only gleaned his knowledge from hundreds of such conversations, but he had tramped the country over a wide radius all around, until he was acquainted with every contour of the land. And his faith was condensed into a favorite expression, with which he ended most discussions on the topic: "Don't worry; the high-line canal will surely come."

The project meant much for Jim Marshall. He knew that its realization would make his choice quarter-section, close to the depot, the most valuable acreage anywhere near—in fact, the inevitable townsite when water would bring an inrush of settlers to the rich silt lands. He often looked over his holding, and frequently of an evening would walk from corner post to corner post. The location was ideal, and guaranteed him double frontage on the main thorofare when Submarine Junction would be a town. So he had a "lead pipe cinch" on the locality, as Ned would have described it in his breezy style.

But Jim Marshall's thoughts were traveling far beyond Submarine. One of his most intimate friends was a rancher up the river, a Frenchman by birth, as his name indicated—Francois Lavigne. Jim had never applied for a holiday all thru his period of service with the railway company, so, with no one to relieve him of his duties even for a single day, had not been able as yet to accept Lavigne's invitation to visit him at his home. But meanwhile, every time Lavigne paid the depot a call, bringing in wool or fetching away stores, the station agent sat at his feet, so to speak, and took full toll from his visitor's experiences of the rich stock-raising country away to the north among the foothills.

Lavigne's specialty was sheep. He had imported prize Rambouillet rams from his native France, and was reputed to have the highest-grade flocks in the West. He grew chiefly for wool, but every now and then had a few carloads of fat wethers for the mutton market. Thus Jim and he met quite often, and as the friendship progressed, the hours of conversation grew more and more prolonged.

* * *

So, while he kept his own counsel all the time, Jim Marshall had plans far afield from Submarine Junction. The sale of his homestead would be only a step toward the carrying into effect of these plans. Ready cash was the first desideratum—the absolutely indispensable thing, indeed. For this he patiently awaited the coming of the high-line canal.

He was quite content to wait. Everything was going well with him in the meantime. There had been a good deal of new settlement along the river to the north during the last two or three years, so that there was more freight to handle and the day's tasks at the depot were considerably heavier. Then other ranchers besides Francois Lavigne had formed the habit of driving to the depot on the smallest possible excuse, so that a pleasant neighborly visit might be paid. Jim constituted the entire resident population of Submarine, but his personality was such that the place was rapidly acquiring, for the locality, almost the reputation of a tourist town. Therefore, with his books, too, to fall back upon, time never hung heavy on his hands.

But for Jim Marshall the happiest hour of all was on Monday nights, when the Los Angeles express came in and brought with unfailing regularity the weekly letter from his dear and faithful pal, Ned Collier. His "dear old pal"—that is how the older man invariably thought of the young boy who had rescued him from death, befriended him, fed and clothed him, restored him to health, courage, and ambition. Ned had come to be more to him than a son; he was a child of his very soul.

And this rare affection, this almost paradoxical attraction between two men so far apart in years, was not alone on Jim's side. Ned had fully reciprocated the feeling, as had been shown at the hour of parting more than two years ago, and had been still more abundantly proved by the letters which ever since had been mailed each Sunday night, without a single break, to "the dear old boy" out on the desert. And with the letters came very frequently some token of friendship or some thoughtful little delicacy—it might be only a cream cheese or a can of tobacco, but a message from heart to heart all the same.

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It was one particular Monday night. The express had gone thru, and Jim had returned to the cottage bringing with him his usual newspaper, a small postal package, and, most important of all, Ned's regular letter, a generous epistle as the fat envelope promised. Jim sat down in a leisurely way, prepared for a quiet, pleasant hour. The newspaper was laid aside with scant ceremony, but the package was first of all opened. It proved to be a carton containing five fine-looking cigars. Jim deliberately lingered to light one—it was just what Ned would have liked him to do. Puffing complacently, he now at last applied himself to the letter—his weekly treat, to be enjoyed without interruption only after everything else had been attended to, and there could be no possible interruption.

The epistle opened in an excited manner, but Jim read on placidly—he was accustomed to Ned's eruptive moods:

My dear old boy:—

Listen, listen. Draw your chair closer. Come nearer to my ear. I'm going to whisper something to you in confidence. It will amaze you—take your breath away. That I, the heart-free, the love-proof, the man not to be diverted from a great career by woman's wiles—that I should have succumbed. To think of it! How are the mighty fallen! Tell it not in Gath nor proclaim it in the streets of Ascalon. And now to my confession.

Jim leaned back in his chair, smiled, took a few puffs at his cigar as if to prolong the pleasure of expectancy, then smiled again and resumed his reading:

It all happened so suddenly, Jim. Like a thunderbolt from the blue—that's how the poets would describe it. We met at a party. I was introduced. She smiled at me—such a pretty, dimpled smile from the prettiest dimpled face my eyes had ever looked upon. And in a moment I had lost my heart. Right there the old Ned Collier was a gonner.

For another full page of rhapsody the letter ran on, with praises of the beloved one's beauty, her divine singing, her superb piano-playing. Jim still smiled, indulgently, quite undisturbed. But all of a sudden he started—sat bolt upright in his chair. His lips were eagerly parted now, his breath came quicker, while he read:

Her name is Bessie Gordon. A pretty name, isn't it? Not quite sixteen yet—sweet sixteen. So of course I'll have to wait a year or two, or maybe longer. But Bessie is worth waiting for, Jim. I would wait ten years, and worship at her feet all the time. If she's to be my Rachel, I'm her Jacob—that's a cinch, old boy.

Jim dropped the hand that held the letter. Into his face came a glow of great joy. He murmured aloud: "Oh, dear God, to think that these two may be united—the two beings I love best in all the world. Ned, my dear old pal; Bessie, my wee sweet maid. Dear God, I thank you."

For a moment he remained, gazing in front of him. Then he raised the letter again:

But say, Jim, isn't it curious? No doubt, you have forgotten that name. But I remember it. Bessie Gordon—the daughter of that poor old fellow we read about in the newspaper, who died of thirst in Death Valley and was eaten up by coyotes. You mayn't know that I cut her picture out of the newspaper that night and have it still. I showed it to her the second time we met. She blushed a bit—of course I discreetly hinted that she was obviously my fate. But I speedily changed the subject. There were great big tears in her eyes—she was thinking of her lost dad.

I consoled her, Jim—nothing like consoling to put the love stuff over, old boy. Oh, I'm tumbling to the game, altho, of course, as yet I've got to be mighty careful in my approaches.

But, joking apart, Jim, you can take it from me that I'm in dead earnest. Bessie is the sweetest little girl in all the world, and I only loved her all the more when she pulled out from her belt a little gun-metal watch—you remember the watch in the newspaper story, Jim, with the inscription inside?—and held it up before me. "It was my dear daddy's watch," she said, "and every time I put it to my ear like this, I just feel that, even tho he is dead, he is sending me a loving message." She was crying again, Jim, and hang it all, I'll allow I was almost blubbering, too—to think of it, I, Ned Collier, the man of iron who used to be the terror of all the hoboes this side of Yuma. However, a pretty girl in sorrow makes a lot of difference, don't it, pal?

But Ned, had he been present, would have found that Jim also had been moved to tears. Shoulders heaved convulsively as he leaned forward, his face buried against an outstretched arm. It was several minutes before he sufficiently recovered from his emotion to complete perusal of the letter.

The closing paragraphs, however, were in different style. Ned had gradually descended to prosaic, matter-of-fact details. He was to visit at the Gordon bungalow at Venice-by-the-Sea next Sunday afternoon. He was rather scared of the mother—looked like a bit of a tartar. And he had heard her laughingly declare that no girl should think of marrying a man with less than five thousand dollars a year.

I'm dead sure she kind of meant the remark as a warning to me. So you see, Jim, I'll have to get busy—that's about the salary, I should think, of a private secretary to the President, the very job I've my eye on. But to get there I'll have to climb over the corpses of a thousand rival candidates. So it must be hustle from now on. No more time to write long Sunday letters, eh? But, gee! I feel good now that I've unbosomed myself to you, Jim. It's great to be alive when a fellow has even a chance of winning such a girl as Bessie Gordon. Them's my sentiments, and here's my hand across the miles. Good-night. Your old chum, NED.

P. S.—Hope you'll survive my new brand of cigars. They'll be a day's change from the corn-cob, anyway.

Jim had reached the last word. He folded the letter, and replaced it in the envelope. Then he leaned forward, hands clasped upon his knees, weighing everything over in his mind. There might be complications ahead. Yet he was well content. Destiny was weaving in her mysterious loom. But love between Ned and Bessie could only be a thread of purest gold to enrich and glorify the wondrous fabric.

CHAPTER XX

The Opening Way

Life for Miriam Gordon had its full measure of activities, yet thru them all she preserved wonderfully her placid and even temperament. Hers was the well-ordered type of mind, which not only conduces to comfort for its owner, but also to usefulness for the community-at-large. She had, of course, as everyone has, her vexations and temporary disappointments. But by way of counterbalance she possessed the quiet assurance that ultimate success would crown all her plans.

Her position as president of a leading woman's club gave her the public recognition that often means so much for those pursuing an artistic career. Her painted porcelains were not yet in great demand, nor did they command the prices which she deemed to be their due. However, they were on display in the leading art stores in Los Angeles, they were a prominent feature at local exhibitions and bazaars, and the newspapers had bestowed quite a number of flattering encomiums. The making of a name is always a matter of time, and she cheerfully accepted this necessary condition to ultimate success.

Miriam was essentially the thrifty type of woman, one who kept tight hold of every coin, even the smallest, and looked at it several times before deciding to part from it. All her pursuits were tempered by the strictest ideas of domestic economy. Her only extravagance was in clothes, but these she counted simply as an expenditure to capital account, sure of making immediate and adequate returns. Partly to add to her earnings, partly for the sake of further advertisement, and partly also with a view to extend her social circle, she now gave private lessons in china painting, at her own home in Venice-by-the-Sea, where she had installed a furnace so that every process of the art could be learned by her pupils. She also conducted select classes twice a week at a fashionable art institute in the wealthy city of Pasadena.

Her progress had been such that she had felt justified in tearing down the old screened sleeping room in the backyard and replacing it by an elegantly designed and finely-equipped studio. Among the rich furnishings of this miniature temple of art was a grand piano—being purchased on the instalment plan, altho the world-at-large was not supposed to know this.

* * *

Here Miriam taught, Bessie practiced her singing and pianoforte playing, and occasional receptions and concerts were held. Bernice and her husband attended these, and reciprocated with similar gatherings in their own beautiful Los Angeles home. Therefore, Miriam felt herself quite in the social swim and on the assured way to still greater triumphs.

There was one perplexity in her life, but after a while she had ceased to bother about it and had brought her mind quietly to accept the situation that had evolved. About a year after her husband's death there had come to her address a typewritten envelope containing a twenty-dollar bill, but without any accompanying words to explain why, whence, or by whom it had been sent. At first she thought an accidental omission had been made, and waited for the relative communication to follow.

But a month later, when a second envelope of identical pattern and again bearing her typewritten address arrived, to her great surprise once more it brought a twenty-dollar bill—again without explanation of any kind. And thereafter, month after month with unfailing regularity, the same mysterious remittance reached her hands. The only postmark on the envelope was that of the Sunset Overland Mail, so that the benefactor, whoever he might be, was obviously taking elaborate precautions to conceal his identity, for such a letter might be posted on the mail train at any stopping place between New Orleans and Pasadena without its exact place of departure being revealed.

For a time she puzzled over the strange affair, but ultimately reasoned it out to her own satisfaction. Southern California is the home of rich people, many of them patrons of art. No doubt, someone acquainted with her story—how she had been left a widow in slender circumstances—had adopted this delicate method of lending her a helping hand. The direct offer of assistance would have been impossible, so the cloak of anonymity had been resorted to.

Therefore, with her accustomed equanimity, Miriam had long since left the question alone and had come to treat the monthly contribution to her resources as a routine incident. It was most welcome, for it helped to pay for Bessie's pianoforte and vocal lessons, giving the child the advantage of having for her teachers professors of the highest standing, one of them, indeed, of almost a national reputation. Providence was certainly very kind, but Miriam kept her thankfulness strictly within her own bosom, neither Bessie nor Bernice being told anything about this particular manifestation of its protecting care.

"The inaudible and noiseless foot of time" was still moving along. Bessie was now sixteen years of age, and, like many girls in Southern California, despite tender years, was quite a young woman in appearance and in mental poise. The promise of rare beauty in girlhood days had been amply fulfilled. The golden locks were somewhat darker now, but their curls framed a bright, pretty face with red lips that could smile as winsomely as ever, and blue eyes that could be tender or merry as their owner willed.

* * *

She attended high school, where she specialized in musical studies, supplementing these by the private lessons from her professors. Ned Collier, the bright young railroad official, had come to be a frequent visitor at the home. Altho love had as yet not been openly spoken, from the first there had been some potent attraction, some subtle bond of sympathy, between the youthful pair. Ned's weekly confidences to his "dear old pal" on the desert told the story of his ever waxing devotion, but if his eyes could have only seen a little diary that Bessie kept sacredly for herself, and herself alone, his heart would have leapt at the knowledge that she, too, had been touched by the divine fire of love.

Mrs. Miriam Gordon's evenings "at-home" were invariably fixed for Friday, and had now become quite a fashionable institution, attended by notables from Los Angeles, Hollywood, Pasadena, and even farther afield. While most of the other guests had their luxurious automobiles, Ned Collier invariably came down by the modest interurban car. But he looked well in all the glory of the *de regle* evening dress, and had established himself as such a popular favorite that, returning citywards, he was rarely without a seat in one of the more fashionable vehicles. Miriam could not fail to observe that the young Arizonan, the only son of parents socially distinguished in their own state, altho poor, perhaps, as regards salary now, had an undoubted future before him. Therefore, while she carefully shepherded Bessie from any and all premature love entanglements, she in no wise discouraged the handsome, ardent, and most pleasing youth.

* * *

With his natural shrewdness, drawn also by genuine attraction, Ned cultivated the friendship of Burn Hopkins. The same spirit of buoyant optimism permeated both young men, and when Ned would laughingly forecast his coming lofty position as a railway magnate, he would at the same time condescendingly promise Burn a job some day as one of the attorneys for the road. Burn Hopkins would gaily respond, and Bernice in her queenly serenity would smile, too. Thus it came about that Ned occasionally dined at the attorney's house, and was accepted as one of the intimates in the entire family circle.

Therefore as each weekly letter went out to the still fondly-cherished chum of desert days, it carried to Jim Marshall a full budget of news about all those still so very dear to the latter's heart. At first Jim was inclined to feel that the time had come when he should reveal his identity. But that thought soon passed. He had no right to disclose himself—what was he yet but a mere desert rat, an humble station agent earning forty-five dollars per month! Miriam was doing splendidly—far better than when he, the invalid shoepegger, was present as an incubus on her shoulders, a handicap to her ambitious plans. All his admiration for the quietly masterful woman returned. But it was his obvious duty sternly to repress any reawakening tenderness of the old love.

Not yet, assuredly not yet—neither for her sake nor for his. He, too, had his world to conquer, also the individual freedom, which he realized had made a man of him at last, jealously to preserve. His mind was obsessed by a great scheme, based on knowledge garnered thru Francois Lavigne, awaiting for fruition only the coming of the high-line irrigation canal. There must be no weak turning away now from the long, straight furrow which vision had already drawn—a furrow leading to a personal victory for himself that would at the proper time show to Miriam, to Bessie, to Bernice, to all the world that, altho Marsh Gordon had by the very burden of domesticity once become a down-and-outer, he was no failure, but a man—every inch a man—an achiever of big things, a veritable empire builder, it might even prove. Then might come reunion and repose. Meanwhile there must be action, with the free, unfettered hand.

And at this thought, alone on the desert, he would sing aloud, robustly now—for with recovered health the voice of his youth had returned—not despondently as of yore, but with the ring of assured triumph, in the resonant tones:

> On the other side of Jordan,
> In the sweet fields of Eden,
> Where the tree of life is blooming,
> There is rest for me.

The geography of the hymn had somehow changed. His Jordan, his Eden, the tree of life, were no longer necessarily attainable only thru the Valley of Death. And in this buoyant mood he would sing the refrain again and again.

Thus hummed Jim Marshall one early morning as he was busy over some waybills for an incoming freight. At the close of his task he rose to stretch his limbs and bestow a glance up and down the line. This done, he gazed long and lingeringly toward the northern foothills mantled in the delicate heliotrope of dawn, one of Nature's art masterpieces which never failed to delight his soul. Then he turned and cast his eyes across the unbroken expanse of desert to the south.

Away in the distance, silhouetted against the sky-line, to the southeast where the mighty Colorado River lay, was the figure of a man peeping over a tripod. Close by stood a covered wagon, its team unhitched and feeding at the pole. Further back were three or four other men, driving stakes in the wake of the surveyor and his instrument; and looking still closer, he discovered a flagman far in advance, toward whom the man at the tripod was sighting.

Jim stood motionless, impassive and indifferent, it might seem, in the splendid discipline of his nerves. But there was the flash of joy in his eyes, a vibrant note of triumph in his voice, as he quietly murmured, "At last—the high-line canal."

Chapter XXI

Plans Ahead

Within a month, Submarine Junction was the center of a busy scene. The surveying crew had passed, and following in its wake had come the actual builders of the irrigation ditch, with their teams and wagons, their ditch-digging machines and grading scrapers, their rock crushers and cement outfits, their small army of laborers with sleeping and mess tents, together with piles of baled hay for mules and horses, and stacks of provisions for the men. A sort of battlefield scene, and in some of its aspects a real battle—the conquering of the thirsty, hungry wilderness by man's indomitable energies, guided by experience and inspired by far-seeing vision.

Jim Marshall was a quiet observer of all that was going on. Francois Lavigne also manifested great interest and paid Jim frequent visits, sometimes for a couple of days, sharing Jim's hospitality and sleeping overnight on the veranda of the cottage. On occasion, the Frenchman would bring down a bottle of rare old vintage claret, the finest produced in his beloved home land, and after dinner the two friends would talk over certain ulterior plans, sometimes far into the small hours of the night.

The Lavigne ranch that lay some twenty miles away, up the Colorado River, extended to close on a couple of thousand acres, patented land, consolidated from the holdings of the original homesteaders who had sold out after proving up their properties and securing full title to their acreages. These homesteaders had quit for various reasons. Some had never been really fitted for life in the wilderness, had tired of its loneliness, and had eagerly embraced the first opportunity that offered to sell out and return to the more congenial life of city or town. Others had been disappointed in their hopes, for a local irrigation scheme had come to grief thru lack of funds, and there had been insufficient water for the alfalfa crops that had been reckoned on as a mainstay. Yet a third class were the speculators, who deliberately use the homestead laws as a means to secure, by a few years of penance, title to land which will be a salable asset after the minimum of required improvements has been made and closer settlement has enhanced values thruout the district as a whole.

* * *

The Frenchman was an ideal settler, for he possessed sufficient capital to hold on, unlimited stores of contentment and patience, also shrewd foresight as to possible future developments. He had bided his time, bought adjacent holdings when he could, and so gradually acquired his considerable and valuable property. In all this he had been aided by his good wife Hortense, the typical peasant woman of France who laughs at solitude, treats the allurements of city life with indifference, and makes actual possession of the soil the be-all and end-all of human happiness.

The Lavignes had prospered, but the full measure of their prosperity had been denied to them because of the inadequate water supply for their land. Its productivity and earning power would have been greatly enhanced had the local irrigation project not ended in failure. It was this very question that some time ago had appealed to Jim Marshall's imagination and had ever since occupied his busy brain.

One night he and Lavigne were together and were for the tenth time studying a map of the district.

"See, here is where the channel was abandoned," the Frenchman was explaining, his finger pointing to a pencilled cross on the map, "just four and a half miles from my boundary line. The lateral ditch must come thru the Reilly-Burke land, and if these men had been in sheep, like myself, instead of cattle, or if they had shown a more friendly and neighborly disposition, all my troubles might have been solved years ago. But they are the most damnably cantankerous couple ever a man was up against, so I've been powerless all this time."

* * *

Jim nodded understandingly; he was already familiar with the situation, but invariably allowed Lavigne to voice his grievances anew when it seemed to give him comfort so to do. He turned to his bookshelves and drew forth a treatise dealing with the laws of water rights in the state of California. It looked, as it had really come to be, a well-thumbed volume. Jim opened it at a turned-down page.

"Well, Francois," he said, "I went over the law again last night, and am quite sure that with the combined acreage we can secure undisputed title to every inch of that water. In all riparian rights, the underlying principle is first come, first served, and absolute ownership of all water profitably employed. See here, the section is perfectly plain." He read aloud one of the numbered articles of the statute to which he was referring, then laid the book, face down, on the table. "So it just comes to this," he went on, returning to the map, "that these cattlemen must be bought out, lock, stock, and barrel."

* * *

Lavigne had lifted the book and was re-reading the article. Here and there were carefully underscored lines.

"You have become a great lawyer, Jim," he remarked, raising his eyes and bestowing an admiring smile. "And to think that you have found time to read all these big books," he continued, pointing with the bowl of his pipe to a row of portly calf-bound volumes on the shelf.

The volumes indicated were the standard treatises for every law student and every practising attorney—Blackstone, Kent's Commentaries, Parsons on Contracts, and so on.

"Well, you see," replied Jim, with a grin, "it was just these blamed tangled-up water-right laws of California that more than two years ago set me reading law in a general sort of way. And I had not the faintest idea that it was such mighty interesting reading, I can tell you. But Ned kept sending me along the books, one at a time."

"Ned—and what's the latest news from him?"

"Getting along fine. Assistant superintendent in the freight department. That's going some, isn't it?—And Ned still little more than a boy."

"Oh, he was keen and bright and wide-awake all the time. That young fellow was bound to get on."

"Bet your life!" assented Jim emphatically, as he reached for the tobacco jar and began to fill his pipe. "The best boy that ever lived, Francois—that's what Ned Collier is. You know how he put me on my feet and helped me along?"

"You certainly needed a bit of feeding-up," laughed the Frenchman, "when you first struck Submarine. Looked as if a whiff of wind would have blown you off your feet, eh, my friend? I've never seen such a change in a man in all my life."

* * *

Jim smiled complacently. "It would need something of a cyclone to budge me these days. Well, Francois, you get busy now with both Reilly and Burke. You say they are still at outs?"

"The one hasn't a good word to say for the other. Yet they live under the same roof. I told you how they built their home, didn't I?"

Jim nodded, but Francois went on:

"You see, they made adjoining desert filings, three hundred and twenty acres each, and for company's sake put the log house up right across the common boundary line. It's just one big, long building—forty feet long, I'd reckon. And the one half is on Reilly's land, the other on Burke's—both Irishmen, as you'll know from the names. Each man has his bed at his own particular end, so that from the first they complied with the law by sleeping on their own holdings. But the fireplace is right in the middle, and now, tho they're partners as regards the cattle running on the hills in the back country, they hate each other like poison, yet can't keep warm on cold nights without being close together—which means scrapping all the time. Ho, ho!"

* * *

The Frenchman was chuckling. Jim, too, laughed as he pictured the scene.

"And all about Home Rule?" queried the latter.

"That was the beginning of the quarrel, they say. You see, even out of Ireland there are rival factions, and in this case two Irishmen are sufficient to keep up the fighting."

"You're friends with both?"

"I'm friends with neither. But when I come across Reilly alone we may exchange a word, or I may say 'good day' to Burke if it is he I chance to meet—which is more civility than they show each other, even tho they are in partnership. If an offer came along they would sell out quick enough. But it must be to an outsider—they wouldn't sell to each other, not for all the money in the world. If one was left in possession, some night the other would be shooting at the log house before a week went past."

"A nice team to run a cattle ranch and share the same home," remarked Jim drily. "However, as you said from the first, Francois, that's just my opportunity. I have now pretty accurately in my mind all the details. Their joint filings under the Desert Act were for six hundred and forty acres, and they got their cowboys to act as dummies for six hundred and forty acres more, making two square miles in all."

Francois nodded assent, and Jim continued:

"And without any muster, you know pretty nearly the number of stock they are running."

"I know the number better than they do themselves," affirmed the Frenchman.

"Well, these are the two factors to fix the buying-out price. But at this stage it will be best for me to leave the matter entirely in your hands. You can get next to Reilly and Burke without setting their cupidity on fire or making them go up in the air as to selling terms. Try them out separately, and get a figure from each, so that when I throw out an offer they'll be likely to jump at it. Cash down, remember—I'm going to have the spot cash to lay on the table. That's the way to rope in fellows like these every time."

"But your own land—you haven't sold your own land yet, Jim."

"Don't worry about that. I had a wire today instructing me to be on the lookout for a special train due tomorrow about noon."

"Officials of the line?"

"No, sir! A special train filled with land-boomers and town-builders—so the private word was tipped me by an operator along the line. Well, they can start no boom here without my land, that's a cinch. You say you will be in Yuma Saturday?"

The Frenchman nodded assent.

"Then kindly fetch me out a strip of leather—about so long. I'm going to make myself a money belt—have just taken a fancy to sew it with my own hands, for old time's sake, Francois."

Lavigne did not understand the last allusion, but he promised to bring the leather along, together with sundry tools and furnishings that would ensure the job being a good one.

Chapter XXII

Desert Combers

The trainload of town builders and land-boomers duly arrived—a motley assemblage—young men, middle-aged men, and old men, together with a sprinkling of women whose eagerness in the hunt for speculative lots or acres was even more keen than in the case of the masculine members of the party. When the special had glided down the grade and been side-tracked at the switch, they spread themselves over the landscape like a swarm of locusts.

Lavigne had remained with Jim to take in the spectacle. The two men stood together in front of the depot office, watching the scene and reading the signs. The whole thing was very strange and new to Jim Marshall, but he shrewdly sized up the situation.

"These are not real settlers—just a

bunch of speculators. But I suppose that's the way the booming of a town begins."

"Sure," assented Lavigne. "Money has to come in first, for streets have to be laid out and graded, blocks subdivided, and so on. First the land agent's office goes up, next the storekeeper arrives, then a hotel; a lumber-yard sprouts over night, soon a bank blossoms forth, and your town is on the map for all time."

"Or until the bubble bursts," laughed Jim. "But there will be no bubble this time," he went on, decisively. "Now that the high-line canal has come, the land round about here can be made an oasis in the desert. Besides, don't forget, Francois, my friend, that Submarine Junction is going to be a real railroad junction at last."

"That's what I want. The cross line from Needles will help me—it will add a hundred per cent to the value of my land, and yours, too, Jim; I mean the Reilly-Burke acres."

"Well, I've got to get them first. But I'm not worrying. They are coming my way, I feel assured. There must be no delay, however, or those Irishmen will be waking up to the fact that the booming of Submarine eventually means the booming of the river lands as well."

* * *

While he spoke, his eyes were fixed on a group of three men who were standing just beyond the depot. One of them had opened up a map which was being carefully examined.

"Look at those fellows, Francois," Jim went on, directing his companion's attention. "I should say they represent the business brains of the entire outfit. See, they are pointing in the direction of the cross-line survey. And now, just as I expected, they are coming along here. They are going to pump the station agent for information."

Jim's surmise was quite correct, for when the party had approached and exchanged a preliminary "good-day," the very first question asked was where, exactly, the survey for the branch line to the north ran.

"You are the station agent, I presume," added the spokesman of the trio, an elderly man, addressing Jim. He had correctly differentiated between the latter's work-a-day shirt sleeves and the rancher's somewhat more elaborate costume.

"That's what I am," assented Jim.

"Then you know about the proposed cross line?"

"Certainly. If you cast your eye just to the left of that bunch of mesquite, you'll see the survey stakes. They run due north from there, as you'll observe."

* * *

Out came the map again, and its details were eagerly consulted. Whispered words were exchanged among the party.

Again the spokesman addressed an inquiry. He pointed to the only habitation in sight.

"I suppose you live in that cottage?"

"Right once more," smiled Jim.

"Then it is on railroad land?"

"No, sir. The railroad owns no land here except the tracks and the depot."

"Not your own house, is it?"

"Guess it's mine all right. I homesteaded one hundred and sixty acres when I took my job here three years ago."

Swift looks of surprise were exchanged among the trio.

"May I ask how your land lies?" was the next query.

"Step this way," replied Jim, moving clear of the station building. "From this point you can see my four corner posts. Two, east and west, close to the railroad tracks; the others to the south there, just this side of the high-line canal survey stakes." He pointed in the indicated directions.

"So the main thorofare of any town must go right thru your land?" exclaimed the inquirer, almost incredulously.

"That's so."

"Well, it looks as if the whole place belonged to you." The speaker turned to his friends, a rasp of irritation in his tone.

"Just as I figured," grinned Jim, "when I made my filing."

"Here's a pretty complication!"

Jim overheard the *sotto voce* remark addressed to the other two members of the party. Again a private confabulation followed. The homesteader turned indifferently to his friend, as he drew a corn-cob pipe from his hip-pocket.

"Got any tobacco, Mr. Lavigne? Mine's in the office."

The rancher produced a little sack.

"Help yourself, Mr. Marshall."

Both smiled imperceptibly. They were not accustomed to this ceremonious style of address.

* * *

Meanwhile the map was being once again carefully scrutinized, and tiny crosses were being pencilled, showing approximately the four corners of the homestead acreage.

"A God-forsaken place this, ain't it?" observed the youngest of the trio, as he folded the paper and returned it to his pocket. His remark was addressed generally to the two local men.

"Oh, not so bad," replied Lavigne. "With the high-line canal here, it will be as good as Imperial before another year."

"Perhaps," interjected the leader of the party, with a dubious shake of his head. "If a town comes to be built, it may be so. But without a town, land around here will continue to be of mighty small account. I suppose you would relinquish your holding for a small sum?"—this to Jim.

"What do you call a small sum?" queried the latter.

"Oh, say ten dollars an acre."

Jim smiled.

"We would also pay for your improvements—the cottage over there," suggested the young fellow with the map.

"I reckon you have to bid again, gentlemen," was Jim's dry rejoinder.

"Well, what's your figure, anyhow?"

"Land in the Imperial Valley brings five hundred dollars per acre," prompted Lavigne.

"Poof! This is not Imperial," said the leader.

The words came contemptuously, while the speaker, with studied nonchalance, drew a cigar from his waistcoat pocket and bit off its tip.

"No, it is better than Imperial," said Jim quickly. "This is going to be the S. P. railroad junction for all the rich river lands between here and Needles."

"And a rich agricultural section itself, too," added Lavigne.

"Oh, I see how you are figuring," retorted the stranger. "It is always the same. Just so soon as capital shows its willingness to come in and build a town, the local people put a price on their Joshuas and their jack rabbits as if they were orange trees and fat beeves. The old hold-up game; I've been up against it a score of times. Well, boys, I guess we'll be moving along"—this to his comrades. "Submarine don't impress me as a townsite proposition anyway. How soon can our train start?" he went on, again turning to the station agent.

"The line is clear just now right to Yuma, I believe," Jim answered. "But I'll telegraph and make sure. The next siding is at Cactus, twenty miles along."

"Well, I guess we'll have a look at Cactus," replied the other, as he struck a match and lit his cigar.

Jim had already stalked away to his office, from which a moment later could be faintly heard the *tap, tap* of the telegraph keys.

The trio were in close consultation. Lavigne made no attempt to listen. But he stood his ground, awaiting Jim's return.

* * *

At last the spokesman turned to the rancher.

"Do you know his price? Guess he is trying to bluff us when he talks about this d—— patch of desert being equal to Imperial."

"I don't know his price," Lavigne replied. "But I guess he doesn't want to sell. He'll be able to patent his land now in a very short time."

"Are you ranching here?" The question was put affably.

"About twenty miles to the north, near the river. This is the station to which I bring my wool and my fat sheep for the Los Angeles market. Great market, Los Angeles. Growing all the time."

"That's where we come from. But one acre near Los Angeles is worth two hundred acres in this devil's garden of sage and greasewood."

"Then why don't you stay at home?" asked Lavigne, with a merry twinkle in his eye.

The question remained unanswered. Jim was returning.

"Line clear to Cactus," he announced. "You can tell your conductor to pull out right now. If you stay longer, you may be held up till midnight."

"Heaven forbid! Go over, Brown, and get the engineer to toot his whistle. Guess the bunch have had about enough of this attractive seaside resort. Submarine Junction! Sand Dune Park would have been a fitter name." He laughed at his own sarcastic pleasantry.

The individual addressed as Brown started off toward the switch. The leader and the young man with the map remained.

"Well, Mr. Marshall," said the former. "Mr. Marshall is your name, I believe?" He spoke now in a pleasant and conciliatory tone.

"Jim Marshall," assented the owner of the name.

"You haven't given us your figure yet."

"You didn't wait to get it. You flew off the handle with your talk about a hold-up game."

"Oh, pardon me. I was a bit taken by surprise when your friend tried to compare this place with Imperial. While I have no intention of buying here, all the same I'd like to know the price you put upon your land."

"Two hundred dollars per acre," replied Jim quietly. "Spot cash. Currency—I don't want to be troubled with any check. Out here checks are not in my line."

"What! Thirty-two thousand dollars for a desert homestead! Preposterous! Absurd!" The old rasp in the voice returned; the words rang with unfeigned, if chagrined, surprise.

"Not a desert homestead now," smiled back the landholder—"the site of a railroad junction town. And in any case worth more than two hundred dollars to me when the high-line canal is completed and I can bring my acreage under cultivation."

* * *

The locomotive whistle sounded three prolonged blasts, and the crowd began to scurry toward the siding from all points of the compass.

"Good day," said Jim. "I've got to pass along your train."

He departed for his office. The two strangers nodded good-bye to Lavigne and moved off, slowly and half reluctantly, for the cars. They were talking earnestly to each other as they walked along. Lavigne watched them with a smile upon his sun-browned countenance.

Soon the train was loaded with its passengers. The station agent was giving some final instructions to the conductor. The young man who carried the map in his pocket descended again, hurried along the line of cars, and drew Jim aside.

"Would you be prepared to take one hundred dollars per acre?" he asked.

"Not on your life!" was the decisive reply. "My price is fixed."

"Then will you give me an option for a couple of months?"

"Not for a couple of days. First come, first served, my friend."

As he spoke, he waved a signalling hand to the conductor, and the latter, in turn, signalled the engineer leaning out of his cab. The locomotive bell clanged, the couplings creaked, and the car wheels began slowly to revolve.

"There's my card," said the departing stranger. "If you change your mind, send me a wire."

"There will be no wire," responded Jim, with a meaning smile. "Perhaps you'll find Cactus more to your liking, anyhow."

"All aboard!" cried the conductor peremptorily, and the last of the land-boomers scrambled onto the train.

Jim for a moment watched the departing boomers. Then he glanced at the card. It almost dropped from his fingers when he read the name:

BURN HOPKINS
Attorney-at-Law
Los Angeles

But he quickly recovered his equanimity. "By jove, that's funny!" he murmured. "That we should meet at last—and here."

Lavigne strolled up.

"Nothing doing, eh?"

"Mebbe so, mebbe another bunch of boomers," replied Jim. "But don't forget that bit of leather from Yuma, Francois. I want it here by Monday next. I kind o' fancy I'll have a use for it before very long."

Then it's home for me now," replied the rancher, as he moved toward his wagon, standing all ready hitched on the shady side of the freight house.

He had soon climbed onto the box seat and was holding the reins in his hand. Pausing for a moment to look over the landscape, Francois exclaimed:

"I say, Jim, who knows but this will be a big city one of these days?"

"Yes," replied Jim, "who knows—who knows? It takes men to build cities, and that man, Burn Hopkins and his associates look like very forceful fellows. Perhaps, Francois, you remember the old verse that runs like this:

"Cities are not great except as men may build them;
Men are not great, except they do and dare.
Yet cities, like men, have destinies that take them—
That bear them on, not knowing why, nor where."

"Very good," laughed Francois, as he clucked to his horses. "Very good, indeed, Jim. But if they pay you the price, why, tuck it away in the leather belt which I will surely bring you on my next trip."

(*To be continued*)

DOWN BY THE WISHING WELL

THE sun was kissing the blarney stone
Down by the Wishing Well,
And pretty Maureen in a gingham gown,
Bringing her basket of eggs from town,
Stopped there for a breathing spell,
And wondered if ever (the sly young miss)
A lover would come and give her a kiss,
Down by the Wishing Well!

A lad there came, oh! a dashing blade,
Down by the Wishing Well,
And his cheeks were red and his eyes were clear—
He whistled a song that was gay with cheer,
Shaming the finch in the dell;
And he thought he never before had seen
A prettier lass than the fair Maureen,
Down by the Wishing Well!

And so he stopped with a merry smile
Down by the Wishing Well,
And he pressed a kiss on her ruby lips,
Sweet as a bud where the nectar drips;
And ere he said farewell,
He offered to her his heart and hand
And gold and gear and a mansion grand,
Down by the Wishing Well!

Now, such a thing could happen indeed,
Down by the Wishing Well,
But the truth to tell, it was otherwise,
For she dreamed it all 'neath the sunny skies,
(The wind was in the dell);
It was just a vision of might-have-been
That came to the wistful maid Maureen,
Down by the Wishing Well!

—*Edward Wilbur Mason.*

Chicago Helps Feed Herself

by Edgar W. Cooley

TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND backyard and vacant-lot gardens was Chicago's answer to the President's appeal to the people to increase the food production of the nation. The plowing or spading, fertilizing and planting of ten thousand acres of idle land, much of it almost in the heart of a city of two and one-half million people, would be considered a splendid result of a campaign lasting six months or more. That any organization could accomplish this feat in two months seems marvelous. Yet to this task the Chicago Garden Bureau set itself—and succeeded.

In that short period over three hundred garden meetings, attended by seventy thousand people, were held; almost four hundred thousand pieces of literature on gardening were distributed; over one hundred thousand people called at the Bureau to arrange for gardens; twenty-five thousand of them purchased seed; twenty-four tractors, many of them working day and night, and fifty-one teams plowed and harrowed eight thousand acres.

The Garden Bureau was organized early in April at a meeting held in the City Council Chambers, which was attended by representatives of the leading business, educational, and social organizations. P. G Holden, director of the Agricultural Extension Department of the International Harvester Company, was chosen chairman.

With the energy and expert knowledge which enabled him to make a great success of over a hundred agricultural campaigns in all parts of the United States, Mr. Holden lost not an hour getting in action. There was no time to train inexperienced men and women to successfully conduct a campaign of the magnitude of the one planned, so Mr. Holden transferred to the Bureau a dozen of his expert department heads and said, "Get busy!" They did. Almost over night the campaign was mapped out, inaugurated, and set in motion.

The first thing necessary was to awaken the people to a realization of the need of home gardens to help meet the high cost of living and to add to the country's food supply. Three-hundred-fifty special-lecture charts were prepared and nearly seventeen tons of garden booklets printed for free distribution. A corps of experienced lecturers were secured and thoroly instructed at a short-course school. Then a campaign of education was begun.

Meetings were held in each of the three hundred public schools, and the thirty thousand pupils were aroused to the point of enthusiasm. Other meetings were held in club rooms, churches, private homes, empty store rooms, and vacant lots, it being necessary to deliver many lectures in six or seven different languages. Sermons on the need of gardening were given in twelve hundred churches.

The effect of this drive was instantaneous. The Bureau was flooded by applications for vacant lots at the rate of two hundred a day, and this number increased until on several days over a

HOW NON-SOLDIERS CAN HELP THEIR COUNTRY
Miss Josephine Huddleston driving the first tractor used in plowing Chicago's two hundred thousand gardens

IT'S AS GOOD AS PLAY FOR THEM!
The boys who are going to help Uncle Sam, getting ready to plant a school garden in Chicago

thousand were received. Six telephones were kept busy to accommodate the applicants. Hundreds of applications were received daily by mail, while those who called at the Bureau to secure lots often filled the large room and overflowed into the lobby.

The office force needed to handle the details rapidly increased until sixty were employed. As fast as applications were filed, the home of each applicant was indicated on a large map of the city by a green tack.

HONOR
THE FLAG!
BY
PROTECTING
THIS GARDEN
as a Part of the
FOOD SUPPLY
OF THE NATION
The Garden Bureau of Chicago

AN APPEAL TO PATRIOTISM
How Chicago's Vacant Lot Gardens are protected against vandals

A drive for donations of vacant lots was then inaugurated. In this the press did much service. Thousands of owners of vacant lots responded. The Cook County Real Estate Board authorized the Bureau to confiscate for gardening purposes every vacant lot bearing the sign of a member. Patrolmen canvassed these districts and listed vacant lots and the names of the owners to whom appeals for the use of the lots were made. The Political Equality League of Chicago, thru their civic organizations in the various wards, secured the donations of many lots. Donated lots were indicated on the map by red tacks, and as fast as a red and a green tack were found to be close together, the lot was turned over to the applicant.

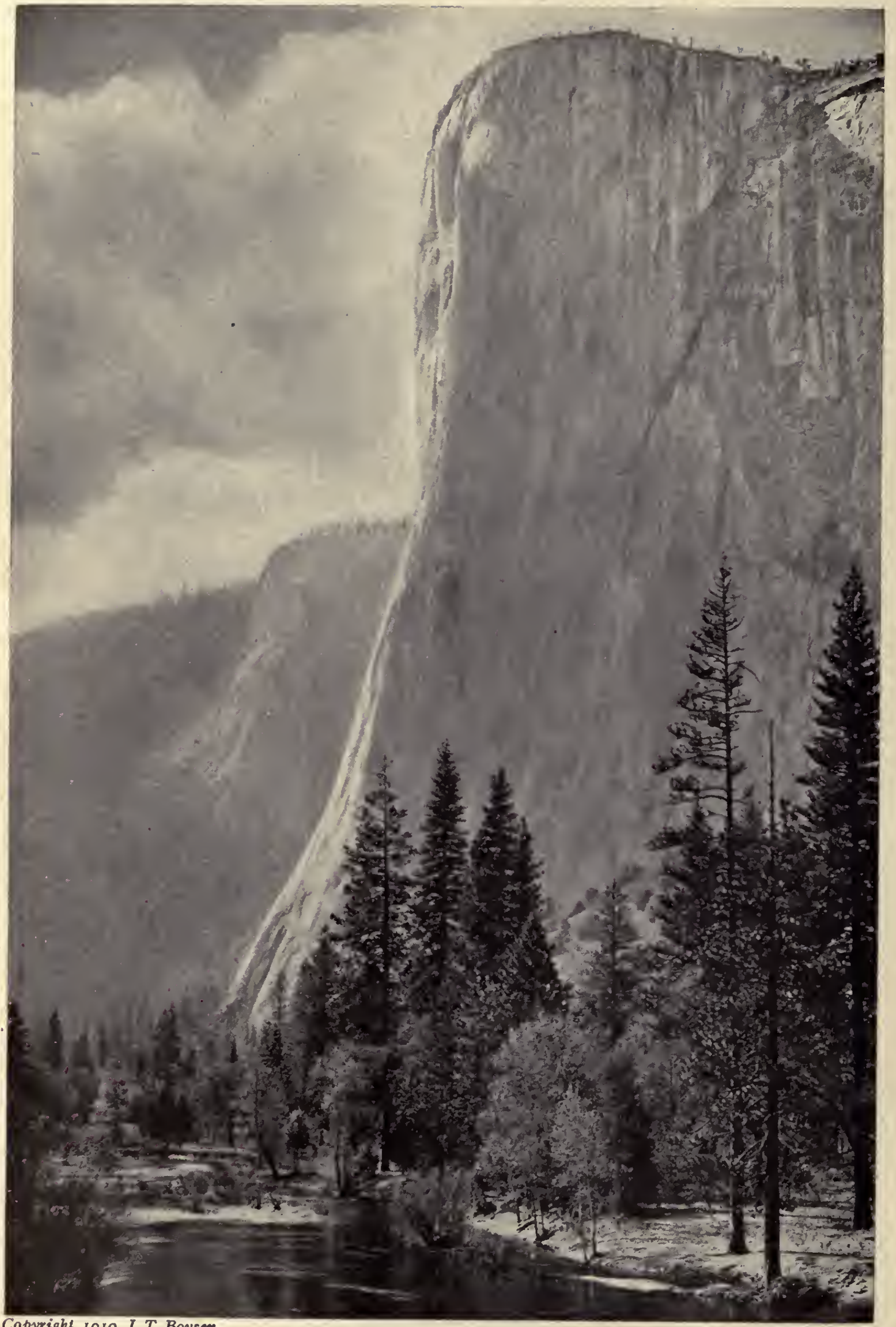
Then came the most serious problem of all—plowing. Teams were hard to obtain, so the International Harvester Company donated the use of nineteen tractor plows, with crews to run them. These plows worked every day. In addition, many of them plowed every night. Fifty teams were finally secured to plow plots too small for tractors. No charge was made for plowing by tractor. A small fee was charged where teams were used.

Most of the ground needed fertilizer, and manure that had protected fire plugs during the winter was contributed by the Water Works Department. Another large quantity of manure was secured from a clean-up campaign, and some commercial fertilizer was used.

In order that the poor might be given every assistance possible in growing gardens, a large quantity of vegetable seed was purchased and sold to the public at wholesale prices. The demand was enormous, the daily sales averaging one hundred dollars. Ten community gardens, each containing from ten to sixty acres, were laid out, plowed, and harrowed, and allotted to hundreds of families. School boys organized garden clubs and were allotted land.

To protect gardens from vandals or thoughtless children, signs appealing to their patriotism were distributed among the gardeners. These signs read: "Honor the Flag by Protecting this Garden as a Part of the Food Supply of the Nation."

The cost of the campaign was $33,500, of which the International Harvester Company contributed $30,000 in cash. The campaign cost of each garden was twenty-six cents. If each produces an average of $20, the aggregate value will be $4,000,000.



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EL CAPITAN AT SUNSET

This gigantic rock in the Yosemite Valley, whose hard granite resisted the glacier, rises 3,604 feet above the valley floor

The National Parks of America

by Flynn Wayne

EVERY year more and more people are discovering America—the nation richer in beautiful natural scenery than any other. Its vacation playgrounds are without a rival in the world. It was the European war which turned attention to our natural beauty spots, for those who travel for enjoyment had hitherto habitually gone to Europe, thus losing sight of the more wonderful scenery right at home.

The "See America First" movement has also been instrumental in attracting wide attention to our national parks. But most of all, the Department of the Interior, at Washington, realizing its opportunity, and with the pride of those who have the best in the world to offer, has issued a beautiful Natural Parks Portfolio, containing interesting views and descriptions of its famous natural parks. That such wonderful mountains and glaciers, lakes and canyons, forests and waterfalls, exist in this country is, to some people, nothing short of a revelation. Attendance at these various parks during the past year indicates a real awakening to the marvelous beauty which the government has set apart for its citizens. More than one hundred million dollars usually expended in foreign travel was spent by Americans last year in seeing their own country. If the parks do nothing more, they are keeping this tremendous amount of money in circulation in the United States. Every effort is being made by the government to open its parks thoroly by road and rail, to give easy access—in a way to accommodate every degree of income.

Photo by W. L. Huber

ASCENDING MOUNT LYELL IN THE YOSEMITE VALLEY

Yellowstone Park, with its geysers and its thirty-three hundred square miles of wilderness beauty, inaugurated in 1872, was the first great national park. As the years have passed and its superb scenic possibilities have been enjoyed, Nature has made it one of the largest and most popular game preserves in the Western Hemisphere. Its great size, its altitude, its vast wilderness, its plentiful waters, its sheltered valleys and rugged mountains, have enjoyed the scientific care of the government, and the government has been repaid in the great propagation of its game. Yellowstone has demonstrated that national parks wisely controlled will become public laboratories of nature study for the nation. Elk from the Yellowstone, already too abundant, are distributed to the city and state preserves thruout the country.

The Yosemite Valley of California has been a point of tourist travel for years, but only recently has the public learned that the world-famous, incomparable valley is but a seven-mile stretch in a scenic paradise of eleven hundred square miles. Nowhere in the world are there to be found such sentinels of rock and cliff—Cathedral Rocks rise 2,600 feet above the valley and El Capitan 3,600 feet. Sentinel Dome stretches still higher, reaching 4,000 feet, to be topped again by Half Dome, 5,000 feet, which, in turn, fades in the glory of Cloud's Rest, 6,000 feet. Here, too, are beautiful falls, nine times higher than Niagara. Such manifestations of the bigness of Nature lift the soul of man to greater heights. Yosemite is the great inspirational park of America, and the favorite view is that of the Bridalveil Falls from Inspirational Point. Over all is the wonderful majesty of Nature.

In the Sequoia National Park, one hundred miles north of the Yosemite, is a reservation set apart for the great trees of California. These mammoth towers of bark and foliage bear the names of our illustrious people. The General Sherman Tree is said to be the oldest living thing in the world—a count of its rings shows it to be probably in excess of thirty-five hundred years, which takes us

Photo by H. T. Cowling

BEAUTIFUL VERNAL FALLS, YOSEMITE VALLEY

back to the beginning of human history. Thousands of the trees of Sequoia National Park are old enough to have been standing when Babylon was in its prime. These trees rise without a branch to a distance of one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet, from which point short, stubby limbs shoot out on every side. The foliage on their limbs is delicate and feathery in appearance, and extremely thick. The wood of the sequoia tree is dark red or cinnamon color, and is practically indestructible except by fire. It was to preserve these trees—that they might stand for another four thousand years—that the government established the Sequoia National Park in 1890, but unfortunately, with the exception of the General Sherman Tree, all the great trees in the giant forest are still the property of individuals, as the park was created out of public lands without provision for acquiring private holdings lying within its boundaries when taken over by the government.

The owners of these trees may fence the tree clumps for the charging of admission, or perhaps raise spiral stairways around the trunks to lookouts, and lunch platforms among their branches. It is hoped that public-spirited citizens can combine their subscriptions and save these great trees from the fate of a Coney Island side-show.

The Sierra reaches its highest crest a few miles east of Sequoia National Park, and here is found Mount Whitney, 14,501 feet, the highest mountain in the United States. It is not a towering isolated summit like Mount Rainier and Long's Peak, but simply rises from a titanic mass of mountain tops, somewhat higher than the rest. By auto, horseback, and pack train, the tourist mounts his way towards the heights of a never-to-be-forgotten journey.

One of the newest of the national parks is Glacier National Park, on the northern border of Montana—a veritable Alpine paradise. Here more than sixty glaciers creep down the mountain gorges, great fields of ice that move inch by inch with irresistible force, finding their lodgment amid romantic loveliness in some one of its two hundred and fifty lakes. An extraordinary sensational massing of scenic elements gives to Glacier Park its greatest

Photo by H.T.Cowling

THE GRIZZLY GIANT, THE BIGGEST YOSEMITE SEQUOIA

Photo by United States Geological Survey

SEQUOIA PARK IS THE IDEAL PARK FOR CAMPING

claim—individuality. Almost every natural beauty, involving rugged mountain tops, huge glaciers, unexpected waterfalls, crystal lakes and timbered slopes, make a variated charm that appeals to every Nature lover. Many characteristic valleys make up the fifteen hundred square miles. Its topmost peaks divide the Rocky Mountains, and from one spot, known as the Triple Divide, waters flow into the Pacific Ocean, Hudson Bay and the Gulf of Mexico.

A unique feature of Glacier Park lies in the fact that it embraces practically all of the majestic region of the section, a place set apart, as it were, for the surrounding country is monotonous and uninteresting. Geologists say that it represents a wound in the earth's crust, when, at some pre-historic time, it burst out, leaving jagged peaks like broken bones. The transcontinental traveler skirts the park without hint of the supreme beauty so near at hand.

While Glacier Park has every modern convenience for the tourist, including auto stages, power boats and elaborate hotels, its greatest hold is upon the man

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WOOF

who likes to "rough it," equipping himself for the rough trail and wayside camp where he may spend weeks or even months.

The Grand Canyon of Arizona is one of the eight wonders of the world. Its great depth strikes the beholder dumb; he cannot comprehend it at first. A story is told of two groups standing side by side viewing its mysterious depth for the first time. One was a group of churchmen, headed by a venerable bishop, who thus gave voice to his emotion: "What a wonderful creation of God's handiwork!" The other group was made up of rough-and-ready men of the plains, one of whom expressed the same emotion in his own vernacular: "Don't it beat h—, Bill?" There is no measure—nothing which the eye can grasp, or the mind fathom—and comprehension seems always just beyond the reach. The Grand Canyon is formed by the confluence of the Grand and the Green rivers, which together gather the waters of three hundred thousand square miles, becoming the Colorado River.

For centuries this mighty river was a mystery. The Indian feared it, the frontiersman avoided it. It was not until 1869 that a one-armed veteran of the Civil War, John Wesley Powell, with a small party, dared to go the length of the canyon in a boat, embarking upon the swift rapids without knowing what impassable whirlpools or cataracts they might encounter. Continually they upset, and breaking under the nerve-racking venture, four men deserted, with the hope of climbing the great walls, just the day before Major Powell and his half-dozen remaining crew floated clear of the Grand Canyon into safety. The deserters were never heard from again.

A romantic Indian legend of the Grand Canyon declares it to have been the Road to Heaven. A great Indian chief mourned the death of his squaw. To him came the god Ta-Vwoats, who offered to take him to heaven to prove his wife was in happiness. Ta-Vwoats then made the deep trail thru the mountains and led the chief to the happy land. On their return, lest the unworthy should find this happy land, the Indian god sent down thru the trail a wild and surging river. Thus was created the Colorado.

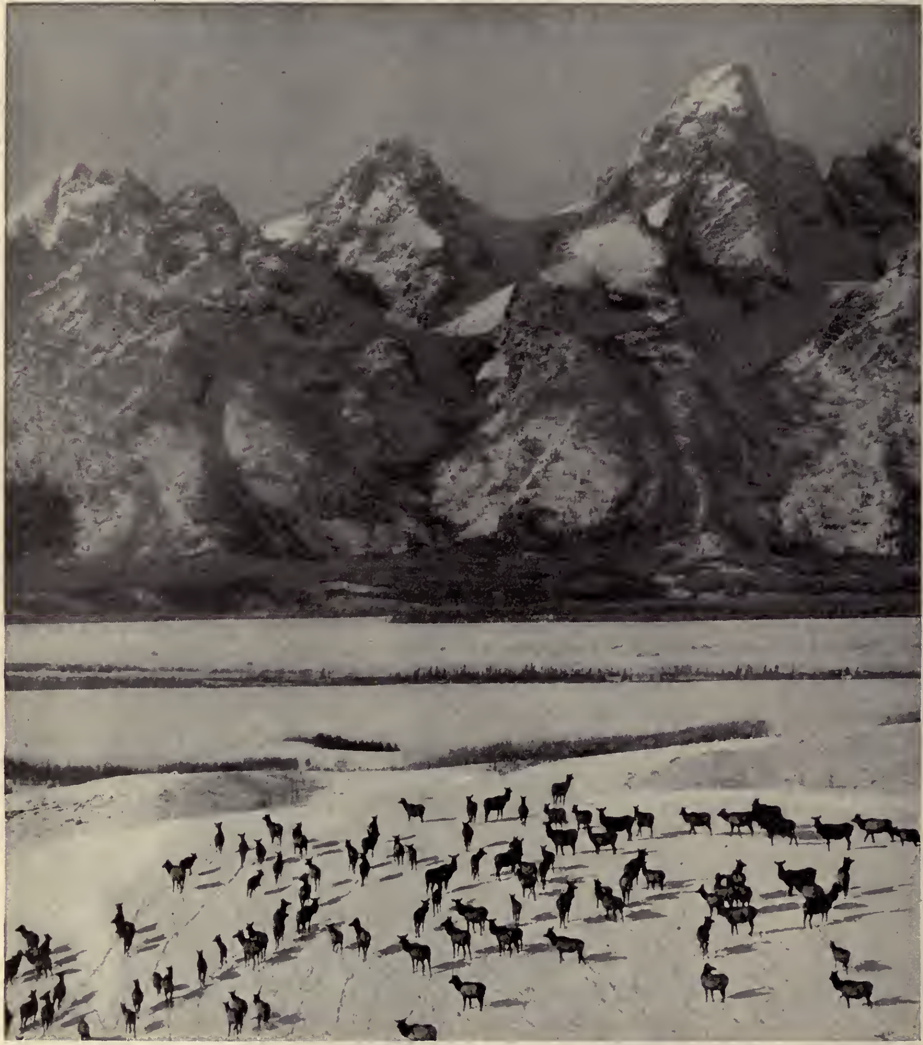
Photo by Lindley Eddy

THE GENERAL SHERMAN TREE

The largest and oldest living thing in all the world

Much has been written of the wondrous beauty of the great canyon, as it reflects the splendor of clouds and sunset, moonrise and storm, but adjectives describing wonder, beauty, splendor, are exhausted—the mind is unable to record the sensation that comes as one overlooks a thousand square miles of pyramids and minarets carved from the painted depths.

Few people in America know that their government has set aside in the Mesa Verde National Park the most elaborate and best preserved prehistoric ruins in America, if not in the world. Tucked into shelves under great overhanging cliffs are the walls and towers of a city once inhabited by cliff dwellers. Altho the ruins of the cities of the past at Mesa Verde were discovered in 1896 by two ranchers hunting for lost cattle, it was not until ten years later that Congress set aside the region as a national park. Since this time



Copyright by S. N. Leck

THE SOUTH ENTRANCE TO THE YELLOWSTONE PARK IS NEAR THE LORDLY TETON RANGE, JUST OVER THE BOUNDARY

Photo by J. E. Haynes, St. Paul

THE GREAT FALLS OF THE YELLOWSTONE

Nearly twice as high as Niagara; below these falls the river enters the gorgeously colored Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone it has been searched over and over again by prominent government archeologists, and the most remarkable treasures of antiquity are being uncovered. In 1915 was unearthed the temple of the sun, which differed materially from those of the cliff type. It is believed by J. Walter Fewkes, who conducted the exploration, that this temple was built as late as 1300 A. D., and that it marks the final stage in the Mesa Verde development. Its masonry shows appreciation of the art of constructing large edifices, and its walls are embellished with rocks containing geometrical designs.

From skulls and bones found at Mesa Verde we know the prehistoric inhabitants were little people, but from the facial bones and heavy lower jaw there is every indication to believe that they were fully developed. The most celebrated of the ruins at Mesa Verde is Cliff Palace, three hundred feet long, and containing two hundred rooms, where it is estimated hundreds of people resided.

Spruce Tree House, two hundred and sixteen feet long, so named because of a big spruce tree growing nearby, is the next in size, with one hundred and fourteen rooms. This house probably accommodated three hundred and fifty people, and was originally three stories high. Balcony House and Peabody House are equally well preserved, and there are many others.

Copyright by Gifford

YOUNG PELICANS ON PELICAN ISLAND IN YELLOWSTONE LAKE

The pelicans are very large and pure white—a picturesque feature of the park

The exploration of this region is far from complete, and probably many additional ruins will be discovered. Each year the government carries on its work of unearthing the ruins, and one of the unusual attractions is the informal nightly lectures given at the camps by government investigators in charge of the work. A thoroly

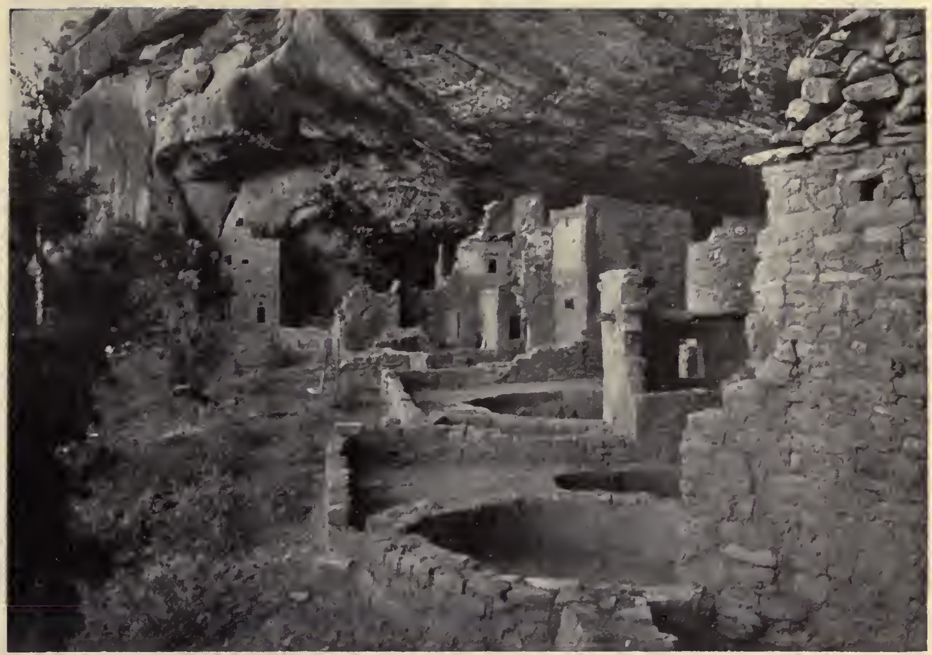
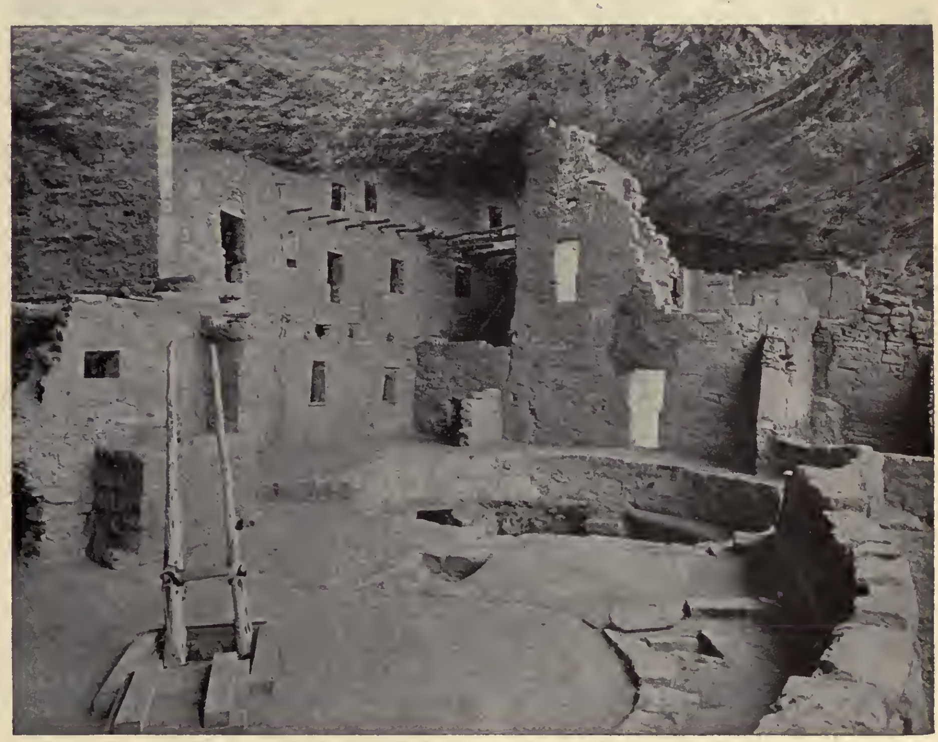


Photo by Arthur Chapman

SPRUCE TREE HOUSE IN MESA VERDE PARK, AFTER RESTORATION BY DR. FEWKES



ENTRANCE TO LOWER FLOORS, SPRUCE TREE HOUSE, MESA VERDE PARK

Copyright, Wiswall Brothers, Denver

A PATH OF DELIGHT
An aspen thicket trail in the Rocky Mountain National Park

Photo by H. T. Cowling

MOONLIGHT ON GRAND LAKE
Rocky Mountain National Park

comfortable hotel has been erected near Spruce Tree House, and many interested tourists are accommodated each season. The park lies in the extreme southwestern corner of Colorado and is reached by wagon, horseback or automobile from the little town of Mancos.

Altho the ruins of the cliff dwellings are the principal attraction at Mesa Verde, there is much natural beauty in the park itself. Its topography is a broad tableland, fifteen miles long and eight miles wide, rising high above the surrounding country. Its western edge is a bluff two thousand feet high, above the Montezuma Valley, and Point Lookout is 8,428 feet in altitude. It is one of the gigantic freaks of erosion, like the Grand Canyon, except in this case the country round about has been washed slowly away by the centuries, leaving Mesa Verde high above all.

Crater Lake, established in 1902, is the fifth largest national park in America. Its site is an extinct volcano, in the crater of which is found the deepest and bluest lake in the world. Its depth is over two thousand feet, and with cliffs towering one thousand feet above the water line on all sides, it has no visible outlet. It simply occupies a great hole in the ground where a mountain has collapsed and disappeared within itself. The crater lakes of India, Italy and Hawaii pale into insignificance by comparison.

The story of the undoing of Mount Mazama and the birth of this wonder-lake is one of the great stories of the earth. It is located in southern Oregon, the entire reservation occupying two hundred and forty-nine square miles. A mysterious atmosphere seems to envelop the region—it has been aptly termed "Lake of Mystery"

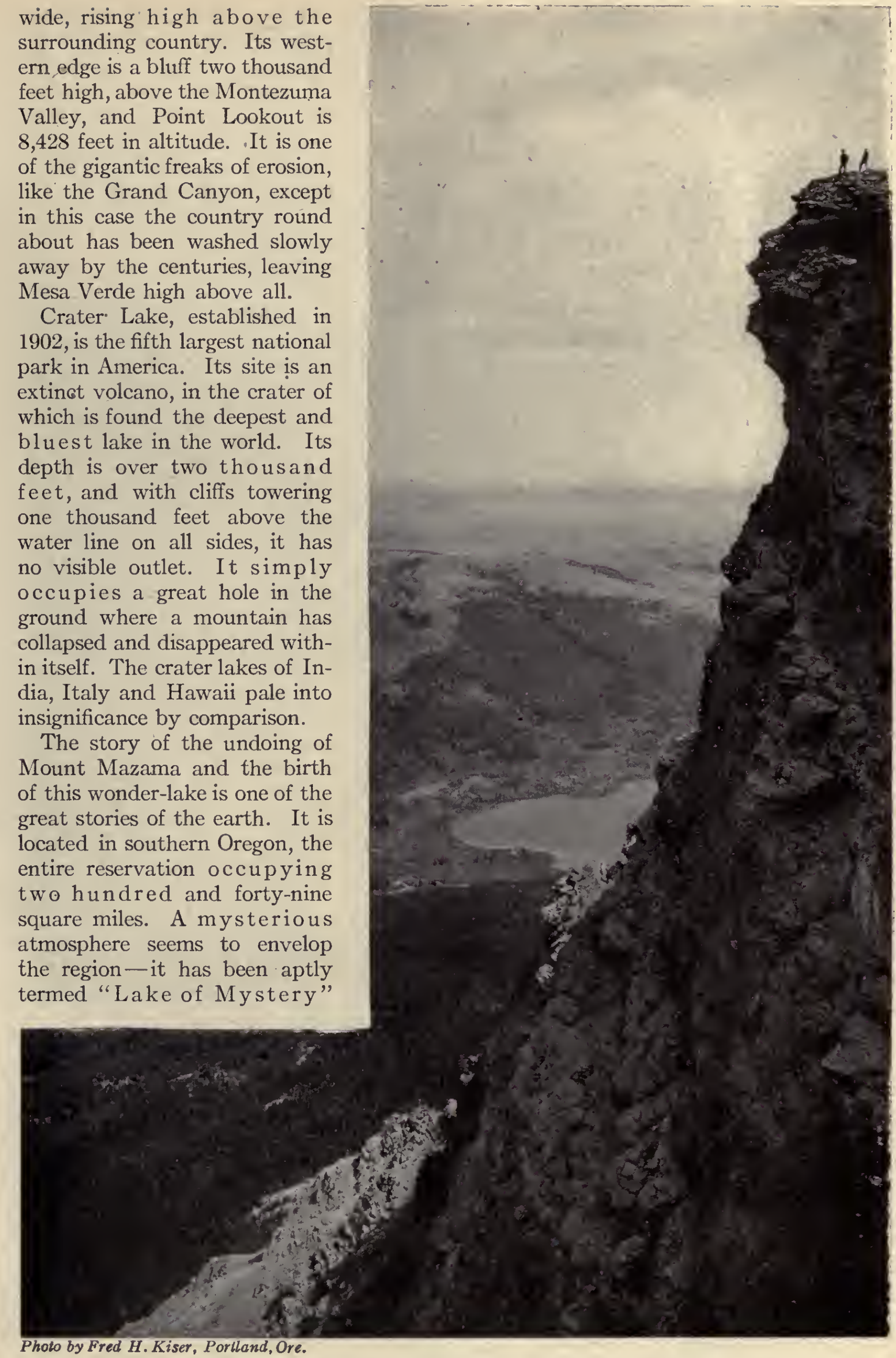


Photo by Fred H. Kiser, Portland, Ore.

SUMMIT OF APPISTOKI MOUNTAIN, GLACIER NATIONAL PARK and "Sea of Silence." Perhaps it is the marvelous color of the water, out-rivaling the sky in blueness, which gives the sensation of awe to the tourist. Its cliffs present an infinite range of gray, silver and pearl carved in the fretted lava walls, set off in striking beauty by a background of green woods and mosses.

According to the Modoc tribe, in the depths of the lake was the home of the great god Llao. His warriors were giant crawfish, able to lift great claws out of the water and seize enemies on the cliff tops. The legend goes on to relate a story of a war with Skell, the god of the neighboring Klomath Marshes. Skell was captured and his heart used for a ball by the giant crawfish. Then one of Skell's warriors, an eagle, swooped down and captured it in flight and took it to a deer, another of Skell's warriors, who escaped with it far into the wilderness. Eventually Llao was captured; his body was torn into fragments and thrown from a high cliff, into the lake, where his own monsters ate it, under the impression that it was the body of Skell. It remains today an ugly, jagged rock, and white men call it Wizard's Island. The rim of this wonder-lake can be traversed afoot or by horseback, but its greatest glory may be seen from a boat. Originally this magnificent body of cold, fresh water contained no fish, but in 1888 it was stocked with small trout, and today the lake affords excellent fishing, with the catch ranging from one to ten pounds in weight. A new hotel and camp have been built under concession from the Department of the Interior, and tents may be had for tourists who prefer camp life. It is an ideal spot to spend a rough-and-ready vacation, and more and more people are taking advantage of it each year.

Photo by H. T. Cowling

TWO THOUSAND FEET SHEER FROM FLOWERS TO LAKE
Mammouth Lake on new trail up the Triple Divide in Glacier National Park

One of the most accessible of all government scenic preservations is the Rocky Mountain Natural Park. St. Louis is

Photo by Fred H. Kiser, Portland, Ore.

CRATER LAKE

Looking into its vast depths is like looking into the limitless sky

Photo by Enos Mills

MOUNT CLARENCE KING
Rocky Mountain National Park

less than thirty hours and Denver half a day from Estes Park, the gateway to this wonderland of mountain peaks. It was not until 1915 that the government realized its duty to set aside the most startling section of the Rockies as a national park. It occupies three hundred and fifty-eight square miles in the north middle section of Colorado, and is splendidly representative of the rugged country. The park straddles the continental divide, reaching from the eloquent valleys on the east to Grand Lake on the west. It is at the "top of the world."

Its precipice-walled gorges extend as far as the eye can reach, and here grandeur and romantic beauty compete—the wild garden to the north, and wild basin to the south of Long's Peak are impressively beautiful. Loch Vale, with its three shelved lakes lying one thousand feet below the sheer cliffs of Taylor Park, is a sight never to be forgotten.

Like all the other great national parks, ample accommodations for the tourist have been provided in the way of comfortable hotels at varying range of tariff, and the attendance is growing rapidly each year.

The national park having more visitors than any other is Mount Rainier, established in 1899. A short auto ride from Seattle, Washington, it is one of the oldest of our western reservations, antedated only by the Yosemite and the Yellowstone. Three hundred and twenty-four square miles have been set aside as a proper setting for this one peak, which rises majestically above the eastern shores of Puget Sound. Mount Rainier stands 14,408 feet above tide water and raises its dome two miles above the surrounding hills. It is a mountain of perpetual ice, standing "at parade" upon a carpet patterned gorgeously with wild flowers.

From its summit twenty-eight large glaciers press their overwhelming weight of ice down its sides. In all there are forty-eight square miles of these glacier fields—some of them thousands of feet in thickness. In these gigantic rivers of ice are strange species of minute insects hopping about like fleas, much harder to detect than the sand flea of the seashore, as they are smaller. Microscopic rose-colored plants are imbedded in the surface in such numbers as to give it a reddish tint, making what is commonly called "red snow."

The largest of its glaciers is the Nisqually, which is five miles in length and half a mile wide at some places. At midstream this huge river of ice moves about sixteen inches per day,

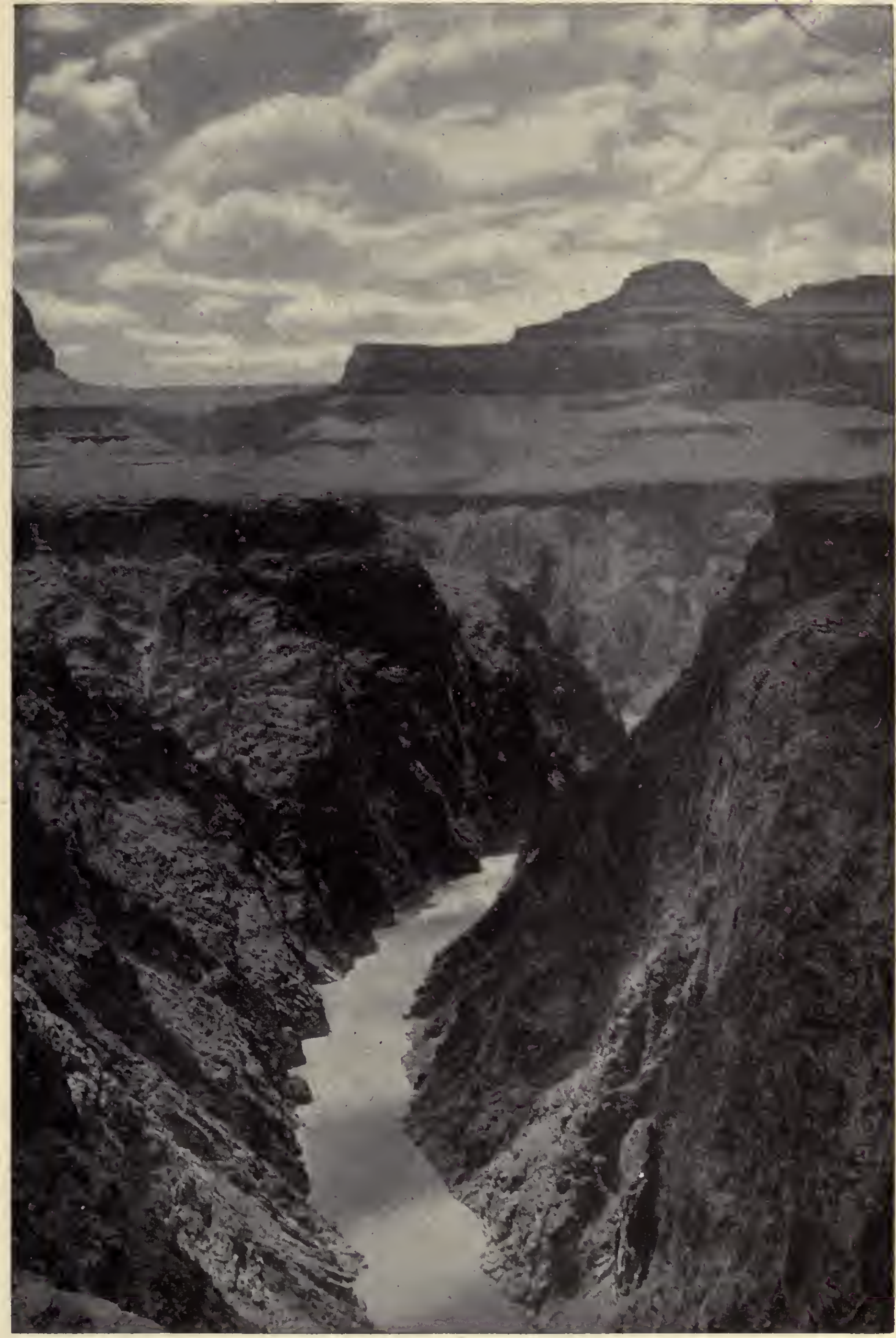


Photo by Geo. R. King

THE GRAND CANYON

"It is beyond comparison, beyond description, absolutely unparalleled throughout the wide world"

—THEODORE ROOSEVELT

but the speed is far less at the margins, where it is retarded by the friction on the sides.

Mount Rainier is the flower garden of our western mountains. Above the forest line a zone, about two miles in width, of the most beautiful flowers, encircles the mountain for nearly fifty miles. Daisies, anemones, columbine and larkspurs go to make up the waist-deep garland of the mighty mountain. Excellent roads carry the tourists to the many comfortable hotels; trails and paths for horseback riders and pedestrians lead in all directions. Every year new points of beauty are being discovered.

Photo by J.E. Haynes, St. Paul

OLD FAITHFUL, YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK

Photo by H. T. Cowling CLEARING AFTER THE STORM, GLACIER NATIONAL PARK

The people of America are just now beginning to realize that the wonderful natural scenic parks preserved for us by our government are more beautiful even than Switzerland with all its famed glory. More and more will we grow to appreciate what we have right at home in the way of wonderful mountain scenery. The great European war which cut off the tourist travel across the water has turned the tide to our own western mountains, and no country has so much to offer as our own United States.

I cannot imagine any greater pleasure to the man of means than that he set aside a vacation season each year for one of our great national wonderlands. He would have something to look forward to and, more than that, he would have something to look back upon.

The New Day

by Charles D. Cooper

IN the breaking dawn,
I come out of the East and bring with me reality.
I carry in my left hand the light and with my right
I brush away the shadows of the fevered night.
I look into the hidden places where greed and base motives have mingled
And see revelry and debauch.
I see the cringing form of corruption in high places
Slinking to the West.
I see fear stalking with giant's tread and gleaming eye
Over vast empires.
I see truth fettered by the bonds of indifference
Struggling amidst the stifling filth.
I see into the depths of hell.
I come from the fields of carnage
Where blood lust is the order of the day;
Where the dark spirit sears the souls of monarchs and hate rules supreme;
Where hungry babes and sad-eyed mothers pray for peace,
And where strong men, bleeding, pray for death.
In a little while I shall scatter, over the face of the earth,
Myriads of sunbeams which shall pierce the hearts of mortals,
And the scales of their leprous disease shall fall from them
And they shall stand erect.
The vices of men and of nations:
Fear and superstition, pride and greed, class hatred and self-glorification
Will pass on with the darkness
And ignorance shall lead them.
Then nations shall rise above expediency;
When each man shall be true to himself;
When principalities and powers will be cleansed of hidden control;
And combinations of men will have souls;
And patriotism will mean service.
Kings will be like men so that men may be like kings.
The hand of brotherhood and goodfellowship will be extended
And enlightenment shall be the cry
And then will be THE NEW DAY.

The Revival of Wooden Ships

by David Gove

IN recent years wooden ships had about disappeared from the ocean. Steel vessels were turned out in such vast numbers that wooden ships held but an unobtrusive position in the maritime world. Today the great demand for ocean tonnage has again stimulated the building of wooden vessels as carriers of ocean-borne commerce.

The bottling up of Germany's merchant marine and the requisition of thousands of vessels by the Entente Allies for war purposes soon demoralized the ocean-carrying trade of the world. Figures compiled recently show that about five million tons of merchant ships have been sent to Davy Jones' locker. Nor is the end yet in sight, for Germany is still sending ships to the bottom of the sea somewhat faster than the shipyards of the world can build them. This enormous shrinkage in the world's ships has created such a demand for bottoms that wooden vessels that were scrapped years ago are now in as much demand as a Mauretania.

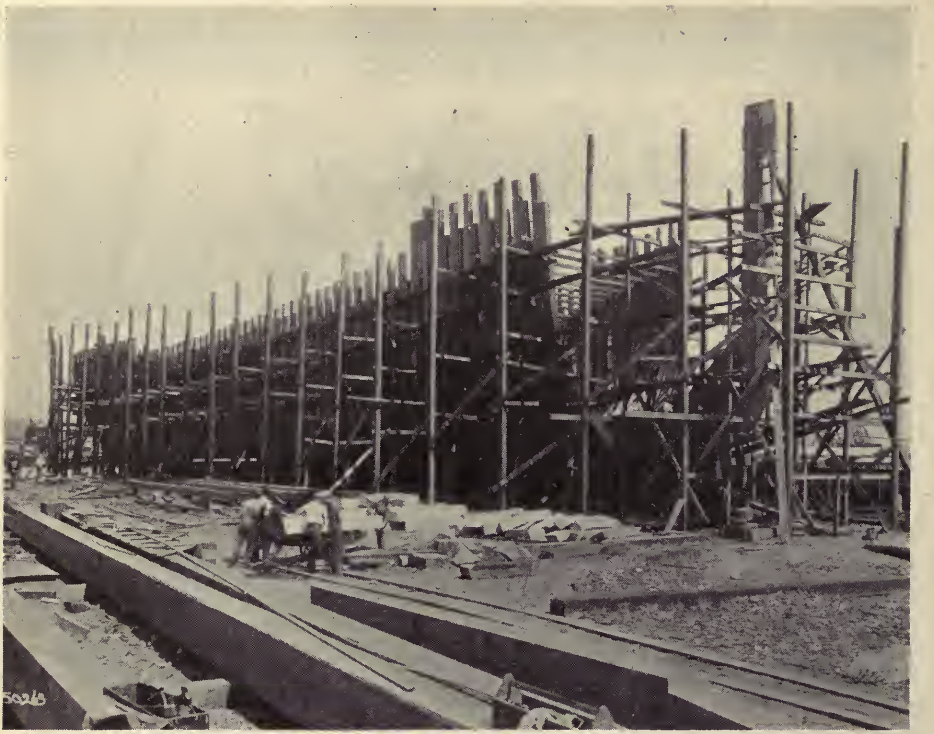
Both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts have been combed for hulls; wooden vessels and old whalers, that were relegated to the bone-yard years ago, have been patched up to pass the inspectors, and sent to sea again with cargoes of freight. So great has the demand become that it bids fair to resurrect every bottom that is at all seaworthy, in order to relieve the congestion of ocean-borne freight.

The steel mills are rushed beyond their capacity on construction orders of every conceivable kind, and many shipyards on the Pacific Coast, the Atlantic, and Gulf Coast as well, are building wooden vessels wherever timber is more available than steel. The lumber business had been dull for years, and many lumbermen welcomed the opportunity to build up their industry. The result has been that many shipyards have taken on an appearance similar to that of Bath, Maine, half a century ago.

Very few wooden vessels now being built will be regular wind-jammers. Many of them are fitted with Diesel engines, using crude oil, and rigged like bald-headed schooners. The motors will give them a speed of eight to ten knots an hour. They have a good spread of sail, which will give them an extra knot or two more speed in a fair wind and help to steady them in a rough sea.

No place on earth offers material better suited for wooden ship construction than the Northwest Pacific Coast. From British Columbia to California there is an unlimited supply of Douglas fir (Oregon pine). This lumber has the buoyancy, strength and durability necessary for shipbuilding purposes, and the stumps make the finest and largest ship knees to be found in the world.

Many of the western shipyards were only on paper a year ago. But when the demand for vessels came, they took to wooden shipbuilding like ducks take to the water. The result has been the nearest approach to a boom since the hilarious days of the Klondike rush; nor is the



A WOODEN MOTOR SHIP UNDER CONSTRUCTION AT SEATTLE
Had this vessel been built two years ago it would have been built of steel

wooden shipbuilding boom likely to pass quickly. With the high charter rates now prevailing, and timber being so much cheaper than steel, there is unquestionably a big field for this particular type of vessel. It is estimated that Europe will need a billion dollars' worth of lumber and other material to rebuild the structures ruined by the war. Owing to the scarcity of steel hulls, many wooden vessels now building will be used to carry American goods to rehabilitate devastated Europe when the war is over.

Simultaneously with the revival of wooden ships, there has been perfected the internal combustion engine. The application of these engines to marine propulsion has given a great impetus to wooden shipbuilding. The oil wells of the United States have unlimited supplies of the cheapest crude oil in the world. By outfitting the vessel with Diesel engines and a spread of sail, there has been produced a type of ocean carrier known as the motor ship. This type of vessel is capable of making eight to ten knots an hour, which means the cargo can be delivered as economically and about as speedily as if handled by regular tramp steamships.

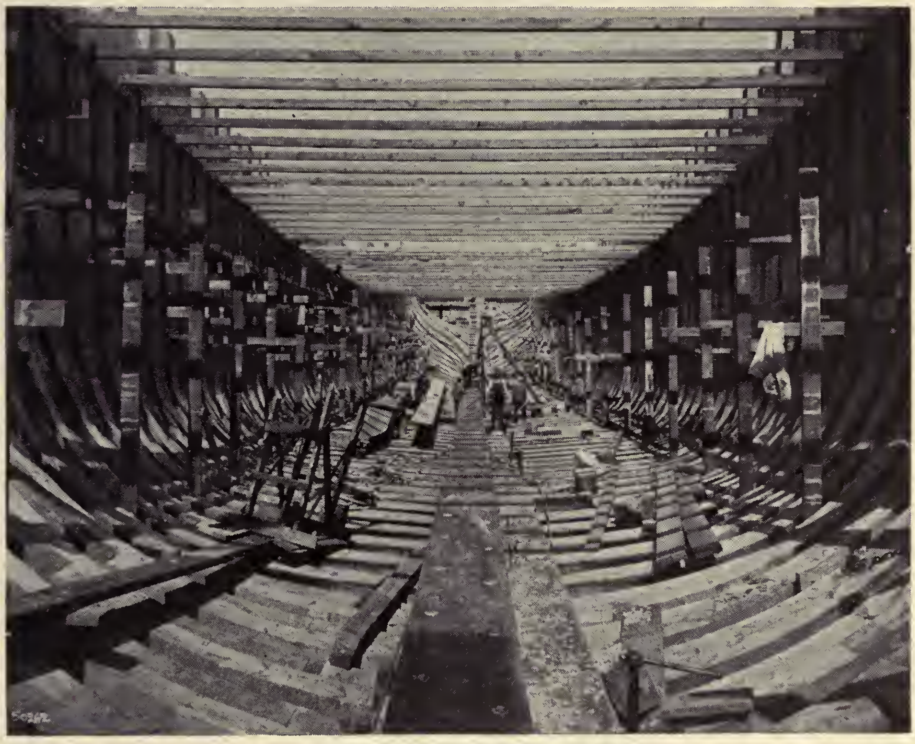
The wooden motor ships that are being constructed today are staunchly built. Lloyds and the American Bureau of Shipping give them the same rating as steamers. Their lumber capacity is from 1,500,000 to 2,250,000 feet, or a general cargo under the hatches of 2,500 to 3,500 tons.

There is apparently no divergence of opinion as to whether the wooden vessels being built today are to be temporary or permanent in the ocean-carrying trade. The innovation of the Diesel engine, a home supply of crude oil, and an unlimited amount of timber with which to build vessels, the Pacific Coast builders say they will hold their own with the steel-built tramps. Some marine authorities say the wooden ship will carry the bulk of the coastwise freight for many years after the war. Be that as it may, the wooden shipbuilders of today are taking no chances of having to put their vessels into the bone-yard after the war is over and freight rates are less remunerative. They are applying the same scientific methods to the construction of wooden ships as is given to those of steel, and will be prepared to carry freight as economically as the steel-built tramps.

The wooden shipbuilders today say the movement to build wooden ships is not occasioned altogether by the scarcity of cargo vessels. Wooden shipbuilding was being revived anyway. The war in Europe only hastened their building. As it stands today, two wooden vessels can be built for the cost of one steel boat of equal size. Not only that, they can be built and engined in about half the time. Comparing the life of wood-constructed hulls with that of steel, they are said to be about the same. The cost of operation, maintenance and amortization of wood and steel are about equal. Taking these comparisons into consideration, the wooden ships under present conditions have the best of it.

* * *

Owing to the late delivery and high price of steel plate, it has been proposed to build a thousand wooden cargo boats to run the submarine blockade. This is being done with the co-operation of the Federal government. Edward N. Hurley, chairman of the shipping board, and Rear Admiral W. L. Capps have charge of the work. This great emergency fleet will be built of Douglas fir on the Pacific Coast, long-leaf yellow pine in the south, and pine from Maine in the east. They will be steam-driven, using crude oil for fuel. The hulls will be 290 feet in length, forty-six feet beam, twenty-six feet depth of hold, and about thirty-five hundred tons carrying capacity. These vessels are to be armed



THE RIBS OF A WOODEN SHIP

How the interior of a twenty-five-hundred-ton wooden vessel, building at Seattle, looks in process of construction; the keelson is seen in the center of the picture fore and aft with guns capable of putting a submarine out of commission. Such vessels run a better chance of getting more tonnage thru the submarine blockade than vessels of a larger size. The bigger vessels would obviously have less armament in comparison to their size with the smaller ships.

The German submarines were sinking over five hundred thousand tons of shipping a month. It is a race between ship destroyers and ship builders, with the odds on the side of the destroyers. Steel being a negligible quantity for the amount of new tonnage immediately required, American wooden ships become the key to the situation, and are coming to the rescue. These jitneys of the sea, as they might be called, will carry food and munitions to the Entente Allies and frustrate Germany's attempt to paralyze the sea commerce of the world by ruthless submarine warfare.

No one can forecast exactly what the condition of the world's shipping will be after the war is over. It would be a safe prediction to say, however, that the carriers of maritime freight will be in great demand for many years to come. Steel plate will undoubtedly be high priced after the war. And the building of a great fleet of wooden vessels would be the safest way of keeping the sea trade of the world near normal.

Altho there is a return to building wooden ships, the modern vessel has no resemblance to the wooden clipper that dominated the seas fifty years ago. The wooden ships of half a century ago, with their sails set, were a beautiful sight at sea. The wooden vessel of today, altho more efficient than the Yankee clipper, is not a thing of beauty; usually she is scudding along at a ten-knot clip under bare poles.

WOODEN MOTOR SHIP "CITY OF PORTLAND"

Leaving the Columbia River with over two million feet of lumber for Australia. The Portland is the largest single-decked vessel in the world

Building equipment, too, differs from the old. Compressed air hammers are now used for driving nails and bolts. Another special machine is one that turns out ships' planking accurate in shape, with bevel and calking seam in one operation. Electric planes are now used in the wooden shipbuilding yards of today. But the strangest feature of it all is, it brings us back to an era of marine construction that was believed gone to return no more.

Caliban

By the Yellow Sands

by

Morris Lombard

THE great cement oval known as the Harvard Stadium, Boston, with a seating capacity in the tens of thousands, was the scene of the most pretentious community drama ever held in America—only the Passion Play at Oberammergau, Bavaria, ever having equalled it in interest.

Percy MacKaye, who wrote Caliban, is one of the best-known literatists of the day. He originally planned the big open-air spectacle to run only ten days, but so great was the interest that the period of performance was extended over the greater part of a month. Five thousand people, dressed in the fantastic costumes suitable to the character and period of history they represented, took part in the scenes.

The story of Caliban is essentially a simple theme, as is necessary in tremendous outdoor spectacles, but so perfect were the acoustic arrangements, and so wonderfully pitched were the voices of the principals, that everyone present could hear.

Caliban, a furry, ape-like man, the inhabitant of a massive cave, represents the clod of earth that has gone thru the slow education of man from his primitive beginning toward enlightenment and civilization. In the drama, the great civilizing influence of the ages is represented by Prospero, a magician, and his daughter, Miranda. The opening scene is the cave of Setebos, the home of Caliban. Ariel, the spirit of man, is held prisoner in the fangs of Caliban's tiger-toad idol, where he is taunted by the hideous man-ape. Caliban goes further in his insane glee and calls opon the priests of Setebos—Lust Death and War—to perform their barbaric ritual before the eyes of Ariel. Lust kindles the flame on the altar; War makes a living sacrifice, and Death quenches the fire.

To this cave come Prospero and Miranda. He frees Ariel and his kindred spirits, and transforms the cave into a great theater, which is to serve as the temple of his art. At the wave of his magic wand, the lights dim and the cave rocks give way in conclusion to a beautiful pillared theater, where, for the education of Caliban, he summons pageants and rituals of antiquity.

As Caliban cowers, dog-like, on the ground, the yellow sands before the temple are filled with Egyptian priests and dancers, performing the dramatic rite that symbolized the resurrection of the golden Osiris, God of Spring, and the reunion of the seven parts into which his body had been riven by the powers of cold and darkness. Caliban whines over the scene like an interested puppy.

With another wave of his staff, Prospero conjures a scene from ancient Greece to replace that of Egypt. In the presence of Pericles and Aspasia, the second chorus of Sophocles' tragedy "Antigone" is rehearsed. Sophocles gives his instructions and recites the dramatic poem on the splendor of man, which actors interpret into athletic dance movements. Caliban attempts imitation, but fails miserably.

Rome, the third of the ancient civilizations, is brought forth by the power of

Prospero's staff. Caliban runs to meet the advancing host, but slinks away shuddering before the shining armor of the Roman soldiers. The scene enacted is a pantomime by a group of Mimes entitled "Hercules and the Sphinx," performed in the presence of Emperor Caligula and the populace. The culmination of the pantomime so angers the emperor that he has the actors whipped off the ground. Caliban chases them, shouting in his excitement and pleasure. Then Prospero decides to summon for Caliban's education brief glimpses from the work of the master dramatist, Shakespeare. At his word, a tremendous curtain of steam mounts to the sky, tinted with myriad colored lights, and as suddenly it lifts again, scenes from "Antony and Cleopatra," "Troilus and Cressida," and "Julius Caesar" are thrown on the massive stage by living actors between the clouds of steam.

Caliban, becoming interested, suddenly seizes the magic staff, and growing ambitious, attempts a vision of his own. The answer is an orgy of Lust, but when it would lay its hands on Miranda, a peal of silver trumpets brings darkness across the Yellow Sands, while overhead the night sky glows with the cross, before which the revellers recede, followed by a vision of St. Agnes and her lamb with adoring shepherds. Prospero himself steps forward out of the vision, unmasks Lust, and turns his wrath upon the brightening tho cringing Caliban. Miranda pleads with Prospero to give Caliban another chance, and he relents by calling forth a pageant of the Middle Ages—of olden Nuremberg, on a Shrovetide festival day in the market place. Then follows the French and English pageant on the Field of the Cloth of Gold, where King Frances I of France meets King Henry VIII of England, to hold a tournament to celebrate the league between their nations after years of warfare. The contest between the lancers on horseback is watched until the victor stands alone in the field. Caliban enters into the scene with increasing interest.

A pantomime concerning an adventure of Don Giovanni on the plaza of St. Mark's in Venice introduces the Spanish-Italian pageant.

Under the influence of these educative themes, Caliban is slowly elevating himself into semblance of manhood, only to meet with his father's priest Death, followed by the gray-cloaked spirits of Puritanism. Death overcomes him and takes possession of Miranda, bearing them both into Setebos' cave. Then Prospero appears with the Maypole and Spring Song, and by the antic rites of Merrie England charms them back to life.

Caliban, resurrected from the cave-man state of man, falls in love with Miranda and asks her to marry him, which privilege is emphatically denied by Prospero. A tempter in the voice of his father's priest War promises her to him. He seizes Prospero's staff and calls upon War to aid him in capturing Prospero, Ariel and Miranda, only to be later defeated by his own fire and sword. Over all arises the Spirit of Time which calms the frenzy of the fight and cools the heat of War.

Out of the dimness comes Caliban—groping, dazed. Offering homage to Prospero, his great instructor, Caliban kneels with the assembled thousands, raising their arms in humility and aspiration, while the invisible choirs burst into song:

Glory and serenity,
Splendor of desire,
Kindle where the dreams of man
  Lift their master's lyre.
Drams of the world!—behold
How they glister the night with their cloth of
    gold,
Where the spirits dance on the yellow sands
And the children of earth clasp hands!

The part of Caliban was taken by Lionel Braham, of powerful voice and physique. His interpretation was at all times in sympathy with the weird, strange being that groped its way from darkness to light. Ariel, interpreted by Gareth Hughes, was distinctively light and ethereal without becoming commonplace or uninteresting. The part of Propsero was excellently rendered by Howard Kyle, his voice carrying thru the great amphitheater with marked clearness. Beautiful white-robed Alexandra Carlisle in the part of Miranda was a vision of loveliness, as she pleaded for Caliban in all his struggle upward, typifying the influence of womankind in the uplift of civilization.

A Wanderer from the West

by H. P. Holt

OUT of every dollar he had earned with the sweat of his brow for nearly two years, Pete Braley put exactly twenty-five cents on one side—an almost incredible feat for a cattle puncher, because in the land of the lariat money is not looked upon in the same sacred light that is shed on it, say, in Wall Street. In our centers of civilization we have to keep highly-paid police forces to see that we do not rob one another too freely. On the prairie, where men are not fettered by convention, your last cent or your month's pay may change hands in the twinkle of an eye, because some other poor devil needs it more than you do—unless you have already had the hilarity of losing it at poker. Pickpockets do not thrive in the cow country, as the foolish owners of the pockets rarely keep anything in them.

Pete Braley could hardly be described as a miser. The moment he had religiously deducted a fourth part of his pay, the rest of it melted like ice cream in the noonday sun. Whiskey and he were very old friends, or perhaps one should say acquaintances, for whiskey had not been particularly kind to him. Gambling, too, whisked away his negotiable assets after the fashion of a March wind toying with feathers.

Nor was Pete saving to get married or provide against old age. He was now verging on the fifties and could ride further in a day than he could twenty years before. He always declared that he was a woman-hater, but this was not strictly true. He was only scared of them, much as is many a man who has been married for years, but Pete never had been married, instinct having saved him. Perhaps he might have found there was nothing to scare him if he had taken his chance in double harness, but the point is that those twenty-five-cent pieces were never intended to buy linoleum and things you put on linoleum. He had an ambition. Many people have had a higher ambition, but few have struggled against themselves more persistently for two whole years to achieve it.

The idea had been gnawing him for a decade. At first he had tried saving all his pay, and this lasted for three months on two occasions, but he broke down under the strain, and things hummed in his vicinity for a while, under the influence of his accumulated wealth. Finally he hit on the expedient of deducting the quarter from each dollar, an experiment which stood the test of time, tho the plan had wobbled on the brink of extinction on several occasions.

* * *

Pete's ambition was to go to New York for a whole month and shine like the radiant moon. It was the glimmering consciousness of other things carried down to him by heredity. He was no sprig of nobility wafted to Wyoming on the wings of an unkind fate. He had never basked in the presence of beautiful women who wash their hands before every meal. His origin was obscure, except for the fact that he always associated his childhood and his mother with the peculiar odor of the wash tub. Perhaps, a generation or two back, there had been someone in the family who always shaved before breakfast and did not have to make two guesses as to the precise use of finger bowls, but that is merely conjecture. Pete did not know whether tan shoes went well with a dinner jacket, but long practice had enabled him to use the sharpest of knives at dinner without cutting his mouth.

His yearning to be a bright, if transitory, light in New York grew in intensity until it gripped him as morphia holds its lover. There was to be nothing half-hearted about it. He knew, or thought he knew, that there were certain mannerisms associated with the glittering throng which he would be able to cultivate for the nonce, and whiskey was to be utterly barred. A bottle of wine, perhaps, with dinner, but nothing foolish. It must be remembered that it was a wandering streak of refinement running thru his composition, trickling from some source unknown, that stirred this great desire. He was even going to wear gloves—not the sheepskin affairs one puts on when in the saddle all night trying to forget it is twenty below, but the gloves that are purely decorative. He looked forward to the discomfort of wearing a starched collar as keenly as a prisoner views the coming moment of his liberation, for that would be the acid test of his ability to be natural in the circumstances. Even the thought of it made him run his fingers round the neck of his loose flannel shirt uneasily.

* * *

When the day drew near for his apotheosis, Pete sometimes felt a lump down in his throat as large as a walnut. Some of us might infuse a little more interest in the notion of a happy hereafter if we knew it was to be strictly limited to one calendar month. Thirty days is not long enough to allow the novelty to wear off many things.

"I'm going to take a month off," he announced to Grogan, the foreman, when he drew his last pay.

"Goin' ter taste the Chicago brand?" queried Grogan.

"I was thinkin' of takin' a squint at Noo York," Pete replied. "Been a bit lucky lately; and I guess funds will run to the trip. You can count on me bein' back on time."

There are people who make a specialty, on eastern-bound trains, of lessening the financial burden of the unwary, but they do not always deal from the top of the deck. When it was suggested that Pete might join in a friendly game, he agreed as naturally as water flows down hill. By the time he was fifty dollars richer, someone tapped his foot deliberately three times. Obviously it was a signal gone wrong in the delivery, and Pete rose quietly with an excuse. He was not quite sure whether they had detected what he had been doing or whether this was where they intended to start. In either case he was helping fate to look after his money by turning to some other form of amusement.

For hours he gazed out of the window, seeing nothing and contemplating only that which was coming in the big city. Once or twice his fingers stole lovingly to the bulge in his coat to make sure it was there, for it was the key, and the only key, with which it was possible for him to open the golden gate into paradise.

* * *

A well-dressed man who had noticed this and formed his own conclusions—which happened to be perfectly correct—in regard to what the bulge consisted of, glided into conversation with Pete and got busily to work, after an hour or so, with the patter in which he always wrapped up his own particular variety of the gold brick when he wanted to sell it. The well-dressed individual felt he was getting on magnificently until Pete withdrew his eyes from the landscape and leaned forward.

"Do you know of some sort of book," he almost whispered, "that tells a gent, a perfect gent, mind you, egsacly what to do when he ain't plum sure about his bearin's in high society?"

"I know of no such work," replied the other man abruptly, receding into a newspaper and modifying his own views of himself; and not another soul nibbled at Pete's cash-in-hand until he found himself delivered by the railroad at the correct address.

He was a little awed as he walked out of the Grand Central depot, not so much by New York itself as at the idea of breathing the same gasoline-impregnated air as the elect. It was so late that nearly all good people, excepting those with night sticks, were tucked up comfortably in sheets, but that meant nothing to Pete. He had arrived at the place where he was to shine.

Unconsciously he swelled his chest a little with pride, and a subtle difference crept into his gait. The most comfortable pillows in Manhattan could not have attracted him. New York was his for thirty days—and the thirty days had started. What better than a stroll thru his domain? When he felt tired he would select a hotel worthy of the occasion; on the morrow he could attend to the matter of clothing.

* * *

Guided by nothing but fancy and bright lights, and turning corners indiscriminately with the insouciance of a belted earl knowing no greater care than the spending of his millions, he took in whole eye-fulls of the city-that-never-sleeps, passed on beyond the regions where pedestrians are so frequent at that hour that one is inconspicuous, and drifted by easy stages to the more watchful region of the lower east side. Two forms, moving like shadows, followed in his wake for a little way, and then, making a prearranged maneuver, passed him under a light. Pete Braley stood six feet one, could fell and rope a steer inside two minutes, and looked it. A quick signal passed between the shadows, who vanished into the night, discreetly looking for something more simple.

Four o'clock struck, and the man from Wyoming began to think of hotels. In the cattle country instinct was sufficient to lead him, but here he faltered. A woman, carrying a bundle, passed close to him, but the brim of her hat prevented anyone from seeing her face, tho Pete, who was utterly uninterested, happened to notice that her skirt was fashioned out of some striped material. This fact he noted sub-consciously. Twenty yards further on, wondering whether he had struck the right course for the millionaires' district, he looked round just in time to see the woman place the bundle in a doorway and hurry away. Then it came back to his memory that he had heard a squeak emanate from the bundle as he passed it.

"That's dog-gon'd funny!" muttered the man from Wyoming. "Guess I'll just stand by a few minutes and see it's all right till she comes back."

He chewed his plug without moving, for five minutes, until the squeak reached his ears again and quickly rose to a howl.

The bundle was awake and didn't care if the whole world knew it.

* * *

"I'm as big a fool as ever came east," Pete said aloud, as the true significance of the situation began to dawn on him, a little late, because such scenes are not an every-night occurrence on the prairie. He ran to the corner round which the woman had disappeared, but, being five minutes behind, saw nothing to elucidate the problem.

"That's *blame* queer!" he commented, looking round helplessly before retracing his steps to the bundle which was now making night hideous. Cold perspiration burst from Pete's brow.

"Guess I ain't no nurse," he thought, "but someone's got to do summink," and he picked up the bundle as tho it contained a rattlesnake or two. Knowing no better, he naturally began by holding it the wrong way up, and the audible sounds of protest gave Pete an unpleasant sensation in the region of his spine.

"If you don't stop that row, I'll put you down again and git!" he exclaimed feverishly. The bundle promptly became as silent as the stars, having discovered human companionship, and Pete stood abashed on the sidewalk, like a ship in distress, eagerly looking in every direction for succor, which did not come. He remained there a quarter of an hour and then steered to the west'ard for two blocks before a policeman suddenly ceased to twirl his night stick as his eyes fell on the bundle and its bearer. Pete turned to starboard, bringing up to anchor under the lee of the officer.

"You better arrest this," he said.

"Seems like it's too young to work for a living."

The policeman, who had nine in various stages of growth, accepted no responsibility until he had asked several questions, and then he entered into possession.

Pete pulled out a pipe, smoked as tho he were consuming tobacco for a wager, and convoyed the pair to the station house, where the desk sergeant wrote all the bundle's history in a book that contained details of many much more stirring matters. Then the man from Wyoming went to bed, but just before he plunged his great frame under the quilt he stood looking at himself in the glass.

"Gosh!" he said to the reflection.

Two minutes later he was asleep.

* * *

Before noon next day Pete strolled to the station house and received permission to view the prisoner, who had been transferred to an institution more suited to the requirements of the case.

The matron smiled when Pete told her why he was there, for there were few people in Manhattan who looked less like rescuers of animated bundles than this giant of the west. Then she told him of the scrawled note they found in the human package—nothing unusual in the city that hugs you to its breast and baffles you or squeezes the life out of you. It had done both for the woman.

"Wouldn't you like to see the little girl?" the matron asked.

"Wall," said Pete awkwardly, gazing at the nails of his ham-like hands, "fact is, we don't run much to kids in the parts I come from"—he caught the matron's encouraging glance—"but p'raps I'd jest like to run my eye over the young varmint, since you suggest it."

The youngster, who had breasted the sea of life for about ten months, was awake, and Pete blinked as he looked between four and five feet downwards at it. She grinned up at him with the confidence of ten months, and he grinned back; and just then the matron was called away.

When she returned the "young varmint" was doing her best with two teeth to bite a piece off the cow-puncher's smallest finger, and the man from Wyoming didn't quite know whether he was afraid or tickled to death.

After he left the orphanage he craned his neck at skyscrapers, dodged automobiles and cursed the din; and once, for no reason at all, he stood at a busy corner, looked at the tip of his little finger, and said, "Gosh!"

His movements that day were spasmodic. He consumed innumerable cigars about a foot long and did a good deal of hard walking to and from nowhere in particular. It was almost evening when he thrust his bulk into a taxicab and gave the driver a jerky order.

"T'ain't egsacly right for a kid of her age not to have nobody," he explained to the matron, "an' I don't know as a cow-puncher isn't worse than havin' nobody, but she won't see over much of me until she's growed up quite a piece. You'll have her fixed up prop'ly for me, won't you? You've got my address, an' if there's anything extra to pay at any time, for measles and things and clothes, have it put down on the bill. Money only gets wasted, anyway, in Wyoming."

Some hours later he stood at the entrance to a palatial Fifth Avenue hotel, and, with a curious expression, watched the procession of the elect, in and out, under the impression that they were all great people, with highly polished manners and hearts of gold. Then he turned on his heel and made for the Grand Central depot, where he was whisked away.

"Cleaned out?" queried Grogan, not surprised at Pete's quick return. He had known many men come back from gilded cities in a hurry, with their wings clipped.

"Money surely do fade in Noo York," Pete agreed. "There's more crooks in every street than hairs in a steer's tail."

As he walked away he glanced at the tip of his little finger.

"Gosh!" he observed, apparently to the rolling prairie.

The National Botanic Garden

by Vernon Alden Langdon

WHEN I saw groups of Confederate veterans and hundreds of visitors enjoying the beauties of the Botanic Garden, under the shadow of the Capitol, I wondered why the so-called Art Commission proposes to take it from the people who are without automobiles, and move it far out to the rustic beauties of Rock Creek Park. Is this historic place, with associations of nearly a century, to be uprooted at the whim of those who seem to forget that the common people have a love for the scenes and places that cluster about the dome? If they could see these people walking down that matchless avenue of palms grown in a building erected in 1859—palms that are unmatched in any clime not tropic; if they could see the people for whom, in fact, these Botanic Gardens are created—as they look upon the beautiful hornbeam tree which Abraham Lincoln planted, with the Capitol of the nation he saved in the background, they would feel like vandals to move all this away to a place already sufficiently beautiful, where all these valued associations would be lost.

Here is the famous Bartholdi fountain, the only memento in Washington of the nation's centennial celebration at Philadelphia, just as our fathers and grandfathers looked upon it in wonderment. This fountain was purchased by Congress at the close of the Philadelphia centennial (1876), where it had been on exhibition. It has a marble basin ninety-three feet in diameter, surmounted with nine main jets, which have been recently wired for electricity. The fountain is supplied from the aqueduct and throws its highest stream to an altitude of sixty-five feet. Spaced in the basin are numerous fancy sprays. This fountain in full play presents a beautiful effect, especially when reflecting the rays of the sun. South of the main conservatory is a smaller fountain, with a granite basin. During the summer the hardiest plants, in tubs, are arranged on either side of the main walk, and contribute materially to the beauty of the garden.

Is all this to be wiped out to please a fancy? Even governmental provision for its development has been held up on account of the threats of removal.

* * *

The old date palm in the conservatory, planted there in the ground before the Civil War, has already entered its mute protest. Within the past few months, it has pushed its towering top thru the glass roof, showing the strength and power of rugged tropical vegetation to burst the bounds of antiquated confinement. It reiterated the patriotic words of Patrick Henry: "Give me liberty, or give me death," and the shattered glass lies there, a reminder of shackles thrown off in the uprising, up-growing cry for freedom and more room.

This instructive place of popular resort, which is open daily to the public from 8 A.M. until sundown, is situated at the foot of Capitol Hill, extending from First to Third

Streets, west, and between Pennsylvania and Maryland Avenues.

There are two main entrances, one on Third Street, midway between Pennsylvania and Maryland Avenues, the other on First Street. Two smaller entrances open onto Pennsylvania and Maryland Avenues. Each main entrance consists of four marble and brick gate piers, with iron gates. No wheeled vehicles are permitted in the Garden. The avenues diverging from the West Capitol Park give the Garden a wedge shape, the narrower end facing the west front of the Capitol. It comprises ten acres, and is surrounded by a low, brick wall, with stone coping and iron railing. The grounds are artistically laid out in walks, lawns, and flower-beds. North of the main conservatory is the large fountain sculptured by Augusti Bartholdi.

GRAND SPECIMEN OF EUROPEAN HORNBEAM (ON RIGHT) AND CEDAR OF LEBANON (ON LEFT)

The main conservatory, commenced in 1867 from designs by Mr. Clark, architect of the Capitol, consists of a central dome and two wings. The base is of marble, with iron superstructure. The entire length is three hundred feet, greatest width sixty feet, height of dome forty feet, and wings twenty-five feet. The dome is supported on a brick column, which answers a double purpose—being a chimney also. Around this column winds a spiral iron staircase, which leads to a cupola surrounded by a balustrade. From this point the finest view of the west front of the Capitol may be obtained. There are ten smaller conservatories devoted principally to the growing of plants for exhibition in the main conservatory. All the conservatories are heated by hot water, conducted in iron pipes, supplied from ten boilers, six of which are in the vaults under the pavement of the main conservatory dome. The objects of the Garden are the education of the public, and the distribution of rare plants, all of which are propagated there.

For the latter purpose there are nine conservatories, situated in the square on the south side of Maryland Avenue, between Second and Third Streets. These conservatories are heated by hot water, supplied from six boilers. The office of the superintendent is also situated in this square. All seeds are saved, and distributed thruout the United States by the Senators and Representatives in Congress. Each Senator and Representative is allotted one box of plants every year. This box contains about eighty plants best adapted to the climatic conditions where they are to be sent. The Garden is under the control of the Joint Library Committee of Congress.

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The first collection of plants in the United States Botanic Garden was brought to this country by the exploring expedition to the Southern Hemisphere, 1838–42, commanded by Captain (Rear Admiral) Charles Wilkes. The collection was first deposited in the Patent Office, but in 1850 was removed to the Botanic Garden. Some of the plants are still living, and a large share of the present collection are the descendants of those brought back by the Wilkes Expedition. A few have furnished representatives for many of the principal conservatories of the United States and Europe. The arrangement of the collection is according to a geographical distribution. The strictly tropical plants occupy the central portion of the main conservatory, and those of a semi-tropical nature, requiring protection and lying towards the North Pole, are placed in the west wing, and all indigenous to countries lying toward the South Pole are in the east wing.

Central building, or rotunda, temperature eighty degrees, contains a fine variety of majestic palms—called by Martins the princes of vegetation—of which there are three hundred kinds, the most prominent being here represented. The most interesting in the collection is the palm tree of Scripture, familiarly known as the date palm. Jericho, the city of palms, was so called from the numbers of this tree growing in its vicinity. It was recommended to be used by the Jews in the Feast of Tabernacles. In Arabia, Egypt, and Persia, it supplies almost every want of the inhabitants. The fruit is used for food, the leaves for shelter, the wood for fuel, and the sap for spirituous liquor. It matures in ten years and then fruits for centuries, bearing from one to three hundredweight at a time. Among the Arabs the pollen dust is preserved from year to year, and at the season of impregnation of the pistils or female flowers, a feast called "Marriage of the Palms" is held. It is a singular historical fact that the date palm of Egypt bore no fruit in the year 1800, owing to the presence of the French army in the country, which prevented the annual marriage feast.

Among the other plants in this portion of the conservatory are the fan, royal, rattan, sago of Japan and China, panama-hat, oil, wine, coco de Chili, sugar, and cradle palms; the East India bamboo; the tree fern, from New Zealand; Astrapea from Madagascar; screw pine of Australia, with its corkscrew leaves and root in mid-air; the cinnamon of Ceylon; maiden-hair fern; mango, a delicious fruit of the West Indies; and banana, that most prolific of all plants; the great stag-horn and elk-horn ferns from Australia the dumb cane of South America, commonly known as the mother-in-law plant. The sap of this plant will take away the power of speech. Humboldt, during his explorations in South America, was eight days speechless from tasting it. The outer circle of the rotunda is devoted to the smaller tropical plants.

GEORGE W. HESS
Superintendent of the National Botanic Garden at Washington

The east wing, temperature fifty degrees, is devoted more particularly to the plants of the South Sea Islands, Brazil, Cape of Good Hope, Australia, and New Zealand. The principal specimens are the tree-fern of New Zealand; the aloe and the Caffre bread tree from the Cape of Good Hope; the India rubber; the passion flower; the caladium of Brazil; Norfolk Island pine of Australia, one of the most beautiful and largest growing trees in the world; the queen plant, or bird of paradise flower, named from its resemblance to the plume of that bird; tutui, or candle-nut tree, from the Society Islands, the nut being used by the natives for lighting their huts; the coffee plant, and several varieties of cacti.

Plants of China, Japan, East and West Indies and Mexico are assigned to the west wing, with temperature same as the east wing. The most notable plants here are the Cycadaceae of the East Indies (the largest in the country); the four-century plant; the Camellia japonica, or Japan Rose; the lovely lily of Cuba; the historic Papyrus antiquorum, or paper plant of Egypt; the tallow and leechee trees of China; the guava, a delightful fruit of the West Indies; the vanilla of Mexico—the species which furnishes the aromatic bean; the black pepper from the East Indies; the sugar-cane; the cherimoyer, or custard apple; the cassava of the West Indies; the sensitive and humble plants; the American aloe, or century plant of Mexico; the camphor trees from Japan; the tea plant; the papaya, an oriental tree which has the property of rendering the toughest meat tender; a plant of Adansonia digitata, or monkey bread, which grows on the banks of the Senegal and reaches the enormous circumference of one hundred feet. They are supposed to attain the age of three thousand years and Humboldt pronounces them the oldest organic monuments of our planet.

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW PLANT

There is also a specimen of the carob tree of Palestine, sometimes called St. John's bread. The pulp around the seed is supposed to have been the wild honey upon which St. John fed in the wilderness. There are other interesting specimens of the vegetable kingdom, including a pleasing variety of climbing plants.

Each wing of the conservatory is supplied with a fountain. In the west wing is a vase, brought from St. Augustine, Florida, and taken from the first house built on the North American continent within the present limits of the United States. A fine specimen of maiden-hair fern grows in this vase.

Two smaller conservatories are devoted entirely to cacti and orchids. The botanical collection received some valuable contributions from the expedition of Commodore Perry to Japan. The supply is kept up by propagation, and at rare intervals by scientific or exploring expeditions of the United States.

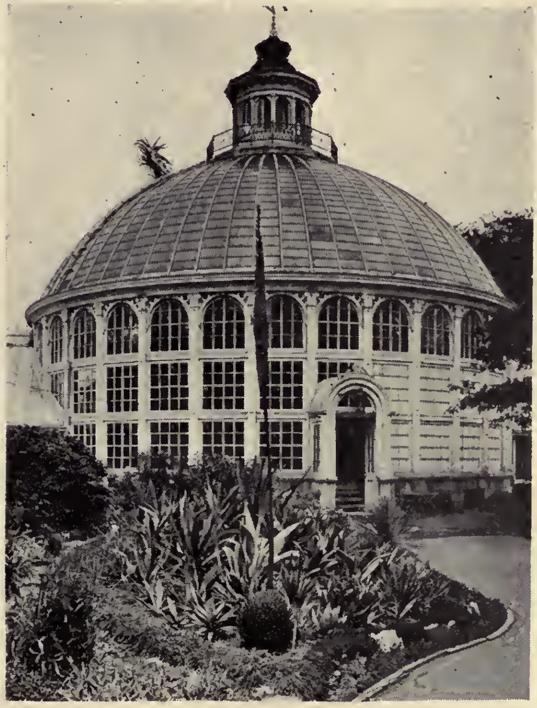
So far, there have been but four superintendents of the Botanic Garden: 1850–1852, W. D. Breckenridge; 1852–1912, William R. Smith; 1912–1913, Charles Leslie Reynolds; 1913–, George W. Hess.

* * *

The design of the projectors of the city contemplated the location of a Botanical Garden upon one of the extensive reservations which had been set apart for public purposes. In 1798 there was considerable discussion as to its location. A deputation waited upon the commissioners of the city and urged the South Park of the President's grounds, but as the object of the Garden was the enjoyment of the public, it was seen fit to establish it in its present desirable situation near the Capitol. The topography of the ground, however, was most uninviting. The Tiber flowed across one end, and most of it was low and marshy, and exposed to the ebb and flow of the Potomac tides. There is a tradition that it was the early execution grounds of the city, and that no less than five criminals were hanged there.

In 1822 the Botanical Society of Washington was incorporated by Congress. The society, prior to its incorporation, thru the individual efforts of those interested in botanical researches and investigations in the District of Columbia, had prepared a full list of plants, and as early as 1817 had arranged them according to the Linnaean classification and the more fashionable arrangement of Jussien. The grounds assigned to the society were the same now used by Congress for that purpose. Under the auspices of the society the marshy portions were dredged and converted into a small lake, into which the tide continued to ebb and flow. A few native trees were planted, consisting of fine oaks, buttonwoods, gums and persimmons. The only vestige remaining of these primitive efforts at a botanical garden are two post oaks. After

THE BALD CYPRESS
In botanic phraseology known as *Taxodium distichum.* These trees were planted by two famous actors—Booth and Forrest



MAIN CONSERVATORY OF BOTANIC GARDEN
Showing palm (*Arenga saccharifera*—sugar palm) which forced its way through the glass. In the foreground is a plant of *Agave Victoria Regina* (century plant) in flower. Note the height of the flower stalk and the small size of the plant. Photograph was taken July 25

the discontinuance of the society, that garden was used as a deposit for rubbish. In 1850 the representative management was assigned to the Joint Library Committee of Congress. The first buildings for the Botanic Garden were then erected, and the office of superintendent created. This post was first filled by W. D. Breckenridge, who had been horticulturist and botanist to the Wilkes Expedition. A systematic course of improvement was inaugurated out of the annual appropriations by Congress, beginning with the filling of the entire grounds to a depth of five or six feet.

* * *

Shall all this work go for naught just for a whim? There seems to be no good reason for moving the Botanic Garden, as proposed, except that the Art Commission possibly wishes to justify its existence and find fault with "things as they are." It would be a sorry day for many natives and habitues of Washington to see the Botanic Garden moved from its accustomed location.

AN AUGUST MORNING

By D. H. VERDER

I SEE the world about me thru a mist,
A thin white veil such as becomes a bride.
The air is fragrant with the scent of grapes
That slowly ripen under broad thick leaves.
My senses are but half awake, and steeped,
As with some drowsy drug, in sleepiness.
If I have friends, let them not come to me,
For I am too much of the earth and air
To be a good companion this warm day.
I have no wishes, no desires, no part
In all the varied labor of the world.
In winter I will toil with godlike zest,
Spin thoughts and songs as swiftly as a maid
Can spin her yarn to make herself a dress.
But now I am as listless as a moth
That sleeps by day to flit about at night.
I would accumulate for future time
The faint impressions that to me are borne,
Store my soul full of gathered whisperings
That scarcely reach me from the outer world.
As long ago the golden shower fell
Upon the flesh of Danae, so the sun
Now fructifies the soft, rich, mellow earth.
Abundance reigns, and of her plenty gives
Large, juicy berries, melons, milky corn.
No breeze awakes my mind to thought, my heart to love;
I am as dormant as an idle pool
That languishes in sloth and indolence
In some deserted courtyard in the south,
Whose slimy water scarcely images
The snowy clouds that drift across the blue.
The earth is good, the air, and all that breathes,
But let no mortal speak to break the spell.

The Best Season

by

Anna Spencer Twitchell

GIVE me Winter, with its cheer—
Air so frosty an' so clear,
That it always seems to me
Breathin' is a luxury.
Feel so full of snap an' go,
Walk fer miles an' never know—
Jes' alive all thru an' thru—
Give me winter, I tell you!

Spring—now come to think of it,
Spring can always make a hit;
Little white clouds, fluffier,
Seems like, than they ever were!
Sailin' lazy crost the skies
Bluer than a baby's eyes;
Grass a-peepin' from its brown,
Last year's bed to look aroun',
Trees a-buddin'—say, I guess
Spring-time is the fetchines'.

An' then Summer—when she's come,
Guess she'll keep you goin' some!
With her coaxin' pouts an' smiles,
An' a hundred little wiles—
Roses twisted in her hair
Like yer sweetheart used to wear . . .
Tempts you with a fishin'-pole,
Lures you to the swimmin'-hole,
Till you sort of half-ferget
You ain't jes' a youngster yet
Runnin' on with careless feet—
Summer—simply can't be beat.

Then there's Autumn—an', by jing,
I guess Autumn's *jes'* the thing!
Trees decked out in red an' gold,
Barns as full as they can hold;
Bins a-burstin' with the store
That the farmers' orchards bore;
Wood-box heaped up high with wood—
Snappin' fire feels mighty good.
Fetch the cider up, an' smell
Mother's corn a-poppin' . . . Well,
Ef you ask me, I'll be blest,
Every season is the best.

The Accepted Manuscript

by William Edward Ross

I

THE associate editor looked at the accumulation of manuscripts which littered her desk, and sighed. They were manuscripts that had passed thru the hands of the office readers, which possessed some merit, some possibilities, and upon which it was her duty to render the final verdict—to send the hopeful authors a word of acceptance, a neatly-worded note of declination, or the more usual printed rejection slip. Hers was the final word, except in those rare cases where doubt as to the suitability of a particular story rendered it necessary that she consult that ultimate power, the editor. The latter occasions, however, were rare, so nice a power of discrimination did she possess. The sigh was one of loneliness, of discouragement, of self-judged failure.

If any of the numerous assistants in the office had been told that Maude Douglass Warren considered herself a failure, they would have laughed at the teller as being too foolish to receive ordinary consideration. To the underlings, and even to the superiors in the People's Popular Publications office, Maude Warren was looked upon as a sort of goddess, an earthly divinity, whom some freak of destiny had placed in their office as the guiding and radiant star.

Even her most intimate and faithful friends would not have described her as being beautiful, but she was more than that word expresses to those whom she really favored with her friendship. Hers was one of those rare faces really capable of expressing the beauty of her inner nature, once she was aroused to talk of something that interested her. And Maude Warren's greatest interest in life was people—the great, human, throbbing throng of every-day men and women. It was this fact that had caused her exceptionally quick rise from an obscure stenographer in the circulation department to the most important position in the editorial office of one of the country's leading magazines. With all of her sympathy, her insight into the problems of others, she retired into a shell of unapproachable reserve when her own personality was being considered. Quick to sense the troubles, the needs of others, she was instinctively retiring and reserved where her own were concerned. It was this trait that endeared her to those in the office and also put her on a plane above them. They appreciated her interest in them, her readiness to help, but they could not understand her reluctance to admit them into her own life—the inner editorial office of her own soul.

The girl was a vehement anti-suffragette. To her, a woman's one and only place was the home; rearing, toiling for, and educating children. She was passionately fond of children herself and her greatest idea of happiness was to pick up a flock of motherless youngsters and take them for an outing. Altho liberal in her views, it required orders from the man above before any suffragette story or article graced the magazine's columns. In a word, the associate editor was wholly and adorably feminine. She explained her own dereliction from the field she had allotted to women by the ample excuse of necessity. Others looked upon her as the most successful and promising woman editor in the country, but she viewed herself as a failure and a miserable traitor to her sex. She counted her life as wasted, herself as lacking, because of the fact that no man had as yet aroused in her more than a cursory interest. She considered it her penance for some unknown sin that the routine of her twenty-six years of life had never been rippled by the god of love. To her, outside of the few incidents in the lives of her nearest friends, love came only thru the pages of the thousands of manuscripts she read yearly. And, when she discovered, among this mass of unsolicited stories, a love story really worth while, it was a part of her heart that went into the letter of acceptance to the successful author.

Banishing the sigh with a frown at her own weakness, she turned resolutely to the mass of work on her desk and picked up the first story that her capable fingers encountered. It was her rule never to read an author's letter until she had first read his story, but this time she reversed her custom and read the letter first. The act was an accurate gauge of the mental revolution she was undergoing.

It always seemed natural to her that an author should be enthusiastic about his brain child, and, for the same reason, anything that he said about it was naturally discounted. The letter she held in her hand was so different from the usual run of letters received with stories that she read it a second time. There was a naive charm and frankness about it that attracted and held her attention. One paragraph in particular impressed itself emphatically upon her consciousness. It read:

"So many love stories have been written, so many more are being enacted daily, that one cannot help but think of the woman's thoughts upon entering matrimony. A man can recover from a mismarriage, while a woman is staking her life on the gamble—on a turn of the cards that her venture may prove successful. To the good woman there can be only one real love affair and it spells either eternal ruin or eternal happiness for her. In the story that I am enclosing, I have tried to picture a woman's natural fear before entering the marriage state, and I believe that in this feature, if in no other, the story is original. No matter what anyone may say about a woman's heart being the sure test of whether she is taking the right step in getting married to some particular man, she must enter marriage with feelings of trepidation. To some women it would have been better if they had never married, but had lived alone in their blissful dream of what that state of existence consists of than that they should see the fatal termination of their dreams, which is so often the case in real life."

"I wonder," Maude mentally communed with herself, "if he is right?" It was with feelings of interest entirely foreign to her usual method of examining manuscripts that she picked up the story and commenced to read it.

The girl had read many stories and imagined more, but, conscientious tho she was, it is doubtful if she would have read the story she held in her hand to completion had it not been for the author's letter. The story was crude and lacked originality, but underneath it all ran a subtle note that baffled even all her experience for a definition.

She had already classed it as hopeless from the standpoint of the magazine when she came to the letter written by the heroine of the story to the man who had just proposed by mail. In the letter she found the culmination of the author's hopes and she read it the second time more carefully.

My Darling:—

I just looked out of the window and it is raining—raining drearily. In the sky, as far as I can see, are great, black, lowering clouds. It is a day such as most people would describe as dismal; but to me it is not dismal, for I have just received your letter.

To me, dear, the sun is shining, and in the steady patter of the raindrops I hear the reiterated refrain: "He loves me! He loves me!"

Oh, my dear! My dear! Can this be love—this great power that transforms a dreary, cloudy day into a glorious spring morning? It is spring to me now, the springtime of love.

Your letter made me happy—very, very happy—and immediately after reading it I looked into my mirror with oh, such a feeling of awe and bewilderment that such a wee, tiny person as I saw therein could arouse so tremendous a passion, so great a thing as love!

Tell me, dear, about this thing. Will cloudy days always be sunshiny to me? Is it thus that love transforms even the elements? I am so glad, so happy, yet so full of awe, and—yes, I'll admit it—just the teeniest, weeniest bit afraid. This great thing that has come into my life means so much to me, and now that I see only the sun, what should I do, what should I do, if I should ever see the clouds and the rain again?

Do not think that I am growing hysterical, dear, for I am not; but, tho it is so in stories, in real life a woman cannot bask in the remembrance of love's sunshine. She must have it with her always. Now can you not see why I am just a little afraid of the rain—the clouds?

Forgive me, dear, for mentioning these things, but I had to do so. Not that I fear that you will ever change, or that your love will ever cause the sunlight to diminish; but because if, to a woman, love brings great happiness, it also brings great fear—fear of the outcome if it should ever fail.

I cannot commit to paper the things that I have to say to you—they are too sacred. I shall keep them to tell you when you come up tonight. But, oh! my dear, be good to me. I love you so much, so much!

I must close now because I know that you are anxiously awaiting my reply. I have not answered your question, but your heart can read into these lines what I am waiting to tell you tonight. Until then, I am

Yours,
LOUISE.

Maude read no further, but laid down the paper and concentrated her gaze on a spot in the ceiling. The letter had saved the story. It was true, or at least it was as Maude knew it should be. In her case, should a great love come into her life, her feelings would be the same as those expressed by the woman in the story. With the exalted sense of happiness that love would bring, would also come the doubt that she could be capable of inspiring such a feeling, the fear that it would not last. Yes, it was a typical letter, a letter such as a woman who could experience but one great passion would write.

With a burst of rebellion at her own unhappy state, the girl cried out passionately:

"Oh! oh! I don't want to be a success, a model. I want the things that other women have. I want a little house, with a little garden, and a great big man to dominate it all and me. I want someone to be glad over when it is time for him to come home, and to worry over, when it is time for him to leave. I want to be petted and loved and coaxed."

Ashamed of momentarily yielding to her feelings, she picked up the manuscript and finished reading the story. It was then that doubt assailed her. For all its trite beginning, it was a good story, and one that would appeal to the magazine's readers, but she doubted her own fitness in her present state of mind to judge accurately as to the story's value. Coming as it did on the top of her rebellious, insurgent thoughts, it left a doubt of herself in her own mind, and she resolved to carry it to the editor personally and see whether she was indeed losing her hold on herself.

* * *

She found the editor in his private office, sitting with his head on his hands, gazing abstractedly out of the window. He did not hear her entrance, and the woman stood by the door a moment looking at him. For the first time since she entered his employ, she noticed the little tuft of gray hair over his temple, the weary droop of his shoulders, the air of loneliness with which he sat gazing into space. In her previous contemplation of his greatness, his ability, she had lost sight of the man himself, and now that she was brought face to face with the latter, she wondered greatly at the air of loneliness which seemed to hover about him. Was it possible that his success was as empty a bauble as her own? A great wave of pity crept into her heart and she stole silently across the room and laid her hand upon his shoulder. He started guiltily at her touch, but was instantly his cool, alert self.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Warren, but I am afraid that you caught me day-dreaming. It is something that I do not often find the leisure to indulge in, but, thanks to your efficiency, I have been able to steal a few moments to myself of late."

Tho his tone was casual, the discerning woman read beneath the surface and understood; the man was as lonely as she.

"I wish that you would read this story," was her commonplace remark. "It is rather trite at the beginning, but there is an undefinable something about it that haunts me and, because it rather fits in with my mood of today, I am at a loss to know whether it is that which influences me or whether it really has merit."

The man looked at her shrewdly before taking the manuscript.

"I fear," he remarked kindly, "that you are overworking. Remember that a vacation is yours any time that you say the word."

Maude thanked him, but inwardly shuddered at the thought. A vacation in her present frame of mind and with no work to take up her time, was unthinkable, and she added hurriedly:

"I am all right; it's just an ephemeral mood."

The man said no more, but gave his attention to the story. The first few pages he hurriedly passed over and Maude could tell when he came to the letter by his engrossment. When he had finished reading the story, he laid it down and for a time remained silent. When he spoke, his brusqueness startled the girl.

"Is that the way a woman feels? Is that letter true?"

Before she thought, the girl blurted out:

"It is exactly as I would feel if it were possible that a great love should enter my life." Her tone was bitter.

The words were no more than uttered when she would have given a great deal to have had the power to recall them.

The man at the desk was surveying her with a new note in his eyes, a newer understanding. Even as the girl had surveyed him a few moments before with the knowledge that he was first of all a man, even so he now considered that even before her success, her understanding, she was primarily a woman—that it was because of the truth of this that she was successful. There was a tender note of kindness in his voice as he thoughtfully said:

"The trouble with you and me, Miss Warren, is that we are living in an artificial atmosphere. We have become so engrossed in our search for what we consider others may want that we have forgotten that we also are human beings. In a word, we have forgotten how to play. You, I should judge, are not much over twenty-four, while I shall be thirty-five tomorrow. We need to play, both of us. If we don't, we will soon become mere automatons—successful automatons, possibly, but automatons nevertheless. I would suggest that we take a day off. Tomorrow is my birthday. Will you celebrate it with me by giving me the pleasure of taking you for a day's outing in the country? If you agree, I must make one stipulation—that for the day the shop is forgotten."

There was a gleam in the girl's eyes that was not lost upon the man as she replied:

"I'll accept your invitation gladly. I feel as you do, that we are both becoming shopworn—tired."

"Very well," the man replied. "We'll leave the acceptance or declination of this story until we return."

With a courtly bow, he held the door open so that she might return to her desk.

II

Maude awoke the next morning with a feeling of adventurous elation such as she had not experienced since necessity had demanded that she earn her own living. She leaped out of bed with a premonition that it was to be her day, and she searched her wardrobe for her most becoming costume. She finally decided to wear a simple cream-colored tailored suit and an unadorned straw hat, and, when she had bathed and dressed, she was forced to acknowledge, as she stole one final peep at herself in the mirror, that she had never looked so young and—she was bound to admit it—so happy.

When she came downstairs the editor was waiting for her with his big touring car. In the quick glance that the girl shot at him, she saw that the lines of yesterday were gone and that there was an almost boyish exhilaration in his carriage and manner. What *he* saw, when he looked at the girl, it is not my purpose to set down here, but it brought a sparkle to his eyes as, with a mock obeisance, he gayly saluted her.

"Good morning, fairy princess!" he shouted, "you're surely going to take the wood nymphs and satyrs, that we are to visit, by storm. Never have you looked so well and, I may be pardoned in adding, so charming."

Maude looked at the man in wonder. Could this be her staid, quiet employer, this great laughing boy? She could hardly believe the change. Was it possible that in all the long time she had known the man that she had seen but the one side of him, the office side? Could it be that this handsome man, looking at her so teasingly, was Robert Eustace Frickie, successful editor, author, and literateur? The man read something of her thoughts and laughed boyishly.

"Yes, this is I. Do not forget that our voyage into playland is not to be tinged with any memories of the office. For the day, we are just plain, everyday children, so, to commence with, I shall call you Maude, and it might be well for you to know that my most intimate friends call me Bob. Jump in!"

Maude climbed into the seat next to him and leaned back comfortably. The next moment they were off and the girl drew in a deep breath of exhilaration. The first few miles of their trip were passed at a moderate rate of speed, but, when they were out of the city and the country stretched out its green arms invitingly, Bob opened the throttle and the big car dashed forward at high speed. Maude clutched his arm convulsively.

"Please do not go so fast," she pleaded. "Why, why it is sacrilege! Here we are just dying, hungering, for this sort of thing, and we are racing thru it as if our lives depended upon our speed."

Bob grinned.

"We must see as much as we can before tomorrow."

"Tomorrow!" Maude cried. "Tomorrow! What do we care about tomorrow? It is a time that never comes. Today is ours; the present—now."

"All right," Bob said softly, slowing down the machine. "All right."

They came presently to where a little wooden bridge crossed a miniature stream and, when they had crossed the bridge, Maude clapped her hands in delight.

"Oh!" she cried. "This is beautiful."

The man stopped the car and the two sat quietly enjoying the country about them. It was a typical pastoral scene, but to the city dwellers it seemed to be a small section of paradise. To the left of them, as far as they could see, swept a great field of clover, a field of red and white blossoms. To the right, a great lawn covered the rolling acres, and, in the distance, just discernible thru the pink-blossomed apple trees which dotted the lawn was a large house. The girl jumped from the car and, running into the clover field, sat down amid the blossoms and tenderly caressed them. The next moment she was lying at full length, with her face buried in the fragrant grass. So natural and unaffected was her joy that the man in the car turned his head away. It was a flushed, radiant face that met his gaze when he again turned to her. Maude laughed happily.

"The smell of the clover," she said, "is like the bouquet of some rare wine; it fills you with exhilaration and intoxicates you with happiness; but, unlike the wine, while it intoxicates, it does not make a beast of one. Did you ever play in a field of clover, among the red and white blossoms, and weave clover wreaths?"

"Yes," Bob interpolated, smiling; "and was stung by the revengeful bee whose nectarial search I disturbed."

Maude pouted prettily.

"That is hardly like you," she observed.

"What?" he asked. "Getting stung?"

"No," she laughed. "Taking the poet out of poetry by bringing her back to the stinging realities."

"Well," he said, "as I remember it, it was a stinging reality—a mighty vivid one. The bee got me exactly on the tip of my nose."

He instinctively raised his hand and tenderly caressed that member, and at his act they both laughed.

Bob left the car and sat down in the grass beside her.

"Did you ever play mumblety-peg?" he asked, taking out a shiny new pocket knife.

"Did I?" she ejaculated. "Yes, and I had to grub with my little freckled nose deep in the sand to pull out the peg because I was beaten. O, let's play!"

They were deep in their game when a curious voice interrupted them.

"Well, I swan! Honeymooners playing mumblety-peg. Who's winning?"

The man's inference caused them to

glance guiltily at each other, then to laugh at the tell-tale blush on their cheeks.

"The girl is ahead, of course," Bob said.

"Of course," the farmer replied, a kindly light in his quizzical eyes, "of course."

The three of them joined heartily in the laugh which followed his remark, and a mutual *camaraderie* was established.

"Had breakfast?" the farmer asked.

The girl and the man looked at each other blankly, then laughed again.

"To tell you the truth," Bob answered, "we have been so busy enjoying ourselves that we forgot all about breakfast. Now that you mention it, I, for one, am hungry, and I believe that the lady is also."

Maude nodded her acquiescence.

The breakfast was a delightful meal, served in a little arbor house by the farmer's jolly-faced wife. There were cute little breakfast muffins, rich cream, freshly-churned butter, honey from the farmer's own hives, fresh-laid eggs, and delicious coffee.

The farmeress happily viewed their inroads upon the viands she so lavishly supplied and, when they attempted to voice their thanks, she cut them short with the observation:

"Bless your dear hearts! I want no thanks. It does me good just to see you eat. Sometime"—turning to Maude—"when you have been married as long as I have, you'll understand the satisfaction that comes from seeing your vittles devoured. I only hope"—wistfully—"that your married life 'll be as happy as mine has been. There's lots of disappointments in marriage, but after all, it is the safest way. Remember, dearie, that the way to a man's heart is strewed with plenty of good, wholesome cooking. Don't be afraid to soil your hands. Dishwater is good for them."

Before the blushing girl could disavow the situation, the woman vanished inside her kitchen. Maude looked shyly at Bob, and her blushes were intensified by the teasing way in which he grinned at her.

It was with feelings of regret that the two left the farmhouse and continued on their way. Farther and farther into the country they went until it seemed to the girl that they were truly in the woods primeval. Noon found them in a little glade thru which a tiny brook ran its singing way. Bob drew up at the side of the road and stalled the engine.

Maude ran happily to the little brook, stuck one hand in its tepid clearness, then turned shyly to Bob.

"Ever since I was a little girl," she said, blushing, "the sight of a brook makes me want to go in wading."

Bob looked at her a moment before replying, then tenderly said:

"Go ahead, you blessed child; I'll not look."

"Honest Injun, cross your heart to die?" Maude asked.

"Honest Injun, cross my heart to die," was his solemn reply, chanting the oath of boydom. Maude glanced at him a moment doubtfully, looked again at the water; the water won, and when the man disappeared in the woods, she rapidly divested herself of shoes and stockings and the next moment was paddling happily in the brook. A saucy bobolink perched on the limb of an adjacent bush merrily called for his mate to come and see this strange creature paddling about in the water. The mate came, burst into a song of love and happiness and then flew shyly away.

"You may come back now!" Maude called to Bob, some thirty minutes later. "I've grown up again."

"I hope not," Bob replied, as he stepped into the clearing.

"Why not?" she replied, pouting prettily. "Don't you like me when I'm grown up?"

"Yes," Bob soberly replied, "I do, but I like you best when you are your natural self as you have been this morning."

"I *have* enjoyed myself," Maude replied thoughtfully. "I do not believe I was ever intended for a business woman."

With willing hands, the girl helped him unpack the large hamper he had brought with him from the city and, when they had eaten the goodies it contained, Maude held out the wishbone that had fallen to her lot.

"Let's make a wish," she cried, "but remember that you must not tell your wish, or it will not come true. Ready?"

For a moment they tugged at the tiny bone and, when it separated, the man held the lucky half. The look he bestowed on the girl caused a rich flush to suffuse her cheeks and she averted her eyes. When she again looked up, the man was carefully placing the piece of bone in his pocketbook.

"Where are we going now?" she asked, when they were again in the machine and Bob had started the motor.

"That is my secret," he said. "Do you like secrets?"

"Sometimes," was her reply, as she settled herself comfortably in the large seat.

The way to the secret led thru a veritable fairyland of flowers. The road they were on was dotted with the out-of-town houses of the rich and cultured, and the machine sped by green, spacious lawns, dotted with trees and flower beds, and even the air, stirred to life by the rush of the machine, could not dispel the fragrance of the flowers.

At last Bob slowed down the machine and stopped at a tiny driveway, almost unnoticed among the large drives and pretentious gardens which surrounded it. The drive, which was little better than a footpath, looked like a ribbon that had been blown about by the breeze and cast at random over the ground, so many crooks and turns did it contain. It ran up a hillside to a tiny house set high on the slope and surrounded by trees in their natural wild state.

Bob jumped out, and opening the door, assisted the girl to alight.

"Welcome to Rocky Nest," he said, smiling. "This is my secret."

The girl looked about her wonderingly, then mutely questioned him with her eyes. Bob saw her look of wonder and replied thereto.

"This is my out-of-town dreaming den. It is here that I come when I am tired and have work to do. See that big stump—the one with the curtains around it? That is my out-of-doors work room. I call it 'Inspiration Point'."

"What a beautiful place!" Maude exclaimed as they walked slowly up the drive. "I never dreamed that there was such a cosy corner so close to the city."

The drive ran onward and upward, as if it had picked its own course, thru a riot of vegetation in its natural state. Great trees dotted the slope and wild daisies grew everywhere. The only attempt at cultivation were some running vines that had been trained about some of the trees, and an occasional rosebush. No pruning shears had ever marred the natural beauty.

The way ended at the house and Maude was surprised that such a diminutive dwelling should be so roomy and possess so many creature comforts. The house was built of redwood, and instead of being papered or plastered, was polished in its natural shade, the cracks being battened, inside and out, with thin strips of the wood. The ceilings were beamed.

Maude went thru the entire house with eager interest, even to the tiny bathroom, which was strictly modern. When they were back on the little veranda and the only servant in the place, a Japanese, had served them with iced lemonade, the girl asked:

"How did you find such a charming little place?"

Bob laughed.

"I didn't find it," he said. "It found me. When I was writing my last book, the necessity of getting away from the noise and heat of the city became so imperative that I determined to purchase an out-of-town bungalow. I visited a real estate firm, was given a list of their country residences, and set out on my tour of inspection. It was a day of disappointments. I had specifically stated that I desired a country home which was within easy reach of the city. The houses that filled the requirement were beyond my means and those that suited my purse were too far out and were otherwise unsuitable. I was returning to the city in despair when I chanced to meet an old school chum, who invited me home for dinner. He lives in that big house which you can just see thru the trees. After dinner I was telling him of my unsuccessful quest, when he jokingly enquired, 'Why don't you purchase my hillside and become my neighbor?' We came out and looked at this hill, which he had chiefly used as a home for the many birds which migrate here in the summer. It then had no path, and we wandered over it at random.

"While he had made the offer to sell jestingly, I could see this little house in my mind's eye, and I made him an offer for the place. Altho greatly surprised at the outcome of his joke, he accepted, and I set to work. With the exception of the foundation, wiring, and plumbing, I built the entire house by myself. Not only did I build the house, but I wrote my book meanwhile and found time to build this drive, which exactly follows my first ramble over the hillside, and what is more, I never felt better or enjoyed myself more in my life. Come, and I'll show you where I lived while I was at work."

Maude followed him around the house and up a short flight of stairs which led to the large tree stump. The stump had a railing around it, was curtained, and when the man drew the curtains aside, Maude clapped her hands gleefully. The stump was a model lounging room. At one side was a large divan, covered invitingly with cushions; at the other was a small case of books, and between the two a writing table. The room was well named Inspiration Point, for on every side the country unrolled in an emerald panorama of beauty.

The girl silently surveyed the beauty of the country spread out before her, then suddenly, with a little cry, darted past the man and sped down the hillside. Bob made no attempt to follow her, sensing her mood, but returned to the cottage. It was nearly dusk when he set out to find her, a little alarmed at her long absence. Altho he tramped the hillside over, there was no sign of the girl, nor was she in the car. He was about to give up the search when he chanced to look up at the tree. The girl was in the little writing and outdoor sleeping room he had made for himself. Her eyes were half closed and dreamy, and she sat with both hands clasping one knee, watching the sunset. The man stole silently up the steps and watched her for a moment before he made his presence known.

"Well," was his casual remark, "what do you think of Rocky Nest?"

It was a moment before she replied and when she did speak, there was that in her voice which caused his heart to leap and his pulse to quicken.

"Oh," she said softly, "it's like a page out of a fairy book, isn't it—too good to be true?"

"Do you think that you could be contented here?" he asked.

"What?" she gasped. "What?" gazing incredulously at him.

"I asked," he repeated, "if you thought you could be contented here."

The look she gave him was a startled one and then she averted her eyes.

"Listen, Maude," he said earnestly. "I've just awakened. My life has been a lonely one. So has yours. We have everything that counts for happiness except the most essential thing—love.

"I've been lonely—lonesome—for a long time, so have you. We have had happiness in our hands and never knew it. This day, our day, has opened my eyes." His voice broke.

When he had recovered his composure, his voice was pregnant with a passion that thrilled her.

"Girl," he said, "I want you, want you so bad that the very intensity of my desire hurts. I've loved you from the first day you entered the office and never knew it until now. Isn't—isn't there a chance for me? Can you not learn to care? I'll be patient—will wait." He stopped.

"Learn!" she cried, her voice ringing happily, "learn! Why, boy, there's nothing to learn. I love you already. I always have." The next moment she was in his arms, sobbing hysterically upon his shoulder. "Oh, boy, boy," she sobbed, "be good to me. Don't let any rain come into our lives, will you? I've longed for, prayed for, and dreamed of this hour, and now that it has come, I can't believe it is true. I love you, Bob—love you, love you, love you!"

His answer was to seal her lips with his.

The shades of night were dotting the country with weird shadows when Bob stopped the car at the top of a hill to watch the lights twinkling in the city below. A little star, the first one of the evening, peeped timidly thru a cloud, then disappeared from view. Maude sighed happily.

"Thank you for a perfect day," she said simply.

The man did not reply, but sat gazing off into the distance to where the star had disappeared. Suddenly he turned and before the girl sensed his purpose she was in his arms. With a little sigh of happiness, her head dropped upon his shoulder and she yielded her lips to his caresses.

"Maude," the man asked tenderly, "are you afraid of the future with me? Are you afraid that every day will not be a perfect day?"

"Yes," she replied soberly. "I am afraid, so afraid that it hurts, but I would not change that fear for any other feeling in the world. You'll be good to me, won't you?"

Bob's answer was to smother her lips with kisses.

When at last she had recovered her breath, she said:

"I know now how that girl in the story felt when she wrote that letter."

There was a teasing twinkle in the man's eyes and he mischievously asked:

"What shall we write that chap about his story?"

The girl's eyes were starry as she placed her hands upon his shoulders and gazed long and searchingly into his eyes.

"Tell him," she said finally, "that the last act of the associate editor, ere she assumed her new duties as managing editor of the editor, was to accept his story."

There was a smile on his lips, and a smile in his heart as he slipped the clutch and the car shot forward into the night.

FACT AND FANCY

By H. P. LOVECRAFT

HOW dull the wretch, whose philosophic mind
Disdains the pleasures of fantastic kind;
Whose prosy thoughts the joys of life exclude,
And wreck the solace of the poet's mood!
Young Zeno, practis'd in the Stoic's art,
Rejects the language of the glowing heart;
Dissolves sweet Nature to a mess of laws;
Condemns th' effect whilst looking for the cause;
Freezes poor Ovid in an ic'd review,
And sneers because his fables are untrue!
In search of Truth the hopeful zealot goes,
But all the sadder turns, the more he knows!
Stay! vandal sophist, whose deep lore would blast
The grateful legends of the storied past;
Whose tongue in censure flays th' embellish'd page,
And scolds the comforts of a dreary age:
Wouldst strip the foliage from the vital bough
Till all men grow as wisely dull as thou?
Happy the man whose fresh, untainted eye
Discerns a Pantheon in the spangled sky;
Finds sylphs and dryads in the waving trees,
And spies soft Notus in the southern breeze;
For whom the stream a cheering carol sings,
While reedy music by the fountain rings;
To whom the waves a Nereid tale confide
Till friendly presence fills the rising tide.
Happy is he, who void of learning's woes,
Th' ethereal life of bodied Nature knows;
I scorn the sage that tells me it but seems,
And flout his gravity in sunlit dreams!

Making Munitions and Making Men

by Fred H. Rindge, Jr., M.A.

"WHAT single factor contributes most largely to the great success of this operation?" I asked a leading official of a huge munitions plant, and without a moment's hesitation he replied, "The men!" Not money, materials, machinery, war orders, or a hundred other factors that might have been mentioned—but the men. A few years ago such a reply would have seemed incongruous, but in these days of increasing regard for the human factor, what reply could be nearer the truth?

Our attention has been gripped by Europe's terrific war, our gaze has become riveted upon America's millions resulting from huge war orders; we have stared in amazement at our munitions plants doubling in size almost over night—but how about the men? No mining boom has ever compared with some of these munitions booms.

Two years ago who had ever heard of City Point, Virginia, a quiet little village of about two hundred people? A few months later everybody had heard of City Point and Hopewell—a booming town of some thirty-five thousand people. They had come from cities, farms, colleges and shops. The Du Pont Powder Company had transformed cornfields and a sandy desert into a modern municipal miracle. Today the boom has broken somewhat, but this new leaf in history has not yet been turned. City Point and Du Pont city are teeming with life, and midway between the two lies Hopewell itself. Land which at one time could have been bought there for sixteen dollars an acre has sold for as high as sixteen thousand dollars a lot. The plant itself covers approximately eight hundred and seventy-five acres, surrounded completely by miles and miles of triple bob-wire and most carefully protected by several hundred efficient police. When the construction gangs were still at work on the hundreds of buildings, the force numbered as high as twenty-three thousand men, and even today it is fifteen thousand.

Petersburg is only nine miles distant, but Hopewell has from the beginning been a law unto itself. One who has not been there or in some other boom town can have little conception of the enormous problems and gigantic task of providing adequate living quarters, preventing vice and handling men. Experienced officials have tackled these problems with admirable efficiency, though naturally some conditions are still far from ideal. Men—white and black, Russians, Greeks, Italians, Roumanians, Turks, Armenians—have earned four dollars a day or more and have in many cases immediately lost it to grafters, gamblers, and others all too ready to prey upon the ignorant. At best the making of gun cotton is a hazardous industry. To handle these thousands of men with a minimum of accidents and a maximum of production is almost a superhuman task.

Needless to say, no one can enter the plant without a special pass or work check.

No matches are allowed behind the bob-wire, and disobedience of this will result in instant suspension, possibly dismissal. All new men are given vigorous safety lectures illustrated by "movies" and stereopticon views. Warnings and danger notices in English and foreign languages are posted all over the plant. In spite of these efforts, serious accidents sometimes happen. On foggy nights when the air is heavy, the nitric acid fumes are far from pleasant.

* * *

In many ways the greatest problem all along the line has been the leisure problem, and early in the game the Du Pont Company asked the Young Men's Christian Association to tackle the job. A large building was erected in the James River Village and fully equipped with a combination auditorium and "gym," pool tables, cafeteria, reading rooms and other attractions. The instant the building was opened, hundreds of men crowded to join. Two hundred members were enrolled in the first ten minutes—two thousand in two weeks. Another large building was constructed in "B" Village, with the same magical response. To meet the conditions of an industry working seven days a week in eight-hour shifts, the Y. M. C. A. activities were kept booming constantly. Over a hundred secretaries and assistants were employed, and the force worked in eight-hour shifts, day and night. Literally thousands of men patronized the motion pictures, games and other healthful and carefully-supervised recreative and social features. The religious and educational work was not forgotten, even in the unimaginable rush of things. Here is the program for a single week:

Moving Pictures, 3 times a day, 100 to 400 men
Noon Prayer Meetings, 25 to 50 men
Weekly Bible Classes, 100 men
Weekly Evangelistic Sunday Meetings, 300 to 400 men
Weekly Entertainments, 400 men
Billiard and Pool Tournaments, 12 tables, averaging 20 hours a day
Restaurant, 1,500 meals a day
Basket Ball and Indoor Baseball Leagues
Members' Stunt Nights
Soda Fountain and Store—averaging daily service 2,500 men
Reading Room and Games
Writing Tables
Laundry
Post Office.—1,000 pieces a day
Personal interviewing

Thru these and other activities, thousands of men have been kept decent during their leisure hours, thousands of dollars have been saved which would otherwise have been quickly "blown in," and many a man has received a new impetus toward better living. The whole program is directed from the "metropolitan office," as it might be called, behind the bob-wire, where the General Secretary is in the midst of operations.

As Hopewell and the villages have settled down to a more normal condition, the Association has added new and even more permanent lines of work. Not satisfied with an all-around program in the buildings, outside activities have been rapidly promoted. A few months ago the fourteen hundred and more houses in "B" village, where the better class of people live, looked hopelessly desolate, surrounded as they were by white sand and nothing else. One of the Y. M. C. A. secretaries started a gardening movement. People laughed at him. "Grow anything in this sand? Man, you're crazy!" But Mr. Secretary knew better. He got hold of a government expert and made sure that the soil would respond to treatment. He made arrangements for lime and manure to be purchased at minimum cost. Then he persuaded a few adventurers to try grass. Lo and behold, it began to grow! Bone meal and wood ashes helped. Then followed a few flowers and people began to wake up. Soon vegetables appeared in several yards. Mr. Secretary saw his chance. He put on a gardening contest, with prizes. Percentage awards were made as follows:

Condition of grass..............	20%
Neatness and general appearance	25%
Arrangement	25%
Condition of flowers	20%
Variety of flowers..............	10%
	100%

In a few months the whole village was transformed. The other day I visited house after house and saw the asters and cosmos, tomatoes and cabbage still looking fresh and confident. One hardy tomato vine had climbed to the height of eleven feet!

One man grew in his back yard mint, sage, thyme, beets, peas, beans, potatoes, onions, squash, canteloupe, peppers, artichokes, etc. He kept careful account and figured that he sold or used produce amounting to $89.19. Deducting his expenses of $18.55, he cleared $71.64. For fall and winter use he had lettuce, parsnips, cauliflower, leeks, radishes, carrots, parsley, and a dozen other things valued at $38, and eight hundred roots of gensing, which ought to net him about $200. And all from that white sand!

GENERAL VIEW OF HOPEWELL

"We were just amateurs this year," said one workingman's wife. "You wait till you see our place next year!" This seemed to be the spirit of "B" village—and needless to say, this sort of thing makes for better home life, steadiness, community pride, and contentment.

During the summer months boy-scout patrols flourished. Under the inspiration of the "Extension Secretary," a swamp was drained by the boys, the Company furnished equipment and a splendid playground sprang up. Sunday afternoons it was used for religious meetings, with hundreds of people in attendance.

Heretofore a large part of the work has been with American people. Now the Association is launching a comprehensive educational program for the foreigners. Recently I had the privilege of teaching two of the English classes. There sat Italians, Russians, Greeks, and Roumanians, with eyes fairly dancing in their eagerness to master the language of the new world. Besides the regular lessons, the local secretary has devised a series which fits this particular industry.

For several months baseball leagues, tennis matches, and other athletic activities were at their height. I crossed the big athletic field one evening, and as I entered "B" Village building saw a big sign: "Southern Sociological Congress." Within were a series of highly educational exhibits, a stereophotograph, and a series of talks on health, sanitation, etc. The entire week was being given over to this splendid organization for community surveys, exhibits, and lectures. When I asked one workingman what he thought of the Y. M. C. A., he replied: "I'd hate to live without it!"

The Du Pont Club at City Point is a splendid organization of six hundred members—officials, college graduates, and other technically trained employes. The Y. M. C. A. has enlisted the help of some of these and other competent men in volunteer service for the workingmen and boys; out of this group come the teachers of foreigners, the boys' club leaders and old college athletes who are willing to give some of their time to help someone else grow "strong." Needless to say, there is a tremendous need for the right kind of leadership. The Y. M. C. A. is building character and improving the education of employes, and this inevitably means increased efficiency. And "men" comprise the greatest factor in the success of this or any other operation.

Said one man to the secretary: "I've just written my wife the best letter I ever wrote her. I didn't tell her all I've been doing in Hopewell, but since the Association opened I've been *here* every night.

I wouldn't take twenty-five dollars for my ticket. I'm going to keep on the water wagon and a clean road."

A similar work has been undertaken by the Y. M. C. A. at Carneys Point and Parlin, New Jersey, other operations of the Du Pont Company. Manager Porter said to a group of employers recently: "If I had to start over, before I built my power house, I would build the Y. M. C. A." In addition to the regular Association building at this point, there is a special headquarters for the foreign employes.

Bridgeport and New Haven are two of the cities which have felt tremendous booms from the munitions business.

The Remington Arms Company has expended huge sums of money in enlarging its Bridgeport plant. The Y. M. C. A. secretary has been at work for over a year, with a desk in the plant and a quietly efficient program of service. One of the first tasks put up to him was to interview every man who was liable to be fired from the plant. The secretary talked confidentially with each man, gave his case a fair hearing and decided whether the man was right or wrong. If right, he recommended the company giving him a new trial. Perhaps some irate foreman had discharged him in a fit of anger, and instead of being laid off, he was therefore transferred to another department. This seems like a new kind of Y. M. C. A. work, but it gave the secretary a personal touch with men which yielded wonderful results.

Baseball, bowling, rifle and tennis leagues have been organized among the many departments of this plant. A choral club has proved a great success. All kinds of social features—clambakes, halloween parties, etc.—have been promoted. Educational classes are being encouraged, and a "Progress Club" of the more ambitious is under way. The Secretary has a helpful relation to the safety, welfare and restaurant features of the entire plant. He has helped organize a mutual benefit association, with fifteen hundred members.

In New Haven the Winchester Arms Company have also undertaken things on a tremendous scale. Most of the welfare work has been handled directly by the company, but the Association has been co-operating closely. One of the first things undertaken was a midnight meeting for the men in the plant. Later a series of noon meetings considered such subjects as "Thrift," "Success," "Resuscitation," "Clean Living," "Contagious Disease," travel talks, etc. English and citizenship for foreigners has been vigorously promoted. A series of receptions and socials to foreign employes resulted in the organization of an All American Club. Athletic meets and other recreative features have been held.

The Newport News Ship Building Company in Virginia is building some of the greatest battleships in the world. President A. L. Ferguson says that since the Y. M. C. A. organized work among the colored employes, they work more regularly and are more contented, save more money and develop a better family life, and adds: "With the same gangs we are now driving five thousand more rivets each day—that means building three more ships a year." Many other illustrations could be given to prove that all such work pays, not only from the human standpoint but in dollars and cents as well.

* * *

Rev'nues

by

F. F. D. Albery

NANCE WARNOCK sat on the big, flat rock at the head of the ravine—watching, watching, watching. She had been here since long before daylight, patiently watching. Back of her, somewhere among the rocks of Cracker's Neck, her father and three brothers were operating the still, and Nance was on the lookout for "Rev'nues"—the most hated of all the human race to her and her kind.

For many years the government of the United States had hunted these outlaws with persistence, and Nance Warnock was doing her soldier part in this warfare. Had not the still been running that day, Nance would have been in school—a place she dearly loved, for she was born with a thirst for knowledge. She had arrived at the mature age of fifteen and had already learned about all that the ordinary teachers in the mountains could impart.

But this fall had come to them Isaac Britton, ambitious to preach the gospel, and already glowing with the knowledge acquired at Cane Ridge Seminary. His enthusiasm had struck Nance, for she had in her that divine fire which sometimes descends from heaven into the cabins of remote mountaineers, and the inspiration which she felt at all times added to her natural beauty. She had not been swerved from her duty by this lovely outlook upon the great and good and sweet things of earth as exemplified by the magic word "education," and she did not evade the pots and kettles or the lonely watch at her outpost.

Suddenly she sprang up, retreated quickly a few paces and flung a stone with amazing accuracy at a certain point down in the ravine. The stone had no sooner struck than four men appeared, each with a long, old-fashioned, muzzle-loading rifle in his hands, and began climbing with quick agility the side of the ravine on which she sat. They did not come to her outlook, but some distance behind it, among the trees. The sound of their footsteps having ceased, there was absolute silence except for the occasional chirp of a bird, the scolding of a squirrel, a falling leaf or the wind overhead.

* * *

Five pairs of eyes were fixed upon a point far down the ravine at which the practiced eye of the dweller in the mountains could easily discern two mounted figures moving slowly and cautiously up the ravine.

By this time Nance had joined her father behind a monstrous yellow poplar which stood well out toward the bank.

"Be they Rev'nues, Dad?"

"Guess they be."

"You goin' to shoot?"

"Yep. Go tell Jake to take the front one and Bill and Joe the hind one, but don't fire till I tell 'em."

Slowly the intruders came, carefully picking their way over stones and thru fallen leaves, creeping on to their fate, little aware that four murderous rifles were levelled at them, and that it only required a word to send them both tumbling from their saddles into eternity.

"Ready, boys!"

"All right, Pap."

Then, swift as an arrow, Nance slipped behind her father and laid her hand on his shoulder:

"Don't shoot, Pap, that's Captain Radnor!"

"Shut up, Nance, Captain Radnor never wore them kind o' clothes an' I never see him with such a hat in my life."

"I tell ye, Pap, it's the captain. For God's sake, don't shoot!"

The girl's earnestness compelled her father to withhold his order to fire for another minute, and in that time something about the foremost rider's way of sitting his horse convinced him that he might be mistaken, and he waited.

"Can't ye see, Pap, that it's him? Nobody else in these parts rides like that a' way, an' look, he's chawin' terbaccer, an' see him spit! Whoever spits that a' way but old John Radnor?"

Instead of firing, the father stood his rifle against the tree and shouted:

"Hello, Cap'n."

"Hello, Adam!" came back in cheery tones from below, and the four men and the girl scampered down the bank to greet the newcomers.

"Folks, this is Colonel Ansberry from Ohio. Come up to show him the mine."

"Well, I'm glad that's what brought you to Cracker's Neck," said Adam Warnock. "You come might' near to not gittin' that, I tell ye, for we took you-alls fer Rev'nues."

At which statement Radnor laughed heartily, even after being assured that, if it hadn't been for Nance, the battery would have been let loose. "Tain't safe to wear good clothes in these parts, be it, Adam?"

Adam "reckoned" not and was enlightened as to the clothes by the explanation that Colonel Ansberry, who was acting for the timber syndicate, had just paid Radnor four thousand dollars for that thousand-acre tract of yellow poplar over on Tygert, and that he had treated himself to a new suit of store clothes, including the stylish hat which had so nearly been the cause of his death.

Further explanations followed. "Been tellin' the colonel here all about Swift's Mine, an' he's interested. If I can convince him, he'll put some money into it and get some of his friends No'th. He's goin' to be president of the company. I showed him some o' them ruby diamonds an' he thinks they's beautiful. Don't you, colonel?"

But the colonel at this particular juncture was talking to Nance, with whom he seemed to be absorbed, and he did not answer.

"Hi, there, colonel! Hear what I say? You're goin' to be president o' the mine, ain't ye?"

"Certainly," said Ansberry, smiling. "What a romantic place this is! I've never seen anything finer or wilder."

* * *

And for a moment Ansberry's gaze was fixed on the monster cliffs of Cracker's Neck, whose beauty was enhanced immensely by the revel of autumn colors which crowned the forest where the dark green of the evergreens was set off by the scarlet of the oaks, and the varieties of color which each tree afforded seemed concentrated in the marvellous variety of the sweet gum whose colors ranged all the way from the fresh green of early spring to the somberest purple of winter.

"Do people never come here to visit Cracker's Neck?" asked Ansberry.

"Not much," said Warnock, "It's too fur off and hard to git at, an' they ain't no hotels or bo'din' houses."

"Speakin' o' hotels," interrupted Radnor, "got anything ready, Adam? The colonel here is all right, an' you needn't be afraid o' him."

They went a little farther up the ravine, when one of the boys disappeared for a few minutes, and returned with a tin dipper full of what looked like pure spring water. He handed it deferentially to Ansberry and said, "Drink hearty, Colonel!"

The dipper was rusty and somewhat battered, but full of good intent, and the moonshine was not at all bad. Ansberry took a moderate drink and, perceiving intuitively the custom of the country, handed it to Radnor, who took a long pull. From his hands it passed successively to father and sons, each of whom as he drank said, "How!" and looked kindly at the colonel. Finally Joe handed it to Nance, who, unabashed, drained the few spoonfuls which were left over, after looking at Ansberry and saying melodiously, "Your good health, Mister."

It was a little thing, but the divine touch was in it, and Ansberry's heart was stirred. He had already perceived that she was no ordinary mountain girl. Her face was of that peculiar, refined type which is often found in these wild regions, where Nature is as apt to make diamonds as coal measures. Her features were exquisite, and her figure ideal. Her bare feet were perfect and the sunbonnet which she wore was thrown back on her neck far enough to disclose a beautifully-shaped head with golden brown hair of luxuriant growth. She was altogether lovely, and Ansberry's thoughts were forced back to that time when a remote ancestor on one side or the other had probably fled to these mountains to escape persecution or punishment in the mother country, as he had read. Now it seemed that he must have stumbled upon a descendant of one of those great European families. He could see her, educated, refined, properly dressed, a shining light at court, glorious in womanly perfection.

But the talk was of Swift's Mine, in which they all engaged, for it was common knowledge that Captain Radnor, big, strong, intelligent, successful beyond the average, sensible in all things else, was "daffy" on the subject of Swift's Mine, and hither had he brought his friend Ansberry to exhibit his latest discovery, which, to his mind, definitely located that prize which so many had striven for, in the pursuit of which lives had been sacrificed, and much treasure wasted. But this time he was sure. "They ain't no *ifs, ands,* or *buts* about it, Adam; I've su'tainly got it."

He had found what seemed to be evidences of that activity which in the old days had produced those millions of silver which had come so mysteriously out of these inaccessible mountains. Moreover, he had followed the hieroglyphic directions of a "map" which he had purchased from an old Indian chief down in Tennessee, who vouched for its authenticity. It was drawn in colors on the inside of a wolf's hide and consisted of lines and crosses, animals of different kinds, such as the Indians painted, and altogether seemed to him to be worth the exorbitant price he had paid for it and all the trouble and labor of its acquisition. John Radnor was enthusiastic about Swift's Mine, and when it was known that Ansberry's clients had bought that thousand acres of the most beautiful yellow poplar in Kentucky, it was only wondered how long the money would last, for they knew it would all go into the mine. And so it was that he had interested Ansberry.

"Why, Colonel," he would say, "you'll be wearing diamonds on your shoes when we git this thing a-goin'."

Therefore came they there. It was not strange, however, that Ansberry had discovered the diamonds long before old John Radnor had pointed them out to him, for the young girl Nance had them in her eyes and Swift's Mine was forgotten.

* * *

With the frankness of her age and kind, Nance Warnock had taken kindly to the handsome, well-dressed stranger and walked with him ahead of the others on their way to Adam Warnock's big, double cabin for dinner. He won her sympathy at once by expressing his disapproval of the methods of the government, which had so nearly cost him his life and kept them all in constant danger. On her part, she seemed proud to tell him of her new studies and the fine new teacher they had. It seemed to Ansberry that he had never seen so adorable a creature, and her frank disregard of all their poor surroundings simply made her more charming. She had no apology to offer for the broken dishes, which she handled with as much daintiness as tho they were made of solid gold. The new teacher had undertaken to correct certain grammatical mistakes common to all the natives, and these she aired in naive fashion, notwithstanding her constant use of the *patois* of her mountain home and associates. But Ansberry knew that, with her keen intellect and overweaning desire to improve, it would be an easy task to polish this rough diamond into perfect brilliancy, and he deliberately allowed himself to fall entirely within the spell of her winning personality.

That night, sitting at the table, with the others ranged around, he went over her school books with her, saw that the new teacher was ambitious, but misdirected as to many things, and promised himself that he would interview the young man with a view to aiding in the proper development of this interesting wild flower.

* * *

Next day they visited the mine, and all its wonderful possibilities were pointed out by its enthusiastic owner, who explained the kind of machinery that would have to be installed and the course of the railroad that would have to be built to connect with the Big Sandy.

Pending some detailed consultation between the captain and Warnock, Ansberry visited the school where Nance ran forward in kindly greeting and presented him to "Teacher," much to the astonishment and giggling amusement of the other "scholars"—all unused to formalities of any kind.

It did not take Ansberry long to see the drift of things in the young theologian's breast. He, too, loved Nance, and began to show signs of resentment when Ansberry spoke of sending her certain books which he wanted her to read. It was to be no easy road for the handsome young lawyer, even with his culture, his money, and his powerful associations, for the young Kentuckian, man of God tho he was, knew the argument of the rifle and considered it fair and legitimate.

When Ansberry said good-bye to Nance, he pressed both her hands affectionately, told her to be a good girl and study hard, and promised to come again some day. On her part, she wanted to put her arms around his neck—he was so clean and beautiful and his speech was that of the angels. But maidenly modesty held her in check, and she said good-bye calmly, promising to do all that he asked, and then ran off to her outlook at the head of the ravine and watched them till her tear-dimmed eyes could see no more.

"Don't think of him too much, Nance, he's not our kind," warned Jane Warnock.

"I can't help it, mother, he's so grand and he wants to help us all to learn and be good," and she threw herself into her mother's arms and sobbed herself into quietude and rest. "All right, mother, I'll try to forget him." But as the winter wore on and Nance became engrossed in the books that had come in due time, the mother knew that "neither height nor depth nor any other creature" could separate her from her idol.

Isaac Britton did not fail to press his suit, but without making any perceptible headway. The girl's standard had been set, and her ideas were so much beyond Isaac that she would never again come back to his level. She might be compelled to give up any thought of Ansberry. She might never see him again. But the blood of the ancestor had asserted itself; she had associated once with her own kind and thenceforth forever after there was no compromise for her. As for Isaac Britton, he held in his secret heart the feeling of a rival which was slowly hardening into hatred as he saw the distance widening between himself and Nance.

* * *

Late in the winter a letter came to him from Ansberry saying that he hoped to be able to inspect the silver mine as soon as the weather opened up sufficiently to permit a comfortable journey to Cracker's Neck. This news Isaac kept to himself, but answered the letter telling Ansberry that he would try to meet him at the station if he would tell him just when he was coming. Later on, Paul wrote to Isaac that he would reach the station on a certain date—that he was bringing a friend with him—an amateur photographer who would take pictures of the striking features of Cracker's Neck and the Mine, and he would be pleased if Isaac would meet him.

A few days before the fifteenth, which was the day of Paul's arrival, old man Warnock received a letter, which simply said: "Revnoos comin on the 15 to bust up your still and git you!"

That was enough for Adam Warnock, and the fifteenth found him and his boys on the lookout at the head of the ravine. The all-enduring patience of the mountaineers had not begun to wane when the boy on watch slipped back to his post and whispered:

"There they be."

And, sure enough, slowly winding up the gulch, came two horsemen, each of whom carried a Winchester, and there could be no mistake about their being "Rev'nues." When they reached the point beyond which they were not allowed to come, four rifles cracked simultaneously, and both horsemen fell. After waiting for a time to be sure there was no one behind them, one of the boys slipped down quietly, the others remaining on guard, with their rifles cocked, to cover his possible retreat. He had no sooner reached the scene than his actions indicated to the others some horrible discovery, and, hastening back to within hearing distance, he shouted:

"Oh, Pap, it's Ansberry! We've made an awful mistake. Come on quick. He's alive yet!"

They rushed down the slope to where their victims lay. The poor photographer was stone dead, but Ansberry was still breathing. They picked him up carefully and carried him to Warnock's cabin, where Nance met them, pale, silent, tearless, but insistently helpful. One of the boys was dispatched for the doctor, who, on arrival, pronounced the case hopeless. But Nance would not have it that way. He would get well. He must get well, and to that point she addressed all her energies.

The county coroner's certificate to the effect that he had been "accidentally killed by mistake" seemed to be a sufficient passport for poor Thornton as he traveled his silent way northward to the quiet little New England graveyard, where he joined the great army of the Forgotten, leaving Paul Ansberry to the tender care of those who would now give their own lives without a murmur to right the wrong they had done so unwittingly.

On the third day Ansberry's pulse became stronger and the good-natured doctor said to Nance: "Keep it up, my girl, and you'll win yet."

No need to tell her that, for heart and prayer and all her energies were in her work, and when, one day, his eyes rested on her and he said feebly, "Why, Nance, is that you? Where did you come from? Where am I? " she put her head down on the bed beside him and wept for joy.

"Oh, yes," he continued, "I remember now. We were coming up the ravine, and I had just said to Thornton: 'Here's the place where we came so near being killed for revenue officers, and if it hadn't been for that girl'—and then it was all off. I just simply lost consciousness. I was feeling so happy at the thought of seeing you again. Where is Thornton? Did they kill him? Tell me, dear, all about it. Where is your mother? Where is your father? I would like to see the teacher, too."

"Not yet, not yet," sobbed Nance, "wait till you are stronger. The doctor says you must be perfectly quiet."

And smoothing out his pillow and laying her cooling hand upon his forehead, she left him for the time.

* * *

The man in the schoolhouse was more to be pitied than the one fighting for life. He, too, was fighting for life, but it was life eternal. Isaac Britton believed in the future life, but his religion taught him that the man with the mortal sin upon his soul could not expect to share in the bliss of eternal life. He was to preach the word of God! He was to lead sinners to repentance. His mission was to show the way of life and yet—to one farther removed from the bloody code of the mountains, the problem would have been very much harder. Here men killed each other in family feuds and considered it right. It was not much worse to kill a revenue officer, for they would kill you if resistance were offered. But to kill a man in cold blood who had never offended you in any way, but had tried to be your friend! Even the unwritten law of the mountains did not compass that. But his sin was still deeper seated. For a selfish purpose, for love of a girl who did not love him and never would, he was convinced of that, he had practiced a fraud and caused innocent men to kill innocent men and bring upon their heads the blood of his victims! The fear of being detected and punished was as nothing to the self-condemnation, the anguish of soul from which he suffered day and night. He missed Nance at the school. He knew that she was nursing the sick man and in that thought was bitterness also. Had she been where he could see and talk to her, it might pave the way to something better than his present state of remorse. It would be at least consoling to see her. The term would soon close and he had counted on her as his bright particular star for the closing exhibition. As it was, the sooner and quieter it was over, the better, and he would be gone. But where? To whom? In what could he find peace? Night long he lay awake with the agony of his crime upon his soul. More than once he made up his mind to go the next day to the Warnock home, where lay yet one of his victims, and confess all and, in her presence, tell why he did it. They might forgive! He knew that Ansberry would, because he was so big and true. He believed Nance would out of kindness of heart. But the dead man and old man Warnock and the boys! If he only knew for sure that in their anger they would kill him then and there, he might go. But he feared they would not; that they would turn him over to the officers of the law to be ignominiously tried, condemned and executed on a gallows like a common criminal! He had never feared the vendetta, the mountain feud. He was like all his race in that, and, whatever the cause of war, there was no disgrace in it. To die like a man. But to die like a dog for a sneaking crime, for tricking one man into killing another whom you yourself ought to kill—it was too disgraceful and humiliating to be borne!

Word came at last that Ansberry wanted to see him. He was well enough now to be propped up in bed for a short time each day and the doctor said he would get well, that Nance had saved his life.

Slowly but very surely, Adam Warnock was working himself up to the point of assuming the role of an executioner. The love episode that was transpiring under his own roof added to the conduct of Isaac Britton, confirmed his suspicions. But it was only suspicion. There must be proof, and this he proposed to get in the way of admission. Then he would kill. But not till then. He proposed to seek out Isaac Britton, surprise him with the letter and then—

Adam Warnock reined up his horse in front of the widow Britton's cabin on the other side of the ridge. Isaac was not at home. He had sent word that when the school was out he would go and nurse his friend Colonel Ansberry until he was able to be out. She had not seen him. "You'll find him there at Warnock's t'other side the ridge," she said.

Adam Warnock turned his horse about without waiting to disclose his identity and rode back completely at sea. He was now convinced. But where to find Isaac Britton? No one had seen him since the last day of school. He had evidently remained at the schoolhouse till dark, and had then disappeared without leaving a trace that could be followed, and, because Adam Warnock was slow of speech and the Warnock family addicted to the reticence of the mountains, it took a long time for the truth to filter out as to how the mistake had been made in taking Ansberry and Thornton for "Rev'nues."

* * *

The days were warmer now, and it was possible for Ansberry to sit by the open door, and he had even taken a few faltering steps across the cabin floor. It was only a matter of time when he would be able to travel, and his mind was troubled as to what he should do. As yet, no words had passed between him and Nance that bound him to her by any tie stronger than friendship. And yet he knew and she knew also. There was no question about their love for each other. Should he declare it and bind himself to this adorable creature, or should he make a natural exit when the time came for him to go and devote the rest of his life to the effort to forget her? To fit into his circle of friends, she needed yet a great deal in the way of education and polish. Would his love pall in the limelight of inevitable comparison—away from her mountains and out there in the whirl of life? She was capable of all that would be required, but was it fair to her to take her away from her present environment and, for his own selfish desire, place her in the midst of the hard conditions of a social set without heart or principle or any other redeeming qualities? Paul Ansberry knew his world. He knew especially the women of that world, and it seemed to him a piece of needless cruelty to break the heart of a perfectly innocent, joyous creature like Nance by opening her eyes to all its frivolity and selfishness. On the other hand, was it fair to himself to come into her world and give up his own career? He realized that he would lay down his life for her. But his career? After all, was not that hers, too? Had she not stood between him and death, and conquered? Had he a right to withhold from her that just share of the advancement, the culture and refinement of that great world which was his and which she coveted? If she were not capable of embracing it all, the case would be different, but, with her great intelligence, it seemed to enforce a duty which was entirely outside his own selfish desires or fears. He had been given a soul in trust. How should he fulfill his duty to that trust? Failing of a solution to the problem, ought he to evade it? What was, indeed, his duty to himself?

In Nance's presence, the argument was closed. All the generations intervening between that remote ancestor and this mountain flower had left only the superb physical woman with the great mentality and beautiful nature. The contaminating curses of association with the world had all been washed out. What was left was pure gold.

Sitting alone there in the sunshine, with the glories of the spring opening over the mountains, the world of the past and the world of the future came before him, and he could not escape the conclusion that he had been sent into this wild region to deliver a beautiful and rare personality from the oblivion to which her surroundings would otherwise condemn her. It was Destiny, and the conflict which he had imagined between Duty and Desire had no real existence. They were God-created human beings, without doubt intended for each other, and brought thus together from the antipodes of the social world by this weird chain of circumstances. His world needed her infinitely more than she needed it.

When she came, he called her to him:

"Little girl, I've been thinking very seriously for the last hour, and I want to talk to you seriously."

"I knew you would some day," she said calmly.

"We love each other, don't we?"

"Yes, I know," said she.

"Are you willing to marry me some day and leave these mountains and your father and mother to go with me among strangers who are heartless and cruel, and who do not know and who cannot understand or appreciate the way you have been brought up?"

Her arms were around his neck, her glorious eyes looked into his steadfastly: "If you are there, I shall not be afraid."

COMMON THINGS

FROM out of the east, the Morning
  Sweeps down on noiseless wings,
And peers in the oriel-windows:
  This is one of the common things.
And now from the bough of the maple
  The robin cheerily sings,
While his mate is building her snug nest:
  This is one of the common things.

But the poet, ah me! the poet!
  Of what shall he sing if he sings?
Of wealth, and of pride, and of station,
  Or God and the common things?
Despise not the least, nor the lowest,
  Ye angels with close-clipped wings,
For was not Adam created
  Of dust, the most common of things?

—*Arthur E. Smith.*

The People's Prima Donna

by Guy Templeton

EVERYWHERE in demand for concert, oratorio and opera, Alice Nielsen is one of the most popular of American prima donnas. It does not seem many years since this little lady with the wonderful voice and stage presence was taking the part of Nanki Poo in the "Mikado." She was then eight years of age, and her voice suggested the Swedish Nightingale, altho she is not of Swedish descent. Passing years have only heightened the charm that has been hers since early childhood.

The story of Alice Nielsen as she told it to me furnishes those sidelights that the American people always delight to hear in connection with their public favorites. She was born in Nashville, Tennessee, on the seventh day of the month, the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter. Her father was Danish; her mother, tho born in Boston, was of Irish parentage and had the Irish superstition, feeling that something great was in store for the daughter born on the regular rungs of the sevens. Her father, a veteran of the Civil War, died after a lingering illness of years and left her mother with eight children, five of whom were mere babies.

When the plucky little girl had decided to go on the stage, she first appeared as "Rose Southern"—a name suggested for her because of her rosy cheeks and her warm Southern beauty. The little boy parts that she played in light opera furnished enough money to help care for the family. Then the mother insisted that the daughter should stop work and go to school. This made the independent Alice rebellious—to think that she could play a real part on the stage and then have to stop and go to school. Before she was fifteen, she had become a real prima donna, as "Yum Yum" in the "Mikado," in the heyday of the Sullivan operas.

Studying in San Francisco, she learned grand opera roles in Italian during the time her voice was changing. As she insisted, she felt from earliest childhood that she had a voice, and she never had any fear while singing. As far back as she can remember, to sing gave her a feeling of exaltation, for she felt that one thing always certain when she wanted it was her voice. Curiously enough, it was when she first appeared in skirts on the stage that she had a case of real "stage fright." She had been playing boy parts previously, and the skirts seemed to hamper her. During this time her mother was with her. "Mother was strong-minded," Miss Nielsen explained over the teacups in her charming New York apartment, "and a good disciplinarian. If she had not had such a brood of fatherless children to look after, she would probably have been a strong lecturer for Home Rule in Ireland."

In her very early teens, Alice Nielsen appeared with the famous "Bostonians." She had sung "Lucia" in San Francisco—"Alice in Wonderland," they called her there. A description of her first contest for the title role in Victor Herbert's "Serenade" is best given by Miss Nielsen herself:

"Mrs. Herbert had heard me sing, and wanted me to create the role. She badgered her husband into coming to hear me. Then he, too, was on my side, so I had the Barnabees and the Herberts. There was much discussion, and finally Mr. Herbert declared that unless I was given the role, he would take the music and the opera to some other producer. I got the role after that, needless to say."

Her role with Henry Clay Barnabee in "A Wartime Wedding" was a "hit."

In his reminiscences, Mr. Barnabee wrote that in San Francisco they "struck pay dirt in the discovery of Alice Nielsen. She was obscured in the Tivoli Company, but her fresh young voice, sympathetic face and vivacious personality could not long remain hidden anywhere. We were on the verge of producing Oscar Wilde's musical fantasia, 'In Mexico,' which title was afterward changed to 'A Wartime Wedding'—and had a first-rate part to offer our new singer. She made good. Miss Nielsen subsequently replaced Miss Bertram and fulfilled her own and our expectations, in a company which included William Philp, the tenor, specially imported from London; Hilda Clark, and the future Mrs. Van Studdiford, sopranos; Jessie Bartlett Davis and Marcia Van Dresser, contraltos; Cowles and Merrill, bassos; MacDonald and Hanley, baritones; Frothingham, Fitzgerald, Harry Brown, and the inevitable Barnabee, comedians. This ensemble, probably, registered the Bostonians' high-tide operatic mark."

So much for Miss Nielsen's part at the zenith of light opera production.

* * *

During the time success was coming to her—enough to turn a young girl's head—she decided to study for grand opera. Scarcely past twenty, she began this work, little knowing of the toil and stress before her. "Perhaps if I had known what I was attempting, I would have lost courage at the outset," says Miss Nielsen. "As it was, it seemed to me an easy matter to step into grand opera. But oh! when I was well into it, only my pride held me to the completion of the work. In the meantime, I had my living to make."

The Duchess of Manchester arranged for eighteen concerts before the nobility, during which Miss Nielsen was presented to King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra. Her first paid concert was for Alfred Rothschild, the famous London banker. It had been his custom every year to engage Adelina Patti for a private concert, paying her five thousand dollars. Each year she sang "Il Bacio," and it was considered treason for any other singer to attempt the song at a Rothschild concert.

MISS ALICE NIELSEN

"In complete ignorance of the circumstances," explains Alice Nielsen, "I placed my music on the piano, and proceeded to sing 'Il Bacio.' I learned afterward that everyone expected Rothschild to stop me, but he did not. Later he came to me and gave me a horseshoe of sapphires and diamonds."

Like Nordica and many other eminent Americans, Alice Nielsen has the personal charm of being a vivacious conversationalist. Laughingly she remarked: "Perhaps that's what made those days in Italy so lonely. I had no one to talk to"—and she sighed as she thought of that trying time.

Madam Butterfly

ALICE NIELSEN AS MADAM BUTTERFLY

"Thank goodness, girls now don't have to go to Italy to study voice. All of the best teachers are in America, and the chances are far better here—also the opportunities to get before the public. Foreign study and European experience are no longer given their former emphasis. I would not want a sister of mine to go abroad to study," she said decidedly. "Abroad, so many teachers deceive a pupil into long years of study by promises of future success," I asked her how long a time should be devoted to study.

"Three years," she replied quickly. "If there's nothing accomplished in that time, the chances are there never will be."

Miss Nielsen is very earnest in her opinion that the American vocal student should remain in America—and there are few people more thoroly posted on the relative merits of the two courses.

Speaking of some of her friends among the famous grand opera singers, Miss Nielsen told me something I thought worth "passing along." Lillian Nordica said to her once: "If I am to sing a composition that comes within a note of my range, I put it down half a tone. I want to feel that I am singing within two notes of my range; that I am handling tones that are dependable under all circumstances—and the highest note of one's range is never so."

"What a good maxim for almost any line of endeavor," I remarked—"always to keep something in reserve."

* * *

Under Maestro Bevignani in Naples, Miss Nielsen made her debut at La Scala in Milan in 1903, and it was there that the director of Covent Garden heard her sing and engaged her. Some time later she sang at the Theatre Bellini in Naples, where Caruso and many others have appeared. "I sang Marguerite in 'Faust'," she said, "and got ten dollars for it. This did not look as if my music was a very profitable investment, at the start, but later European engagements came thick and fast. After singing in 'La Boheme' with Caruso, I returned to America, feeling that I was a full-fledged opera singer. I joined the San Carlo Opera Company, alternating as lyric soprano with Lillian Nordica as dramatic soprano."

Later she sang in the Boston Opera Company, with which organization she remained for several years, afterward joining the Chicago and Metropolitan organizations. She is still associated with the latter.

But it is in concert work and Chautauqua work, singing often to audiences of four to five thousand people—more than could be gathered in an opera house—that she has made her greatest success. During a recent Redpath Chautauqua tour, she sang three thousand songs, and never failed an audience. Best of all, she sang to thousands who had never heard a singer of international reputation before. "While I received $50,000 for the tour," she insisted, "I received more than a million dollars in kindnesses—and it is these Chautauqua audiences whom I somehow love. They are the real Americans, and while there is a certain satisfaction in the triumph of grand opera before metropolitan audiences, in the Chautauqua circles you find people with the freedom and honesty of the open country, and thousands of young girls who have endured, as my mother did, the growing responsibilities of raising a family, who have never enjoyed opportunities of hearing music.

"When I go to the music festival in my old home in Kansas City, I feel grateful that God has given me a voice which makes people want to hear me sing. It is then I forget all my rules and all my training, and just let the heart speak thru the voice to the people." That is one reason why Alice Nielsen today is the preeminently popular prima donna of America. She is a singer of the people, and has never let her art take from her the memories of her early struggling days. She commands the profound respect of musicians, while she pleases the great public—an achievement in itself.

She it is who sings the Mozart arias as they have never been sung before. It would seem as tho Mozart had in mind little "Alice in Wonderland" when he wrote the scores of those immortal arias. She is looked upon as the Mozart interpreter. Probably there never was another composer in whose music each note has such a high artistic efficiency as in Mozart—that is why Mozart is immortal. In Miss Nielsen's singing, nothing is lost. The pure and silvery, clean-cut quality of the tones ranging from F to high G are intensely fascinating.

To hear her soar in the upper register of sympathetic, clear, interpretative tone, that reaches the heart as well as pleases the critical ear, is an experience not to be forgotten. She can sing the merry little Gretchen in the Dutch garden of "Faust"—but as a lyric soprano she has reached the heights and has filled great auditoriums. The role of "Butterfly" is always identified with her performance, but from grand opera to song recital and to the good old heart-songs, Alice Nielsen remains the only opera singer who has mastered English diction. Her words are as distinct as if declaimed, and the effect of her songs is extraordinary. Think of this charming little woman singing operas in German, French, and Italian, and yet being able to sing an American song so that it finds a ringing response in an American heart. Above all, she demonstrates what intelligence and earnestness can do with a God-given gift. The dreaminess of her "Spinning Song" in "Faust"—who can ever forget it?—the charm of the "Jewel Song"? Alice Nielsen is to many the ideal Marguerite, and the London papers insist that she provided the best Nedda that Covent Garden had ever seen.

San Francisco claims her—so do Kansas City and Boston, and naturally Nashville and the South claim her—so Alice Nielsen is a regular "all-round American." As she chatted away so merrily over the old times out West and down South among the home folks, it did not seem possible that this little girl of a few years ago had her scrap books filled with records of triumphs in America and in Europe as prima donna soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company, Royal Opera, Covent Garden, London, and the Boston Opera Company. What more need be said for artistic achievement?

What a tribute it would be if everyone who had heard the voice of Alice Nielsen could gather in some vast forest-land amphitheatre, and here, amid a stage setting unparalleled, of warbling birds, singing leaves, and sighing branches, listen again to her clear, lute-like notes, as she poured out those liquid tones which speak the language of heaven. What a spectacle it would be to see these millions of people gather like nymphs in a fairy bower, to pay tribute to America's queen of song at the shrine of Nature's own Wonderland!

A Quest

by Sarah Martyn Wright

IN quest of Beauty's home, I met
And asked a wandering summer breeze,
Pray knowest thou where Beauty dwells?
I listened: "On yon greenwood-hill, amid the whispering trees."

Pray knowest thou where Beauty dwells?
I questioned music-throated bird;
"Her home is in my nest," he said; "her voice I just have heard."

Pray knowest thou where Beauty dwells?
I asked a scholar—a man of men!
"Beauty you'll find within those books," and bowed his head to them.

Pray knowest thou where Beauty dwells?
I said to poet, gifted, rare.
With reverent voice he answered me: "Here, there, and everywhere."

Pray knowest thou where Beauty dwells?
I questioned next a lover true.
A "yes" flashed from his lips, "Ah, yes, in her dear eyes of blue."

A mother then I asked, who held
Her sleeping baby to her breast.
Pray knowest thou where Beauty dwells? Her thought I might have guessed.

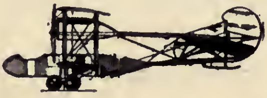
She smiled while looking fondly down,
And then, tho not a word she said,
Her answer came; her lips she pressed upon a downy head.

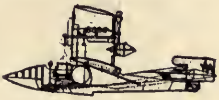
Pray knowest thou where Beauty dwells?
I questioned now a toiling one.
"Oft with the poor she dwells," he said, "with us her sweetest work is done."

Vain quest! Of my own heart I asked
Doth Beauty then forever roam,
And hath she in this world no home?
When lo! a voice, and yet no sound:
"Where'er unselfish love is found, there Beauty hath a home."

Inventions Inspired by the War

AMERICA looks to Glenn H. Curtiss for the most efficient and valuable ideas in aircraft engineering. That he is distinctly "on the job" is evidenced by the fact that three patents were recently awarded him in one week. By putting a water rudder on his hydroplane and improving floats, etc., Mr. Curtiss has made radical improvements in increasing the efficiency of the hydroplane, especially in its functions as a boat. He has also patented a new attachment for airplane rudders which promises to aid in conquering some vexing aerial problems. His new design of land tractor is apparently adaptable to large machines.





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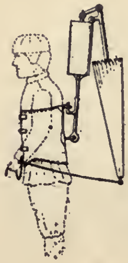
TALES of airplane disasters, with destruction of both man and machine, will probably be less numerous now that this safety parachute for aviators has been patented by Kaja P. Togstad. Finding that his machine has been damaged, the operator can loose the parachute, leave his machine to its downward course, and himself descend to earth in a less dangerous way than if catapulted with the machine to certain death. Such a contrivance will help to make aviation more practicable.



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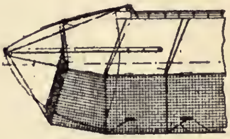
WE hope that German inventors are too busy in the trenches to be able to devise schemes for penetrating this net, designed by John O. Travelstead, to protect vessels from torpedoes. Many are the torpedo nets being invented for use on vessels. The scheme embodies the most rudimentary plan of defense—like the wall built around China. The man who designs the most economical and practicable device of this nature will perform a service indeed. Exclusive rights to an effective torpedo shield would enable us to laugh at our enemies.



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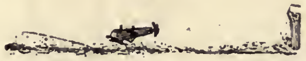
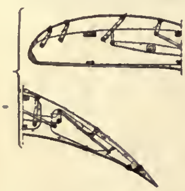


WATER–RABBIT" might be the name applied to the torpedo embodying the principles of a hydroplane, self-propelled and aimed at discharge from ship or shore, invented by Emile Berliner for use against enemy ships. Imagine the consternation and surprise aroused by the sight of numbers of these little defenders bounding over the water. Such a device would seem to offer unlimited opportunity for attack. The addition of Hammond's wireless control would make this invention complete and very effective.



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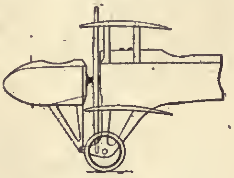
IN attempting to discover the aim of this invention by Alexander Albert Holle, one realizes the heights to be reached before flying is an exact science. The patent covers a plane having a fixed lower surface and a flexible upper surface.

* * *

WITH the persistent proverbial pioneering proclivity of his ancestors, Louis Bechereau has invented a detachable observer's car rigged before the propeller of a tractor biplane, from which an observer may see overhead, underneath, and at all sides—impossible of accomplishment from the ordinary driving or observer's seat.



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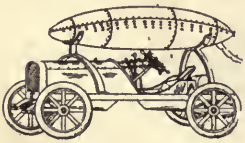
THE use of radio-active material on the sights of a rifle has been suggested by Charles Day as a solution of rifle aim in darkness. Two sets of sights are used—front and rear—each set composed of two glowing points, arranged so as to sight between them.

* * *

HUMAN agencies may yet be superseded by war machinery; then it will be but a question of the survival of the fittest and strongest machine. A recent adaptation of the "tank" idea is an enormous torpedo mounted on an automobile chassis, with supports for torpedo. The steering gear is fixed to guide the machine without a driver, in a straight line, with exploding wiring attached to torpedo controlled from point of departure.



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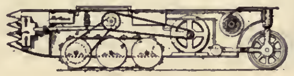
"SAFETY FIRST" and destruction last is secured by this little safety device which is designed by Niels Waltersen Aasen to prevent premature explosion of an impact-discharging shell. There must be "conservation" in warfare as in other spheres of life.

* * *

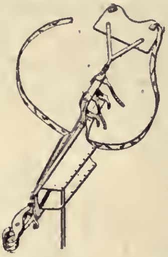
HERE is an automobile projectile, patented by Henry E. Elsod. With serrated teeth like a prehistoric monster, this traveling mine is designed to cut its way



thru barbed-wire entanglements—a pretty little toy, which our soldier boys may learn to play with.

* * *

WONDERS have been performed in reconstruction of war-scarred humans in the way of substituting new anatomical parts for old. By skilful surgery men have been provided with new faces even, and as for hands, there are constantly being invented contrivances which will serve the unfortunate who has lost the use of his hands. Many a maiden will be honored to "hold" these iron hands. Most people will appreciate the hands they've got after puzzling over the mechanism of this invention by Josef Filsete.



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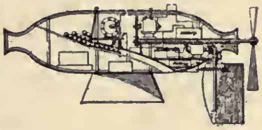
IF all the war machines invented recently were practicable, Wilhelm der Grosse might well spend many sleepless nights. The latest destruction-dealing device, the last word in infernal machines, is an aerial torpedo, practically a flying machine, which acts as an automatic bomb dropper, patented by Clarence Barrett.

When the last bomb is discharged, the whole outfit gracefully commits suicide by internal explosion. Woe be to the enemy country over which this torpedo flies, dropping its bombs with diabolical accuracy, the only human agency being the man who sets it loose on its course of destruction.



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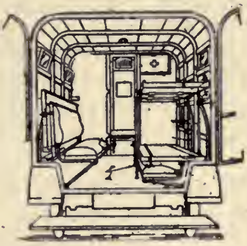
PROVIDING all the comforts of home, with space conservation carried to a high degree, this mode of arrangement would seem to bring every square inch of the ambulance interior into use. Robert Walter Dickson is the inventor of this ambulance vehicle.



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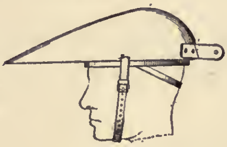
A NEW tin hat for the "Teddy" has been invented by Leonard D. Mahan. A combination helmet and shovel it is, the pointed end forming the visor when worn on the head. It looks to be a somewhat handy weapon—a la billy goat.

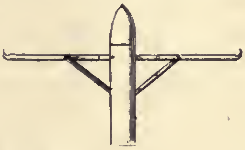


* * *

EVERY method of destruction seems to have its antidote. Of course! Self-preservation is man's first instinct. Now when the Teuton poisonous gases are discharged against opposing trenches, they will be neutralized by the protection offered by Mr. Joseph A. Steinmetz. A vast improvement over the masks worn to prevent suffocation is this plan to burn highly combustible fuel in a line directly in front of the area to be protected, creating a vertical heat column of air and deflecting the noxious gases upward.

* * *

WARRANTED to create havoc among air-craft is a shell invented by Nikolaj F. Rodzikewitch. Cylindrical when fired, its discharge releases two spreading knives, which, due to the rapid rotation, are calculated to tear their target to pieces.



Fears of being bombed by enemy aircraft should be lessened by use of these anti-aircraft shells. Mr. Rodzikewitch has also to his credit a combination of pontoons, booms and guides carrying defensive nets, as a torpedo guard for warships.

* * *

LET'S have this description of a flytrap in the August issue," suggested the Managing Editor.

"Oh, no," objected an Associate Editor, "we're specializing on *war* inventions."

"That's right," admitted the long-suffering M. E., "but if war on flies isn't a real man-size war, I'll eat my Liberty Bond button."

After which the A. E. gracefully submitted. So here's the flytrap stuff.

One advantage of this trap is that it may be made at home. Another is that it is inexpensive and easily constructed, and recommended by entomologists for general use. It may be made with four second-hand barrel hoops, a barrel head, a few strips of lumber, and forty-five cents worth of screening and tacks.

The two barrel hoops are bent into a

circle and nailed together, the ends being trimmed to give a close fit. These form the bottom of the frame, and the other two hoops, nailed together in a similar way, the top. The top of the trap is fitted with an ordinary barrel head with the beveled edges sawed off, causing the head to fit closely in the hoops to which it is securely nailed. A square is cut out of the center of the top to form a door, and the portions of the top are held together by inch strips. The door consists of a narrow frame covered with screening well fitted into the trap and held in place by buttons.

When nailed together, the trap is cylindrical in shape and the frame is covered with closely-tacked screen wire on the outside of the hoops. Four laths (or light strips) are nailed to the hoops on the outside of the trap to act as supports between the hoops, and the ends are allowed to project one inch at the bottom to form legs. A cone is cut from the screen and sewed with fine wire or soldered where the edges meet. The top of the cone is then cut off to give an opening an inch in diameter. This is then inserted in the bottom of the trap and closely tacked to the hoop around the base.

Care is necessary in choosing a location for the trap if it is to attract the greatest number of flies. Traps may be baited with stale beer, milk, or molasses and water contained in a shallow bucket cover placed beneath the trap. Experiments have shown that stale beer is one of the best baits for use in fly traps. The trap should be located where flies naturally congregate. Fresh bait should be put in frequently and the caught flies killed and emptied out. The destruction of the flies is best accomplished by immersing the trap in hot water or, still better, by placing a few live coals in a pan on the ground and scattering sulphur over them. The trap should be placed over the coals and a barrel turned over to confine the sulphur fumes. The flies will be rendered motionless in about five minutes, and may then be killed.

MY BEAUTIFUL CASTLE IN SPAIN

By MARIAN DYER

OH! I'm building my beautiful castle in Spain
  In a sea of azure blue,
On a snow-white island of dazzling fleece,
  In a bay of cerulean hue!

Of Parnassian marble is it made;
  And its towers, its radiant spires,
Reflect the gleam of the golden sun,
  And glow with opalescent fires!

Diamonds and emeralds stud its walls,
  The sapphire, the garnet, the beryl;
The silvery sheen of the moon e'en pales
  Before this crystalline pearl!

Cruel tempests may rage 'gainst its lofty sides
  And thunder, and lightning, and rain,
But still it stands firm in its glorified strength,
  My beautiful castle in Spain!

Planting an Ideal in the Shiprock Desert

by W. H. Olin

SITUATED in the very heart of the Navajo Reservation is the most sightly and remarkable landmark in all the Southwest—Shiprock in northwestern New Mexico. While the Navajo tribe is one of the foremost in ability and industry, it retains many peculiar and interesting tribal traditions, one of the best of which is in reference to this great rock which, as seen from the Navajo Spring on the Cortez Road to the trading post, quite resembles a desert-stranded ship. The belief is that this ship came from the Great Spirit, a talisman for the good Navajo, and as long as they settled in sight of this great symbol all would be well with the tribe and it would be preserved. Should they wander off and away from this district, the tribe would disappear. So Shiprock, even before Uncle Sam had "reservationed" the Indian off, had served to anchor the Navajo tribe, and the Government found it advantageous to leave them where they had planted themselves.

Each year their annual *Yabachi* is held in full view of the tribe's patron rock, that the Great Spirit's power may remain with them and bless and prosper their children.

The Navajo is the most industrious of any of the Indian tribes. His shelter is neither the wigwam nor the tepee, but a sort of mud hut, with a door and one opening at the top for the smoke of his fire to escape thru, which he has named a *hogan.*

His horse and sheep receive his chief attention, as well as the chase, while the Navajo women have for generations made the rugs now so highly prized and sought for all over the nation.

* * *

It was when the Indian Service of the Government decided to establish a school for the Navajo children that Superintendent W. T. Shelton was sent to take charge of the Reservation, work out his ideal and assume direction of the school.

Learning of the reverence the Navajo has for Shiprock, he decided, if possible, to establish his school in its vicinity. A less inviting place, with so little promise, could scarcely have been found. The one ray of hope was that from the San Juan River he might possibly irrigate a sufficient acreage to serve his purpose. He carefully surveyed the field. To his joy he found it feasible to turn the San Juan from its present channel, throwing the river out toward the bluff to the south, and giving him several hundred acres of fairly level land which he could irrigate with the stream. Then he would have growing on its banks some fine large trees he could utilize to beautify the school-campus-to-be.

With his engineers he went to work to plant his ideal for the upbuilding and perpetuity of the Navajo tribe. First, he went up the San Juan several miles and put in a substantial intake and headgate as enduring as cement and rock could make it. Then his system of canals brought the water to his selected site for the Shiprock School and his reservation headquarters.

He leveled the ground, planted crops, set out trees and shrubbery, put up buildings, planted a lawn, laid cement walks, in all utilizing Navajo help, teaching the boys growing up industrial lessons which are doing so much for this people.

The school established, he now put his ideal to work. He first of all secured a competent principal, Miss Loomis, with a real love for the work, and instructors of a temperament which he felt would enable them to enter with heartfelt enthusiasm into his plan for the Indian wards.

RESERVATION HEADQUARTERS
Shiprock, anchor of the Navajo tribe, is in the background

Superintendent Shelton found that the Navajo buck shook his head with a "*hauf*" and shrugging "*ough*" when he sought the Navajo children for the school. This he had anticipated. Knowing it to be for the children's good, he forcibly took his wards to the school, which now became their home during training. Armed force was needed at first to put the enraged father in subjection. When, at last, he found his children well clothed, fed and taught industrial work, and that he might visit them, and they, at certain times, could make a visit home, he became reconciled; today the old Navajo is proud of his developed child, and Superintendent Shelton he regards as his benefactor—as he truly is.

Thus the school was established some ten years ago and entered upon its work.

* * *

As in other schools, dormitories are established for boys and girls, with a competent matron in charge who really lives *with* and *for* her Indian subjects.

The forenoon of schooldays is spent in the schoolroom, and the afternoon is given entirely to industrial work. No boy has completed his school training until he is a competent and efficient workman on the farm and in the shop, as well as a master of the three "R's." The girls likewise learn the fundamentals of home-making.

They are encouraged to perpetuate and, if possible, improve the Navajo art of rug making. All attempts to bring in modern looms and prepared warp are discouraged and the ancient art is maintained in its simplicity, save that a better quality wool is being supplied. At a certain stage of their course these girls are sent into the better homes in surrounding towns for practical training and demonstration work. Here they are under Superintendent Shelton's supervision still, and he is ever watchful of their treatment at the hands of those who employ "his girls" as they call themselves.

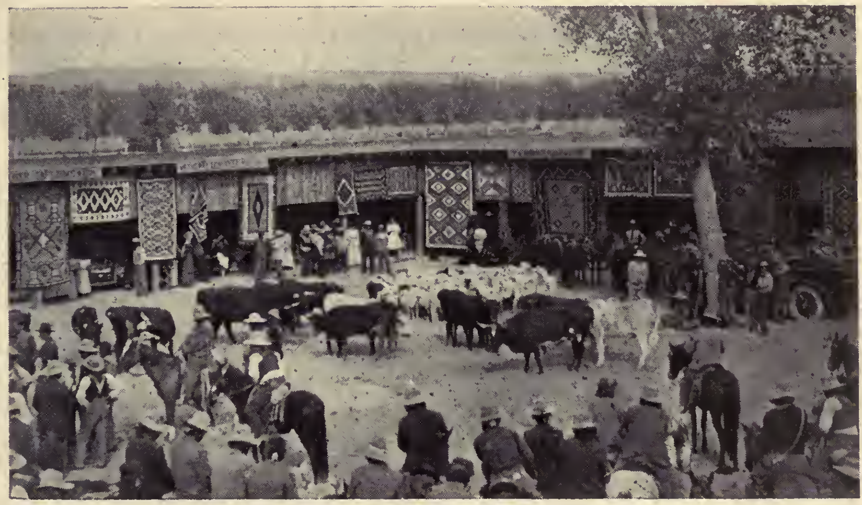
* * *

The Navajos are taught social customs, and school "socials" are held at stated intervals, when all school employees meet the school children in a social way. Here games and dancing as well as social conversation prevail.

To teach these Indian children ease and grace of manner they are first trained in the "block dance." Each child is given a block to carry on the head while dancing. Each time the block falls a demerit mark is accorded, and for each dance sustained without loss of block, a credit mark is given. When the child can carry the block thru each dance taught, without dropping it, the block is no longer required. It is remarkable what this custom has done for these boys and girls.

Superintendent Shelton's plan goes farther than present training, and guards against the danger of the Navajo youth becoming again a "blanket" Indian. As far as the writer has been able to learn, there has been not one return to the blanket Indian. They are becoming frugal, industrious, worthy examples of the economic worth of this school.

When he has reached mature years, the trained Indian youth is encouraged to take a wife from some one of the trained girls of the school. The married man is provided with an irrigated farm of at least ten acres of land and encouraged to found such a home as he and his wife shall require, need, and desire. If he needs more land to work out his farm scheme, it is given to him.



AT THE FAIR
Livestock showing three hundred exhibit animals were brought distances of ten to fifty miles in 1915

This Indian does not have to live a white man's life or work out a white man's plan. He can still be a real Indian in life, habits, and custom. These boys and girls look upon Mr. and Mrs. Shelton as their godfather and godmother, and counsel and advise with them.

So successful has the Shiprock School become, the Indian Service has asked Superintendent Shelton to establish two other schools in other parts of the Navajo Reservation, one at Aneth and the Toadlena School, now running, with some eighty enrolled.

In 1909 Superintendent Shelton started the Navajo Indian Fair. He restricted all agricultural exhibits to Navajo growers living on the Reservation. His purpose was to encourage the older Indian to do better farming, to get him in closer touch with the school, and to give an impetus to the rug and blanket industry.

At this time the tribal gatherings and annual festivities are held—the sacred sand painting, annual *yabachi* and real Indian horse races—and the Navajos have come to look forward to this Fair as the great event of all the year. It is held usually about the middle of September and is visited by thousands from half a dozen states. It is most surprising to see the exhibits of corn, beans, potatoes, forage crops, melons and fruits these Navajo farmers show from many parts of the Reservation. Of course the finest exhibit of products comes from the trained "School" farmers, as one would expect. The school furnishes a melon pile of many thousand melons which, on the last day, are served at a free melon feast.

Of course the great exhibit is the Navajo rug exhibit. The 1915 fair had the largest and perhaps the finest display of rugs and blankets of any previous fair. One lady from Pennsylvania, present for the first time, on seeing the rug and blanket display, said to a friend: "What a beautiful display of fine rugs; I never saw anything like it. There must be at least $2,000 worth here." It was estimated by Indian traders to be at least a $40,000 display. To encourage and stimulate the industry, Superintendent Shelton has, for some several years, had the rugs divided into two classes: The regular Navajo rug, in which the workers blend the colors and place the designs as they have been accustomed to doing, and rugs in outline design, which have a zigzag, peculiar or definite outline color scheme sought for by many rug-lovers.

Some eight prizes, varying in amount from one hundred dollars down to ten dollars are offered on regular, and six prizes on outline, rugs. This money goes not to the owner of the premium rug, but to the Navajo woman who made the rug. The plan stimulates excellence and fosters interest in the daughter to equal, and if possible excel, her mother in the art of rug-making. At the fair several women may usually be seen weaving rugs, and it is most interesting to see with what crude and simple implements they weave the most beautiful rug, fittingly named by a great artist, "The Harvest of the Desert."

To further foster the industry, the native Navajo sheep have been crossed on Cotswold and Lincoln, giving a finer and a longer fleece. This bids fair to very materially improve the quality of the wool used. To guarantee the genuineness of the rug or blanket, Superintendent Shelton has devised a guarantee tag which is attached to any rug valued over five dollars, upon request.

These incentives and precautions thrown around the industry to preserve it have already done much to make it a most important commercial enterprise for these red women of the desert.

* * *

When one enters the cultivated grounds of this reservation headquarters, sees the well-kept lawns and shrubbery and profusion of flowers, symmetrical walks and happy, contented Indian children coming up in such environment as Superintendent Shelton and his estimable wife have made possible, one can but wonder—what a change, what an evolution, they have wrought!

With a trained man and wife placed on an irrigated farm with cattle, sheep, hogs and farm seeds, with an ideal of life implanted in the soul, what, then, is the future of the Navajo? This man and his helpful wife have a beautiful farmstead awaiting their coming in the sunny Southland, but their heart is in the self-sacrificing work they are doing to awaken the Navajo youth to a better life and a more exalted future.

Money can never repay such devoted workers, and may future generations of prosperous, contented and happy Navajo farmers rise up to call them blessed benefactors of the red man's race.

FOR MOTHER-LOVE IS MARCHING, TOO

YOUR country needs you, boy, today;
I would not—could not—have you stay,
Good-bye." The moistened eye reveals
The sacred mother-love she feels.

Tho stifled tears would hide her grief,
Tho aching heart prays for relief—
For Peace, beyond the sword and gun—
Her soul goes marching with her son!

Godspeed you, boy! You go to fight
Supported ever, day and night,
By one with courage, staunch and true,
For mother-love is marching, too.

—*Bennett Chapple.*

Louis W. Hill and His Work

by George Willoughby

IN these days when the executive genius of the country is being mobilized, business and industrial training are being utilized by the government to good purpose. One section of the country which will play an important part in the conduct of the war is the great "granary" of the Northwest. There the late James J. Hill helped to create a great reserve power more important than standing armies, fortifications, or military appropriations of billions.

From early childhood, Mr. Louis W. Hill, the son, was trained to continue and enlarge upon the achievement of his father. In many of the important developments of the Great Northern Railroad the son was the moving and aggressive spirit, even during the lifetime of the father. With characteristic foresight, James J. Hill felt that in passing on his work to the son who had been twenty-three years in active service, he was leaving nothing to the uncertainties of chance.

The Great Northern Railroad has been a training school for many men now eminent in railroad affairs, such as Mr. Howard Elliott of the New Haven, Daniel Willard of the Baltimore & Ohio, F. W. Underwood of the Erie, and it is easy to understand why Mr. Louis W. Hill has so successfully continued the great work of his father.

A democrat to his finger tips, Mr. Hill has little sympathy with the snob or "gentleman of leisure"—first and last, he is a worker and knows how to measure the minutes.

In St. Paul, his home, Louis W. Hill is known as "L. W.," and his first distinction is that of being a real citizen of the United States of America. His enthusiasm carries all before it.

As a student at Phillips Exeter, he knew how to work. One of his fellow-students was Mr. Thomas W. Lamont, later of J. P. Morgan & Co. The boys naturally talked over their future and later became close business associates.

* * *

Louis W. Hill is more than a business executive; he chafes under the restraint of office and detail work. He is a business field marshal in the truest sense of the word. Years ago I met him in Oregon on his return from a two-hundred mile trip on horseback. He had explored an area of forest primeval, mountain and valley, that had remained undeveloped. It was his enthusiasm that had made the now famous Glacier Park one of the best known of Nature's wonders. His career has run the gamut of detail in railroad operation and construction.

As a young man, he was in charge of the First National Bank in St. Paul, one of the largest financial institutions in the Northwest—the second largest bank west of the Mississippi, with deposits reaching to nearly fifty millions.

* * *

It was Louis W. Hill who made his home town famous thru the annual "Sports Carnivals." These activities are only an indication of the pace of his energies. All

FORD
FORD-PARTS

PRESIDENT L. W. HILL AND THE PENDLETON BUCKAROOS

St. Paul blazes with the colors of the rainbow, and everybody visits and gets acquainted during these Carnival days. I attended the 1917 Carnival last February, at Mr. Hill's invitation, and I shall never forget those gala days in snow-carpeted St. Paul.

When we rode down the streets everybody knew and greeted Louis Hill. He drove his own car, and he is some driver, too. The gleaming fortress of ice which was stormed while the hosts were searching for the lost princess and the wonderful pageant in the auditorium, were spectacles that have never been surpassed in any theatrical production. Thousands of people were on the stage at once, all resplendent in uniforms of various civic organizations. This event was more than a "sports carnival"; it was an occasion of "the meetings of people" from all over the Northwest—and all parts of the country, for that matter.

It seems refreshing to write about the Carnival in retrospect during the hot and sultry days of July. My mind goes back to St. Paul in its snowy mantle of pristine beauty. I recall the mile-long toboggan slide, where I felt the exhilaration of the old days of "sliding down the hill." All these amusements and activities were heartily enjoyed by Mr. Hill. He gave his time and genius to the preparation—determined that his town should be known as the most popular winter resort in America—that the winter sports of St. Paul should rival those of the famed St. Moritz in Switzerland.

The delegation from Pendleton, Oregon, attired in Indian regalia, indicated the work which is being done by the white man of the West to preserve the glory and tradition of the red man. Mr. Hill presided at the banquet given the guests, and the feast—with the fruits produced along the empiral Great Northern line—added still further to the fame of the land "where rolls the Oregon." It was a triumphant achievement, and everybody seemed to feel that Louis W. Hill was a leader who recognized the soil as the basic source of progress and development.

* * *

Twenty-two years ago a billing clerk at Duluth on his father's line hauling ore from the Mesabi mines, young "L. W." had dreams of doing something more than billing out cars. He could not see why the Great Northern should not purchase and develop the great iron ore deposits. His father's curt reply was that "the Great Northern is a railroad, not an investor in lands"—with the added injunction to "please keep to your work." Young Hill continued to study the maps and explore. Incidentally, he made the acquaintance of the owners of the land. He was offered an option on some ore land for $2,500 by a prospector who wanted some money in a hurry. "I think I will take you up," said Hill. He went to his father again, who, this time more emphatic, told the son to keep the tracks of the Great Northern in running order, and *he* would look after the freight.

Young Hill returned to Duluth and made a personal investment—taking about all the money he could command. A few months later he reminded his father of the offer and then told him that the option showed thirty million tons of high-grade ore. This interested the elder Hill.

"Don't tell me about water that had tumbled over the dam. If it looked so good, why didn't you buy it?" he queried.

"I did," said the son.

"Where did you get the money?"

"Used my own."

"Young man," he commanded, "go upstairs and get your check back and keep your money out of the affairs of this railroad, but keep right on using your own judgment."

And Louis W. Hill has been using his own judgment ever since. This particular project developed an investment of millions of dollars, and resulted in more than ten millions of dollars profit to the Great Northern stockholders. All this work was in charge of Louis W. Hill, who bought mines,

KING BOREAS REX AND HIS COLORFUL COURT

THE NATIONAL SKI TOURNAMENT WAS HELD IN ST. PAUL AS PART OF THE OUTDOOR SPORTS CARNIVAL

THE "HOOK-EM-COWS" AND THEIR QUEEN IN BIG DAYLIGHT PARADE developed explorations, sub-leased and sold, but always remembered his ambition as a billing clerk and insisted on securing the freight traffic for his railroad. The net result is that over three hundred million tons are now awaiting shipment over the Great Northern, of which about twelve million tons are carried by the road every year.

This one incident indicates something of the constructive genius of Louis Hill, whose diversified training touched almost every activity collateral to railroading. As assistant to the president for eighteen years, president nine years, and chairman of the board, he has given the Great Northern a life service.

TOBOGGANING—"A SPILL"

* * *

On a hot Saturday afternoon, in New York, several years ago, I dropped into the Pine Street office of Mr. James J. Hill. During the course of conversation, he happened to refer to shares of stock, and said: "Shares of stock are nothing more than the men behind them—for of what avail are all the equipment and assets of a railroad or any other institution, unless there are men in control who know how to run it?" This was the idea that gave to the Great Northern the unreserved confidence of its stockholders.

In personal appearance, Mr. Louis W. Hill somewhat resembles his father. He has the same emphatic way of talking and the same democratic manner. He knows also how to turn an epigrammatic phrase and is, again like his father, primarily an explorer. After he had gone over the state of Montana, he was attracted by the mineral products less than by its agricultural possibilities. "Here's another great Iowa going to waste," he remarked; "ninety-three million acres of land; one-third of it arable." So he began to talk to farmers, and in an almost incredibly short time the arid lands were actually producing wheat. Over twenty-nine million acres of land were taken up by settlers and transformed into farms within ten years, and the Great Northern Railroad carried the shipments of wheat, which increased from two and one-half million to twenty-five million bushels during that period.

This further emphasized the Hill idea of finding out and knowing how to do things. On horseback, by wagon or automobile, Louis W. Hill has explored practically all of the territory tributary to his

THE GLACIER PARK MARCHING CLUB'S "BLANKET-BOUNCING SQUAD" AT WORK

railroad. Sleeping on the prairies and in ranch houses; talking to farmers; studying land; but, above all, studying people—he knows things at first hand. In Washington at the hearings and in New York on business, everywhere he goes, he knows people. Indeed, it is said that he knows more people of more kinds west of the Mississippi than any other one man, for he has traveled railroad lines and the back country. Louis Hill wears the sombrero hat of the West, and is essentially and primarily western.

When there is complaint, he goes right among the complainants—whether it is a tribe of Black Feet Indians, shippers, or a committee of citizens—and keeps his eye on the fair and equitable adjustment. The limited trains on the Great Northern have been very popular with transcontinental travelers, but Mr. Hill realizes that railroads are supported and made prosperous first by the movement of the freight, for freight means people and development.

The dominating cry of the country for men to "farm as well as to arm," in response to the Rooseveltian appeal, was long ago the slogan of Mr. Hill, who insists that basically the wealth and prosperity of the country comes from the soil; and that the greatest problem of "preparedness" at all times has been that of transportation. Development follows increased facilities for transportation, as day follows night—in response to immutable laws.

One impressive quality about Louis W. Hill is his plain common sense, confirming Wellington's old expression that "sound sense counts more than ability"—but the combination, as in his case, is irresistible. His ability is best expressed in a terse sentence of his report to stockholders, when he said that "notwithstanding the reduction in gross operating revenues, there was an increase of one quarter million in the net." That's management. He knew how to utilize every source of revenue for his stockholders, and took over the eating houses, etc., bringing in receipts which added nearly $150,000 of revenue.

Consider two hundred and sixty-seven million loaded freight car miles handled by the Great Northern system in one year; multiply each one of these millions by some economies in coal and labor—and it counts. The basic policy of the Hill road is to handle big trains and make long hauls. The Great Northern has a way of pushing on to terminals where gathers the traffic. If the railroad could not build to China, boats may reach there, so the Great Northern has a terminal in San Francisco, with a boat line from Portland, and hauls over the Great Lakes to the East.

* * *

With all these words of appreciation of Louis W. Hill as railroad executive and as business man, the one phase of the man that stands first in my admiration is Louis W. Hill at home, for his first interest is his family. He is an amateur painter of note, and has a love of the poetic. His hunting and fishing expeditions reveal an enthusiastic devotion to natural wonders.

In his home is the pride of his life—his family—and well he may treasure this above all else. Friends drop in at his home and rehearse with the great pipe organ and hold their musicales, just as if it were a conservatory. When I visited his home I had a rare glimpse of the family around the table enjoying their evening meal. Here were the paintings of little Jerome, showing wonderful artistic genius.

Around the little table and in the glow of the hearth stone the children recited verse, with ease, for father, mother and friends. Little Jerome had written several poems of unusual excellence, which were read with a simple grace.

* * *

Mr. Hill's address at the recent meeting of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World at St. Louis further indicated the scope and character of his genius. He is an American to the core and knows how to differentiate between the essential and the non-essential. With his love for portraying with the brush on canvas the beauties of Nature as they appear to him, he paints the picture in his mind of great industrial achievements, and creates a practical reality from these pigments of sweeping iron and freight.

Mr. Louis W. Hill realizes the handicap he is working under in having succeeded his distinguished father. It was expected that he should merely follow the pathway blazed by the Empire Builder. People frequently looked upon the son with a "Well, he is all right, but his father was a great man" air. In the case of the Hills, father and son are two as distinct personalities as if they were not related. Without

THE GREAT OUTDOOR PAGEANT—TOWN AND COUNTRY CLUB GROUNDS detracting from the fame and distinction of his father, Louis W. Hill has gone forward in his own individual and forceful way, and made "L. W." as notable as "J. J." in the achievements of the Hill family. His enthusiastic friends insist that he is not only fulfilling all the expectations of his father, but is building on a scale which is farther reaching than was encompassed in the illimitable dreams of James J. Hill, who began his work late in life, but left a rich heritage for many generations unborn.

An important part of that heritage was his own son—who looks fearlessly to the future with a task before him that would tax the powers of any man. Over one-fifth of the continent is included in the area tributary to the Great Northern Railroad; hence Louis W. Hill is a man who thinks in universal, in continental, terms. It is such men in the vigor and strength of their manhood and mentality who are to prepare this country for the great world expansion in trade activities that will follow the great world war—and to help meet the emergencies involved in winning the great war for a civilization—so well exemplified in the territorial and railroad development that has followed in the wake of the gleaming rails of the railroad developed by the son of the great empire builder.

STAND BY THE PRESIDENT

By WILL D. MUSE

STAND by the homes your fathers built upon Faith's solid rock,
Hewed out of failure, wreck, defeat, and war's unyielding shock;
Stand by the creeds they kept, apart, the standards which they knew,
Hearken the cry "to do or die" for the Old Red, White and Blue—
Be brave, be patient, aye, be just, but ready to resent
Each cold, malignant ruthless thrust: Stand By The President!

Stand by your honor, manor born! Blind Justice lifts on high
The swaying balance; shall it be 'an eye just for an eye'?
Stand by your mothers, Heaven-blest, who suffered for your birth,
The glory of their womanhood has salted all the earth—
Be quick to love, be quick to hate each good or bad intent,
But prime your musket, bar your gate: Stand By The President!

Stand by proud Freedom who unfurls her banners in the sky,
Undaunted, though each kingdom hurls its lightning bolts on high;
Stand by the land that is your own, the dear land of the free,
Beneath the shadow of the hand of God always to be—
Stand by the hearth, where brightly burns the fire of sweet content,
And Love, to greet you, gladly turns: Stand By The President!

Stand by your duty, make the land give up its rich increase,
The time must surely be at hand for universal peace;
But be it peace, or be it war, let not one heart grow weak,
The Saviour fought for what was right, though childlike, mild and meek—
Stand by your arms! No sword must be to gleaming plowshare bent,
Guard every gate, from sea to sea: Stand By The President!

LET'S TALK IT OVER

SOME of you may wonder why we publish in the August number a story of the ice carnival in St. Paul last winter. The fact is, we remembered that old saw which runs something like this:

As a rule, a man's a fool—
When it's hot he wants it cool,
When it's cool he wants it hot,
Always wanting what is not.

So we decided to serve NATIONAL readers with cool reading, as that is the only means in our power to relieve them. Your imagination will help you to visualize those wintry scenes, and if there's anything in auto-suggestion, that should help to keep you cool.

Yes, it's hot, in Boston as well as everywhere else, and somehow the editor and his staff resent it exactly as they resented that marrow-freezing cold weather last winter. Just imagine the editor night after night swelteringly entertaining thousands in the Chautauqua tents. He never knew, before, despite Mark Twain, that there were so many different kinds of weather as have this summer been rampant in York State—rain and thunder and lightning and cloudbursts and torrid heat that makes one think longingly of the icy fastnesses of the far-famed North Pole region. Seems to the editor if he were a North or South Pole explorer, he would always time his expeditions so as to reach the scene of his labors in the summer months. Then he would try to remember the heat back home that he didn't have to endure, and chuckle to himself as he sledged over the ice at the thought of what he was escaping.

* * *

THE hearts of patriots of North and of South were thrilled by the tributes paid to the "Veiled Lady of Camp Chase," at the recent reunion of the United Confederate Veterans held in Washington. For many years the identity of the "Veiled Lady" was a mystery, altho her name and deeds were known to many a Confederate veteran. The facts of the case were gathered by General Bennett H. Young, former Commander, and now Honorary Commander for life, of the United Confederate Veterans. He it was who graphically and poetically related the story at the reunion.

Camp Chase, which was located four miles due west of Columbus, Ohio, was first used, in 1861, for drilling Federal soldiers, and later as a prison camp, Morgan's raiders having been confined there in 1863. It was from this penitentiary that General Morgan and several of his officers subsequently made their escape—one of the most romantic episodes in the entire struggle between North and South. At one time approximately eight thousand Confederate soldiers were held at Camp Chase. As early as 1863, there was much sickness and disease in the camp, and as a result, many of the prisoners confined within its unsanitary enclosures now lie in the nearby cemetery.

For many years no attention was given

to the resting place of these men of the South—they were mere unidentified graves in enemy ground. As late as 1893, a movement was started to clean up the cemetery, but this attempt, as well as several subsequent ones, met with indifference and lack of interest. Later on, clement ones of the North joined with friends in the South and made the spot a worthy sleeping place for the departed prisoners of Camp Chase.

Today as General Young describes it, "these sons of the South who sleep in Ohio's bosom, rest under the shade of the trees of the land of their love—trees from Kentucky and Tennessee, from Virginia and the Carolinas, from Florida and Georgia, from Alabama and Mississippi, from Texas and Arkansas, and Louisiana and Missouri, standing like sentinels above the sacred dust, and each springtime prophesying an hour when a resurrection day will hang its morning-glories upon the trellis of the sky."

Long before anyone else took notice of the neglected cemetery at Camp Chase, each year, a few days after Decoration Day, a veiled lady came to the enclosure and strewed flowers upon the deserted graves. Who was she? Nobody knew. Was she widow, sweetheart, mother of one who rested there? There were many conjectures—but nobody knew. When the veil was torn away, the whole South paid tribute to her who had scattered blossoms on the resting places of those who had died for the South. That is why the veterans at the reunion in Washington were eager to kneel and kiss the hand of Mrs. Louisiana Ransburg Briggs—the "Veiled Lady of Camp Chase."

During the Civil War, Louisiana Ransburg was in school at Delaware, Ohio, where she was cordially disliked and semi-ostracized by her schoolmates because of her fearlessly expressed sympathies for the cause of the South. Her mother was a Southern woman, born in Louisiana, and the young girl prayed for the success of the boys who wore the gray.

While at the school she met Joseph M. Briggs, whom she married in 1867, moving immediately to the Briggs homestead at Briggsdale, Ohio. It was Mrs. Briggs who, a few days after Memorial Day each year, went, heavily veiled, to the cemetery at Camp Chase, in which the Confederate dead were buried, and strewed flowers on the graves. Usually she took her children with her, but as carefully concealed their identity as she did her own. It was not until a movement was started to preserve the Camp Chase cemetery that the public was informed of Mrs. Briggs' deeds and devotion to the memory of the heroes of her homeland.

At the close of his address, General Young paid eloquent tribute to Mrs. Briggs. " 'The Veiled lady of Camp Chase'," he said, "wished and prayed, hoped and suffered within the private enclosures of her own brave spirit as long as patriots toiled, bled, and died. And when the last scene was closed, she, amidst loneliness and censure, dropped a tear in the fold of a rose painted with the blood of her own heart and laid it, year after year, where slept the people of her mother and the sons of the South."

* * *

HALF the world is awheel in American-made motor cars; soon all the world will be a-chewing American chewing gum. The value of this product taken by foreign buyers in the past fiscal year reached the million mark—that means over a hundred million sticks of chewing gum. The chewing of gum chicle was for many years a habit peculiar to the United States, and its introduction into other countries has been slow. Twenty years ago there was no chewing gum exported, but the use of this American product has gradually spread, until this confection is now found in every quarter of the globe, even in Africa and Oceanica.

Perhaps 8,250,000 pounds of chicle (the naseberry, *Achras sapota*, present chief constituent of "chewing gum," tho spruce was at one time much used and other resins occasionally are employed) may be considered as a fair present-day average of the amount annually used by the American industry—a quantity that would make 175,000,000 five-cent packages of the regulation size.

The United States buys this gum principally from British Honduras, Canada, and Mexico. The tree, which bears a luscious brown fruit, is found chiefly at altitudes ranging from five hundred to two thousand feet. In some districts twenty-five to fifty trees are found per acre, while in other regions the trees are greatly scattered. Chicle trees are boxed and cupped in a manner similar to the "boxing" of pine trees for the extraction of turpentine or resin. A large tree will yield as much as one hundred pounds of the crude gum, and smaller and younger trees less in proportion. The trees are boxed an average of three times in as many years. The gum is boiled in large iron pots, from which it is poured into wooden boxes with a capacity of eighty pounds each. The gum hardens in these boxes, and it is carried in this form to a shipping seaport, where the boxes are removed and the chicle packed in sacks for export.

* * *

THE "clang of the wooden shoon" is heard again today in the north of England, where the high prices of boots and shoes and the scarcity of leather have had a revivifying influence on clog making. Among the industrial population of Lancashire and Yorkshire, especially in the spinning and weaving districts and rural communities, clogs provide a cheap, healthful, and durable form of footwear for the majority of the inhabitants. We who have never worn them cannot say whether or not they are comfortable, and those who are accustomed to them doubtless would say they are. Curiously enough, the wood sole is said to be more comfortable than leather, and with the protecting clog irons—thin strips of metal in the shape of elongated horseshoes tacked to the sole and heel—is more resistant to dampness than ordinary footwear.

Clogs are not manufactured wholesale nor made according to standard pattern. The clog maker operates a small shop, with one or two assistants. Often special orders for clogs are received; for instance, dancing clogs with ash bottoms for sound effects, generally used on the vaudeville stage. In the rural districts of Lancashire and Yorkshire "courting clogs," with thin wooden soles and lavish carved and embossed tops, are still made upon special order for rustic beaux. The clatter made by clogs on paved streets is undoubtedly a drawback to their general use. It is related that an American visitor to a Lancashire textile town inquired of his host what caused the great clatter in the street below his window shortly after daybreak. When informed that it was the mill operatives going to work, he replied that they were the most prosperous workmen of whom he had heard, to be able to ride to work on horseback.

Strangest of all, it appears that clogs in a modified form are used to a limited extent in the United States in trades where leather soles would quickly be destroyed. It is thought that the use of clogs in certain American industries could be greatly extended, with a resultant economy for the workmen and a diminution in the consumption of leather. Altho social reasons may militate against wearing clogs in the streets of cities, no such objection lies against their use in factory, workshop, mill, or mine during working hours.

Is this a solution of the high cost of footwear? At any rate, it would be an interesting sight to see some of our women of fashion walking about in clogs.

* * *

A CONVENTION representing an annual expenditure of over a hundred million dollars is important as a fiduciary phase of national life. Aside from discussing this gigantic budget, the annual meeting of the National Premium Association this year brought out noteworthy ideas in connection with the present war condition. The theme was inspiring, and the natural consequence of an aroused public opinion on the matter of thrift was momentous.

Since the world began people have always striven for the mark of high degree and premiums are essentially a goal.

At the banquet held after the convention, President Brown of the National Thrift Advertiser's Association called Mr. George B. Caldwell, president of the Sperry & Hutchinson Company, to preside. The speakers included Governor Walter F. Edge of New Jersey, who discussed the value of adding to the nation's resources in times of war, and indicated the importance of stimulating the spirit of initiative to meet increasing necessities. Mr. George

E. Roberts, former director of the Mint, now of the National City Bank, New York City, told of how this great war burden is being carried, not so much by taking out of the savings as by conserving the earnings of the people. Mr. Roberts is a close student of world business affairs, and his address was a most encouraging and hopeful review of the situation, making a survey of twenty years past to glimpse a union of the great future, which the next two decades hold in store for the nation. Mr. Herbert Houston, former president of the Associated Advertising Clubs, Judge Spalding, and Joe Mitchell Chapple were other speakers.

It was on this occasion that Mr. Douglass Malloch, the poet of the woods, delivered his famous talk on the "Seven Sinners of Business"—the grouch, the pessimist, the gossip, the liar, the man who works too much, the man who works too little, and the man who does not work at all. He recited one of his latest poems, and his speech was replete with those epigrams for which Douglass Malloch is famous. The program was varied by calling for Mrs. Sperry, widow of Mr. Sperry, of the firm of Sperry & Hutchinson, who made a delightful and inspiring address, reviewing the proceedings of the convention. She insisted that nothing but persistent and conscientious effort would overcome handicaps. "At the end of every dark tunnel is a bright light," she said.

Patriotism was the dominant note of the gathering. Experiences were related, reviewing just what had been accomplished by giving premiums to women, who make ninety-five per cent of the purchases. The "trading stamp" idea was veritably the beginning of the conservation and thrift movement in the United States. People now realize, under stress of necessity, what other frugal ones have realized for years past—that no matter whether one's expenditures may be five hundred, or five thousand dollars per year, if they are concentrated, larger savings may be effected.

Several eminent men who were speakers at the banquet referred to premiums they had secured as boys getting subscriptions, thereby influencing their life career. The premiums given by the *Youth's Companion* form an important part of the biography of many men of affairs today. There was even a tender reference to the rocking chair that mother had secured because she had insisted on saving her coupons.

The fact that merchandise is so widely used as premiums is because it expands the variety of incentives. Where is there a thrifty housewife who does not want a little something in which she does not desire to make an investment of real money, which she is willing to patiently wait and obtain by conserving her purchases and preserving coupons? The natural instinct of the collector, dominant in many people, is often met in premiums.

Despite the onslaughts of other interests, and unfavorable legislation in the various states, the development of premium advertising has been phenomenal. The premium of patriotism is offered to the citizenship of the republic whose flag commands not only respect, reverence and love, but has proven all-powerful in touching the depths of the American pocket-book when the call was made for the Red Cross and the Liberty Loan, subscribed for by a large number of individuals who have developed the saving grace of thrift, thru the prosaic channels of business methods in times of peace.

* * *

IN traveling about to fill speaking engagements, I have the opportunity to visit many cities, and I usually associate the memory of various cities with incidents or people I have met, more than because of the buildings or institutions. The last time I went to Springfield, Ohio, my train was late, and never will I forget the fact that I missed a royal good dinner at the famous Country Club there. Nowadays every wide-awake city has its Country Club, and they will tell you that Springfield is about the best "sixty thousand" city in the country. It is also one of Ohio's popular convention towns, has a lively Chamber of Commerce fifteen hundred strong, and a Rotary Club, that is always "on the bit."

Three state Fraternal homes, Masonic, Pythian and Odd Fellows, are located there, indicating an appreciation of the hill-girt environs of Springfield. It was near there that Tecumseh was born, and in the early days of the settlement he often mingled with the citizens. Lagonda, an industrial suburb, was the site of Simon Kenton's mill, and immediately west of this place was fought one of the critical battles that conquered the Middle West for the white man.

In agricultural implements, no city in the world excels Springfield, except the giant of the West—Chicago. It was there that the reaper and the turbine water wheel were first made. It is also a great nursery center, from which plants, shrubs, and roses are shipped to all parts of the world. It grows more roses under glass than any other city.

Besides, Springfield has a history. It was "discovered" in 1799, the same year that George Washington passed away. In that year of grace, James Demint and his wife moved their worldly goods from Kentucky northward to a region of green pastures and fresh-water springs. There they built a cabin, and strange to say, the Indians, of which there were many roundabout, left them in peace—not to say loneliness. That same year, Simon Kenton, with six other families, left Kentucky and settled about three miles west of the Demint cabin.

One day, while on the lookout for Indians, Simon met James, whereupon was great rejoicing. During the jubilation which followed, it was suggested that the name of the settlement should be Springfield. After the suggestion had met with favor, Mrs. Demint and Mrs. Kenton both claimed the honor of having said it first. The result of this altercation has never been recorded, but it is generally conceded that to a woman Springfield is indebted for its name.

In the park of the Rotary Club is preserved an original path made by the Indians in their pilgrimages from the Great Lakes to the Ohio River. All about Springfield are the springs from which it derives its name, and the water supply is unexcelled. By the way, there are twenty-six postoffices in the United States named "Springfield," but Springfield, Ohio, is the best known of them all as a city where are manufactured more products, in proportion to the population, than in any industrial center in America.

* * *

AMERICAN ingenuity, as expressed by motion pictures, is being spread broadcast thruout the entire world. Steady gains during the past five years toward the leadership in this industry have literally made it possible for the whole world to "see America" on a large scale. The exports of exposed films from manufacturers in the United States increased from 32,192,018 feet in 1913 to 158,751,786 feet in 1916. Notwithstanding the immense growth in the scope of such entertainments in this country, imports of the finished product have been dwindling for several years—in other words, we're "rolling our own."

War conditions are doubtless adversely affecting attendance in many of the smaller centers, especially in Europe, but this is not the case in the cities or in the larger towns in or near which soldiers' barracks and camps are located. In fact, probably in many cases the attendance is better than during normal times. As there is no lack of employment and wages are high, the general public is spending money freely upon amusements. The market for motion pictures is steadily increasing.

Altho this mode of entertainment was not generally introduced in Scotland as early as in some other parts of the world, it is just now very popular thruout the country. Edinburgh alone has sixty-six such houses, charging four, six, eight, and twelve cents admission, plus the excise tax. While this tax has had little or no effect upon attendance, it has resulted in diverting some patronage from higher-priced to lower-priced parts of the houses. In some cases it has increased expenses by requiring additional clerical work, and also by necessitating assistance in the ticket offices, to prevent undue delay in making change. Comparatively few houses have left the prices at convenient even-money amounts which prevailed before the tax was imposed. Such a condition will possibly be true also of this country when our own amusements are taxed.

Camp Gardening in Massachusetts

by Mary Everett Carroll

EMERGENCIES develop sturdiness of character. This is true of nations as well as individuals, for a nation is but an aggregation of individuals whose composite natures blended together form national character and spirit. And the war crisis which the United States is facing today will do more for her nationally than can be readily realized.

Our Liberty Loan subscriptions, our donations to the helpless millions in Europe, our Red Cross charities—the thousand and one other appeals which have received the support of the people in general—indicate that in the hearts of the American people is a wholesome, united determination to support their country.

At the time of our entrance into the war a call was sent to the farmers to increase their production this year to the greatest extent possible. The answer came back that the farmers were willing to do their part if they could secure adequate assistance. In past years they had found this almost impossible, for farming has been looked upon more as a "last resort" than an agreeable occupation.

With thousands of men already enrolled in the army and navy, and with ten million more subject to draft, the situation promised greater difficulties than ever. The average American does not care to see his women folk working in the fields—and it's quite possible they wouldn't do it if he did. Boys have not heretofore been desirous of taking up agricultural work during summer vacations.

So it remained for the National Committee on Public Safety to solve the problem by recruiting young men from the schools to assist in raising crops. Many camp gardens have come into existence in consequence. Schools—and especially the vocational schools—are boosting the enterprise, and the states, in many cases, have engaged the services of agricultural instructors

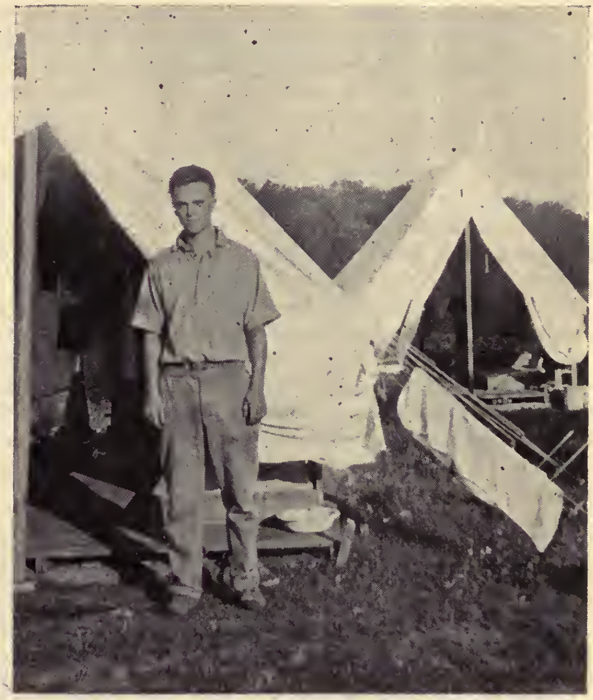
CAMP DEAN AT WESTON, MASSACHUSETTS

to supervise these squads of young agriculturists.

Altho Massachusetts is not classed as an agricultural state, she is as patriotic in doing her share toward solving the food problem as any other. Under James J. Storrow of Boston, the Public Safety Committee is doing notable work, and under his direction school camps for farming have been developed in this section of the country. He has, fortunately, the co-operation of the Newton Vocational School, which has added to its excellent departments of instruction in manual arts, practical instruction in gardening. Their first camp is at Weston, Massachusetts, and is known as Camp Dean. A second camp was later organized. The art department of the school, by the way, has provided the campers with a gay sign bearing the camp name and the seal of Massachusetts, for these boys are working for the government under the guidance of the state. They are, in fact, enlisted soldiers, and when you think of the weeds, cut-worms, potato bugs, and other destructive forces which they must combat and annihilate, you will agree that they, too, are engaged in an arduous battle for a worthy object. The gardening takes in another branch of army life—nursing—for the boys nurse the little plants along as a Red Cross nurse looks after sick soldiers.

As soon as the boys signify their intention to serve in the agricultural army, they are sworn in—that is, they take an oath to serve to the best of their ability, without shirking the responsibilities which they have taken upon themselves. And they are proving their worth. Thirty-six hundred tomato plants will require a lot of care—and this is a mere trifle of the farming going on at Camp Dean. To see them actively at work in the fields, or at the hotbeds, shows their earnestness, and revives a jaded confidence in American youth. The boys at Camp Dean range in age from sixteen to twenty years.

Rules and regulations are few, but strictly enforced under direction of the supervisor. The day begins at half-past five—the rising hour—and the boys are thru with their breakfast and ready for work at seven o'clock. Nine hours of steady work in the fields gives them an appetite for their meals, and after supper at night comes well-earned recreation time. Half-past nine finds all lights out and silence—except, perhaps, for the music of an occasional frog or katydid—or the maddening song of the anticipatory mosquito looking for a meal.



LIFE IN THE OPEN
Military tents, simply furnished, give adequate shelter

Camp Dean boasts fourteen tents and a rough shack used for cook house and dining room. The tents are state property and are of simple construction—a board base, with two cots. Any extras are furnished by the occupants themselves, but the boys indulge in few luxuries. One of them brought a phonograph and another a shotgun—possibly for the mosquitoes—

which they declare are large enough to warrant such a formidable weapon. There seems to be no other game thereabouts. One or two rugs of gaudy design catch the eye here and there, and doubtless add to the comfort of their owners. Mattresses are of ticking—sewed by the girls at the Newton Vocational School, as also were the sheets—and are stuffed with straw. The boys did the stuffing, and rumor has it that the first night they were filled so full that they bulged right up in the middle and the sleepers rolled to the floor. Needless to say, this was soon remedied. Bent rods of iron over some of the cots seemed at first the solution to the trouble, but an inquiry brought the information that they were there to support netting, which protects against the hordes of mosquitoes mentioned above.

The larder is well supplied—at least two barrels of flour were in evidence, and that means a good deal these days. The farmer allows four dollars a week for each assistant for food. Such appetites have they developed that Supervisor Williams laughingly states that it takes a provision for forty to feed his squad of twenty-five. It is good plain food, with few sweets.

The young men receive a weekly wage. The first week it is two dollars, the second, four dollars; and it depends on themselves whether they have more or not. If they are considered worth more, and their work warrants it, they get it. Development of character is promoted—self-reliance, too, for it is their own work that counts.

The spot chosen for Camp Dean is a happy one. On a hillside quite a distance from the traveled highway, back in the heart of the farm, the tents gleam white against the wooded hillsides in the distance. Down the hill, not far from the camp site, in a damp, mossy spot that is not good for white-shod feet to tread, is a spring of clear, cold water, bubbling incessantly. A pipe line is designed to carry the water from the spring up into the camp, providing for two shower baths, besides conveying the drinking water.

An automobile (remodeled by the automobile department of the school) makes easy communication with the school, and a delightful ride over winding New England roads, past beautiful homes set in still more beautiful gardens, brings one to the farm.

THE BOYS AT CAMP DEAN

The Home Guard and Their Camp Duties

THE Infantry Drill Regulations of the United States Army, published in the NATIONAL MAGAZINE for June, was received with such favor all over the United States that we are following this month with the complete Manual of Interior Guard Duty. While the publication of this manual is intended more for the home guard and the newly-organized state guard which has been installed to take the place of the National Guard—lately transferred to the regular army—still the matter is there for anyone in the service—home, state, or federal. It is the same manual that must be studied and practiced to become an efficient soldier.

Giving the matter this broadcast publication puts it in the hands of everyone, and it is certainly a subject which at this time should receive studious attention by all. To remain in ignorance regarding military evolutions and drill regulations while the country is organizing its stupendous army is to be very short-sighted and miss the most interesting phase of our national development in this glowing, patriotic period.

It has come to the certain attention of the publishers of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE that Infantry Drill Regulations, which was published in the June issue and which was brought out in vest-pocket edition for more convenient use, was used as the official book for study by scores of companies that are now at the government cantonments. It gave them all the proper instructions up to Combat Principles. Combat principles necessarily will change to cover the new phases developed by this great world war, and the soldiers will get this in practice at their several cantonments.

The manual which follows in this issue, Interior Guard Duty, will be brought out in vest-pocket edition the same as Infantry Drill Regulations, Part I. It is particularly suitable for all purposes, such as drill regulations themselves. It carries the work from the drill field into actual camp life. Posting guard, "general orders," and all other information needed in guard duty is contained in these regulations. Not only those who actually enter the service in one form or other, but all should get this comprehension of soldierly duty, which can be obtained from the study of the manual.

We hope to bring out other manuals covering further phases of soldier's duty in subsequent issues of the magazine.

The NATIONAL is glad to perform this "patriotic service," as it has been aptly called by the Secretary of War, Newton D. Baker, and the fact that the NATIONAL is the only magazine that has done this, gives us the satisfaction of feeling that the NATIONAL MAGAZINE is consistently upholding its title—national in scope as well as in name.

Manual of
Interior Guard Duty

UNITED STATES ARMY

1914
With War Department Changes

Authorized by the
SECRETARY OF WAR

Boston
THE CHAPPLE PUBLISHING CO., Ltd.
1917

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War Department,
Office of the Chief of Staff,
Washington, May 21, 1914.

The following Manual of Interior Guard Duty is approved and herewith published for the information and government of the Regular Army and the Organized Militia of the United States.

By order of the Secretary of War:

W. W. Wotherspoon,
Major General, Chief of Staff.

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MANUAL OF INTERIOR GUARD DUTY

INTRODUCTION

1. Guards may be divided into four classes: Exterior guards, interior guards, military police, and provost guards.

2. Exterior guards are used only in time of war. They belong to the domain of tactics and are treated of in the Field Service Regulations and in the drill regulations of the different arms of the service.

The purpose of exterior guards is to prevent surprise, to delay attack, and otherwise to provide for the security of the main body.

On the march they take the form of advance guards, rear guards, and flank guards. At a halt they consist of outposts.

3. Interior guards are used in camp or garrison to preserve order, protect property, and to enforce police regulations. In time of war such sentinels of an interior guard as may be necessary are placed close in or about a camp, and normally there is an exterior guard further out consisting of outposts. In time of peace the interior guard is the only guard in a camp or garrison.

4. Military police differ somewhat from either of these classes. (See Field Service Regulations.) They are used in time of war to guard prisoners, to arrest stragglers and deserters, and to maintain order and enforce police regulations in the rear of armies, along lines of communication, and in the vicinity of large camps.

5. Provost guards are used in the absence of military police, generally in conjunction with the civil authorities at or near large posts or encampments, to preserve order among soldiers beyond the interior guard.

INTERIOR GUARD

CLASSIFICATION

6. The various elements of an interior guard classified according to their particular purposes and the manner in which they perform their duties are as follows:

(*a*) The main guard.

(*b*) Special guards: Stable guards, park guards, prisoner guards, herd guards, train guards, boat guards, watchmen, etc.

DETAILS AND ROSTERS

7. At every military post, and in every regiment or separate command in the field, an interior guard will be detailed and duly mounted.

It will consist of such number of officers and enlisted men as the commanding officer may deem necessary, and will be commanded by the senior officer or non-commissioned officer therewith, under the supervision of the officer of the day or other officer detailed by the commanding officer.

8. The system of sentinels on fixed posts is of value in discipline and training because of the direct individual responsibility which is imposed and required to be discharged in a definite and precise manner. In order, however, that guard duty may not be needlessly irksome and interfere with tactical instruction, the number of men detailed for guard will be the smallest possible.

Commanding officers are specifically charged with this matter, and, without entirely dispensing with the system of sentinels on fixed posts will, as far as practicable, in time of peace, replace such sentinels with watchmen. (See Par. 221.)

9. At posts where there are less than three companies the main guard and special guards may all be furnished by one company or by detail from each company.

Where there are three or more companies, the main guard will, if practicable, be furnished by a single company, and, as far as practicable, the same organization will supply all details for that day for special guard, overseer, and fatigue duty. In this case the officer of the day, and the officers of the guard, if there are any, will, if practicable, be from the company furnishing the guard.

10. At a post or camp where the headquarters of more than one regiment are stationed, or in the case of a small brigade in the field, if but one guard be necessary for the whole command, the details will be made from the headquarters of the command.

If formal guard mounting is to be held, the adjutant, sergeant major, and band to attend guard mounting will be designated by the commanding officer.

11. When a single organization furnishes the guard, a roster of organizations will be kept by the sergeant major under the supervision of the adjutant. (See Appendix B.)

12. When the guard is detailed from several organizations, rosters will be kept by the adjutant, of officers of the day, and officers of the guard by name; by the sergeant major, under the supervision of the adjutant, of sergeants, corporals, musicians, and privates of the guard by number per organization; and by first sergeants, of sergeants, corporals, musicians, and privates by name. (See Appendix A.)

13. When organizations furnish their own stable, or stable and park guards, credit will be given each for the number of enlisted men so furnished, as though they had been detailed for main guard.

14. Special guards, other than stable or park guards, will be credited the same as for main guard, credited with fatigue duty, carried on special duty, or credited as the commanding officer may direct. (Pars. 6, 221, 247, and 300.)

15. Captains will supervise the keeping of company rosters and see that all duties performed are duly credited. (See pars. 355-364, A. R., for rules governing rosters, and Form 342, A. G. O., for instructions as to how rosters should be kept.)

16. There will be an officer of the day with each guard, unless in the opinion of the commanding officer the guard is so small that his services are not needed. In this case an officer will be detailed to supervise the command and instruction of the guard for such period as the commanding officer may direct.

17. When more than one guard is required for a command, a field officer of the day will be detailed, who will receive his orders from the brigade or division commander as the latter may direct. When necessary, captains may be placed on the roster for field officer of the day.

18. The detail of officers of the guard will be limited to the necessities of the service and efficient instruction; inexperienced officers may be detailed as supernumerary officers of the guard for purposes of instruction.

19. Officers serving in staff departments are, in the discretion of the commanding officer, exempt from guard duty.

20. Guard details will, if practicable, be posted or published the day preceding the beginning of the tour, and officers notified personally by a written order at the same time.

21. The strength of guards and the number of consecutive days for which an organization furnishes the guard will be so regulated as to insure privates of the main guard an interval of not less than five days between tours.

When this is not otherwise practicable, extra and special duty men will be detailed for night-guard duty, still performing their daily duties. When so detailed a roster will be kept by the adjutant showing the duty performed by them.

22. The members of main guards and stable and park guards will habitually be relieved every 24 hours. The length of the tour of enlisted men detailed as special guards, other than stable or park guards, will be so regulated as to permit of these men being held accountable for a strict performance of their duty.

23. Should the officer of the day be notified that men are required to fill vacancies in the guard, he will cause them to be supplied from the organization to which the guard belongs. If none are available in that organization, the adjutant will be notified and will cause them to be supplied from the organization that is next for guard. (Par. 63.)

24. The adjutant will have posted on the bulletin board at his office all data needed by company commanders in making details from their companies.

At first sergeant's call, first sergeants will go to headquarters and take from the bulletin board all data necessary for making the details required from their companies; these details will be made from their company rosters.

25. In order to give ample notice, first sergeants will, when practicable, publish at retreat and post on the company bulletin board all details made from the company for duties to be performed.

26. Where rosters are required to be kept by this manual, all details will be made by roster.

THE COMMANDING OFFICER

27. The commanding officer will exact a faithful, vigilant, and correct performance of guard duty in all of its details, giving his orders to the officer of the day, or causing them to be communicated to him with the least practicable delay. He will prescribe the strength of the guard, and the necessary regulations for guard, police, and fatigue duty.

28. The commanding officer receives the reports of the officers of the day immediately after guard mounting, at his office, or at some other place previously designated; carefully examines the guard report and remarks thereon (questioning the old officer of the day, if necessary, concerning his tour of duty), relieves the old officer of the day and gives the new officer of the day such instructions as may be necessary.

THE OFFICER OF THE DAY

29. The officer of the day is responsible for the proper performance of duty by the guard with which he marches on and for the enforcement of all police regulations. He is charged with the execution of all orders of the commanding officer relating to the safety and good order of the post or camp. His actual tour begins when he receives the instructions of the commanding officer after guard mounting, and ceases when he has been relieved by the commanding officer. In case of emergency during the interval between guard mounting and reporting to the commanding officer, the senior officer of the day will give the necessary instructions for both guards.

30. In the absence of special instructions from the commanding officer, the officer of the day will inspect the guard and sentinels during the day and at night at such times as he may deem necessary. He will visit them at least once between 12 o'clock midnight and daylight.

31. He may prescribe patrols (par. 218) and visits of inspection to be made by officers and noncommissioned officers of the guard whenever he deems it necessary.

32. He will see that the commander of the guard is furnished with the parole and countersign before retreat in case they are to be used, and will inform him of the presence in post or camp of any person entitled to the compliment.

33. In case of alarm of any kind he will at once take such steps as may be necessary to insure the safety of life and public property and preserve order in the command, disposing his guard so as best to accomplish this result.

34. In the performance of his duties as officer of the day he is subject to the orders of the commanding officer only, except that in case of an alarm of any kind, and at a time of great danger, the senior line officer present is competent to give necessary orders to the officer of the day for the employment of the guard.

35. At the inspections and musters prescribed in Army Regulations, the officer of the day will be present at the post of the guard, but all commands to the guard will be given by the commander of the guard.

36. Both officers of the day together verify the prisoners and inspect the guardhouse and premises.

37. In the absence of special instructions, the old officer of the day will, at guard mounting, release all *garrison* prisoners whose sentences expire that day. If there are any prisoners with no record of charges against them, the old officer of the day will report that fact to the commanding officer who will give the necessary instructions.

38. The old officer of the day signs the report of the commander of the guard. He also enters on it such remarks as may be necessary.

39. The officers of the day then report to the commanding officer.

On presenting themselves, both salute with the right hand, remaining covered. The old officer of the day, standing on the right of the new, then says: "Sir, I **report as old officer of the day,**" and presents the guard report. As soon as the commanding officer notifies the old officer of the day that he is relieved, the old officer of the day salutes the commanding officer and retires. The new officer of the day again salutes and says: **"Sir, I report as new officer of the day,"** and then receives his instructions.

40. The officer of the day will always keep the guard informed as to where he may be found at all hours of the day and night.

COMMANDER OF THE GUARD

41. The commander of the guard is responsible for the instruction and discipline of the guard. He will see that all of its members are correctly instructed in their orders and duties, and that they understand and properly perform them. He will visit each relief at least once while it is on post, and at least one of these visits will be made between 12 o'clock midnight and daylight.

42. He receives and obeys the orders of the commanding officer and the officer of the day, and reports to the latter without delay all orders to the guard not received from the officer of the day; he transmits to his successor all material instructions and information relating to his duties.

43. He is responsible under the officer of the day for the general safety of the post or camp as soon as the old guard marches away from the guardhouse. In case of emergency while both guards are at the guardhouse, the senior commander of the two guards will be responsible that the proper action is taken.

44. Officers of the guard will remain constantly with their guards, except while visiting patrols or necessarily engaged elsewhere in the performance of their duties. The commanding officer will allow a reasonable time for meals.

45. A commander of a guard leaving his post for any purpose will inform the next in command of his destination and probable time of return.

46. Except in emergencies, the commander of the guard may divide the night with the next in command, but retains his responsibility; the one on watch must be constantly on the alert.

47. When any alarm is raised in camp or garrison, the guard will be formed immediately. (Par. 234.) If the case be serious, the proper call will be sounded, and the commander of the guard will cause the commanding officer and the officer of the day to be at once notified.

48. If a sentinel calls: **"The Guard,"** the commander of the guard will at once send a patrol to the sentinel's post. If the danger be great, in which case the sentinel will discharge his piece, the patrol will be as strong as possible.

49. When practicable, there should always be an officer or noncommissioned officer and two privates of the guard at the guardhouse, in addition to the sentinels there on post.

50. Between reveille and retreat, when the guard had been turned out for any person entitled to the compliment (see pars. 222 and 224), the commander of the guard, if an officer, will receive the report of the sergeant, returning the salute of the latter with the right hand. He will then draw his saber, and place himself two paces in front of the center of the guard. When the person for whom the guard has been turned out approaches, he faces his guard and commands: 1. **Present,** 2. **ARMS;** faces to the front and salutes. When his salute is acknowledged he resumes the carry, faces about, and commands: 1. **Order,** 2. **ARMS;** and faces to the front.

If it be an officer entitled to inspect the guard, after saluting and before bringing his guard to an order, the officer of the guard reports: **"Sir, all present or accounted for";** or, **"Sir (so and so), is absent";** or, if the roll call has been omitted: **"Sir, the guard is formed,"** except that at guard mounting the commanders of the guards present their guards and salute without making any report.

Between retreat and reveille, the commander of the guard salutes and reports, but does not bring the guard to a present.

51. To those entitled to have the guard turned out but not entitled to inspect it, no report will be made; nor will a report be made to any officer, unless he halts in front of the guard.

52. When a guard commanded by a noncommissioned officer is turned out as a compliment or for inspection, the noncommissioned officer, standing at a right shoulder on the right of the right guide, commands: 1. **Present,** 2. **ARMS.** He then executes the rifle salute. If a report be also required, he will, after saluting, and before bringing his guard to an order, report as prescribed for the officer of the guard. (Par. 50.)

53. When a guard is in line, not under inspection, and commanded by an officer, the commander of the guard salutes his regimental, battalion, and company commander, by bringing the guard to attention and saluting in person.

For all other officers, excepting those entitled to the compliment from a guard (par. 224), the commander of the guard salutes in person but does not bring the guard to attention.

When commanded by a noncommissioned officer the guard is brought to attention in either case, and the noncommissioned officer salutes.

The commander of a guard exchanges salutes with the commanders of all other bodies of troops; the guard is brought to attention during the exchange.

"Present arms" is executed by a guard only when it has turned out for inspection or as a compliment, and at the ceremonies of guard mounting and relieving the old guard.

54. In marching a guard or a detachment of a guard the principles of paragraph 53 apply. **"Eyes right"** is executed only in the ceremonies of guard mounting and relieving the old guard.

55. If a person entitled to the compliment, or the regimental, battalion, or company commander, passes in rear of a guard, neither the compliment nor the salute is given, but the guard is brought to attention while such person is opposite the post of the commander.

After any person has received or declined the compliment, or received the salute from the commander of the guard, official recognition of his presence thereafter while he remains in the vicinity will be taken by bringing the guard to attention.

56. The commander of the guard will inspect the guard at reveille and retreat, and at such other times as may be necessary, to assure himself that the men are in proper condition to perform their duties and that their arms and equipments are in proper condition. For inspection by other officers, he prepares the guard in each case as directed by the inspecting officer.

57. The guard will not be paraded during ceremonies unless directed by the commanding officer.

58. At all formations members of the guard or reliefs will execute inspection arms as prescribed in the drill regulations of their arm.

59. The commander of the guard will see that all sentinels are habitually relieved every two hours, unless the weather or other cause makes it necessary that it be done at shorter or longer intervals, as directed by the commanding officer.

60. He will question his noncommissioned officers and sentinels relative to the instructions they may have received from the old guard; he will see that patrols and visits of inspection are made as directed by the officer of the day.

61. He will see that the special orders for each post and member of the guard, either written or printed, are posted in the guardhouse, and, if practicable, in the sentry box or other sheltered place to which the member of the guard has constant access.

62. He will see that the proper calls are sounded at the hours appointed by the commanding officer.

63. Should a member of the guard be taken sick, or be arrested, or desert, or leave his guard, he will at once notify the officer of the day. (Par. 23.)

64. He will, when the countersign is used (pars. 210 to 216), communicate it to the noncommissioned officers of the guard and see that it is duly communicated to the sentinels before the hour for challenging; the countersign will not be given to sentinels posted at the guardhouse.

65. He will have the details for hoisting the flag at reveille, and lowering it at retreat, and for firing the reveille and retreat gun, made in time for the proper performance of these duties. (See pars. 338, 344, 345, and 346.) He will see that the flags are kept in the best condition possible, and that they are never handled except in the proper performance of duty.

66. He may permit members of the guard while at the guardhouse to remove their headdress, overcoats, and gloves; if they leave the guardhouse for any purpose whatever he will require that they be properly equipped and armed according to the character of the service in which engaged, or as directed by the commanding officer.

67. He will enter in the guard report a report of his tour of duty, and, on the completion of his tour, will present it to the officer of the day. He will transmit with his report all passes turned in at the post of the guard.

68. Whenever a prisoner is sent to the guardhouse or guard tent for confinement, he will cause him to be searched, and will, without unnecessary delay, report the case to the officer of the day.

69. Under war conditions, if anyone is to be passed out of camp at night, he will be sent to the commander of the guard, who will have him passed beyond the sentinels.

70. The commander of the guard will detain at the guardhouse all suspicious characters or parties attempting to pass a sentinel's post without authority, reporting his action to the officer of the day, to whom persons so arrested will be sent, if necessary.

71. He will inspect the guard rooms and cells, and the irons of such prisoners as may be ironed, at least once during his tour, and at such other times as he may deem necessary.

72. He will cause the corporals of the old and new reliefs to verify together, immediately before each relief goes on post, the number of prisoners who should then properly be at the guardhouse.

73. He will see that the sentences of prisoners under his charge are executed strictly in accordance with the action of the reviewing authority.

74. When no special prisoner guard has been detailed (par. 300), he will, as far as practicable, assign as guards over working parties of prisoners sentinels from posts guarded at night only.

75. The commander of the guard will inspect all meals sent to the guardhouse and see that the quantity and quality of food are in accordance with regulations.

76. At guard mounting he will report to the old officer of the day all cases of prisoners whose terms of sentence expire on that day, and also all cases of prisoners concerning whom no statement of charges has been received. (See Par. 241.)

77. The commander of the guard is responsible for the security of the prisoners under the charge of his guard; he becomes responsible for them after their number has been verified and they have been turned over to the custody of his guard by the old guard or by the prisoner guard or overseers.

78. The prisoners will be verified and turned over to the new guard without parading them, unless the commanding officer or the officer of the day shall direct otherwise.

79. To receive the prisoners at the guard house when they have been paraded and after they have been verified by the officers of the day, the commander of the new guard directs his sergeant to form his guard with an interval, and commands: 1. **Prisoners,** 2. **Right,** 3. **FACE,** 4. **Forward,** 5. **MARCH.** The prisoners having arrived opposite the interval in the new guard, he commands: 1. **Prisoners,** 2. **HALT,** 3. **Left,** 4. **FACE,** 5. **Right** (or **left**), 6. **DRESS,** 7. **FRONT.**

The prisoners dress on the line of the new guard.

SERGEANT OF THE GUARD

80. The senior noncommissioned officer of the guard always acts as sergeant of the guard, and if there be no officer of the guard, will perform the duties prescribed for the commander of the guard.

81. The sergeant of the guard has general supervision over the other noncommissioned officers and the musicians and privates of the guard, and must be thoroughly familiar with all of their orders and duties.

82. He is directly responsible for the property under charge of the guard, and will see that it is properly cared for. He will make lists of articles taken out by working parties, and see that all such articles are duly returned. If they are not, he will immediately report the fact to the commander of the guard.

83. Immediately after guard mounting he will prepare duplicate lists of the names of all noncommissioned officers, musicians, and privates of the guard, showing the relief and post or duties of each. One list will be handed as soon as possible to the commander of the guard; the other will be retained by the sergeant.

84. He will see that all reliefs are turned out at the proper time, and that the corporals thoroughly understand and are prompt and efficient in the discharge of their duties.

85. During the temporary absence from the guardhouse of the sergeant of the guard, the next in rank of the noncommissioned officers will perform his duties.

86. Should the corporal whose relief is on post be called away from the guardhouse, the sergeant of the guard will designate a noncommissioned officer to take the corporal's place until his return.

87. The sergeant of the guard is responsible at all times for the proper police of the guardhouse or guard tent, including the ground about them and the prison cells.

88. At **"first sergeant's call"** he will proceed to the adjutant's office and obtain the guard report book.

89. When the national or regimental colors are taken from the stacks of the color line, the color bearer and guard, or the sergeant of the guard, unarmed, and two armed privates as a guard, will escort the colors to the colonel's quarters, as prescribed for the color guard in the drill regulations of the arm of the service to which the guard belongs.

90. He will report to the commander of the guard any suspicious or unusual occurrence that comes under his notice, will warn him of the approach of any armed body, and will send to him all persons arrested by the guard.

91. When the guard is turned out, its formation will be as follows: The senior noncommissioned officer, if commander of the guard, is on the right of the right guide; if not commander of the guard, he is in the line of file closers, in rear of the right four of the guard; the next in rank is right guide; the next left guide; the others in the line of file closers, usually, each in rear of his relief; the field music, with its left three paces to the right of the right guide. The reliefs form in the same order as when the guard was first divided, except that if the guard consists of dismounted cavalry and infantry, the cavalry forms on the left.

92. The sergeant forms the guard, calls the roll, and if not in command of the guard, reports to the commander of the guard as prescribed in drill regulations for a first sergeant forming a troop or company; the guard is not divided into platoons or sections, and, except when the whole guard is formed prior to marching off, fours are not counted.

93. The sergeant reports as follows: **"Sir, all present or accounted for,"** or **"Sir, (so-and-so) is absent"**; or if roll call has been omitted, **"Sir, the guard is formed."** Only men absent without proper authority are reported absent. He then takes his place, without command.

94. At night, the roll may be called by reliefs and numbers instead of names; thus, the first relief being on post: **Second relief; No. 1; No. 2,** etc.; **Third relief, Corporal; No. 1,** etc.

95. Calling the roll will be dispensed with in forming the guard when it is turned out as a compliment. on the approach of an armed body, or in any sudden emergency; but in such cases the roll may be called before dismissing the guard. If the guard be turned out for an officer entitled to inspect it, the roll will, unless he directs otherwise, always be called before a report is made.

96. The sergeant of the guard has direct charge of the prisoners, except during such time as they may be under the charge of the prisoner guard or overseers, and is responsible to the commander of the guard for their security.

97. He will carry the keys of the guardroom and

cells, and will not suffer them to leave his personal possession while he is at the guardhouse, except as hereinafter provided. (Par. 99.) Should he leave the guardhouse for any purpose, he will turn the keys over to the noncommissioned officer who takes his place. (Par. 85.)

98. He will count the knives, forks, etc., given to the prisoners with their food, and see that none of these articles remain in their possession. He will see that no forbidden articles of any kind are conveyed to the prisoners.

99. Prisoners, when paraded with the guard, are placed in line in its center. The sergeant, immediately before forming the guard, will turn over his keys to the noncommissioned officer at the guardhouse. Having formed the guard, he will divide it into two nearly equal parts. Indicating the point of division with his hand, he commands:

1. **Right** (or **left**), 2. **FACE**, 3. **Forward**, 4. **MARCH**, 5. **Guard**, 6. **HALT**, 7. **Left** (or **right**), 8. **FACE**.

If the first command be **right face**, the right half of the guard only will execute the movements; if **left face**, the left half only will execute them. The command **halt** is given when sufficient interval is obtained to admit the prisoners. The doors of the guardroom and cells are then opened by the noncommissioned officer having the keys. The prisoners will file out under the supervision of the sergeant, the noncommissioned officer, and sentinel on duty at the guardhouse, and such other sentinels as may be necessary; they will form in line in the interval between the two parts of the guard.

100. To return the prisoners to the guardroom and cells, the sergeant commands:

1. **Prisoners**, 2. **Right** (or **left**), 3. **FACE**, 4. **Column right** (or **left**), 5. **MARCH**.

The prisoners, under the same supervision as before, return to their proper rooms or cells.

101. To close the guard, the sergeant commands:

1. **Left** (or **right**), 2. **FACE**, 3. **Forward**, 4. **MARCH**, 5. **Guard**, 6. **HALT**, 7. **Right** (or **left**), 8. **FACE**.

The left or right half only of the guard, as indicated, executes the movement.

102. If there be but few prisoners, the sergeant may indicate the point of division as above, and form the necessary interval by the commands:

1. **Right** (or **left**) **step**, 2. **MARCH**, 3. **Guard**, 4. **HALT**, and close the intervals by the commands:

1. **Left** (or right) **step,** 2. **MARCH,** 3. **Guard,** 4. **HALT.**

103. If sentinels are numerous, reliefs may, at the discretion of the commanding officer, be posted in detachments, and sergeants, as well as corporals, required to relieve and post them.

CORPORAL OF THE GUARD

104. A corporal of the guard receives and obeys orders from none but noncommissioned officers of the guard senior to himself, the officers of the guard, the officer of the day, and the commanding officer.

105. It is the duty of the corporal of the guard to post and relieve sentinels, and to instruct the members of his relief in their orders and duties.

106. Immediately after the division of the guard into reliefs the corporals will assign the members of their respective reliefs to posts by number, and a soldier so assigned to his post will not be changed to another during the same tour of guard duty, unless by direction of the commander of the guard or higher authority. Usually, experienced soldiers are placed over the arms of the guard, and at remote and responsible posts.

107. Each corporal will then make a list of the members of his relief, including himself. This list will contain the number of the relief, the name, the company, and the regiment of every member thereof, and the post to which each is assigned. The list will be made in duplicate, one copy to be given to the sergeant of the guard as soon as completed, the other to be retained by the corporal.

108. When directed by the commander of the guard, the corporal of the first relief forms his relief, and then commands: **CALL OFF.**

Commencing on the right, the men call off alternately *rear* and *front* rank, **"one," "two," "three," "four,"** and so on; if in single rank, they call off from right to left. The corporal then commands:

1. **Right,** 2. **FACE,** 3. **Forward,** 4. **MARCH.**

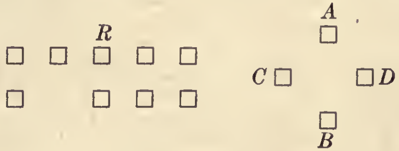
The corporal marches on the left, and near the rear file, in order to observe the march. The corporal of the old guard marches on the right of the leading file, and takes command when the last one of the old sentinels is relieved, changing places with the corporal of the new guard.

109. When the relief arrives at six paces from a sentinel (see par. 168), the corporal halts it and commands, according to the number of the post: **No.** (—).

Both sentinels execute port arms or saber; the new sentinel approaches the old, halting about one pace from him. (See par. 172.)

110. The corporals advance and place themselves, facing each other, a little in advance of the new sentinel, the old corporal on his right, the new corporal on his left, both at a right shoulder, and observe that the old sentinel transmits correctly his instructions.

The following diagram will illustrate the positions taken:



R is the relief; *A*, the new corporal; *B*, the old; *C*, the new sentinel; *D*, the old.

111. The instructions relative to the post having been communicated, the new corporal commands, **POST;** both sentinels then resume the right shoulder, face toward the new corporal, and step back so as to allow the relief to pass in front of them. The new corporal then commands, 1. **Forward,** 2. **MARCH;** the old sentinel takes his place in rear of the relief as it passes him, his piece in the same position as those of the relief. The new sentinel stands fast at a right shoulder until the relief has passed six paces beyond him, when he walks his post. The corporals take their places as the relief passes them.

112. Mounted sentinels are posted and relieved in accordance with the same principles.

113. On the return of the old relief, the corporal of the new guard falls out when the relief halts; the corporal of the old guard forms his relief on the left of the old guard, salutes, and reports to the commander of his guard: **"Sir, the relief is present"**; or **"Sir, (so and so) is absent,"** and takes his place in the guard.

114. To post a relief other than that which is posted when the old guard is relieved, its corporal commands:

1. **(Such) relief,** 2. **FALL IN;** and if arms are stacked, they are taken at the proper commands.

The relief is formed facing to the front, with arms at an **order;** the men place themselves according to the numbers of their respective posts, viz., **two, four, six,** and so on, in the **front rank,** and **one, three, five,** and so on, in the **rear rank.** The corporal, standing about two paces in front of the center of his relief, then commands: **CALL OFF.**

The men call off as prescribed. The corporal then commands: 1. **Inspection,** 2. **ARMS,** 3. **Order,** 4. **ARMS;** faces the commander of the guard, executes the rifle salute, reports: **"Sir, the relief is present,"** or **"Sir (so and so), is absent"**; he then takes his place on the right at order arms.

115. When the commander of the guard directs the corporal: **"Post your relief,"** the corporal salutes and posts his relief as prescribed (pars. 108 to 111); the corporal of the relief on post does not go with the new relief, except when necessary to show the way.

116. To dismiss the old relief, it is halted and faced to the front at the guardhouse by the corporal of the new relief, who then falls out; the corporal of the old relief then steps in front of the relief and dismisses it by the proper commands.

117. Should the pieces have been loaded before the relief was posted, the corporal will, before dismissing the relief, see that no cartridges are left in the chambers or magazines. The same rule applies to sentinels over prisoners.

118. Each corporal will thoroughly acquaint himself with all the special orders of every sentinel on his relief, and see that each understands and correctly transmits such orders **in detail** to his successor.

119. There should be at least one noncommissioned officer constantly on the alert at the guardhouse, usually the corporal whose relief is on post. This noncommissioned officer takes post near the entrance of the guardhouse, and does not fall in with the guard, when it is formed. He will have his rifle constantly with him.

120. Whenever it becomes necessary for the corporal to leave his post near the entrance of the guardhouse, he will notify the sergeant of the guard, who will at once take his place, or designate another noncommissioned officer to do so.

121. He will see that no person enters the guardhouse, or guard tent, or crosses the posts of the sentinels there posted without proper authority.

122. Should any sentinel call for the corporal of the guard, the corporal will, in every case, at once and quickly proceed to such sentinel. He will notify the sergeant of the guard before leaving the guardhouse.

123. He will at once report to the commander of the guard any violation of regulations or any unusual occurrence which is reported to him by a sentinel, or which comes to his notice in any other way.

124. Should a sentinel call: **"The Guard,"** the corporal will promptly notify the commander of the guard.

125. Should a sentinel call: **"Relief,"** the corporal will at once proceed to the post of such sentinel, taking with him the man next for duty on that post. If the sentinel is relieved for a short time only, the corporal will again post him as soon as the necessity for his relief ceases.

126. When the countersign is used, the corporal at the posting of the relief during whose tour challenging is to begin gives the countersign to the members of the relief, excepting those posted at the guardhouse .

127. He will wake the corporal whose relief is next on post in time for the latter to verify the prisoners, form his relief, and post it at the proper hour.

128. Should the guard be turned out, each corporal will call his own relief, and cause its members to fall in promptly.

129. Tents or bunks in the same vicinity will be designated for the reliefs so that all the members of each relief may, if necessary, be found and turned out by the corporal in the least time and with the least confusion.

130. When challenged by a sentinel while posting his relief, the corporal commands: 1. **Relief,** 2. **HALT;** to the sentinel's challenge he answers **"Relief,"** and at the order of the sentinel he advances alone to give the countersign, or to be recognized. When the sentinel says, **"Advance relief,"** the corporal commands: 1. **Forward,** 2. **MARCH.**

If to be relieved, the sentinel is then relieved as prescribed.

131. Between retreat and reveille, the corporal of the guard will challenge all suspicious looking persons or parties he may observe, first halting his patrol or relief, if either be with him. He will advance them in the same manner that sentinels on post advance like parties (pars. 191 to 197), but if the route of a patrol is on a continuous chain of sentinels, he should not challenge persons coming near him unless he has reason to believe that they have eluded the vigilance of sentinels.

132. Between retreat and reveille, whenever so ordered by an officer entitled to inspect the guard, the corporal will call: **"Turn out the guard,"** announcing the title of the officer, and then, if not otherwise ordered, he will salute and return to his post.

133. As a general rule he will advance parties approaching the guard at night in the same manner that sentinels on post advance like parties. Thus, the sentinel at the guardhouse challenges and repeats the answer to the corporal, as prescribed hereafter (par. 200); the corporal, advancing at "port arms," says: **"Advance (so and so) with the countersign,"** or **"to be recognized,"** if there be no countersign used; the countersign being correctly given, or the party being duly recognized, the corporal says: **"Advance (so and so)"**; repeating the answer to the challenge of the sentinel.

134. When officers of different rank approach the guardhouse from different directions at the same time the senior will be advanced first, and will not be made to wait for his junior.

135. Out of ranks and under arms, the corporal salutes with the rifle salute. He will salute all officers, whether by day or night.

136. The corporal will examine parties halted and detained by sentinels, and if he has reason to believe the parties have no authority to cross sentinel's posts, will conduct them to the commander of the guard.

137. The corporal of the guard will arrest all suspicious looking characters prowling about the post or camp, all persons of a disorderly character disturbing the peace, and all persons taken in the act of committing crime against the Government on a military reservation or post. All persons arrested by corporals of the guard, or by sentinels, will at once be conducted to the commander of the guard by the corporal.

MUSICIANS OF THE GUARD

138. The musicians of the guard will sound call as prescribed by the commanding officer.

139. Should the guard be turned out for national or regimental colors or standards, uncased, the field music of the guard will, when the guard present arms, sound, **"To the color"** or **"To the standard"**; or, if for any person entitled thereto, the march, flourishes, or ruffles, prescribed in paragraphs 375, 376, and 377, A. R.

ORDERLIES AND COLOR SENTINELS

140. When so directed by the commanding officer, the officer who inspects the guard at guard mounting will select from the members of the new guard an orderly for the commanding officer and such number of other orderlies and color sentinels as may be required.

141. For these positions the soldiers will be chosen who are most correct in the performance of duty and in military bearing, neatest in person and clothing, and whose arms and accouterments are in the best condition. Clothing, arms, and equipments must conform to regulations. If there is any doubt as to the relative qualifications of two or more soldiers, the inspecting officer will cause them to fall out at the guardhouse and to form in line in single rank. He will then, by testing them in drill regulations, select the most proficient. The commander of the guard will be notified of the selection.

142. When directed by the commander of the guard to fall out and report, an orderly will give his name, company, and regiment to the sergeant of the guard, and, leaving his rifle in the arm rack in his company quarters, will proceed at once to the officer to whom he is assigned, reporting: **"Sir, Private ———, Company —, reports as orderly."**

143. If the orderly selected be a cavalryman, he will leave his rifle in the arm rack of his troop quarters, and report with his belt on, but without side arms unless specially otherwise ordered.

144. Orderlies, while on duty as such, are subject only to the orders of the commanding officer and of the officers to whom they are ordered to report.

145. When an orderly is ordered to carry a message, he will be careful to deliver it exactly as it was given to him.

146. His tour of duty ends when he is relieved by the orderly selected from the guard relieving his own.

147. Orderlies are members of the guard, and their name, company, and regiment are entered on the guard report and lists of the guard.

148. If a color line is established, sufficient sentinels are placed on the color line to guard the colors and stacks.

149. Color sentinels are posted only so long as the stacks are formed. The commander of the guard will divide the time equally among them.

150. When stacks are broken, the color sentinels may be permitted to return to their respective companies. They are required to report in person to the commander of the guard at reveille and retreat. They will fall in with the guard, under arms, at guard mounting.

151. Color sentinels are not placed on the regular reliefs, nor are their posts numbered. In calling for the corporal of the guard, they call: **"Corporal of the guard. Color line."**

152. Officers or enlisted men passing the uncased colors will render the prescribed salute. If the colors are on the stacks, the salute will be made on crossing the color line or on passing the colors.

153. A sentinel placed over the colors will not permit them to be moved, except in the presence of an armed escort. Unless otherwise ordered by the commanding officer, he will allow no one to touch them but the color bearer.

He will not permit any soldier to take arms from the stacks, or to touch them, except by order of an officer or noncommissioned officer of the guard.

If any person passing the colors or crossing the color line fails to salute the colors, the sentinel will caution him to do so, and if the caution be not heeded, he will call the corporal of the guard and report the facts.

PRIVATES OF THE GUARD

154. Privates are assigned to reliefs by the commander of the guard, and to posts, usually, by the corporal of their relief. They will not change from one relief or post to another during the same tour of guard duty unless by proper authority.

ORDERS FOR SENTINELS

155. Orders for sentinels are of two classes: General orders and special orders. General orders apply to all sentinels. Special orders relate to particular posts and duties.

156. Sentinels will be required to memorize the following:

My general orders are:

1. **To take charge of this post and all Government property in view.**
2. **To walk my post in a military manner, keeping always on the alert and observing everything that takes place within sight or hearing.**
3. **To report all violations of orders I am instructed to enforce.**
4. **To repeat all calls from posts more distant from the guardhouse than my own.**
5. **To quit my post only when properly relieved.**
6. **To receive, obey, and pass on to the sentinel who relieves me all orders from the commanding officer, officer of the day, and officers and non-commissioned officers of the guard only.**
7. **To talk to no one except in line of duty.**
8. **In case of fire or disorder to give the alarm.**
9. **To allow no one to commit a nuisance on or near my post.**
10. **In any case not covered by instructions to call the corporal of the guard.**
11. **To salute all officers, and all colors and standards not cased.**
12. **To be especially watchful at night, and, during the time for challenging, to challenge all persons on or near my post, and to allow no one to pass without proper authority.**

REGULATIONS RELATING TO THE GENERAL ORDERS FOR SENTINELS

No. 1: **To take charge of this post and all Government property in view.**

157. All persons, of whatever rank in the service, are required to observe respect toward sentinels and members of the guard when such are in the performance of their duties.

158. A sentinel will at once report to the corporal of the guard every unusual or suspicious occurrence noted.

159. He will arrest suspicious persons prowling about the post or camp at any time, all parties to a disorder occurring on or near his post, and all, except authorized persons, who attempt to enter the camp at night, and will turn over to the corporal of the guard all persons arrested.

160. The number, limits, and extent of his post will invariably constitute part of the special orders of a sentinel on post. The limits of his post should be so defined as to include every place to which he is required to go in the performance of his duties.

No. 2: **To walk my post in a military manner, keeping always on the alert and observing everything that takes place within sight or hearing.**

161. A sentinel is not required to halt and change the position of his rifle on arriving at the end of his post, nor to execute **to the rear, march,** precisely as prescribed in the drill regulations, but faces about while walking, in the manner most convenient to him, and at any part of his post as may be best suited to the proper performance of his duties. He carries his rifle on either shoulder, and in wet or severe weather, when not in a sentry box, may carry it at a secure.

162. Sentinels when in sentry boxes stand at ease. Sentry boxes will be used in wet weather only, or at other times when specially authorized by the commanding officer.

163. In very hot weather, sentinels may be authorized to stand at ease on their posts, provided they can effectively discharge their duties in this position, but they will take advantage of this privilege only on the express authority of the officer of the day or the commander of the guard.

164. A mounted sentinel may dismount occasionally and lead his horse, but will not relax his vigilance.

No. 3: **To report all violations of orders I am instructed to enforce.**

165. A sentinel will ordinarily report a violation of orders when he is inspected or relieved, but if the case be urgent, he will call the corporal of the guard, and also, if necessary, will arrest the offender.

No. 4: **To repeat all calls from posts more distant from the guardhouse than my own.**

166. To call the corporal, or the guard, for any purpose other than relief, fire, or disorder (pars. 167 and 173), a sentinel will call, **"Corporal of the guard, No. (—),"** adding the number of his post. In no case will any sentinel call, **"Never mind the corporal"**; nor will the corporal heed such call if given.

No. 5: **To quit my post only when properly relieved.**

167. If relief becomes necessary, by reason of sickness or other cause, a sentinel will call, **"Corporal of the guard, No.** (—), **Relief,"** giving the number of his post.

168. Whenever a sentinel is to be relieved, he will halt, and with arms at a right shoulder, will face toward the relief when it is thirty paces from him. He will come to a port arms with the new sentinel, and in a low tone will transmit to him all the special orders relating to the post, and any other information which will assist him to better perform his duties.

No. 6: **To receive, obey, and pass on to the sentinel who relieves me all orders from the commanding officer, officer of the day, and officers and noncommissioned officers of the guard only.**

169. During this tour of duty a soldier is subject to the orders of the commanding officer, officer of the day, and officers and noncommissioned officers of the guard only; but any officer is competent to investigate apparent violations of regulations by members of the guard.

170. A sentinel will quit his piece on an explicit order from any person from whom he lawfully receives orders while on post; under no circumstances will he yield it to any other person. Unless necessity therefor exists, no person will require a sentinel to quit his piece, even to allow it to be inspected.

171. A sentinel will not divulge the countersign (pars. 209 to 217) to any one except the sentinel who relieves him, or to a person from whom he properly receives orders, on such person's verbal order given personally. Privates of the guard will not use the countersign except in the performance of their duties while posted as sentinels.

No. 7: **To talk to no one except in line of duty.**

172. When calling for any purpose, challenging, or holding communication with any person, a dismounted sentinel, armed with a rifle or saber, will take the position of "port" arms or saber. At night a dismounted sentinel, armed with a pistol, takes the position of raise pistol in challenging or holding communication. A mounted sentinel does not ordinarily draw his weapon in the daytime when challenging or holding conversation; but if drawn, he holds it at advance rifle, raise pistol, or port saber, according as he is armed with a rifle, pistol, or saber. At night, in challenging and holding conversation, his weapon is drawn and held as just prescribed, depending on whether he is armed with a rifle, pistol, or saber.

No. 8: **In case of fire or disorder to give the alarm.**

173. In case of fire, a sentinel will call, **"Fire No. (—),"** adding the number of his post; if possible, he will extinguish the fire himself. In case of disorder, he will call: **"The Guard, No. (—),"** adding the number of his post. If the danger be great, he will, in either case, discharge his piece before calling.

No. 11: **To salute all officers and all colors and standards not cased.**

174. When not engaged in the performance of a specific duty, the proper execution of which would prevent it, a member of the guard will salute all officers who pass him. This rule applies at all hours of the day or night, except in the case of mounted sentinels armed with a rifle or pistol, or dismounted sentinels armed with a pistol, after challenging. (See par. 181.)

175. Sentinels will salute as follows: A dismounted sentinel armed with a rifle or saber, salutes by presenting arms; if otherwise armed, he salutes with the right hand.

A mounted sentinel, if armed with a saber and the saber be drawn, salutes by presenting saber; otherwise he salutes in all cases with the right hand.

176. To salute, a dismounted sentinel, with piece at a right shoulder or saber at a carry, halts and faces toward the person to be saluted when the latter arrives within thirty paces.

The limit within which individuals and insignia of rank can be readily recognized is assumed to be about thirty paces, and therefore at this distance cognizance is taken of the person or party to be saluted.

177. The salute is rendered at six paces; if the person to be saluted does not arrive within that distance, then when he is nearest.

178. A sentinel in a sentry box, armed with a rifle, stands at attention in the doorway on the approach of a person or party entitled to salute, and salutes by presenting arms according to the foregoing rules.

If armed with a saber, he stands at a carry and salutes as before.

179. A mounted sentinel on a regular post halts, faces, and salutes in accordance with the foregoing rules. If doing patrol duty, he salutes, but does not halt unless spoken to.

180. Sentinels salute, in accordance with the foregoing rules, all persons and parties entitled to compliments from the guard (pars. 224, 227, and 228): officers of the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps; military and naval officers of foreign powers; officers of volunteers, and militia officers when in uniform.

181. A sentinel salutes as just prescribed when an officer comes on his post; if the officer holds communication with the sentinel, the sentinel again salutes when the officer leaves him.

During the hours when challenging is prescribed, the first salute is given as soon as the officer has been duly recognized and advanced. A mounted sentinel armed with a rifle or pistol, or a dismounted sentinel armed with a pistol, does not salute after challenging.

He stands at advance rifle or raise pistol until the officer passes.

182. In case of the approach of an armed party of the guard, the sentinel will halt when it is about thirty paces from him, facing toward the party with his piece at the right shoulder. If not himself relieved, he will, as the party passes, place himself so that the party will pass in front of him; he resumes walking his post when the party has reached six paces beyond him.

183. An officer is entitled to the compliments prescribed, whether in uniform or not.

184. A sentinel in communication with an officer will not interrupt the conversation to salute. In the case of seniors, the officer will salute, whereupon the sentinel will salute.

185. When the flag is being lowered at retreat, a sentinel on post and in view of the flag will face the flag, and, at the first note of the "Star Spangled Banner" or **to the color** will come to a present arms. At the sounding of the last note he will resume walking his post.

No. 12: **To be especially watchful at night and during the time for challenging, to challenge all persons on or near my post, and to allow no one to pass without proper authority.**

186. During challenging hours, if a sentinel sees any person or party on or near his post, he will advance rapidly along his post toward such person or party and when within about thirty yards will challenge sharply, **"HALT. Who is there?"** He will place himself in the best possible position to receive, or, if necessary, to arrest the person or party.

187. In case a mounted party be challenged, the sentinel will call, **"HALT. DISMOUNT. Who is there?"**

188. The sentinel will permit only one of any party to approach him for the purpose of giving the countersign (pars. 209 to 217), or if no countersign be used, of being duly recognized. When this is done, the whole party is advanced, i. e., allowed to pass.

189. In all cases the sentinel must satisfy himself beyond a reasonable doubt that the parties are what they represent themselves to be and have a right to pass. If he is not satisfied, he must cause them to stand and call the corporal of the guard. So, likewise, if he have no authority to pass persons with the countersign, or when the party has not the countersign, or gives an incorrect one.

190. A sentinel will not permit any person to approach so close as to prevent the proper use of his own weapon before recognizing the person or receiving the countersign.

191. When two or more persons approach in one party, the sentinel on receiving an answer that indicates that some one in the party has the countersign, will say, **"Advance one with the countersign,"** and, if the countersign is given correctly, will then say, **"Advance (so and so),"** repeating the answer to his challenge. Thus, if the answer be, **"Relief (friends with the countersign, patrol, etc.),"** the sentinel will say, **"Advance one with the countersign"**; then, **"Advance relief (friends, patrol, etc.)."**

192. If a person having the countersign approach alone, he is advanced to give the countersign. Thus, if the answer be, **"Friend with the countersign (or officer of the day, or etc.),"** the sentinel will say, **"Advance, friend (or officer of the day, or etc.) with the countersign"**; then, **"Advance, friend (or officer of the day, or etc.)."**

193. If two or more persons approach a sentinel's post from different directions at the same time, all such persons are challenged in turn and required to halt and to remain halted until advanced.

The senior is first advanced, in accordance with the foregoing rules.

194. If a party is already advanced and in communication with a sentinel, the latter will challenge any other party that may approach; if the party challenged be senior to the one already on his post, the sentinel will advance the new party at once. The senior may allow him to advance any or all of the other parties; otherwise the sentinel will not advance any of them until the senior leaves him. He will then advance the senior only of the remaining parties, and so on.

195. The following order of rank will govern a sentinel in advancing different persons or parties approaching his post: Commanding officer, officer of the day, officer

of the guard, officers, patrols, reliefs, noncommissioned officers of the guard in order of rank, friends.

196. A sentinel will never allow himself to be surprised, nor permit two parties to advance upon him at the same time.

197. If no countersign be used, the rules for challenging are the same. The rules for advancing parties are modified only as follows: Instead of saying **"Advance (so and so) with the countersign,"** the sentinel will say, **"Advance (so and so) to be recognized."** Upon recognition he will say, **"Advance (so and so)."**

198. Answers to a sentinel's challenge intended to confuse or mislead him are prohibited, but the use of such an answer as **"Friends with the countersign,"** is not to be understood as misleading, but as the usual answer made by officers, patrols, etc., when the purpose of their visit makes it desirable that their official capacity should not be announced.

SPECIAL ORDERS FOR SENTINELS AT THE POST OF THE GUARD

199. Sentinels posted at the guard will be required to memorize the following:

Between reveille and retreat to turn out the guard for all persons designated by the commanding officer, for all colors or standards not cased, and in time of war for all armed parties approaching my post, except troops at drill and reliefs and detachments of the guard.

At night, after challenging any person or party, to advance no one, but call the corporal of the guard, repeating the answer to the challenge.

200. After receiving an answer to his challenge, the sentinel calls, **"Corporal of the guard (so and so),"** repeating the answer to the challenge.

He does not in such cases repeat the number of his post.

201. He remains in the position assumed in challenging until the corporal has recognized or advanced the person or party challenged, when he resumes walking his post, or, if the person or party be entitled thereto, he salutes and, as soon as the salute has been acknowledged, resumes walking his post.

202. The sentinel at the post of the guard will be notified by direction of the commanding officer of the presence in camp or garrison of persons entitled to the compliment. (Par. 224.)

203. The following examples illustrate the manner in which the sentinel at the post of the guard will turn out the guard upon the approach of persons or parties entitled to the compliment (pars. 224, 227, and 228): **"Turn out the guard, Commanding Officer"**; **"Turn out the guard, Governor of a Territory"**; **"Turn out the guard, national colors"**; **"Turn out the guard, armed party"**; etc.

At the approach of the new guard at guard mounting the sentinel will call **"Turn out the guard, armed party."**

204. Should the person named by the sentinel not desire the guard formed, he will salute, whereupon the sentinel will call **"Never mind the guard."**

205. After having called **"Turn out the guard,"** the sentinel will never call **"Never mind the guard,"** on the approach of an armed party.

206. Though the guard be already formed, he will not fail to call **"Turn out the guard,"** as required in his special orders, except that the guard will not be turned out for any person while his senior is at or coming to the post of the guard.

207. The sentinels at the post of the guard will warn the commander of the approach of any armed body and of the presence in the vicinity of all suspicious or disorderly persons.

208. In case of fire or disorder in sight or hearing, the sentinel at the guardhouse will call the corporal of the guard and report the facts to him.

COUNTERSIGNS AND PAROLES

209. Forty-fourth Article of War. Any person belonging to the armies of the United States who makes known the watchword to any person not entitled to receive it, according to the rules and discipline of war, or presumes to give a parole or watchword different from that which he received, shall suffer death or such other punishment as a court-martial may direct. (See par. 171.)

210. The **countersign** is a word given daily from the principal headquarters of a command to aid guards and sentinels in identifying persons who may be authorized to pass at night.

It is given to such persons as may be authorized to pass and repass sentinels' posts during the night, and to officers, noncommissioned officers, and sentinels of the guard.

211. The **parole** is a word used as a check on the countersign in order to obtain more accurate identification of persons. It is imparted only to those who are entitled to inspect guards and to commanders of guards.

The parole, or countersign, or both, are sent sealed in the form of an order to those entitled to them.

212. When the commander of the guard demands the parole, he will advance and receive it as the corporal receives the countersign. (See par. 133.)

213. As the communications containing the parole and countersign must at times be distributed by many orderlies, the parole intrusted to many officers, and the countersign and parole to many officers and sentinels, and as both the countersign and parole must, for large commands, be prepared several days in advance, there is always danger of their being lost or becoming known to persons who would make improper use of them; moreover, a sentinel is too apt to take it for granted that any person who gives the right countersign is what he represents himself to be; hence for outpost duty there is greater security in omitting the use of the countersign and parole, or in using them with great caution. The chief reliance should be upon personal recognition or identification of all persons claiming authority to pass.

Persons whose sole means of identification is the countersign, or concerning whose authority to pass there is a reasonable doubt, should not be allowed to pass without the authority of the corporal of the guard after proper investigation; the corporal will take to his next superior any person about whom he is not competent to decide.

214. The **countersign** is usually the name of a battle; the **parole**, that of a general or other distinguished person.

215. When they cannot be communicated daily, a series of words for some days in advance may be sent to posts or detachments that are to use the same parole or countersign as the main body.

216. If the countersign be lost, or if a member of the guard desert with it, the commander on the spot will substitute another for it and report the case at once to headquarters.

217. In addition to the countersign, use may be made of preconcerted signals, such as striking the rifle with the hand or striking the hands together a certain number of times, as agreed upon. Such signals may be used only by guards that occupy exposed points.

They are used before the countersign is given, and must not be communicated to anyone not entitled to know the countersign. Their use is intended to prevent the surprise of a sentinel.

In the daytime signals such as raising a cap or a handkerchief in a prearranged manner may be used by sentinels to communicate with the guard or with each other.

GUARD PATROLS

218. A guard patrol consists of one or more men detailed for the performance of some special service connected with guard duty.

219. If the patrol be required to go beyond the chain of sentinels, the officer or noncommissioned officer in charge will be furnished with the countersign, and the outposts and sentinels warned.

220. If challenged by a sentinel, the patrol is halted by its commander, and the noncommissioned officer accompanying it advances alone and gives the countersign.

WATCHMEN

221. Enlisted men may be detailed as watchmen or as overseers over prisoners, and as such will receive their orders and perform their duties as the commanding officer may direct.

COMPLIMENTS FROM GUARDS

222. The compliment from a guard consists in the guard turning out and presenting arms. (See par. 50.) No compliments will be paid between retreat and reveille except as provided in paragraphs 361 and 362, nor will any person other than those named in paragraph 224 receive the compliment.

223. Though a guard does not turn out between retreat and reveille as a matter of compliment, it may be turned out for inspection at any time by a person entitled to inspect it.

224. Between reveille and retreat the following persons are entitled to the compliment: The President, sovereign or chief magistrate of a foreign country, and members of a royal family; Vice-President; President and President pro tempore of the Senate; American and foreign ambassadors; members of the Cabinet; Chief Justice; Speaker of the House of Representatives; committees of Congress officially visiting a military post; governors within their respective States and Territories; governors general;[a] Assistant Secretary of War officially visiting a military post; all general officers of the Army; general officers of foreign services visiting a post; naval, marine, volunteer, and militia officers in the service of the United States and holding the rank of general officer; American or foreign envoys or ministers; ministers accredited to the United States; chargés d'affaires accredited to the United States; consuls general accredited to the United States; commanding officer of a coast artillery district, coast defense command, post, fort or camp; officer of the day.

225. The relative rank between officers of the Army and Navy is as follows: General with admiral, lieutenant general with vice admiral, major general with rear admiral, brigadier general with commodore,[b] colonel with captain, lieutenant colonel with commander, major with lieutenant commander, captain with lieutenant, first lieutenant with lieutenant (junior grade), second lieutenant with ensign. (A. R. 12.)

226. Sentinels will not be required to memorize paragraph 224, and except in the cases of general officers of the Army, the commanding officer, and the officer of the day, they will be advised in each case of the presence in camp or garrison of persons entitled to the compliment.

227. Guards will turn out and present arms when the national or regimental colors or standards, not cased, are carried past by guard or an armed party. This rule also applies when the party carrying the colors is at drill. If the drill is conducted in the vicinity of the guardhouse, the guard will be turned out when the colors first pass, and not thereafter.

228. In case the remains of a deceased officer or soldier are carried past, the guard will turn out and present arms.

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[a] The term "governors general" shall be taken to mean administrative officers under whom officers with the title of governor are acting.

[b] The grade of commodore ceased to exist as a grade on the active list of the Navy of the United States on Mar. 3, 1899. By section 7 of the act of Mar. 3, 1899, the nine junior rear admirals are authorized to receive the pay and allowances of a brigadier general of the Army.

229. In time of war all guards will turn out under arms when armed parties, except troops at drill and reliefs or detachments of the guard, approach their post. (See par. 53.)

230. The commander of the guard will be notified of the presence in camp or garrison of all persons entitled to the compliment, except general officers of the Army, the commanding officer, and the officer of the day. Members of the guard will salute all persons entitled to the compliment and all officers in the military or naval service of foreign powers, officers of the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps, officers of volunteers, and officers of militia when in uniform.

GENERAL RULES CONCERNING GUARD DUTY

231. Thirty-sixth Article of War. No soldier shall hire another to do his duty for him.

232. Thirty-eighth Article of War. Any soldier who is found drunk on his guard, party, or other duty shall suffer such punishment as a court-martial may direct.

233. All material instructions given to a member of the guard by an officer having authority will be promptly communicated to the commander of the guard by the officer giving them.

234. Should the guard be formed, soldiers will fall in ranks under arms. At roll call, each man, as his name or number and relief are called, will answer "Here," and come to an **order arms.**

235. Whenever the guard or a relief is dismissed, each member not at once required for duty will place his rifle in the arms racks, if they be provided, and will not remove it therefrom unless he requires it in the performance of some duty.

236. Without permission from the commander of the guard, members of the main guard, except orderlies, will not leave the immediate vicinity of the guard house. Permission to leave will not be granted except in cases of necessity.

237. Members of the main guard, except orderlies, will not remove their accouterments or clothing without permission from the commander of the guard. (Par. 66.)

PRISONERS

238. Articles of war 66, 67, 68, 69, and 70 have special reference to the confinement of prisoners and should be carefully borne in mind.

239. The commander of the guard will place a civilian in confinement on an order from higher authority only, unless such civilian is arrested while in the act of committing some crime within the limits of the military jurisdiction; in which case the commanding officer will be immediately notified.

240. Except as provided in the twenty-fourth article of war, or when restraint is necessary, no soldier will be confined without the order of an officer, who shall previously inquire into his offense. (A. R. 930.)

241. An officer ordering a soldier into confinement will send, as soon as practicable, a written statement, signed by himself, to the commander of the guard, setting forth the name, company and regiment of such soldier, and a brief statement of the alleged offense. It is a sufficient statement of the offense to give the number and article of war under which the soldier is charged.

242. A prisoner, after his first day of confinement, and until his sentence has been duly promulgated, is considered as held in confinement by the commanding officer. After due promulgation of his sentence, the prisoner is held in confinement by authority of the officer who reviews the proceedings of the court awarding sentence. The commander of the guard will state in his report, in the proper place, the name of the officer by whom the prisoner was originally confined.

243. Enlisted men against whom charges have been preferred will be designated as "awaiting trial"; enlisted men who have been tried will, prior to the promulgation of the result, be designated as "awaiting result of trial"; enlisted men serving sentence of confinement, not involving dishonorable discharge, will be designated as "garrison prisoners." Persons sentenced to dismissal or dishonorable discharge and to terms of confinement at military posts or elsewhere will be designated as "general prisoners." (A. R. 928.)

244. The sentences of prisoners will be read to them when the order promulgating the same is received. The officer of the guard, or the officer of the day if there be no officer of the guard, will read them unless the commanding officer shall direct otherwise.

245. When the date for the commencement of a term of confinement imposed by sentence of a court-martial is not expressly fixed by sentence, the term of confinement begins on the date of the order promulgating it. The sentence is continuous until the term expires, except when the person sentenced is absent without authority. (A. R. 969.)

246. When soldiers awaiting trial or the result of trial, or undergoing sentence, commit offenses for which they are tried, the second sentence will be executed upon the expiration of the first.

247. Prisoners awaiting trial by, or undergoing sentence of a general court-martial, and those confined for serious offenses, will be kept apart, when practicable, from those confined by sentence of an inferior court, or for minor offenses. Enlisted men in confinement for minor offenses, or awaiting trial or the result of trial for the same, will ordinarily be sent to work under charge of unarmed overseers instead of armed sentinels, and will be required to attend drills unless the commanding officer shall direct otherwise.

248. Prisoners, other than general prisoners, will be furnished with food from their respective companies or from the organizations to which they may be temporarily attached.

The food of prisoners will, when practicable, be sent to their places of confinement, but post commanders may arrange to send the prisoners, under proper guard, to their messes for meals.

When there is no special mess for general prisoners, they will be attached for rations to companies.

Enlisted men bringing meals for the prisoners will not be allowed to enter the prison room. (See par. 289.)

249. With the exception of those specially designated by the commanding officer, no prisoners will be allowed to leave the guard house unless under charge of a sentinel and passed by an officer or noncommissioned officer of the guard. The commanding officer may authorize certain garrison prisoners and paroled general prisoners to leave the guardhouse, not under the charge of a sentinel, for the purpose of working outside under such surveillance and restrictions as he may impose.

250. Prisoners reporting themselves sick at sick call, or at the time designated by the commanding officer, will be sent to the hospital under charge of proper guard, with a sick report kept for the purpose. The recommendation of the surgeon will be entered in the guard report.

251. The security of sick prisoners in the hospital devolves upon the post surgeon, who will, if necessary, apply to the post commander for a guard.

252. Prisoners will be paraded with the guard only when directed by the commanding officer or the officer of the day.

253. A prisoner under charge of a sentinel will not salute an officer.

254. All serviceable clothing which belongs to a prisoner, and his blankets, will accompany him to the post designated for his confinement, and will be fully itemized on the clothing list sent to that post. The guard in charge of the prisoner during transfer will be furnished with a duplicate of this list and will be held responsible for the delivery of all articles itemized therein, with the prisoner. At least one serviceable woolen blanket will be sent with every such prisoner so transferred. (A. R. 939.)

255. When mattresses are not supplied, each prisoner in the guardhouse will be allowed a bed sack and thirty pounds of straw per month for bedding. So far as practicable, iron bunks will be furnished to all prisoners in post guardhouses and prison rooms. (A. R. 1084.)

256. If the number of prisoners, including general prisoners, confined at a post justifies it, the commanding officer will detail a commissioned officer as "officer in charge of prisoners." At posts where the average number of prisoners continually in confinement is less than twelve, the detail of an officer in charge of prisoners will not be made.

RULES AND REGULATIONS FOR THE GOVERNMENT OF GENERAL PRISONERS AT POSTS

257. The officer in charge of prisoners, when one is detailed, will make a daily inspection of the cells and prison rooms and will inspect the food and submit to the commanding officer any complaints about the same.

258. He will have charge of the property, money, and valuables belonging to general prisoners, which they are not permitted to keep in their possession, and will disburse said money, when desired by the owner, for purposes approved by the commanding officer. If there be no officer in charge of prisoners, this duty will be intrusted to the adjutant.

259. No general prisoner will be released from confinement except on an order communicated by the commanding officer, who, before giving such order, will verify the date of expiration of the prisoner's sentence by examining all orders fixing or modifying the term of confinement.

260. The following records and reports will be kept: Record of general prisoner, on blank supplied by the Adjutant General's Department; morning report, and clothing book (ordinary blank book without special ruling furnished by the Quartermaster's Department).

261. Paragraphs 262 to 295 of this manual will be read to or by every general prisoner as soon as practicable after his confinement, and a copy of these rules and regulations, which will be furnished by the Adjutant General's Department, will be kept posted in each cell and room.

262. After a general prisoner, who is serving sentence at a post, has served one-half of his sentence, he may submit to the commanding officer of the post an application to be placed upon parole during working hours for the remainder of the term of confinement. Such application will contain a pledge on the part of the applicant to comply with all general conditions under which general prisoners may be paroled, and also with any special requirements that may from time to time be made of him. Upon receipt of such an application, the post commander may, in the exercise of his discretion, parole the prisoner during working hours for work in the Quartermaster Corps upon condition that if the prisoner's conduct is not good the parole status will be forfeited. The granting of the qualified parole here authorized does not constitute a release of the prisoner from military custody or control, but merely authorizes a relaxation of the strict rule which would otherwise require the presence of a guard whenever the prisoner is outside of the guardhouse. In determining what constitutes one-half of a sentence, the calculation will be based upon the prisoner's term without deduction for good conduct. The authorized abatement for good conduct will continue to accrue during the good conduct of a general prisoner on parole. (A. R. 943.) No paroled general prisoner will be employed about the post exchange or the quarters of any officer except as a mechanic or laborer under the direction of the quartermaster.

263. Every general prisoner on admission will be minutely searched and will be permitted to retain in his

possession only proper clothing and necessary toilet articles. He will then be required to bathe, his hair will be cut close, and his beard, whiskers, and mustache trimmed.

264. General prisoners will bathe at least once a week and will wear their hair short. The hair and beard of a general prisoner may be allowed to grow during the last month of his confinement.

265. All articles of personal property taken from a general prisoner will be marked with his name and stored until he is released, when they will be returned to him.

266. The prison rooms will be properly policed, good order and quiet demeanor maintained, and necessary measures taken for security. The names of occupants of cells will be posted on the doors. Each cell and prison room will be inspected at least once a day for the purpose of detecting contraband articles and of seeing whether any alterations have been made or attempted which might facilitate escape.

267. The diet of general prisoners shall be determined by the commanding officer. A general prisoner confined on bread-and-water diet will receive an allowance of 18 ounces of bread each day and as much water as he may desire.

268. Meals will be served in prison rooms or cells when no separate mess is provided. Ample time and a sufficient quantity of food will be allowed for each meal.

269. Each general prisoner will be furnished with and will have at all times one complete suit of outer clothing, two complete suits of underclothing, one pair of shoes, one hat, and one or two blankets, depending on the temperature. The outer clothing of general prisoners will be conspicuously marked "P" and divested of all ornament. When released such prisoner will have in his possession a serviceable suit of clothing, the outer garments bearing no prison mark.

270. At the weekly inspection each general prisoner will stand by his bed or bunk, and the inspecting officer will see that the rules for cleanliness have been observed. The bedding and clothing will be folded, clothing on top of the bedding. General prisoners will be held to a strict accountability for clothing in their possession, and they are forbidden to alter it without authority.

271. General prisoners will be kept at hard labor daily except Sunday, January 1, February 22, May 30, July 4, Labor Day, Thanksgiving Day, and Christmas Day, but in case of pressing necessity they may be employed on these days. So far as practicable, they will perform all scavenger duties at the post. They will not be employed in cultivating company or private gardens, nor upon ordinary police about stables or barracks.

272. General prisoners who desire an interview with the commanding officer will make application to the officer in charge, stating the purpose. The officer in charge will receive oral complaints which may be made by them, and will notify them of his action. Complaints in writing will also be addressed to him, and will be laid before the commanding officer with such information as he may possess bearing on the case. If there be no officer detailed in charge of prisoners, officer of the day will receive application for interviews, complaints, etc., under this paragraph.

273. Wrongs will be righted, if possible, but those who make frivolous or untruthful complaints will be punished. General prisoners will be permitted to submit explanations for offenses for which reported. No general prisoner will sign any protest or petition in conjunction with other prisoners; each will make his own complaints or requests.

274. A record will be kept of all reports against general prisoners, with the disciplinary punishment awarded in each case.

275. Except as otherwise ordered by the commanding officer, general prisoners will be constantly under charge of the guard, and in the event of mutiny, attempted outbreak or escape, or any disorder immediate action will be taken by the guard and enough force used to restore order. The force used on any case will be limited to that necessary to the enforcement of these rules, the preservation of order, and the proper control of prisoners.

276. No disciplinary punishment will be inflicted upon general prisoners unless by direction of the commanding officer, and then only after a full investigation of each case.

277. A general prisoner who violates any of these rules, who is insolent, insubordinate, disrespectful, or disorderly, or who uses indecent or profane language may be disciplined by—

(*a*) Being deprived of a meal.
(*b*) Being locked in his cell when not at work.

(*c*) Perfoming extra hard or disagreeable labor.
(*d*) Solitary confinement on bread-and-water diet,
(*e*) Forfeiture of good-conduct time.

In addition to being disciplined as indicated he may also be tried by court-martial if the gravity of the offense so demands.

Solitary confinement on bread and water will not exceed 14 consecutive days at any one period, and will not be repeated until an interval of 14 days shall have elapsed and shall not exceed 84 days in one year.

278. No good-conduct time can be forfeited in advance. When it is necessary to discipline a general prisoner who has none to his credit, the punishment must take some other form.

279. Any general prisoner who attempts to escape will forfeit all good-conduct time previously earned. A recaptured prisoner will suffer the same forfeiture. In either case, the prisoner may, in addition, be tried by court-martial.

280. A general prisoner who refuses to work may, for the first offense, be closely confined and deprived of his next meal, but food will be allowed him as soon as he consents to resume work; and he may be further punished for his offense by loss of not more than 20 days' good-conduct time, or by being locked in his cell for not more than 30 days, except when at work.

281. Letters will be sent out by general prisoners through the officer in charge or officer of the day. Each prisoner will be permitted to write to his family or friends once in each month, all letters to be submitted unsealed (without stamp or envelope) for inspection. Paper will be furnished to prisoners for official as well as private communications.

282. Prison authorities without the consent of a general prisoner will not open and inspect letters addressed to him. Such letters may, however, be retained unopened until the prisoner is released, or his letters otherwise disposed of under judicial process.

283. General prisoners will be permitted to make application for clemency as soon after their arrival at a post for confinement as they may desire, but thereafter not until six months shall have elapsed since the date of final action upon the last application. Applications should be addressed to the officer in charge (or the officer of the day), but applicants may state to what authority they wish to appeal.

284. Applications for clemency should be based on

reasonable grounds. Good conduct is rewarded by an allowance of good-conduct time, but does not of itself furnish any claim to clemency or further mitigation of sentence. It will aid, however, in obtaining favorable consideration for applications based upon other grounds.

285. General prisoners, other than those confined in penitentiaries, will be allowed in abatement of their terms of confinement, when serving sentences of over 3 months and not over 12 months, 5 days for each complete period of 25 days during the whole of which their conduct has been good; but the abatement of 5 days so authorized shall not have the effect in any case of reducing the confinement below 3 months. On sentences exceeding 1 year there will be allowed the foregoing abatement for the first year of the sentence, including abatement, and thereafter 10 days for each complete period of 20 days during the whole of which the conduct of the prisoners has been good. Abatements thus authorized may be forfeited wholly or in part by subsequent misconduct, such forfeiture to be determined by the commanding officer of the post where the prisoner is confined. A general prisoner serving sentence in a penitentiary will receive the abatement authorized for convicts in that pentientiary (A. R. 942.)

286. In order to secure uniformity in computing abatement of terms of confinement, the following method of computation will be used:

A general prisoner will be credited at the beginning of his confinement with all the good-conduct time that can be earned in his case during the entire period of his sentence. All months will be assumed to consist of 30 days. When forfeitures of good-conduct time are imposed they will be deducted from the amount of the prisoner's credit, but care will be taken not to impose or deduct a forfeiture in excess of the amount of good-conduct time that has actually been earned at date of forfeiture. (A. R. 942.) Except when the loss of good-conduct time is prescribed for specific offenses, the other minor penalties enumerated in paragraph 275 will ordinarily be inflicted before resort is had to loss of good-conduct time.

287. Talking, gazing about, or laughing in ranks is prohibited. General prisoners who are not at work will stand at attention when addressed by an officer or noncommissioned officer. Those at work will, under no circumstances, leave their places of employment without the permission of the noncommissioned officer or sentinel in charge of the party.

288. A general prisoner desiring to speak to a sentinel will hold up his hand as a signal for the desired permission.

289. No persons will be permitted to enter the prison rooms without authority from the commanding officer, the officer of the day, or the officer in charge.

290. The beds will be neatly made up as soon as the cells are unlocked. The night buckets will be emptied, cleaned, and put in the place provided for them during the day. A small quantity of disinfecting fluid will be placed in each bucket, and the buckets will be taken into the cells immediately after supper.

291. Spitting on the walls or floors of cells and prison rooms, or defacing them, is forbidden. Any general prisoner who makes unnecessary litter or dirt in the prison will be reported to the officer in charge or officer of the day.

292. Trafficking with general prisoners is forbidden.

293. General prisoners will be in bed at taps. Loud talking or loud noises of any kind will not be permitted at any time. Strict silence is enjoined after tattoo.

294. General prisoners will be respectful in their treatment of one another. They are forbidden to hold any conversation with soldiers or citizens, except on a matter of duty, without authority from the commanding officer, officer of the day, or officer in charge.

295. A record of all violations of these rules will be kept by the provost sergeant or commander of the guard, and report of the same will be made to the officer in charge of prisoners or the officer of the day, in time to accompany the morning report of general prisoners.

296. The foregoing rules will be enforced with reference to garrison prisoners so far as applicable.

297. Garrison prisoners will be allowed in abatement of their terms of confinement when serving sentences of 1 month, 5 days for good conduct. On sentences exceeding 1 month they will be allowed the foregoing abatement for the first month of the sentence, and thereafter 10 days for each complete period of 20 days during the whole of which their conduct has been good. Abatements thus authorized may be forfeited, wholly or in part, by subsequent misconduct, such forfeiture to be determined by the commanding officer of the post where the prisoner is confined. (A.R. 942.)

298. After a garrison prisoner has served one-half of his sentence he may, if his enlistment has not expired, submit to the commander of the post where the sentence is being executed a request to be put on probation for the remainder of the term of confinement adjudged, and upon the request being granted the soldier will be restored to duty upon condition that if his conduct is not good while on probation he will be required to serve the remainder of his sentence. In determining what constituted one-half of a sentence the calculation will be based upon the prisoner's term without deduction for good conduct. The authorized abatement for good conduct will continue to accrue during the good conduct of a garrison prisoner on probation. (A. R. 943.)

GUARDING PRISONERS

299. The sentinel at the post of the guard has charge of the prisoners except when they have been turned over to the prisoner guard or overseers. (Pars. 247 and 300 to 304.)

(*a*) **He will allow none to escape.**

(*b*) **He will allow none to cross his post leaving the guardhouse except when passed by an officer or noncommissioned officer of the guard.**

(*c*) **He will allow no one to communicate with prisoners without permission from proper authority.**

(*d*) **He will promptly report to the corporal of the guard any suspicious noise made by the prisoners.**

(*e*) **He will be prepared to tell whenever asked how many prisoners are in the guardhouse and how many are out at work or elsewhere.**

Whenever prisoners are brought to his post returning from work or elsewhere, he will halt them and call the corporal of the guard, notifying him of the number of prisoners returning. Thus: **"Corporal of the guard, (so many) prisoners."**

He will not allow prisoners to pass into the guardhouse until the corporal of the guard has responded to the call and ordered him to do so.

300. Whenever practicable special guards will be detailed for the particular duty of guarding working parties composed of such prisoners as can not be placed under overseers. (Par. 247.)

301. The prisoner guard and overseers will be commanded by the police officer; if there be no police officer, then by the officer of the day.

302. The provost sergeant is sergeant of the prisoner guard and overseers, and as such receives orders from the commanding officer and the commander of the prisoner guard only.

303. Details for prisoner guard are marched to the guardhouse and mounted by being inspected by the commander of the main guard, who determines whether all of the men are in proper condition to perform their duties and whether their arms and equipments are in proper condition, and rejects any men found unfit.

304. When prisoners have been turned over to the prisoner guard or overseers, such guards or overseers are responsible for them under their commander, and all responsibility and control of the main guard ceases until they are returned to the main guard. (Par. 306.)

305. If a prisoner attempts to escape, the sentinel will call **"Halt"** If he fails to halt when the sentinel has once repeated his call, and if there be no other possible means of preventing his escape, the sentinel will fire upon him.

The following will more fully explain the important duties of a sentinel in this connection:

(CIRCULAR.)

WAR DEPARTMENT,
ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,
Washington, November 1, 1887.

By direction of the Secretary of War the following is published for the information of the Army:

United States Circuit Court, Eastern District of Michigan, August 1, 1887.

The United States *v.* James Clark

The circuit court has jurisdiction of a homicide committed by one soldier upon another within a military reservation of the United States.

If a homicide be committed by a military guard without malice and in the performance of his supposed duty as a soldier, such homicide is excusable, unless it was manifestly beyond the scope of his authority or was such that a man of ordinary sense and understanding would know that it was illegal.

It seems that the sergeant of the guard has a right to shoot a military convict if there be no other possible means of preventing his escape.

The common law distinction between felonies and misdemeanors has no application to military offenses.

While the finding of a court of inquiry acquitting the prisoner of all blame is not a legal bar to a prosecution, it is entitled to weight as an expression of the views of the military court of the necessity of using a musket to prevent the escape of the deceased.

*   *   *   *   *   *

By order of the Secretary of War:

R. C. Drum,
Adjutant General.

The following is taken from Circular No. 3 of 1883, from Headquarters Department of the Columbia:

Vancouver Barracks, W. T.,
April 20, 1883.

To the Assistant Adjutant General,
Department of the Columbia.

Sir:

*   *   *   *   *   *

A sentinel is placed as guard over prisoners to prevent their escape, and for this purpose he is furnished a musket, with ammunition. To prevent escape is his first and most important duty.

*   *   *   *   *   *

I suppose the law to be this: That a sentinel shall not use more force or violence to prevent the escape of a prisoner than is necessary to effect that object, but if the prisoner, after being ordered to halt, continues his flight, the sentinel may maim or even kill him, and it is his duty to do so.

A sentinel who allows a prisoner to escape without firing upon him and firing to hit him, is, in my judgment, guilty of a most serious military offense, for which he should and would be severely punished by a general court-martial.

*   *   *   *   *   *

(Signed) Henry A. Morrow,
Colonel 21st Infantry, Commanding Post.

[Third indorsement]

Office Judge Advocate,
Military Division of the Pacific,
May 11, 1883.

Respectfully returned to the Assistant Adjutant General, Military Division of the Pacific, concurring fully in the views expressed by Colonel Morrow. I was not aware that such a view had ever been questioned. That the period is a time of *peace* does not affect the authority and duty of the sentinel or guard to fire upon the escaping prisoner, if this escape cannot otherwise be prevented. He should, of course, attempt to stop the prisoner before firing, by ordering him to halt, and will properly warn him by the words, "Halt, or I fire," or words to such effect.

W. Winthrop,
Judge Advocate.

[Fourth indorsement]

Headquarters Military Division of the Pacific,
May 11, 1883.

Respectfully returned to the Commanding General, Department of the Columbia, approving the opinion of the commanding officer, Twenty-first Infantry, and of the Judge Advocate of the Division, in respect to the duty of and method to be adopted by sentinels in preventing prisoners from escaping.

*   *   *   *   *   *

By command of Major General Schofield:

J. C. Kelton,
Assistant Adjutant General.

See also Circular No. 53, A. G. O., December 22, 1900

306. On approaching the post of the sentinel at the guardhouse, a sentinel of the prisoner guard or an overseer in charge of prisoners will halt them and call, **"No. 1, (so many) prisoners."** He will not allow them to cross the post of the sentinel until so directed by the corporal of the guard.

307. Members of the prisoner guard and overseers placed over prisoners for work will receive specific and explicit instructions covering the required work; they will be held strictly responsible that the prisoners under their charge properly and satisfactorily perform the designated work.

STABLE GUARDS

308. Under the head of stable guards will be included guards for cavalry stables, artillery stables and parks, mounted infantry stables, machine-gun organization stables and parks and quartermaster stables and parks. Where the words "troop" and "cavalry" are used they will be held to include all of these organizations.

309. When troop stable guards are mounted they will guard the stables of the cavalry (see par. 13). When no stable guards are mounted, the stables will be guarded by sentinels posted from the main guard, under the control of the officer of the day.

The instructions given for troop stable guard will be observed as far as applicable by the noncommissioned officers and sentinels of the main guard when in charge of the stables.

TROOP STABLE GUARDS

310. Troop stable guards will not be used except in the field, or when it is impracticable to guard the stables by sentinels from the main guard.

311. Troop stable guards will be under the immediate control of their respective troop commanders; they will be posted in each cavalry stable, or near the picket line, and will consist of not less than one noncommissioned officer and three privates.

Stable guards are for the protection of the horses, stables, forage, equipments, and public property generally. They will in addition enforce the special regulations in regard to stables, horses, and parks.

312. Sentinels of stable guards will be posted at the stables or at the picket lines when the horses are kept outside. The troop stable guard may be used as a herd guard during the day time or when grazing is practicable.

313. The troop stable guard, when authorized by the post commander, will be mounted under the supervision of the troop commander. It will be armed, at the discretion of the troop commander, with either rifle or pistol.

314. The tour continues for 24 hours, or until the guard is relieved by a new guard.

315. The employment of stable guards for police and fatigue duties at the stables is forbidden; but this will not prohibit them from being required to assist in feeding grain before reveille.

316. The troop stable guard will attend stables with the rest of the troop and groom their own horses, the sentinels being taken off post for the purpose.

317. Neither the noncommissioned officer nor the members of the stable guard will absent themselves from the immediate vicinity of the stables except in case of urgent necessity, and then for no longer time than is absolutely necessary. No member of the guard will leave for any purpose without the authority of the noncommissioned officer of the guard.

318. The noncommissioned officer and one member of the stable guard will go for meals at the proper hour; upon their return the other members of the guard will be directed to go by the noncommissioned officer.

319. When the horses are herded each troop will furnish its own herd guard. (Par. 14.)

320. Smoking in the stables or their immediate vicinity is prohibited. No fire or light, other than electric light or stable lanterns, will be permitted in the stables. A special place will be designated for trimming, filling, and lighting lanterns.

NONCOMMISSIONED OFFICER OF THE TROOP STABLE GUARD

321. The noncommissioned officer receives his orders from his troop commander, to whom he will report immediately after posting his first relief, and when relieved will turn over all his orders to his successor. He instructs his sentinels in their general and special duties; exercises general supervision over his entire guard; exacts order and cleanliness about the guardroom; prevents the introduction of intoxicants into the guardhouse and stables; receives, by count, from his predecessor, the animals, horse equipments, and all property (both private and public) pertaining thereto; examines, before relieving his predecessor, all locks, windows, and doors, and should any be found insecure he will report the fact to his troop commander when he reports for orders. He will personally post and relieve each sentinel, taking care to verify the property responsibility of the sentinel who comes off post, and see that the sentinel who goes on post is aware of the property responsibility that he assumes.

322. That the noncommissioned officer may be more thoroughly informed of his responsibility, all horses returning, except those from a regular formation, will be reported to him. He will then notify the sentinel on post, and, in the absence of the stable sergeant, will see that the horses are promptly cared for.

In case of abuse, he will promptly report to the troop commander. Should the horse be the private property of an officer, he will report such abuse to the owner.

323. The noncommissioned officer will report any unusual occurrence during his tour direct to his troop commander.

324. Horses and other property for which the noncommissioned officer is responsible will not be taken from the stables without the authority of the post or troop commander.

325. The noncommissioned officer must answer the sentinel's calls promptly.

326. In case of fire, the noncommissioned officer will see that the requirements of paragraph 334 are promptly carried out.

327. Whenever it becomes necessary for the noncommissioned officer to leave his guard, he will designate a member of it to take charge and assume his responsibility during his absence.

SENTINELS OF THE TROOP STABLE GUARD

328. The sentinel in the discharge of his duties will be governed by the regulations for sentinels of the main guard whenever they are applicable—such as courtesies to officers, walking post in a soldierly manner, challenging, etc.; he will not turn out the guard except when ordered by proper authority.

329. The sentinel will receive orders from the commanding officer, the troop commander, and the noncommissioned officers of the stable guard only, except when the commanding officer directs the officer of the day to inspect the stable guard.

330. In the field and elsewhere when directed by the commanding officer the sentinel when posted will verify the number of horses for which he is responsible, and when relieved will give the number to his successor.

331. The sentinel will not permit any horse or equipments to be taken from the stables, except in the presence of the noncommissioned officer.

332. Should a horse get loose, the sentinel will catch him and tie him up. If he be unable to catch the horse, the noncommissioned officer will at once be notified. In case a horse be cast, or in any way entangled, he will relieve him, if possible; if unable to relieve him, he will call the noncommissioned officer. Sentinels are forbidden to punish or maltreat a horse.

333. When a horse is taken sick, the sentinel will notify the noncommissioned officer, who in turn will call the farrier, and see that the horse is properly attended to.

334. In case of fire the sentinel will give the alarm by stepping outside the stable and firing his pistol or piece repeatedly, and calling out at the same time, **"Fire, stables, Troop (————)."**

As soon as the guard is alarmed, he will take the necessary precautions in opening or closing the doors so as to prevent the spreading of the fire and make it possible to remove the horses; he will drop the chains and bars, and, with the other members of the guard, proceed to lead out the horses and secure them at the picket line or such other place as may have been previously designated.

335. Sentinels over horses, or in charge of prisoners, receive orders from the stable sergeant, so far as the care of the horses and the labor of prisoners are concerned.

336. In field artillery and machine-gun organizations, the guard for the stables has charge of the guns, caissons, etc., with their ammunition and stores, as well as the horses, harness, and forage.

FLAGS

337. The garrison, post, and storm flags are national flags and shall be of bunting. The union of each is as described in paragraph 216, Army Regulations, and shall be of the following proportions: Width, seven-thirteenths of the hoist of the flag; length, seventy-six one-hundredths of the hoist of the flag.

The garrison flag will have 38 feet fly and 20 feet hoist. It will be furnished only to posts designated in orders from time to time from the War Department, and will be hoisted only on holidays and important occasions.

The post flag will have 19 feet fly and 10 feet hoist. It will be furnished for all garrison posts and will be hoisted in pleasant weather.

The storm flag will have 9 feet 6 inches fly and 5 feet hoist. It will be furnished for all occupied posts for use in stormy and windy weather. It will also be furnished to national cemeteries. (A. R. 223.)

338. At every military post or station the flag will be hoisted at the sounding of the first note of the reveille, or of the first note of the march, if a march be played before the reveille. The flag will be lowered at the sounding of the last note of the retreat, and while the flag is being lowered the band will play "The Star Spangled Banner," or, if there be no band present, the field music will sound "to the color." When "to the color" is sounded by the field music while the flag is being lowered the same respect will be observed as when "The Star Spangled Banner" is played by the band, and in either case officers and enlisted men out of ranks will face toward the flag, stand at attention, and render the prescribed salute at the last note of the music. (A.R. 437.)

The lowering of the flag will be regulated as to be completed at the last note of "The Star Spangled Banner" or "to the color."

339. The national flag will be displayed at a seacoast or lake fort at the beginning of and during an action in which a fort may be engaged, whether by day or by night. (A. R. 437.)

340. The national flag will always be displayed at the time of firing a salute. (**A.** R. 397.)

341. The flag of a military post will not be dipped by way of salute or compliment. (A. R. 405.)

342. On the death of an officer at a military post the flag is displayed at half-staff and so remains, between reveille and retreat, until the last salvo or volley is fired over the grave; or if the remains are not interred at the post, until they are removed therefrom. (A. R. 422.)

343. During the funeral of an enlisted man at a military post the flag is displayed at half-staff. It is hoisted to the top after the final volley or gun is fired or after the remains are taken from the post. The same honors are paid on the occasion of the funeral of a retired enlisted man. (A. R. 423.)

344. When practicable, a detail consisting of a noncommissioned officer and two privates of the guard will raise or lower the flag. This detail wears side arms or, if the special equipments do not include side arms, then belts only.

The noncommissioned officer, carrying the flag, forms the detail in line, takes his post in the center, and marches it to the staff. The flag is then securely attached to the halyards and rapidly hoisted. The halyards are then securely fastened to the cleat on the staff and the detail marched to the guardhouse.

345. When the flag is to be lowered, the halyards are loosened from the staff and made perfectly free. At retreat the flag is lowered at the last note of retreat. It is then neatly folded and the halyards made fast. The detail is then reformed and marched to the guardhouse, where the flag is turned over to the commander of the guard.

The flag should never be allowed to touch the ground and should always be hoisted or lowered from the leeward side of the staff, the halyards being held by two persons.

REVEILLE AND RETREAT GUN

346. The morning and evening gun will be fired by a detachment of the guard, consisting, when practicable, of a corporal and two privates. The morning gun is fired at the first note of reveille, or, if marches be played before the reveille, it is fired at the beginning of the first march. The retreat gun is fired at the last note of retreat.

The corporal marches the detachment to and from the piece, which is fired, sponged out, and secured under his direction.

GUARD MOUNTING

347. Guard mounting will be formal or informal as the commanding officer may direct. It will be held as prescribed in the drill regulations of the arm of the service to which the guard belongs; if none is prescribed, then as for infantry. In case the guard is composed wholly of mounted organizations, guard mounting may be held mounted.

348. When infantry and mounted troops dismounted are united for guard mounting, all details form as prescribed for infantry.

FORMAL GUARD MOUNTING FOR INFANTRY

349. Formal guard mounting will ordinarily be held only in posts or camps where a band is present.

350. At the **assembly,** the men designated for the guard fall in on their company parade grounds as prescribed in pargraph 106, I. D. R. The first sergeant then verifies the detail, inspects it, replaces any man unfit to go on guard, turns the detail over to the senior noncommissioned officer, and retires. The band takes its place on the parade ground so that the left of its front rank shall be 12 paces to the right of the front rank of the guard when the latter is formed.

351. At **adjutant's call,** the adjutant, dismounted and the sergeant major on his left, marches to the parade ground. The adjutant halts and takes post so as to be 12 paces in front of and facing the center of the guard when formed; the sergeant major continues on, moves by the left flank, and takes post, facing to the left, 12 paces to the left of the front rank of the band; the band plays in quick or double time; the

details are marched to the parade ground by the senior noncommissioned officers; the detail that arrives first is marched to the line so that, upon halting, the breast of the front-rank man shall be near to and opposite the left arm of the sergeant major; the commander of the detail halts his detail, places himself in front of and facing the sergeant major, at a distance equal to or a little greater than the front of his detail, and commands: 1. **Right,** 2. **DRESS.** The detail dresses up to the line of the sergeant major and its commander, the right front-rank man placing his breast against the left arm of the sergeant major; the noncommissioned officers take post two paces in rear of the rear rank of the detail. The detail aligned, the commander of the detail commands: **FRONT,** salutes and then reports: **"The detail is correct"**; or "(So many) **sergeants, corporals, or privates are absent"**; the sergeant major returns the salute with the right hand after the report is made; the commander then passes by the right of the guard and takes post in the line of noncommissioned officers in rear of the right file or his detail.

Should there be more than one detail, it is formed in like manner on the left of the one preceding; the privates, noncommissioned officers, and commander of each detail dress on those of the preceding details in the same rank or line; each detail commander closes the rear rank to the right and fills blank files, as far as practicable, with the men from his front rank.

Should the guard from a company not include a noncommissioned officer, one will be detailed to perform the duties of commander of the detail. In this case the commander of the detail, after reporting to the sergeant major, passes around the right flank between the guard and the band and retires.

352. When the last detail has formed, the sergeant major takes a side step to the right, draws sword, verifies the detail, takes post two paces to the right and two paces to the right of the guard, facing to the left, causes the guard to count off, completes the left squad, if necessary, as in the school of the company, and if there be more than three squads, divides the guard into two platoons, again takes post as described above and commands: 1. **Open ranks,** 2. **MARCH.**

At the command **march,** the rear rank and file closers march backward four steps, halt, and dress to the right. The sergeant major aligns the ranks and file closers and again, taking post as described above, commands: **FRONT,** moves parallel to the front rank until opposite the center, turns to the right, halts midway to the adjutant, salutes, and reports: **"Sir, the details are correct"**; or, **"Sir, (so many) sergeants, corporals, or privates are absent"**; the adjutant returns the salute, directs the sergeant major: **Take your post,** and then draws saber; the sergeant major faces about, approaches to within two paces of the center of the front rank, turns to the right, moves three paces beyond the left of the front rank, turns to the left, halts on the line of the front rank, faces about, and brings his sword to the order. When the sergeant major has reported, the officer of the guard takes post, facing to the front, three paces in front of the center of the guard, and draws saber.

The adjutant then commands: **Officer (or officers) and noncommissioned officers,** 2. **Front and center,** 3. **MARCH.**

At the command **center,** the officers carry saber. At the command **march,** the officer advances and halts three paces from the adjutant, remaining at the carry; the noncommissioned officers pass by the flanks, along the front, and form in order of rank from right to left, three paces in rear of the officer, remaining at the right shoulder; if there is no officer of the guard the noncommissioned officers halt on a line three paces from the adjutant; the adjutant then assigns the officers and noncommissioned officers according to rank, as follows: **Commander of the guard, leader of first platoon, leader of second platoon, right guide of first platoon, left guide of second platoon, left guide of first platoon, right guide of second platoon,** and **file closers,** or, if the guard is not divided into platoons: **Commander of the guard, right guide, left guide,** and **file closers.**

The adjutant then commands: 1. **Officer (or officers) and noncommissioned officers,** 2. **POSTS,** 3. **MARCH.**

At the command **posts,** all, except the officer commanding the guard, face about. At the command **march,** they take the posts prescribed in the school of the company with open ranks. The adjutant directs: **Inspect your guard, sir;** at which the officer commanding the guard faces about, commands: **Prepare for inspection,** returns saber, and inspects the guard.

During the inspection, the band plays; the adjutant returns saber, observes the general condition of the guard, and falls out any man who is unfit for guard duty or does not present a creditable appearance. Substitutes will report to the commander of the guard at the guardhouse.

353. The adjutant, when so directed, selects orderlies and color sentinels, as prescribed in paragraphs 140 and 141, and notifies the commander of the guard of his selection.

354. If there be a junior officer of the guard he takes post at the same time as the senior, facing to the front, 3 paces in front of the center of the first platoon; in going to the front and center he follows and takes position on the left of the senior and is assigned as leader of the first platoon; he may be directed by the commander of the guard to assist in inspecting the guard.

If there be no officer of the guard, the adjutant inspects the guard. A noncommissioned officer commanding the guard takes post on the right of the right guide, when the guard is in line; and takes the post of the officer of the guard, when in column or passing in review.

355. The inspection ended, the adjutant places himself about 30 paces in front of and facing the center of the guard, and draws saber; the new officer of the day takes post in front of and facing the guard, about 30 paces from the adjutant; the old officer of the day takes post 3 paces to the right of and 1 pace to the rear of the new officer of the day; the officer of the guard takes post 3 paces in front of its center, draws saber with the adjutant and comes to the order; thereafter he takes the same relative positions as a captain of a company.

The adjutant then commands: 1. **Parade,** 2. **REST,** 3. **SOUND OFF,** and comes to the order and parade rest.

The band, playing passes in front of the officer of the guard to the left of the line, and back to its post on the right, when it ceases playing.

The adjutant then comes to attention, carries saber, and commands: 1. **Guard,** 2. **ATTENTION,** 3. **Close ranks,** 4. **MARCH.**

The ranks are opened and closed as in paragraph 745, I D. R.

The adjutant then commands: 1. **Present,** 2. **ARMS,** faces toward the new officer of the day, salutes and then reports: **Sir, the guard is formed.** The new officer of the day, after the adjutant has reported, returns the salute with the hand and directs the adjutant: **March the guard in review, sir.**

The adjutant carries saber, faces about, brings the guard to an order, and commands: 1. **At trail, platoons (or guard) right,** 2. **MARCH,** 3. **Guard,** 4. **HALT.**

The platoons execute the movement; the band turns to the right and places itself 12 paces in front of the first platoon.

The adjutant places himself 6 paces from the flank and abreast of the commander of the guard; the sergeant major, 6 paces from the left flank of the second platoon.

The adjutant then commands: 1. **Pass in review,** 2. **FORWARD,** 3. **MARCH.**

The guard marches in quick time past the officer of the day, according to the principles of review, and is brought to **eyes right** at the proper time by the commander of the guard; the adjutant, commander of the guard, leaders of platoons, sergeant major, and drum major salute.

The band, having passed the officer of the day, turns to the left out of the column, places itself opposite and facing him, and continues to play until the guard leaves the parade ground. The field music detaches itself from the band when the latter turns out of the column, and, remaining in front of the guard, commences to play when the band ceases.

Having passed 12 paces beyond the officer of the day, the adjutant halts; the sergeant major halts abreast of the adjutant and 1 pace to his left; they then return saber, salute, and retire; the commander of the guard then commands: 1. **Platoons, right by squads,** 2. **MARCH,** and marches the guard to its post.

The officers of the day face toward each other and salute; the old officer of the day turns over the orders to the new officer of the day.

While the band is sounding off, and while the guard is marching in review, the officers of the day stand at parade rest with arms folded. They take this position when the adjutant comes to parade rest, resume the attention with him, again take the parade rest at the first note of the march in review, and resume attention as the head of the column approaches.

The new officer of the day returns the salute of the commander of the guard and the adjutant, making one salute with the hand.

356. If the guard be not divided into platoons, the adjutant commands: 1. **At trail, guard right,** 2. **MARCH,** 3. **Guard,** 4. **HALT,** and it passes in review as above; the commander of the guard is 3 paces in front of its center; the adjutant places himself 6 paces from the left flank and abreast of the commander of the guard; the sergeant covers the adjutant on a line with the front rank.

INFORMAL GUARD MOUNTING FOR INFANTRY

357. Informal guard mounting will be held on the parade ground of the organization from which the guard is detailed. If it is detailed from more than one organization, then at such place as the commanding officer may direct.

358. At assembly, the detail for guard falls in on the company parade ground. The first sergeant verifies the detail, inspects their dress and general appearance, and replaces any man unfit to march on guard. He then turns the detail over to the commander of the guard and retires.

359. At adjutant's call, the officer of the day takes his place 15 paces in front of the center of the guard and commands: 1. **Officer** (or **officers**) **and noncommissioned officers,** 2. **Front and center,** 3. **MARCH;** whereupon the officers and noncommissioned officers take their positions, are assigned and sent to their posts as prescribed in formal guard mounting. (Par. 352.)

The officer of the day will then inspect the guard with especial reference for its fitness for the duty for which it is detailed, and will select as prescribed in paragraphs 140 and 141, the necessary orderlies and color sentinels. The men found unfit for guard will be returned to quarters and will be replaced by others found to be suitable, if available in the company. If none are available in the company, the fact will be reported to the adjutant immediately after guard mounting.

When the inspection shall have been completed, the officer of the day resumes his position and directs the commander of the guard to march the guard to its post.

RELIEVING THE OLD GUARD

360. As the new guard approaches the guardhouse, the old guard is formed in line, with its field music

3 paces to its right; and when the field music at the head of the new guard arrives opposite its left, the commander of the new guard commands: 1. **Eyes,** 2. **RIGHT;** the commander of the old guard commands: 1. **Present,** 2. **ARMS;** commanders of both guards salute. The new guard marches in quick time past the old guard.

When the commander of the new guard is opposite the field music of the old guard, he commands: **FRONT;** the commander of the old guard commands: 1. **Order,** 2. **ARMS,** as soon as the new guard shall have cleared the old guard.

The field music having marched 3 paces beyond the field music of the old guard, changes direction to the right, and, followed by the guard, changes direction to the left when on a line with the old guard; the changes of direction are without command. The commander of the guard halts on the line of the front rank of the old guard, allows his guard to march past him, and when its rear approaches forms it in line to the left, establishes the left guide 3 paces to the right of the field music of the old guard, and on a line with the front rank, and then dresses his guard to the left; the field music of the new guard is 3 paces to the right of its front rank.

361. The new guard being dressed, the commander of each guard, in front of and facing its center, commands: 1. **Present,** 2. **ARMS,** resumes his front, salutes, carries saber, faces his guard and commands: 1. **Order,** 2. **ARMS.**

Should a guard be commanded by a noncommissioned officer, he stands on the right or left of the front rank, according as he commands the old or new guard, and executes the rifle salute.

362. After the new guard arrives at its post, and has saluted the old guard, each guard is presented by its commander to its officer of the day; if there be but one officer of the day present, or if one officer acts in the capacity of old and new officer of the day, each guard is presented to him by its commander.

363. If other persons entitled to a salute approach, each commander of the guard will bring his own guard to attention if not already at attention. The senior commander of the two guards will then command "1, **Old and new guards,** 2. **Present,** 3. **ARMS.**"

The junior will salute at the command **"Present Arms"** given by the senior. After the salute has been acknowledged, the senior brings both guards to the order.

364. After the salutes have been acknowledged by the officers of the day, each guard is brought to an order by its commander; the commander of the new guard then directs the orderly or orderlies to fall out and report, and causes bayonets to be fixed if so ordered by the commanding officer; bayonets will not then be unfixed during the tour except in route marches while the guard is actually marching, or when specially directed by the commanding officer.

The commander of the new guard then falls out members of the guard for detached posts, placing them under charge of the proper noncommissioned officers, divides the guard into three reliefs, **first, second,** and **third,** from right to left, and directs a list of the guard to be made by reliefs. When the guard consists of troops of different arms combined, the men are assigned to reliefs so as to insure a fair division of duty, under rules prescribed by the commanding officer.

365. The sentinels and detachments of the old guard are at once relieved by members of the new guard; the two guards standing at ease or at rest while these changes are being made. The commander of the old transmits to the commander of the new guard all his orders, instructions, and information concerning the guard and its duties. The commander of the new guard then takes possession of the guardhouse and verifies the articles in charge of the guard.

366. If considerable time is required to bring in that portion of the old guard still on post, the commanding officer may direct that as soon as the orders and property are turned over to the new guard, the portion of the old guard at the guardhouse may be marched off and dismissed. In such a case, the remaining detachment or detachments of the old guard will be inspected by the commander of the new guard when they reach the guardhouse. He will direct the senior noncommissioned officer present to march these detachments off and dismiss them in the prescribed manner.

367. In bad weather, at night, after long marches, or when the guard is very small, the field music may be dispensed with.

APPENDIX A

When the guard for the day is supplied by more than one organization, the details due from the several companies will be determined as follows: Take the number of privates for duty in each company from its morning report for the day next preceding that on which the tour of duty is to commence, deducting details for detached service of over 24 hours, made after the morning report has been received; the total of these gives the total number of privates available. Then: The total strength is to the strength of a company as the total detail is to the detail from the company. Multiply the total detail by the strength of the company, and divide the result by total strength; carry out to two places of decimals, disregarding all smaller fractions. This rule is applied for each company.

The whole numbers in the results thus obtained are added together, and if the total is less than the total detail required add one to the whole number in the result that has the largest fraction, and so on for each company till the required total is obtained.

There will thus be a difference between the exact proportion and the number detailed from each company; this difference is entered in the credit column and the next day is carried forward and added or subtracted from the first proportion.

FIRST DAY

Company	Strength	Privates for guard required, including 3 for stable guard	Total strength	Proportion	Detail	Credits
A	25 ×	14 ÷	160 =	—2.18	+ 2	—.18
B	24 ×	14 ÷	160 =	—2.10	+ 2	—.10
C	30 ×	14 ÷	160 =	—2.62	+ 3	+.38
D	22 ×	14 ÷	160 =	+1.92	+ 2	+.08
E	22 ×	14 ÷	160 =	+1.92	+ 2	+.08
F (Cav.)	37 ×	14 ÷	160 =	—3.23	+*3	—.23
	160			11	14	

*Troop F furnishes 3 stable and no other guard.

NOTE.—The proportion due from a company is always given a minus sign and the detail furnished given a plus sign.

SECOND DAY

Company	Strength	Privates for guard required, including 3 for stable guard	Total strength	First proportion	Credits brought forward	Final proportion	Detail	Credits
A	27 ×	14 ÷	160 =	—2.36	—.18	—2.54	+ 2	—.54
B	23 ×	14 ÷	160 =	—2.01	—.10	—2.11	+ 2	—.11
C	28 ×	14 ÷	160 =	—2.45	+.38	—2.07	+ 2	—.07
D	23 ×	14 ÷	160 =	—2.01	+.08	—1.93	+ 2	+.07
E	21 ×	14 ÷	160 =	—1.83	+.08	—1.75	+ 2	+.25
F (Cav.)	38 ×	14 ÷	160 =	—3.32	—.23	—3.55	+*4	+.45
	160					11	14	

*Troop F furnishes 3 stable and 1 main guard

The number of sergeants, corporals, and musicians will be determined in like manner.

A convenient from for the roster is as follows:

Roster I.—Privates

Enlisted strength of guard, 14 privates

	Guard required		
	Jan. 1, 14	Jan. 2, 14	Jan. 3, 14
A Company:			
Strength	25	27	27
First proportion	—2.18	—2.36	—2.36
Final proportion	....	—2.54	—2.90
Detail	+2	+2	+3
Credits	— .18	— .54	+ .10
B Company:			
Strength	24	23	23
First proportion	—2.10	—2.01	—2.01
Final proportion	....	—2.11	—2.12
Detail	+2	+2	+2
Credits	— .10	— .11	— .12
C Company:			
Strength	30	28	28
First proportion	—2.62	—2.45	—2.45
Final proportion	....	—2.07	—2.52
Detail	+3	+2	+3
Credits	+ .38	— .07	+ .48
D Company:			
Strength	22	23	23
First proportion	—1.92	—2.01	—2.01
Final proportion	....	—1.93	—1.94
Detail	+2	+2	+2
Credits	+ .08	+ .07	+ .08
E Company:			
Strength	22	21	21
First proportion	—1.92	—1.84	—1.84
Final proportion	....	—1.76	—1.59
Detail	+2	+2	+1
Credits	+ .08	+ .24	— .59
F Troop:			
Strength	37	38	38
First proportion	—3.23	—3.32	—3.32
Final proportion	....	—3.55	—2.87
Detail	+3	+4	+3
Credits	— .23	+ .45	+ .13

APPENDIX B

When details for guard and fatigue are made as prescribed in paragraph 11, no account will be taken of very small disproportions in the strength of companies.

When the disproportion is considerable a roster will be kept by the sergeant major under the supervision of the adjutant as follows: In accordance with the method explained in Appendix A, determine the proportion of privates each company would be required to furnish.

In the credit column, charge each company, except the one furnishing the guard, with this proportion, *i. e.*, with the number of men it was due to furnish but did not furnish. Enter this number or proportion with a minus sign.

Then credit the company furnishing the guard with the number of men furnished, less the proportion it was due to furnish. The difference is the number of men it furnished in excess, and is entered in the credit column with a plus sign.

Whether the same or different companies furnish the guard on consecutive days, the debits and credits will be determined for each day and added algebraically to the credit or debit brought forward from the preceding day. The result will then be entered in the credit column for the day.

When a new company is to relieve the one furnishing the guard, that one will ordinarily be detailed which has the largest minus number in the credit column.

The following table indicates the form of the roster:

The order in which companies are shown in this table as furnishing the guard has no especial significance, as many reasons may enter into the determination of this matter.

Roster II.—Privates

	Guard furnished		A Company			B Company			C Company			D Company			E Company		
	Company	Number of privates	Strength	Proportion	Credits	Strength	Proportion	Credits	Strength	Proportion	Credits	Strength	Proportion	Credits	Strength	Proportion	Credits
Jan. 1	A	13	47	3.39	+ 9.61	29	2.09	— 2.09	34	2.46	— 2.46	34	2.46	— 2.46	36	2.60	— 2.60
Jan. 2	A	13	47	3.39	+19.22	29	2.09	— 4.18	34	2.46	— 4.92	34	2.46	— 4.92	36	2.60	— 5.20
Jan. 3	E	13	47	3.39	+15.82	29	2.09	— 6.27	24	2.46	— 7.38	34	2.46	— 7.38	36	2.60	+ 5.20
Jan. 4	E	10	47	2.51	+13.30	31	1.65	— 7.92	36	1.93	— 9.31	37	1.98	— 9.36	36	1.93	+13.27
Jan. 5	D	10	47	2.51	+10.79	31	1.65	— 9.57	36	1.93	—11.24	37	1.98	— 1.34	36	1.93	+11.34
Jan. 6	C	10	47	2.51	+ 8.28	31	1.65	—11.22	36	1.93	— 3.17	37	1.98	— 3.32	36	1.93	+ 9.41
Jan. 7	B	10	47	2.51	+ 5.77	31	1.65	— 2.87	36	1.93	— 5.10	37	1.98	— 5.30	36	1.93	+ 7.48
Jan. 8	D	10	47	2.51	+ 3.26	31	1.65	— 4.52	36	1.93	— 7.03	37	1.98	+ 2.72	36	1.93	+ 5.55
Jan. 9	C	10	47	2.51	+ .75	31	1.65	— 6.17	36	1.93	+ 1.04	37	1.98	+ .84	36	1.93	+ 3.62
Jan. 10	B	10	47	2.51	— 1.76	31	1.65	+ 2.18	36	1.93	— .89	37	1.98	— 1.14	36	1.93	+ 1.69
Jan. 11	A	10	47	2.51	+ 9.25	31	1.65	+ .53	36	1.93	— 2.82	37	1.98	— 3.12	36	1.93	— .24
Jan. 12	A	10	47	2.51	+16.74	31	1.65	— 1.12	36	1.93	— 4.75	37	1.98	— 5.10	36	1.93	— 2.17
Jan. 13	D	10	47	2.51	+14.23	31	1.65	— 2.77	36	1.93	— 6.68	37	1.98	+ 6.88	36	1.93	— 4.10
Jan. 14	C	10	47	2.51	+11.72	31	1.65	— 4.42	36	1.93	+ 4.25	37	1.98	+ 4.90	36	1.93	— 6.03
Jan. 15	E	10	47	2.51	+ 9.21	31	1.65	— 6.07	36	1.93	+ 2.32	37	1.98	+ 2.92	36	1.93	+ 2.04

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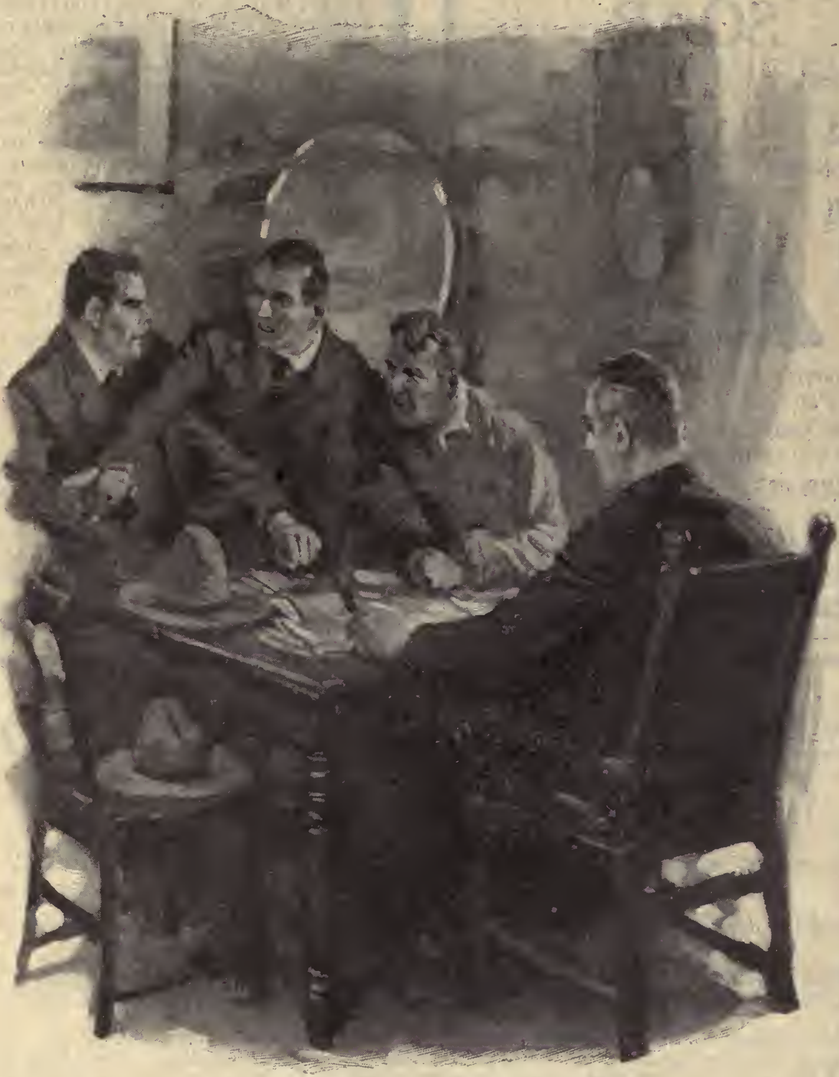

"Well, I reckon that the ranch may be worth ten thousand dollars—land and stock."

"Twelve thousand!" roared Burke.

"Fifteen thousand, you idiot!" Reilly almost screamed.

It looked as if a fight were on.

—Illustrating "The Man Who Discovered Himself" (Page 811)

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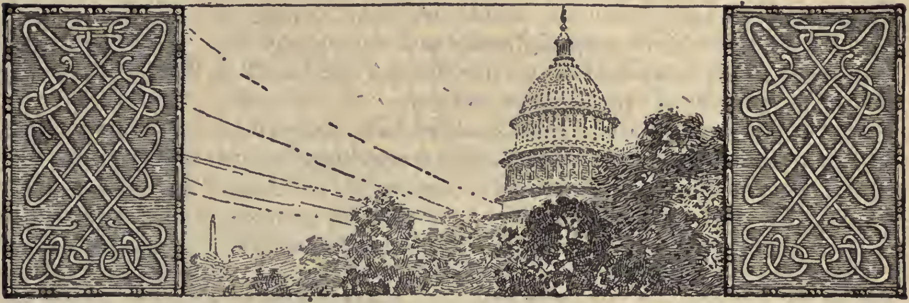

AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON

BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

ALL Washington was a-quiver as the days of September approached, and the new contingents of troops prepared to go abroad. During the summer many a kink has appeared in the great mobilization organization, but the work has progressed steadily. In the Senate, eruptions on the discussion of the war tax bill brought forth a note of explanation from Senator Stone. But the public mind does not seem to listen long to explanations; it is occupied with one fixed purpose—to win the war. All other considerations are subservient to this one. More isolated than ever this year, the President has attended few conferences outside of his immediate official family. Republican Senators and Representatives have continued to plod away and do their part in the detail work, with little hope of reward in appointments.

Now and then comes a gleam of humor that is irresistible. Senator Weeks, in looking over his mail, found a letter from one of his constituents, saying that some morning glory seeds which had been sent her were put in a pill box, and she took some of the seeds by mistake, thinking they were pills. She was somewhat worried, and would he "kindly go to the Agricultural Department and see if the morning glory seeds would sprout"?

LATELY came the first lists of casualties to the American forces by way of Canada. Among the dead was a Boston boy, and the wounded included some of the Maine boys. One of the Boston boys was "gassed." In the meantime, the busy needles of the women indicate that everybody is attending to knitting. Everything possible is being done for the comfort of the boys who must face biting wintry blasts and carry on the great struggle.

The situation in Russia remains the point of greatest concern. The retreat of the troops at Riga was most unwelcome news. But the Root

Commission seems to be firm in the belief that Russia will work out her own salvation in the evolution of revolutions. Prominent in the minds of the people is interest in the commissions provided for fixing the price of wheat and coal. Most exhaustive discussion was given to every phase and feature of the war tax bill. While many things did not seem right, it was realized that this is a time of tolerance and the people feel that as long as money is properly expended, there will be nothing held back to win the war. The little group of Senators who held out for the increase on Excess War Profits had a hard time of it in view of the popular temper.

On the Chautauqua circuits, speakers have aroused the people, more than any other one way, to the gravity of the situation and the duty of the hour. As the spoken word is proverbially more effective than tons of type, much has been accomplished in this way. Officialdom is appreciative of the efforts of these hard-working Chautauqua lecturers who have spent all summer bringing the message direct to the people.

IN the Navy Department, there has been unusual activity. Intense interest is shown in the work of Admiral Sims with his torpedo destroyers. Not a ship has been torpedoed that has been convoyed by the destroyers. Not a troopship or naval vessel has been sunk. There is a feeling that the troops will be safely carried overseas for the great work before them. On the streets in Washington the khaki or, more properly speaking, "olive-drab," has become as familiar as the blue in Civil War times.

THE appointment of Dr. Harry A. Garfield as federal coal administrator recalls the days of his father, President Garfield. He has a radiant personality and seems to have much of his father's tact and administrative grasp. Altho fifty-four, he looks to be in his early forties. A lawyer by profession, he has spent most of his life in educative work. He is persistently working out the myriad of details and hopes to bring prices down to the lowest possible level for the people. He is now called Coal Controller Garfield. On the committee associated with him are Mr. Theo. N. Vail, president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, and many other prominent business men—permitting a most comprehensive survey of the situation. The interests of the war have naturally evolved plans for the solution of the great problem of distribution that no propaganda can reach.

DURING war times, the Swiss Legation has been the center of activities. Switzerland, as the great neutral nation of Europe, has had a difficult role to play. Madame Ritter, wife of the former minister, was a very popular hostess in Washington, but Mme. Hans Sulzer, wife of the new Swiss minister, shows every indication of maintaining the prestige of the European republic. Switzerland, with its tri-language of German, French and Italian, may be the scene of peace negotiations, and the coming winter will be one of peculiar interest in the social functions of the various embassies, in view of the complications which the declarations of war have brought about since last winter. Etiquette of nations at war is still a puzzling proposition, but many incidents at these social functions may have a wide and far-reaching effect in the peace negotiations, as witness the spying and plotting carried on at the German embassy under the eyes of the government by Ambassador Bernstorf. But the pitiless spotlight of war times will eliminate much of the intrigue nurtured under the gracious cloak of neutrality.

IN some sections of the United States the German language is being eliminated from the curriculum of the public schools. This would seem to be rather an extreme measure, for there are things we will want to know about the German language in the future. The move is made because the text-books formerly used were "made in Germany"—which is all right in itself, perhaps; but they devoted more attention to lauding the Fatherland than to instruction in the German language. While it is highly desirable for our youth to have a knowledge of German and Germany, it is another matter to have the idea that "Germany is the greatest and only, the fountainhead of wisdom; the home of all the virtues," literally dinned into their heads with their language lessons. The very tenacity with which

AMERICANS IN RUSSIA

Elihu Root and General Hugh L. Scott at a way station near Moscow. Note the newsboy's military cap and the portfolio in which he carries his papers the old copybook maxims abide with us from childhood indicate the insidious influence of such textbooks—verily no small part of the Kaiser's comprehensive propaganda.

THE Official Bulletin these days is not very exhilarating reading to the general public, although the long lists of appointments, promotions and assignments make it a document of particular interest to army officers, as it naturally carries with it the official seal of the government.

COMMITTEE ON PRICES, FOOD ADMINISTRATION

(*Left to right*) James W. Sullivan of the American Federation of Labor, Brooklyn; George W. Nasmyth, secretary of the committee, Boston; Henry J. Waters, president of the Kansas State Agricultural College; William N. Doak, vice-president of the Brotherhood of railway trainmen, Roanoke, Virginia; R. Goodwyn Rhett, president of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, Charleston, South Carolina; Dr. Henry A. Garfield, president of Williams College, chairman; Professor Frank W. Taussig, chairman of the Federal Tariff Commission; Theodore N. Vail, president of the American Telegraph and Telephone Company; Eugene E. Funk, president of National Corn Association, Bloomington, Illinois; J. W. Shorthill, secretary of the National Council of Farmers' Co-operative Associations, York, Nebraska; L. J. Tabor, master Ohio State Grange, Barnesville, Ohio, and Dr. Edwin F. Ladd, president of the North Dakota Agricultural College

AFTER meeting thousands face to face and listening to as many different angles on the war situation, it has come to me over and over that those scenes which cannot be even talked about are being enacted, and all those displays of courage and heroism are just for the purpose of pictures and stories that will keep alive motives of unselfishness. In the ordinary pursuits of life we become more or less selfish, and to think that the world must go thru this terrible ordeal and sacrifice simply to keep alive courage and bravery! It indicates how, after all, as Charles Frohman said, the "most beautiful adventure of life" is death. All these gruesome forms draw on the heart-strings of sympathy and keep them vibrating with the immortal song of humanity. It seems almost as if the icy fingers of death must tug the strings of the harp of life in order to preserve the harmony of existence.

THE chief coast artillery school in the United States is located at Fortress Monroe. A class of twelve hundred students, selected from the officers' training camps, most of them graduates of leading technical schools, many with degrees, is mobilized here to study gunnery, mines and searchlights and the tactics relating to these subjects. Watching them gathered about on a high platform overlooking the floor, which is covered with a giant map, their instructor upon it emphasizing his points with a long stick, I felt that I was back in the old schoolhouse once more, and had to rub my eyes to convince myself that I was just an onlooker in a real school of modern warfare. The men are intensely interested in the work, and one could see that not a single trick of artillery war game escaped their vigilant observation. It is real war to them, for there is keen rivalry to excel. An exact replica of the Atlantic coast line was menaced by an attacking fleet that day, and miniatures of all kinds of ships dotted the mimic water. Locations of mines, batteries and fortifications were indicated. While the instructor arranged the attacking forces, he was hidden from view of the class by a curtain. As that was drawn aside, they all became transformed into battery and fortification commanders, and alive to the dangers of the situation, they issued their orders in crisp, decisive tones intended to soon put to rout the invading forces. It was as thrilling as a drama.

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TRAINING AT FORTRESS MONROE, VIRGINIA

All the enlisted men of the United States Army who handle field guns on the European front, and the officers who command them will be trained at Fortress Monroe, Virginia. The loading of a three-inch gun is shown; the target to be fired at is three and one-half miles at sea

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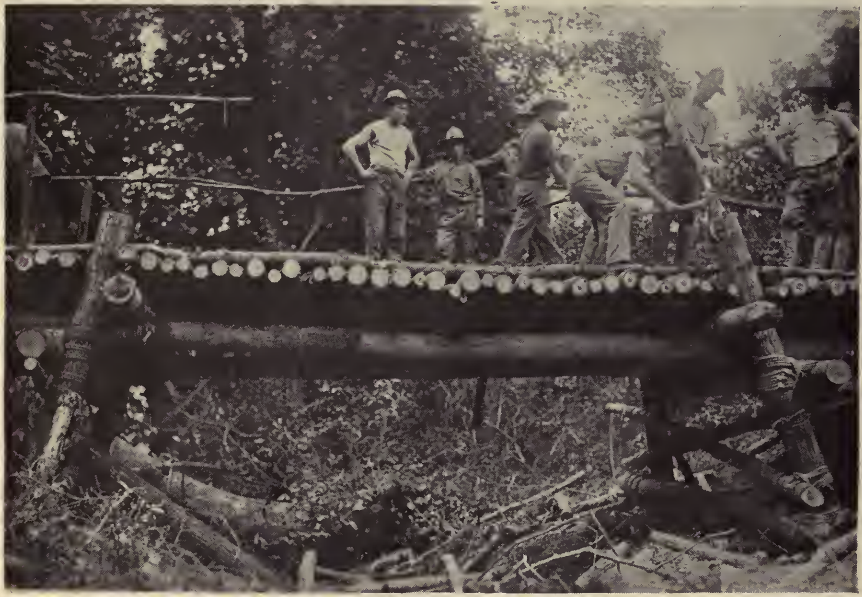
WHEN I saw Chairman Davison at his desk at eight o'clock in the morning, vigorously at work after the Red Cross membership increase from three hundred thousand to two millions, and after he had carried thru successfully the campaign for one hundred millions, it was an inspiring example of what may be accomplished by whole-souled effort, coupled with sagacious business methods. There seems to be no limit to the American people's willingness to be of aid. I recently read a thrilling account of children taken out of a city about to be gassed and bombarded; separated from their families, their homes threatened with destruction, they all had to be taken care of. This is the work being done by the noble women of the Red Cross and the American military hospital. The saving of thousands of lives is a work that will reflect eternal credit to American generosity and helpfulness.

WHO says the "Star Spangled Banner" is not singable? Nobody has paid enough attention to learn it—that's all. When the Belgian Mission visited Boston there was a huge military parade thru the historic streets, serving also as a farewell to the troops which were soon to enter the southern training camp. On the Common was a group of urchins from "little Italy" in the North End who commenced to sing "Oh, say, can you see" when the "fighting Ninth" hove into sight. They sang it well in clear, strong voices, taking the highest note with ease. More than that, they sang on, stanza after stanza, until the hymn was finished. These children of foreign parentage are right loyal Americans—they can relate to you proudly the history of "Old North Church," "Copp's Hill Burying Ground," and "Paul Revere's House," all of which are located near their homes. In "Old North" the services are conducted in Italian, but, I was anxiously reassured one day by an obliging urchin, "Americans can go in if they want to."



WORK OF THE ARMY ENGINEERS

This section of a bridge built by army engineers illustrates the principle of concentrating weight upon leaning supports at each end of the structure. Experienced woodmen are being mobilized for a regiment to gather timbers in France for this sort of construction

SWAPPING stories in the rotunda between heats—and heats is right—seems to be a popular diversion at the Capitol these days. One that they tell with gusto is about a Cockney in the English army who wrote home that they put him in barracks; they took away his clothes and put him in khaki; they took away his name and gave him a number—number 575; they took him to church, where he'd never been before, and made him listen to a sermon for forty minutes. Topping all his injuries, the parson said: "No. 575, art thou weary, art thou languid?" The Tommy got seven days in the guardhouse because he answered that he certainly was.

COAST ARTILLERYMEN MAKING FIELD MAPS

An important part in the training of candidates for officers in the coast artillery is the making of maps. Not all who qualify for the French front will be required to make maps there, but all will have to be able to read them

AT all times, and especially now, Fortress Monroe is an interesting place, for it is here that the enlisted men who are to handle field guns on the European front are being trained. The firing of a three-inch field gun at a target three and one-half miles at sea was the overture we first witnessed. With tightening breath we watched men loading two twelve-inch mortars. While we knew that it wasn't bona fide warfare, it had all the earmarks of a gruesome preparation for grim business.

CURIOUS how almost everything we think of or talk about these days will swing around to some topic bearing on the war. I started to write something about eliminating the old stiff collars and starch, and scarcely had I started looking for information on the subject, when I found out that this very thing has been suggested as a war measure for the conservation of corn used in starch. And don't you think that the shirts with soft rolling collars which men wear in the outing days would be eminently more sensible and more economical than the stiffly-starched instruments of torture which encase our necks today? Some movement will surely bring about an emancipation from the stiff collar, which reminds one more of the stocks of ancient days than an article of attire.

AMONG the legion of successful business men who have been concentrating time, talent and energy in the interests of the government is Mr. Pierrepont B. Noyes, president of the Oneida Community, Ltd., who has been appointed assistant chief of the Division of Export Licenses. Recognized as one of the most efficient executives in the country, the tremendous development of the Oneida Community is an evidence of the genius he is devoting to the country's service. In the enormous organization which he heads, a plan has been in operation nearly a year, which successfully solves the workers' problems arising from increased costs of all commodities. This plan was evolved after careful study by Mr. Noyes and his associates in the management of the Oneida Community.

PIERREPONT B. NOYES
President of the Oneida Community, Ltd.

The "High Cost of Living Envelope" system adjusts wages to increased living costs without upsetting wage levels. It is given to each employee *in addition* to his regular pay envelope. While it seemed like measuring nebulous space to try to apply one plan to hundreds of individual cases, the results indicate a satisfactory mean, at least.

For twenty-eight years, Bradstreet's have taken the unit of cost of one hundred different articles, such as a ton of coal, a pair of shoes, a bushel of potatoes, and, adding these units together and dividing by one hundred, procured a figure known as Bradstreet's "index number."

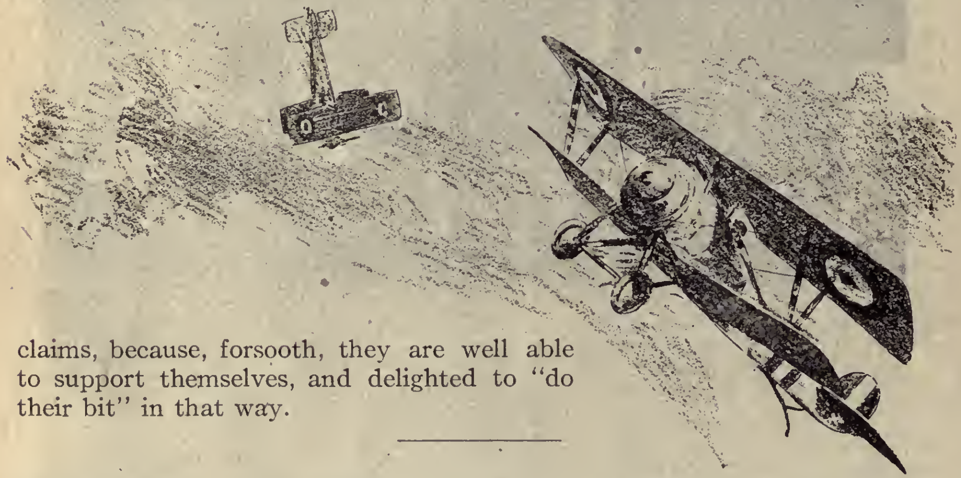
In 1904, this index number was $7.98, and in December, 1915, it had reached $10.64—requiring twelve years to advance $3. In a single year, from December, 1915, to December, 1916, it advanced another $3. Work was begun on the plan in September, 1916, when the index number was $11.80. The new system was started January 1, using the December index number 1,368 and providing sixteen per cent additional wages. The wage increase was figured on the basis of one per cent for each twenty cents of increase on the index number. Thus, the June index number, controlling the July wage, was $15.47, adding twenty-five per cent to the regular wage. The index figure of July 15, governing August, was $16.07—raising the percentage of regular wages to twenty-eight per cent. A sixty-cent increase in the index number equaled a three per cent raise in the wage increase.

There is a definite arrangement made with Bradstreet's to telegraph the figure each month; the message being posted where it may be seen by the workers. In this way the Oneida Community have been able to adjust the question of wages and protect their people without unsettling consequences. It will be interesting to see what conditions will arise when the index number begins to sag off and finally reaches the vanishing point—but that would mean a proportionate decrease in living costs. In any event, the plan possesses an element of justice and equity which is the only basis on which these vexatious problems can be rightly solved.

PLAYING COAST ARTILLERY WAR GAME AT FORTRESS MONROE

THE appointment of Bainbridge Colby as member of the United States Shipping Board proved one of the most popular made in Washington for many months. Mr. Colby has been active in political life, and was a strong and ardent supporter of the President. He has always been recognized as a strong and forceful man, and it is felt by those who know him that when he takes a seat, there will be something doing. One of the active and successful lawyers of New York City, even in his busy days of practice, Mr. Colby always found a delight and pleasure with his books and speaking engagements. He has been in many a hard-fought debate, and everything he undertakes seems to be inspired by his conviction. The attention of the board has been concentrated upon statistics and inter-allied trading conditions, in order to fix a basis of rates. Commandeering of ships was also contemplated, but this move was deferred until the entire situation could be discussed at all angles.

NEVER was a dependent relative so dear as now—or at least it would seem so on account of the solicitude manifested by many exemption claimers. The women slackers who allow their men to hide behind their petticoats should emulate the action of one Washington mother who opposed her son's exemption, insisting that if he would prove half as good a fighter in the trenches of France as he was at home, he would win a commission in a short time. Some wives have insisted upon withdrawal of their husbands' claims, because, forsooth, they are well able to support themselves, and delighted to "do their bit" in that way.



THE work of preparation at Washington is not confined to those on the government payroll or in uniform. The mobilization of business men, who are devoting their time and abilities to the nation's service, is a spectacle never equaled in the history of any country. One of the most active of the civilian members of the war industries board of the Council of National Defense, is Mr. Robert S. Brookings, a St. Louis merchant. Prominent in the world of education, he was instrumental in the development of Washington University, and is a member of the board of trustees of the Carnegie Peace Foundation. Most of his time in recent years has been spent in work of a public nature.

IN Washington, the peanut stands and the fruit vendors are doing a rushing business these days. It is whispered that Congressional appetites are not yet accustomed to the Hooverized collations which are dignified by the name of luncheon or dinner. Peanuts are nutritious—and filling, and the tropical banana is well known to furnish starch and sugar and a good supply of mineral salts, properties dear to the heart of the dietitian.

The immaculate Senator J. Ham Lewis, it is related, was observed to slip furtively over to the nearest peanut stand to fill the vacancy after lunching at the executive mansion. It is well known in official circles that, since the need arose for food conservation, there is no overfeeding at the President's table. The crank who always goes to extremes is now working on a scheme to put peanut shells and banana skins to a utilitarian purpose, instead of making more work for the "white wings."

UNCLE SAM has caught the real spirit of American business. He will advertise as well as use free reading notices. Post-vacation days would seem an inopportune time for the launching of a new loan, but possibly patriotic ones, foreseeing its coming, have foregone such an expensive luxury as a vacation. Many have worked thruout the summer out of necessity, as enlistments have depleted the working forces in numerous offices and industrial organizations. However—the National Advertising Advisory Board has presented a detailed plan for advertising the next issue of Liberty Loan bonds in newspapers and other mediums of publicity to cost from one to two million dollars.

TELEPHONE APPARATUS USED IN THE ARMY

These men are receiving reports by telephone from observers who can see the results of shots from field guns, and are telephoning them in turn to the various battery and fortification commanders. The apparatus they have is used by both spotters and observers

PROXIMITY to shot and shell had no terrors for General Hugh L. Scott on his recent visit to Russia. He was several times on the actual firing line, where he saw the ground torn up by the shells and men falling under the deadly hail. With Colonel Navielskoy of the Russian general staff, he made the rounds of the trenches only an hour before the Russian attack of July 1. Surrounded by the Russian soldiers, all wearing caps, he appreciated more than ever the sombreros of the West. The service hat is unknown in the Russian army, and even the orderlies in the American mission wore caps, so that their military status would be apparent to the Russian soldiers.

The trip to Russia was one more adventure added to the long list of experiences in General Scott's long and eventful career—straightening out tangles for his country with the Indians of the western plains, quelling uprisings in Cuba, and suppressing revolutions in the Philippines. His world-wide viewpoint will be valuable in the solution of difficulties that will come as the war progresses.

THERE was a time when farmers "exchanged work," and now nations are indulging in the neighborly act. The Department of Labor decided that American labor could be supplied for harvesting the Canadian grain crop, so immigration rules were waived by both countries, and for the first time American harvest hands went across the border to help save the Canadian crops. The destruction of Canada's crops would have been calamitous to the Allied cause—our cause—and carping critics of this move should remember that, even tho we may be short of harvest hands, Canada has been drained of able-bodied men for three years fighting for our civilization, and the United States was well able to stretch out to her a helping hand in the harvest need.

ON THE BATTLEFIELD
Rear view of a machine gun and infantry emplacement constructed as a model by the engineer corps in Washington. The grass and weeds on top make it secure from spotting by enemy air machines, and barbed wire is strung in front

GOOD suggestions come in now and then which are worth while passing on. This one comes from the Vigilantes. If you have an extra seat in your automobile, give a soldier a lift. He won't ask you for it; won't expect to be picked up, but just slow up and say, "Want a ride?" and nine times out of ten you'll have done a service that will recur to him as a happy memory "over there."

PROFOUND popular regret swept the country when General Goethals resigned from the Shipping Board, for a grateful public recalls that it was he who completed the Panama Canal—the great epic of the age. The new board has vigorously taken up the matter of constructing two government-owned shipbuilding plants to build fabricated steel ships. The contracts will probably be let soon, tho the original provision that the builders of the yards be given an option to purchase will doubtless be changed, as it is understood that the new board will retain ownership and also ascertain the exact cost of fabrication before the contracts are approved. Chairman Denman, of the old board, opposed the fabricating plan on the ground that builders would derive an undue profit on the transaction—but now it is hoped the air is cleared so we can have ships. The nation demands ships—the good old Ship of State must sail on.

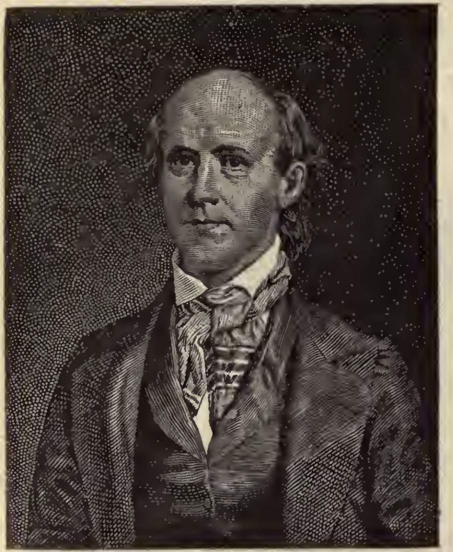
THERE is a new brand of patriot coming to light in Washington and elsewhere, called the Conscientious Objector. He is opposed to war, so he insists, because he believes implicitly in the letter of the commandment: "Thou shalt not kill." But does he? It would be an interesting experiment to watch the actions of this new species if his own individual rights, instead of his nation, were threatened—if it were a question of "only one of us leaves this room alive," as the old melodramas had it. It is all right for his neighbor to go to war—but for him, no, he'd rather sit on his screened veranda and watch the poor devils drilling out in the hot sun. The selective draft has called him into being; but if he is really conscientious and not merely an objector, the Red Cross Field Ambulance offers him tremendous opportunities for the saving of lives. There are people who have forgotten that "do" and "duty" call for activities.

THE spectacle of reputedly wealthy men claiming exemption on the ground of dependents has caused no little speculation, not to say choleric comment. It will be interesting to note the findings of the exemption boards, for, upon the fairness of the decisions rests the temper, or temperament, of the entire draft army. The man who seeks discharge on industrial claims must prove that he is worth more to the nation at his job than in the army. It is generally conceded that exemption on industrial grounds will be very difficult to secure.

As chairman of the district draft board of New York City, Charles E. Hughes declared that private interests should be sacrificed for the interests of the nation; and that claims for exemption based on personal affairs must not be given consideration.

"To the district boards," he said, "will be intrusted the solution of one of the most vital problems of the war. Two things are to be accomplished—to raise armies, to maintain industries. There are but two questions for our consideration in passing upon these appeals: First, we must ask: Does the person claiming exemption occupy such a status in respect to necessary industry that his place could not be filled by another without material loss and detriment to the adequate and effective operation of the particular enterprise?

"It is the interest of the nation solely that must be subserved. The interests of the individual or association of individuals cannot be considered except where such interests coincide with the interests of the nation. The national interest is the cardinal point to be regarded by this board, and we must bear in mind the fact that we have nothing whatever to do with anything else."



HORACE GREELEY
Who is still remembered as the greatest of American editors. His influence on the political happenings of his day was marked, and he also took a leading part in political affairs

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IN the days of the Civil War, when Horace Greeley's *Tribune* was at the zenith of its power, Senators and Representatives in Washington used to see what Greeley had to say before expressing an opinion on this or that question. In later years the influence of newspapers is not so noticeable, for unsigned editorials do not seem to appeal without a known personality behind them. When Horace Greeley analyzed a situation, there were always readers and followers. There are Congressmen in Washington today who faithfully peruse the Louisville *Courier-Journal* just to see what "Marse Henry" Watterson has to say. Altho he has almost completely lost the use of his eyes, his vision is keen and his pen is trenchant. Few writers in the country possess his power of expressing strong convictions in a clear and comprehensive manner. There is a ringing battle cry in almost every one of his leaders, and his sarcasm is a highly-developed art. An editorial by "Marse Henry" makes interesting reading.

A NUMBER of noted authors gathered in Washington and desired, "No names mentioned on this visit—our work is signed." They were members of an organization of writers and authors known as the Vigilantes, who realize that vigilance is still the price of liberty. As the name implies, they are vigilant on all matters that have to do with patriotism of the true red-blooded American sort. When the question of universal military training came before Congress, this press syndicate *de luxe* furnished to newspapers and periodicals articles written by some of the most noted writers in the country. They took up the Liberty Bond campaign and worked hand in hand with the government toward its success. Just now they're getting after the German propagandists in this country who are "still doing an active business at the old stand," mainly thru the German language newspapers.

Some of the articles in these papers would make us sit up and take notice, but, as Barnum said, "the people like to be fooled"—and most of us can't read German. Many papers are avowedly hyphenate—but they flatter themselves, for they are surely all Prussian. Their chief aim seems to be to stir up distrust of England, and assert that there is no reason for us to fight Germany. While there may be nothing openly hostile or seditious in these columns the undercurrent of anglophobia is strong and insidious—also thoroly kaiserized.

WHILE in the Adirondacks, I made a pilgrimage to the grave of John Brown. It lies in North Elba township, under Mount Marcy and Whiteface. It is a rugged country, just such an environment as one would associate with this sturdy son of Connecticut. From there he went to Osawatomie, Kansas, in 1855. The story is well known of those eventful years just before the outbreak of the Civil War. Little was it dreamed at that time that the soul of John Brown would go "marching on." At this fence-enclosed grave of John Brown is a huge boulder, perhaps twenty feet in diameter, on which is carved simply the name "John Brown." Beside it is a tombstone of one of his ancestors brought from New England. On the great boulder is a bronze tablet presenting a wonderful portrait of that rugged, strong, patriarchal face. The inscription tells of the sons executed with the father.

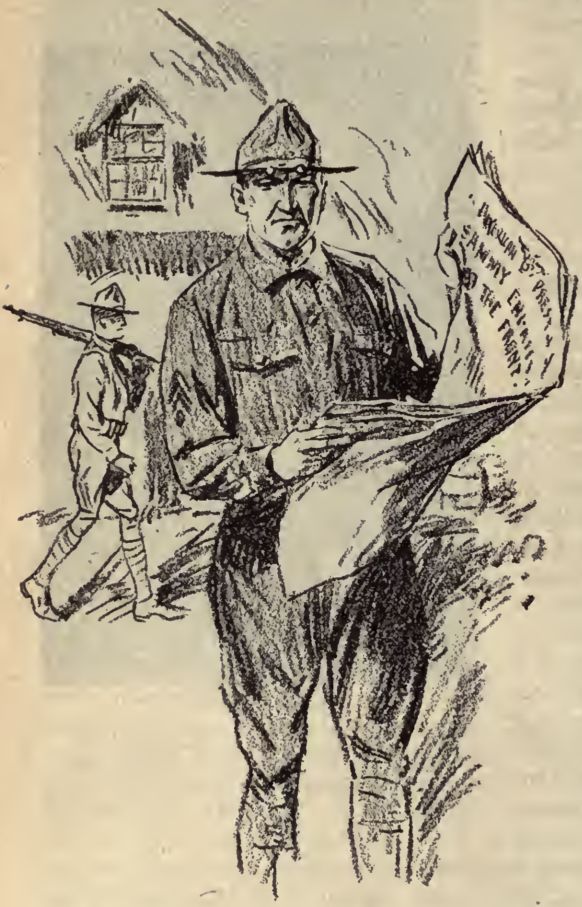
HON. ROBERT S. LOVETT
Chairman of the board of Union Pacific System, who is one of the most active business men in war work in Washington. He is in charge of the administration of the priority shipments law, a member of the war industries board and a member of the Allies purchasing board

Time softens the asperities of conflict, and as I stood at that tomb, there came a Southern girl to pay him tribute. "My grandmother," she told me, "altho a Southerner of Southerners, cried bitterly the day that John Brown was executed." The great marching song of the Union soldiers rang in my ears as I stood on the spot.

From a towering flagpole the Stars and Stripes ever float over the grave of John Brown. The farmhouse where he lived was purchased and given to the state of New York by the admirers of the sturdy hero of Osawatomie.

Theodore Roosevelt told me once that he considered one of the greatest speeches he ever made was one delivered at the home of John Brown in Osawatomie.

FROM overseas comes the information that the American expeditionary forces are incensed over the use of the name "Sammy" by the press of their home country. "Over there" no especial nickname has been in use, altho "Johnny Yank" is looked upon with favor. West Pointers particularly smile at "Sammy"—which has always been a nickname at the military academy for molasses. According to the Standard Dictionary, "Sammy" means "soaked"; but it is to be hoped that our boys won't get soaked in any sense of the word. Now it is up to the committee on military affairs to order them not to be called "Teddies."



EVIDENCE is accumulating at Washington concerning the plots and plans of Germans enjoying this country's hospitality. The record of the past, in the light of recent events, reveals some gruesome prophecies. Those who have come to realize the utter subservience of the German people to the militaristic scheme, still find it difficult to believe that supposedly intelligent people could be hoodwinked into such a condition. There are people in Germany who are fully awake to the state of affairs, but who, like the dauntless Liebknecht, have been put away where their voices cannot be heard. In 1910, at the time of the Peace Jubilee—celebrated in Kaiserdom as the "gift of the Kaiser"—he wrote: "The speeches of the Kaiser, reflecting as they have his frame of mind, will eventually precipitate Germany into the position of being the aggressor in a world-wide war."

For many years before the war, the Kaiser had been freely expressing "*Ich und Gott*" sentiments, such as, "To only one do I owe my responsibility for my actions as Kaiser, to God Almighty, and to Him alone." Easy-going people the world over took this as a joke, but some clear thinkers realized its true meaning.

MORE than any other one thing, our entrance into the war will serve to coalesce the interests of the South American countries and the United States, was the judgment of a former diplomatic officer. The anti-German manifestations in Argentina and Peru are particularly significant of common purpose, and, while they may not declare war on Germany, their sentiment is undoubtedly with this country. Numerically speaking, South and Central America are about evenly divided for and against the United States, but it is felt that Latin America will soon realize that this is primarily a pan-American war; a war which will test the survival of all free governments. That so much of South America does recognize this is a gratifying result of the work done there several years ago by Elihu Root, when he made his notable tour of the continent to the south of our country.

NOW they're suggesting a new coin—a six-cent piece—to meet the imaginary need created by the increased six-cent trolley carfare in some sections of the country. Why should it be any more difficult to carry pennies for carfare than for newspapers, or any other "necessity" that requires payment in odd cents? If we do need a new coin, why not make it a half-cent piece? With the new enthusiasm for thrift and conservation of resources, the half-cent idea should appeal.

"I don't care a farthing," said the maid, as she pouted her pretty lips and wrinkled her brow in perplexity.

"A penny for your thoughts," said the young Congressman walking beside her.

"You're on the wrong scent," she retorted. The axe fell on the poor fellow who tried to pun.

Congress was favorable to the project of five-farthing pieces a few years ago, and everybody liked the idea, but it has been a long time since anybody heard of decimal scents. Perhaps, in a punful mood, we may have farthings revived as a reminder of Revolutionary days.

THERE were some heart-burnings among those who did not secure commissions at Plattsburg, but many of them showed the real spirit to work their way from the ranks. Major-General J. Franklin Bell, commanding the Eastern Department, in an address to members of the Plattsburg camp, emphasized the opportunities for non-commissioned officers, declaring that, in the Army, promotion is made exclusively on merit.

"One needs only to know the great number of promotions which have been made to fill vacancies occasioned by the casualties in European wars," he said, "to realize how rapid promotion is likely to be in American service once it becomes fully involved in operations in the trenches in Europe. Any candidate who has failed to win a commission and who can show real, genuine merit need not have the slightest doubt of being able to earn a commission before the war closes, unless it closes very soon and before the American army becomes really seriously involved in the struggle."

MAJOR-GENERAL J. FRANKLIN BELL
The hero of the Philippines, who is now in command of the eastern department of the army

SOME very lurid streaks of yellow are revealed in the proceedings of exemption boards—in Washington, as in the most remote hamlet—but there is the splendid contrast of true blue. Some are honored at being so selected to serve their country, and some are resorting to the ostrich subterfuge of refusing to be examined. One Congressman, full of years and wisdom, made the remark that: "It is the greatest opportunity our young men ever had. What a pity that they don't realize it. The question of a return for all the advantages and privileges they have long enjoyed never entered their heads—to have to fight for anything they possess was unheard of. What is a little bloodshed?" insisted this veteran. "More people are killed in auto bus accidents than in the London air raids. Then, too, Babson's statistics prove that only one out of fifteen men have been struck with shrapnel and shed blood on the battlefields."

IS it true that the embattled farmers who seized their flintlocks to fight for liberty in Revolutionary times have given place to the somewhat rattled farmers who clamor only for high prices for wheat? Such would seem to be the case, if reports are to be believed. How else may we interpret the attitude of many Congressmen—LaFollette and others? Are they expressing the sentiment of their constituency, or are they merely personally pro-German? The demanded restatement of the issues upon which the United States entered the war and a pledge that in the final settlement the *status quo* shall be maintained, is backed by a concerted movement which declares its purpose of making changes enough in Congress during the next Congressional elections to force the withdrawal of the United States from the conflict.

THE BOWL OF FATE

It looks like a mixing bowl and spoon, but it isn't—it is the draft bowl and accompanying paraphernalia which played so conspicuous a part in the conscription of America's selective army. The picture shows the bowl, the wooden shovel which stirred the capsules, a tumbler of capsules as they appeared before they were drawn, some opened slips at the bottom and the numbers drawn by the officials who began the drawing. The bowl will find a resting place near the Liberty Bell in Independence Hall, Philadelphia

The farmer is grossly misrepresented in Congress as an individual opposed to American participation in the war because one of its inevitable effects will be to keep down the price of wheat to feed our own people. The movement to establish a farmers' oligarchy and control products in the interest of the farmer alone is distinctly un-American. Is the farmer entitled to his own price for wheat—or potatoes, or whatever he chooses to cultivate—regardless of whether the wage-earner in the mine and the factory is able to buy food at this price under an organized plan to maintain prices?

IT is difficult to divert the dominant thought of the hour from the subject of the war. Every day every man, woman and child thinks about it in one way or another. The preparations for war have stimulated inventive genius—but not all thoughts are directed toward death-dealing instrumentalities. The impulse lies latent within each individual to do something toward helping on with the great work, other than what is required under taxation or military regulations. It was a most happy thought that inspired President E. P. Brown of the United Shoe Machinery Company to provide the Massachusetts soldiers at their camp in Framingham with an army shoe repair shop. It called to mind the little "ten-footer"—revealing the evolution of the United Shoe Machinery Company from its humble beginning.

THE NEW ARMY SHOE REPAIR AUTO TRUCK
Vice-president George W. Brown of the United Shoe Machinery Company presenting the truck to General Sweetser

The cobble-caravan consists of a large truck and trailer equipped with the most modern machines to keep in repair the shoes of the soldiers. In this compact space three hundred pairs of shoes can be taken care of every day. Five shoe-repairing machines are included in the equipment. The cobble shop awheel is armored with steel sheeting and thoroly ventilated by doors at the ends and sides. Electrically lighted, with shelter for the workmen, water tank and gear pump with hose, nothing seems to have been overlooked. For the first time in history, warring nations will have their cobbler cohorts close at hand to facilitate the forced marches.

As an executive, Mr. Brown is to be congratulated upon furnishing this evidence of the predominant patriotic impulse that is inspiring so many large corporations to serve in every way possible the needs and necessities of the hour. The war is to be, indeed, a battle of brains, and what a contrast it is to find equipment of this kind provided by American inventive genius, rather than the death-dealing curtains of fire, poisoned gas and other contrivances that come from the Teutonic mind. Many of these inventions will point the way in times of peace to a conservation and efficiency that will mean much in the development of an unexampled era of prosperity, popular content and love of country for what it gives as well as requires of citizenship.

ALL READY TO MEND THE SOLDIERS' SHOES

THE obstreperous enemy alien, the spy and the traitor present a problem which justifies stern measures such as Mr. Root has recently advocated. "There are men walking about the streets of this city tonight," said the head of the United States Commission to Russia, "that ought to be taken out at sunrise and shot for treason. They are doing their work under false pretence, they are professing to be for the country and they are lying every day and in every word. They are covering themselves with the cloak of pretended Americanism, and if we are competent and fit for our liberty, we will find them out and get at them. And every one of us can help, not by talking to each other about what we hear, but by carrying to the authorities charged with the pursuit and detection of traitors all the information we can gather.

"And understand—and I hope they will understand—it is only a question of time. We are only a democracy, we have not the swift decision and competent action of a military autocracy, but we cannot be fooled or played with too long. There are some newspapers published in this city every day the editors of which deserve conviction and execution for treason. And sooner or later they will get it. The American people are not going to see their young men led to death thru the machinations of these ill-concealed friends of the enemy of our country."

If conditions as they exist in this country, insists Mr. Root, were known in Russia, the Russians would have reason to believe that the United States is in as bad a condition as their own new republic. He has also emphasized the importance of impressing Russia with America's earnestness in the war. Some of the reports received in Petrograd are as misleading as most of those received here. Carping criticism of governmental policies are likely to create in Russia a pessimism concerning the American situation quite equal to that entertained in some quarters here concerning conditions in Russia.

INTERIOR OF SHOE-MENDING CAR

THE various commissions from foreign countries that have visited this country included many business men. In talking with them, I have been interested in finding out what most impressed them in this country of ours. In traveling thru New York's subway, one of the French delegation pointed out the placards placed in the cars by the Interborough Rapid Transit Company. "They're like the old-time proclamations," he said. "How close they bring these millions of people to the commander. As is the inclination during these times, everything is reduced more or less to military proclamations. These epigrammatic and almost classical announcements mark a new epoch in business history."

They are all signed by Theodore P. Shonts, whose executive genius and great work on the Panama Canal have made his fame world-wide. I found myself later observing people as they read the cards containing danger warnings, and outlining the aims and purposes of the company. One card which particularly impressed me read:

"It is about twenty-four thousand miles around the world. Every day the cars of the subway and elevated travel a total distance twelve times that much. They carry more passengers than live in the five states of Nevada, Wyoming, Delaware, Arizona and Utah. And we do our best to provide for the safety and convenience of every passenger."

How few words will carry a message! I thought as I read this concise statement. It almost made me feel discouraged in writing long articles, when a few sentences would, perhaps, suffice.

JAPANESE MISSION ON ITS ARRIVAL IN WASHINGTON
(*Left to right*) Commander Ando, of the Imperial Japanese Navy; Massanao Hanihara, consul general at San Francisco; Vice Admiral Takeshita; Viscount Ishii, head of the mission; Ambassador Aimaro Sato; Major General Sugano (*with medals*); Matsuzo Nagai (*with white vest*); and Major Tanikawa(*with sword*)

IN the shade of the grove of trees which he planted, I found Victor Herbert, America's foremost composer, reveling in the delights of "Joyland," his summer home on Lake Placid, New York. No wonder he loves this spot. Surrounded by towering mountains crowned with spiral cedars, the lake shore is now dotted here and there with picturesque chalets and lodges. Apparently close by, but really five miles away, is the island where Bishop Potter lived. Eighteen years ago, Victor Herbert first went to Lake Placid, which seemed to remind him of the beloved lakes of the Emerald Isle, Switzerland, and the continent, where he spent the days of his youth. He still retains the cello which brought him his first fame in America.

Grandson of Samuel Lover, the Irish poet and patriot, no wonder he loves to revel in this poetic nook. In the garden are the flowers, and a green, green turf. It seems like a bit of the "auld sod"—but he gives all the credit for this to Mrs. Herbert. In the boathouse is the queen of the lake, the "Natoma," named after one of his operas. He spoke proudly of his son who had just received a commission in the army. The famous composer is hard at work on a new opera on which rehearsals have already begun. Here in the early hours and late hours, standing at his desk, with no note of music audible, Victor Herbert pens those wonderful scores that are pronounced the superb work of the times.

AT the Langley aviation field I found officers of the French aerial mission talking over contrivances which had been found effective in warfare. The closest co-operation between the flying forces and the artillery is necessary in modern warfare. A small instrument known as a "spotting" device has become indispensable. Lieutenant E. Lemaitre of the French flying corps was earnestly discussing the advantages gained by the use of this "spotter" with Captain W. P. Boatwright of the artillery corps of the United States Army, and as they closely examined the device it was apparent to observers that the use of the "spotter" by the airman and the battery commander enables the observer to wireless the result of any shot by the use of a single letter and a figure. This was abbreviation personified. Lieutenant Lemaitre made a sensational demonstration flight for Secretary of War Baker, in his Nieuport battle plane, in which he makes the flights that have gained for him the reputation of being a daredevil aviator. Captain J. C. Bartolf was an interested spectator of the operations of this gas-driven dragon armed with guns operated by the one-passenger driver, whose shots are so timed that they cannot hit the rapidly revolving propeller blades of the

DAREDEVIL FRENCH FLIER AND NIEUPORT BATTLE PLANE

Lieutenant E. Lemaitre, of the French Flying Corps who made a sensational demonstration flight for Secretary of War Baker a short time ago, is pointing out the advantages of his Nieuport battle plane to Captain J. C. Bartolf, in command of the station. The machine gun, which the French officer is looking at, is operated by the one-passenger driver, and its shots are so timed that they cannot hit the rapidly revolving propeller blades airplane. The aerial commissions find themselves at home at the Langley experimental station, located near Newport News, recently acquired by the government. Every type of air machine, domestic and foreign, is operated here for the tests required by the American officers. A wide-awake lot of men, these aviators, and future contests for which they are training will startle the enemy by their prowess in the air-realms of battle. Yankee ingenuity and pluck show that they still have the spirit that wins. It is a war for the freedom of the skies as well as the seas. Long live the art of aviation.

Three aircraft missions to the United States from England, France and Italy have given this field an international aspect. Captain Henry Dourif of France, Major L. W. Rees of England and Major R. Perfetti of Italy are in constant conference with the aircraft experts of the United States for the purpose of co-ordinating and standardizing the work of the Allies in piercing the rim of steel that encircles Germany.

A GROUP of suffragists in front of their headquarters just after their return from a prison sentence didn't seem to furnish a halo of martyrdom. What good had been done their cause by an act that savored of silliness? Are these spectacular scenes useful in furthering the cause of woman? Many thoughtful women connected with suffrage organization thruout the country have condemned the actions of some of their more ebullient sisters. What a contrast to all this is the work of Mrs. Ira Couch Wood, whose energies in helping provide filtration, sewage and other public needs in her home town, Winnetka, Illinois, have brought her the recognition which made her the executive secretary of the Woman's Committee of the Council of National Defence. Then I thought of Mrs. Thomas W. Gregory, wife of the Attorney General, who is heart and soul interested in the work of the Food Administration.

MRS. THOMAS W. GREGORY
Wife of the Attorney General, in the costume of the Food Administration. She has volunteered hearty co-operation with the purposes of the Administration

The Russian commission has reported that women in Russia not only are fighting in the army, but that they also do practically all the construction work in Russia now—particularly near the front. They have not yet aped the dress of their brothers, as many do in America, but perform their tasks in full skirts, showing that, while not fully "emancipated" in the realm of the Great Bear, they are fully initiated into the real necessities of citizenship, and have proved by deed and act that they should have full rights.

THE sturdy soldier who cleaned the cesspools of Cuba and turned over a wholesome and hygienic city of Havana was General Leonard Wood. One of the reasons given for transferring him to the newly-created Department of the Southeast was that he might supervise the training camps located in his district. Now it appears that this work will be left to a division commander, which is a matter of deep regret in those states soon to send their troops to training camps in the Southeastern Department. The people of the South have felt a keen satisfaction in the belief that the training of their sons for service beyond the seas was to be under the direction of General Wood, for, since his transfer to the Southeast, he has visited every part of the department, and has completely won the esteem and confidence of the people and especially the soldier boy.

In General Wood's former department there is also no little dissatisfaction, due to the belief that a great many of the men there, particularly in New York and New England, would be sent to General Wood's new department for training. The new order, it seems, makes the department commanders little more than supply officers. The people of the South appeared unanimous in their plea that General Wood may be given the command of an army, and that the men of the South be a part of that army. There may come a time when the wishes of the people will be heeded, and they will be considered when it becomes a question of apportioning commands.

MRS. IRA COUCH WOOD
Executive secretary of the Woman's Committee of the Council of National Defence

SUGGESTIONS are coming thick and fast concerning the conservation of food and clothing. Now comes the question: "Will war necessity work the miracle of miracles in reference to regulating women's attire?" Public opinion will do much in determining ways and means. If laws are enacted governing the clothes we wear, it will not be the first time this has been done, for the Puritans had laws that absolutely prohibited, under pain of imprisonment, undue outlay on clothing.

Here is a law of Massachusetts colony passed in 1634:

> The court, taking into consideration the great, superfluous and unnecessary expenses occasioned by some new and immodest fashion, as also the ordinary wearing of silver, golde and silke laces, girdles, hat bands, etc., hath therefore ordered that no person, either man or woman, shall hereafter make, or buy any apparel, either woolen, silke, or lynen, with any lace on it, silver, golde, silke or thread, under the penalty of forfeiture of such cloth.
>
> No man or woman shall make or buy any slashed clothes other than one slash in each sleeve or another in the back, also all cut work embroidered or needlework caps, bands now worn under the aforesaid penalty; also all gold or silver girdles, hat bands, belts, ruffs, beaver hats are prohibited to be worn. Men and women shall have liberty to wear out such apparel as they are now provided of (except the immoderate greate sleeves, slashed apparell, immoderate greate rayles, long wings, etc.) This order to take place fortnight after the publishing thereof.

RUSSIAN WOMEN AT CONSTRUCTION WORK
Women do practically all the construction in Russia now, particularly near the front

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"WHO is Hoover?" was asked on every hand when he was named by President Wilson as head of the Food Conservation Board. Now everybody knows. He is the man who saved Belgium from starvation. Farther back than that, Hoover was given the rank of Mandarin for valuable services during the Boxer Rebellion in China. He has grappled with tremendous problems in South Africa and in Russia—in fact, the whole world knew more about his work than did his own country up to a comparatively short time ago. If ability and experience count for anything, surely Herbert Clark Hoover is the man to cope with the food situation, and he should not be handicapped by any bureaucratic opposition. The one sure method to hold up action is to appoint a "board" of wrangling members, each man determined to have his own way about it. Time is passing, and much valuable work could be done in the time it has been taking to debate about starting to do something.

With the newspaper reports that the Food Commission will take over the wheat and sugar supply of the country comes the question: "Why can't we see some concrete results from all this regulation?" And then somebody starts in to criticize Hoover, and wonder if he "knows what he's talking about." They don't stop to consider that perhaps the Congressional opposition to a "one-man food board," with its inevitably unsettling influence, is to blame for the delay.

AT the time of the Deutschland's visit to this country, there was much speculation among those who were unwilling, even then, to accept Germany's good faith on any proposition concerning the tremendous menacing possibilities of such a visitation. Did they express the opinion that the craft might be exploring the coastline for other than commercial reasons, and were they laughed down as croakers and alarmists? Experts examined the interior and declared that its purposes were really what they seemed to be—but many had a "hunch" that the commercial submarine Deutschland could be converted into a war submarine at a moment's notice. Recent reports from Copenhagen confirm this belief, as the U-boat, it is said, will soon leave for the Pacific to operate against traffic from San Francisco. Her appearance in American waters will not now be hailed with acclaim as a great industrial and commercial achievement, but we will understand the "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain."

SIGNAL honors were paid to Elihu Root, the Empire State's most distinguished son, at the several functions in New York honoring the mission from Russia. In token of the public appreciation of his services, Mayor Mitchel presented to him the valor medal of the National Arts Club—the first man to receive this honor. Mr. Root expressed confidence in the Russian people and their ability for self-government. He said that at the time the Russian emperor was overthrown the people had no institutions of national self-government. Then came the propaganda of various groups, one corresponding to the I. W. W., working hand in hand with the German propagandists, who spent millions of money in bribes and taunted the people almost to desperation. The insidious suggestion, "This was the Czar's war—why not make peace?" which Germany launched in Russia would seem to correspond to the anti-English sentiment which the same agency is striving to arouse in this country. In many ways, Mr. Root said, there was really better discipline in Russia than in the United States, which is rather startling, considering the circumstances.

The Man Who Discovered Himself

A Message to the Down-and-Outers

by Willis George Emerson

Author of "A Vendetta of the Hills," "The Treasure of Hidden Valley," "Buell Hampton," etc.

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Illustrations by Arthur Hutchins

SYNOPSIS.—*Victim of a dread disease, fifty-year-old Marsh Gordon, intent on providing a good home and even luxuries for those dependent upon him, struggles for years as an humble shoe-pegger. Miriam Gordon, his wife, is a woman who has come to care only for money and the position and comforts money will bring. She accepts every sacrifice her husband makes with no compunctions, even when she sees him ill and alone. Anxious for social position, she encourages the attentions of Burn Hopkins, a rising young attorney, to her older daughter, Bernice, but keeps her husband out of sight by providing him a little one-room cottage in the back yard of their home at Venice, California. Here he stays, when not at his work. For companions he has his books. He is, however, proud of his capable wife, and denies her nothing in his power to give her. Uncomplainingly he accepts the social ostracism which she forces upon him. The only really bright spot in his life is his little daughter Bessie, who spends as much time as her mother will allow in her father's company. At last the day comes when his cough has taken such a hold upon him that he is not able to go to his work. Thinking that a day in the air and sunshine will benefit him, he goes to the hills accompanied by Bessie, and there they spend a happy day gathering tiger-lilies and cowslips. Refreshed by the short rest, Marsh returns to his work, but finally is obliged to stay away longer. This time he loses his position entirely, and makes up his mind to take Miriam's advice to go to the desert. The night before the twenty-fifth anniversary of his own marriage to Miriam, she announces to him that Bernice is to be married on the morrow, and hints that he should absent himself from home that day. Hurt beyond measure by her utter disregard of him, he leaves his savings of nine hundred dollars for her, and a letter, and taking but thirteen dollars and ten cents for himself, he starts alone for the desert. He finally finds himself in the desert, where he falls in with a band of "hoboes," who rob him of money, clothes, watch and kit of tools, and then drive him away from their campfire. He comes at last to a farm and sleeps in a haystack until morning, when he is found by the owner, Mike O'Meara, who treats him to a good breakfast and sends him on his way with a loan of five dollars and a big Mexican hat. Meanwhile Miriam has discovered his departure and rejoices over the nine hundred dollars which he has left for her. Faint and staggering, Gordon finally reaches Submarine Junction, where Ned Collier, who is stationed here, saves him from death. Under a new name—Jim Marshall—Gordon starts life anew. Shortly after his arrival he reads in a stray newspaper of the tragic death of Marsh Gordon, and resolves to accept his fate. Finally Ned Collier is given a position at Los Angeles, and secures the place at Submarine Junction for Jim. Ned meets Bessie Gordon and writes enthusiastically about her to Marshall, whose heart overflows with joy at the thought of seeing these two interested in each other. Meanwhile plans have prospered and he seems on the road to fortune.*

CHAPTER XXIII

Jim's First Deal

DAY followed day in the ordinary routine. Lavigne had brought the leather, together with buckle, eyelet rims, studs, and the necessary tools. So Jim Marshall had been able to devote his leisure hours to the fashioning of a money belt that might have earned a prize for skilled workmanship. It was strong, supple, and finely sewn, and, as it gave no sign of its real purpose, he began to wear it, just to get accustomed to its use, as he laughingly told himself. For he felt convinced that, surely as dawn follows night, the filling of the belt was now only a matter of a little time.

So he experienced no surprise when, one night, there swung down from the Los Angeles express a passenger whom he promptly recognized as the young attorney, Burn Hopkins. Until the train pulled out again, his official duties occupied his attention. The new arrival waited patiently, standing beside his grip. When Jim advanced, he held out to him a cordial hand.

"I've brought the dough, Mr. Marshall," he said gaily, without making any attempt to beat around the bush. "I'm not here to dicker, but just to pay; for, as I said to my principals from the start, I knew that your mind was finally made up. And the land is worth two hundred dollars per acre, that's certain, so it is simply a square deal for all parties concerned.

Not even by the quiver of an eyelid did Jim Marshall display either surprise or undue gratification.

"I knew the figure was right," he replied simply, "or I wouldn't have fixed it. I am satisfied, and am sure you fellows can earn a fine profit from the deal. That's as it should be. The men who bring in capital for developing a country like this deserve a very liberal reward."

"Well, all that remains to be done is for you to sign your relinquishment. I brought along the necessary form. And I didn't forget your request for currency. I have the cash with me, all in thousand-dollar bills."

Jim smiled pleasedly.

"I'm glad to do business with a man like you, Mr. Hopkins. Regard for another's wishes saves a lot of time. Now I suppose you'll want to book a room at your hotel."

"My hotel!" laughed the visitor, glancing around the moonlit desert scene.

"Oh, my cottage does duty for a hotel once in a while. You'll be my very welcome guest, sir."

"Well, just a corner to sleep in, that's all I require. I had my supper on the dining car, and I believe I can catch a west-bound train early in the morning."

"Seven-thirty-five," replied the station agent. "Well, just wait till I turn the key in my office door. Then we'll cross over. Not that my office needs locking," he resumed, dangling the key on a finger as he returned to the attorney's side. "Let me take your grip, please. As I was going to remark, hoboes used to make this a stopping place over night, but they know better than to do that nowadays. My plan was to put them under the spigot of one of the water tanks over there, and if they weren't afraid of Jim Marshall, they were mighty scared of the cold water, I can tell you. Submarine Junction is now known as the 'shower bath' among the villainous crew of desert thieves."

Jim was laughing with quiet satisfaction, but he kept his own counsel. His companion little knew of the score that had even yet, in Jim's reckoning, to be paid off by the yeggman fraternity.

"I'm almost sorry they stopped coming," the station agent went on, "for the shower bath kind o' livened up things at times."

Hopkins, too, had laughed.

"Yes, I guess it's pretty lonesome here—so my friend Ned Collier has told me."

"Oh, you know Ned Collier, do you?" asked Jim, with well-assumed surprise.

"Yes. In a way he is the real original boomer of Submarine Junction. It was he who first told me of the possibilities of this place—just indicated them, you know. But I was quick enough to catch on, and when I read that the high-line canal project was going to materialize at last, was Johnny-on-the-spot with data for my syndicate."

"Ned is a bright boy," remarked Jim.

They had now stepped onto the cottage verandah.

"You see, I have a spare stretcher," continued the host, "all ready for you or any other friend that may blow in. Sure I can't get a bite of supper ready for you? No? Well, I myself have supped or dined, call it what you will."

"I would suggest we get thru with our little business first of all," said the visitor. "Oh, just leave the grip out here. I've the bills in my pocket-book. Thank you," he added, as Jim held open the door leading to the inner room where a lamp was already alight, turned low.

* * *

Within a brief space of time the relinquishment paper had been signed and witnessed, and the fat wad of thirty-two thousand dollar bills transferred. No receipt passed. But the attorney explained that he had scrip in his bag which next day at the land office in San Bernardino would secure a clear and unencumbered title to the land, once the new filing had been made, immediately after the lodging of the relinquishment.

"Smoke?" asked the attorney after the satisfactory conclusion of the business. He had produced a cigar case from his pocket.

"Thanks," assented Jim. "But suppose we sit out on the porch. It is cooler there."

The guest assented, and for an hour they puffed their weeds, the attorney in placid contentment over the successful completion of his mission, Jim in listening mood, discreetly allowing the visitor to do most of the talking.

He dared not put any leading questions, but an inquiry how Ned, his predecessor in the station agent's job, was getting along, led to some remarks that were full of interest.

* * *

Ned was doing well—in line for steady promotion. Hopkins met him quite often at the home of his mother-in-law, Mrs. Marsh Gordon, a well-known painter on china. He sometimes thought that Ned was a bit sweet on Bessie, the younger daughter. He himself had married Bernice, the elder daughter, and their first baby had arrived only a week ago.

Jim's heart thumped like a trip hammer, but he managed to speak quite composedly.

"My congratulations. All going well?"

"Sure, or do you imagine I'd be here? A bouncing boy, nine and a quarter pounds, and both mother and child getting along splendidly. Now, Mr. Marshall, as I've got to be up early, I think I'll turn in, by your leave."

The host arranged his guest's bed, folding down the cover and shaking the pillow. He himself would take a little stroll—his regular habit every night, as he explained.

In the solitude of the brooding desert, out under the moon and the faintly twinkling stars, Jim Marshall mused on all the wonders that were coming to him. He was a grandfather now. Thank God! He had often been afraid that Bernice might have been affected by her mother's theories of birth control. God be praised, it was not so. He was of the old-fashioned school, prepared and glad to accept the gifts of Providence just as they came along. And what greater gift than a child in the home?

The moonlight made things almost as bright as day, and he counted over again his roll of currency. Thirty-two thousand dollars! One-half was certainly Ned's, the other his own. Ned had refused point blank to divide, but that made no difference with Jim Marshall. Ned must take the share that was properly his—it was even thru him that the recent deal had been made.

Alone and in the solemn quietude of the night, Jim thought out his subsequent plans. Lavigne was due at the station the day after tomorrow. He would get him to arrange a meeting with the pugnacious Irishmen in Yuma, where they conducted their business affairs and therefore visited at frequent intervals, keeping each other company because of their mutual distrust, perhaps also for the pleasure of quarreling most of the time.

Meanwhile Jim would send in his resignation to railway headquarters, giving a month's notice if necessary. For despite his sudden access of wealth, he would, as a matter of course, continue the faithful discharge of his duties until proper arrangements could be made to fill his place. No doubt there might be only a few days' delay in appointing his successor, and then he would be free to go to Yuma—the very town, curiously enough, for which he was making nearly four years before when Ned saved his life on the railroad tracks.

The meeting with Reilly and Burke in Yuma would have to appear to be a chance one. All that was thoroly understood between himself and Lavigne.

* * *

Now that Jim Marshall was entering on big business, the native shrewdness of his character, hitherto repressed, was beginning to display itself. He had in his mind a certain price for the Reilly-Burke land and stock—a perfectly just price, he held, considering their benighted methods of running the cattle ranch. But the offer would have to be sprung on the sellers suddenly, to accept or reject, with a bunch of the crisp one-thousand-dollar bills as bait that would most likely prove irresistible. For the deal at Jim's figure would undoubtedly have to be closed there and then. Otherwise, if the terms came to be talked over with outsiders, Reilly and his partner would be sure to receive any amount of gratuitous advice about enhanced land values thru the building of the high-line canal, altho in point of fact this improvement had only a remote connection with their holdings.

The new railroad was different. However, those thriftless, ignorant cattlemen probably knew little or nothing about the project. Moreover, it was still in the air—very much in the air. But if Jim did secure possession of the ranch, it was part of his ultimate plans to revive interest in the spur line—Lavigne and he were going to put their shoulders to the wheel to make the railroad authorities carry out the work, or alternatively they would raise capital for an independent line. In all these subsequent endeavors Reilly and Burke would have no part or share, so that the just price for their land now was present value and nothing more.

Jim was quite clear to his own conscience. He was going to take advantage of no one, but he was determined to get that land. In its present owners' hands it was comparatively valueless, while under his control it would become the foundation of a big fortune—just how colossal a fortune Jim did not care to speculate.

For the present he was content yet once more to count the money of which less than a moiety would, no doubt, enable him to put thru the deal. He did so, then carefully stowed the bills into his belt, and finally turned his footsteps toward home.

Burn Hopkins was already asleep on his stretcher on the porch.

* * *

It was half-past six o'clock next morning when the guest was awakened with the genial cry: "Breakfast all ready in the dining car—first and last call."

Jim stood laughing in the doorway, a big toasting fork in his hand.

Coffee, rashers of bacon, fried eggs, hot biscuits—the young attorney had never enjoyed a meal better in all his life. And a little later he was waving good-bye to his host from the observation platform of the westward-bound express.

Jim Marshall was once more alone. A fancy came to him. He went to the freight platform and stepped upon the scales.

"One hundred and seventy-five pounds! Gee! That's what good old Submarine has done for me in less than four years. Seventy-seven pounds gained from the old skin and bone days, and ten dollars of capital converted into sixteen thousand for me and another sixteen thousand for Ned. Great Scott! That's certainly going some."

And, thinking of the former emaciated and impoverished times, he patted his belt-line with proud satisfaction—the proper girth was now there, and the money as well.

"But it is not," mused Jim, "what a man has, but rather what he is and will be, that need interest one's friends. Every truly great man is stronger for an experience and with his increased strength should come increased gentleness."

CHAPTER XXIV

Adios, Submarine

When Marsh Gordon arrived at Submarine, he was a minus quantity as regards personal belongings. He had had only one thing left to lose, and had promptly lost that, too—his name. But with his lost identity he had found a friend. And friendship is a pearl without price—the silken girdle that binds the hearts of men together in eternal bonds—the sublime solace which is not fully appreciated until all else is lost.

During the closing weeks of his service as station agent, serene in the consciousness that he was equipped now with the weapon that could not fail to open the way leading to the achievement of big things, he fell into the habit of writing down his thoughts. One night, during an hour of musing, he had been asking himself the question: "What is success?" Now that the ripe fruit was so near to his hand, what did it really mean for him? Material gain counted for very little indeed. Spiritual happiness derived from the helping of his fellow-men—that surely was the true goal. With the philosophy of his meditations still in mind, he reached for a writing-pad, and this is what he wrote:

> Success belongs to the man who has lived, labored, laughed and loved; who has plucked the priceless jewel of noble character from the furnace of life's sacrificial struggle; who has walked with his God across sun-parched deserts to serve a friend; who has been kind and gentle to little children and thereby won their love; who has also been generous to the poor in purse, inspiring hope in the hearts of the hopeless; whose heart is a reservoir of contentment, reflecting the glow of an undimmed conscience upon a face of cheerfulness; whose life has been clean and free from taint, from lust and greed and avarice; whose love for his mother and wife and children has been so true that all womankind challenge

his respect; who has substituted the love of greatness for the greatness of love, and by thought and deed has served the world in which he lives, transforming arid wastes into verdant vale and flowering dale; whose sympathy has lightened the burden of oppressed labor; who has given the best within him to his fellows; who has turned the feet of the profane to the higher walks of life and thus saved a soul; who has discovered the noblest qualities in others; whose life has been an inspiration to friend and a rebuke to foe, and whose memory in after years will be a benediction worthy the floral gifts brought by loved ones to his tomb. With such a cumulous record, life is a success, tho the man die a prince or a pauper.

After penning the above sentences carefully, pausing here and there for a word, at times amending a phrase, he leaned back in his chair and once more fell to ruminating. So love was the only true and sure foundation of success.

"Now what is love?"—this was the next and consequential question he was asking himself. After a time he reached once more for his pen, and the answer flowed from it as follows:

Love is the "beginning," the "span," and the "ending" of every mortal who regards the jewel of the soul as the true riches of earth, and immortality's crown in the life beyond, where the Great King reigns, as the only thing worth striving for—the one reward for unselfish living.

Humanity demands, conscience approves, and all that is good in the world applauds the genial and glowing warmth of honest love, whether it is between husband and wife, parent and child, sister and brother, the "lassie" for her "laddie," the love of a dog for its master or the master's love for his dog, or the love universal in the heart of man for the Infinite.

Love now. Love always—today, tomorrow and for evermore. Do not seal up for future use the spirit within you of "man's humanity to man." Dispense gentleness and sympathy, tenderness and love, ever keeping the best within you awake and actively doing deeds of goodness to your brother men. Never forget, as Nixon Waterman has beautifuly expressed it, that "a rose to the living is worth more than sumptuous wreaths to the dead."

The more sight drafts of sympathy you pay with the "golden coin" of rational, sincere love, the stronger you will become and the more dividends you can and will distribute by the wayside to the meek and the lowly who are famishing all about you for just "old-fashioned" kindness.

Give consideration and charity in "full measure pressed down." Do not wait for death to stimulate your sympathy. Postmortem protestations of love are usually an idle pretense—not only an insult to the memory of the departed, but evidence irrefragable of hypocrisy. Tie up every unhappy incident of the past into bundles of the forgotten, and throw them overboard as useless ballast. It is present love that counts. Love now, love ever.

* * *

With these thoughts in his mind, Jim arose and slowly paced the room. It was close on midnight, and it was the last night in the little cottage where he had lived his desert life of loneliness, yet of happiness, the memory of which now filled his heart with overflowing gratitude to the kind Providence that had guided his steps to the haven of Submarine and the helpful hand of Ned Collier.

Ned Collier—to whom, as man to man, he owed so much—his all. He drew from his pocket Ned's last letter, and stopped beside the lamp to peruse once again a certain passage it contained. This passage was a gay, but very determined, refusal to share the profits from the homestead land. "Not on your life, old boy!" the sentence ran. "I am making my own way in the world; you are making yours. More power to your good right arm! The land was yours, its price is yours. And don't forget how at the very start I warned you about violating the law. My sharing now would be collusion—flagrant collusion. No federal penitentiary for this here child! I stand for the law all the time, and so do you, Jim. No doubt you could slip me that cash all right without anyone but ourselves being the wiser. But remember conscience, my friend—the conscience about which you used to speak to me so many words of wisdom, the conscience that never slumbers, that judges a man to himself, that pricks and wounds thru life even when its owner may pretend to smile. Get thee behind me, Satan! You'll make grand use of all that money, Jim—far grander use than I could ever hope to make with any part of it—not for yourself alone, for I know your unselfish nature, but for all around you. You will be able now to carry into effect your gospel of love, to build for the success which will make you more useful still to humanity at large. Go ahead and prosper, just as I am doing, thanks in no small measure to your teachings during that glorious period of our comradeship. Sometimes I didn't seem to be listening, eh?—when you used to deliver those grand orations. But you see I was absorbing them all the time, like a suckling child."

Over Jim's features came a smile of ineffable love and contentment. "God bless that boy!" he fervently murmured. Then he resumed his seat and his pen.

Dear old Ned:

Tomorrow morning I leave Submarine for Yuma. So this is just a line to supplement my usual weekly letter. I am only going to refer to that division of profits. Your argument does not hold good. Let us forget the past; share with me simply for the present. Read the enclosed lucubrations about Success and Love. It was your letter, in your absence, that prompted me to put these thoughts on paper. You will see that by advising me to selfishness, you would make me deny my own creed of what life should be.

However, if you still persist, remember so do I. Whenever I get to Yuma, your sixteen thousand dollars goes into the bank, old man, there to accumulate interest until you ask for a settlement of accounts between us. I note what you say about my making profitable use of the money. Perhaps I can, perhaps I will. But none of it shall ever go out of the bank without the best collateral. So just as soon as you repent of your obstinacy, Ned, you may call on me for principal and interest to date at any time. These will be my last words on the subject, partner—for the present, at all events.

Your old chum,

Jim.

He folded the letter, enclosed it in an envelope with the two writings he had previously made, and inscribed the address. Next he took from his pocket a little bundle of envelopes, ten or a dozen in number, held together by an india-rubber band. He drew forth one; there was already a typewritten address upon it—Mrs. Marsh Gordon, Venice-by-the-Sea, California.

Within the envelope was a blank sheet of yellow paper. Opening one pouch of his money belt, Jim produced a wad of currency—mostly one-hundred-dollar bills, with some of smaller denominations, change for one of the thousand-dollar bills, which Lavigne had brought to him a few days previously from Yuma. Wrapping a one-hundred-dollar bill in the yellow blank, he moistened the flap of the envelope, finally placing it under a heavy book so that it should be well sealed without the aid of sealing wax that might have directed attention to its possibly valuable contents. A few minutes later he affixed postage stamps both to this letter and to the one for Ned, then bestowed the two missives in his pocket.

* * *

Again he surveyed the little room. The book shelves alone were bare—the volumes had been boxed and taken away by Lavigne, to be kept temporarily in his care. Everything else in sight Jim left for his successor. Naked he had come to Submarine, naked he would depart. It was a land agent who would come into possession early on the morrow. For the cottage had passed to the buyers of the homestead, and already there was a sprinkling of tepees up and down both sides of the line—temporary dwellings of first town settlers awaiting the arrival of lumber wherewith to build them homes.

The new station agent was making his quarters meanwhile in the depot—the railway company was going to put up a house for him appropriate to the new town. Jim had surrendered office that very afternoon. Tomorrow morning early he would swing onto the eastward-bound express from Los Angeles.

"So in a few hours from now it will be *adios* to good old Submarine," he murmured, as he began to disrobe for the last time in his desert home.

Jim was thinking and dreaming. "Yes," he said aloud, "money is the punctuation point that ends all sentences, whether spoken or written, and determines the direction of the compass, even tho it leads us among the ruder things of earth. In most lives yesterday is a memory, today a reality, and tomorrow a vision."

Chapter XXV

An Old Friend

Next day Jim Marshall was in Yuma. He took a room at the best hotel. He then repaired to a clothing store and fitted himself out with new garments from top to toe. He made no choice of fashionable clothes—just the suitable wear for a rancher—trousers and coat of serviceable blue serge, blue shirt, flowing tie, and fine big broad-brimmed sombrero, all of the best. In this by no means unpicturesque garb, he looked a fine figure of a man—tall, erect, stalwart, with health of body reflected in the clear eye and ruddy, sun-tanned complexion.

Next he bought himself a watch—one of the best standard makes, in a solid gold case and with a gold chain, of neat and unobtrusive pattern, to match it. He continued his purchases: boots, underwear, handkerchiefs, comb, brushes, a supply of blades for his safety razor—nothing was forgotten. Then, with a couple of good-sized grips, he considered his outfitting, for the present at least, as complete.

At the hour he knew the westward-bound Sunset Limited would be due, he sauntered back to the railway station. There he posted on the mail car the two missives he had carried with him from Submarine—the one addressed to Mrs. Marsh Gordon containing the hundred-dollar bill, the other to Ned Collier carrying the message in regard to the division of profits from the land deal. Midday dinner was now in order, for Francois Lavigne would not arrive till evening.

* * *

While shopping and strolling thru the town, Jim had carefully scrutinized various bank windows, and it was without surprise that he noted inscribed on one of them, among the list of officials, the name of Michael O'Meara, vice-president. He had often thought of the kind-hearted rancher who had befriended him in the hour of pained humiliation and deepest misery. He had not forgotten O'Meara's avowed intention of selling his homestead and returning to banking pursuits. In Yuma, the nearest town of commercial importance, the desert sojourner would secure just the same climate that had restored him to sound health. So it was quite in the natural order of things to find O'Meara here.

After luncheon Jim repaired to the bank. O'Meara had not changed a bit, except for his clothes. He was visible thru the glass panels that screened a side room, seated at a desk, going over some papers. Jim instantly recognized him, but the banker received his visitor with the formality due to a complete stranger.

"Be seated, please," he said, indicating a vacant chair. "What can I do for you?"

"Well, I wish to open an account," replied Jim with a quiet smile. "But before I do, Mr. O'Meara, I want to ask you whether you don't remember me."

"I certainly don't recollect seeing you before," replied the banker, half in apology.

"Well, you once provided me with a bed among your alfalfa haystacks, you gave me my breakfast, you fitted me out with a fine Mexican hat, and you loaned me five dollars."

"What!" exclaimed O'Meara in profound amazement. "You don't mean to tell me that you are that long, lank fellow whom the hoboes had stripped of his clothes?"

"I'm the man. I keep that old Mexican hat yet in remembrance of your kindness. In my next home I'm going to hang it up on the wall."

O'Meara was now laughing heartily.

* * *

"Well, you certainly looked a comical cuss that day when you rode off on Dan's wagon in the tall headpiece and your tattered clothes. But I had sized you up all right, my friend, so was not one bit surprised when, later on, the five dollars I had loaned you returned. The next fellow who got them wasn't so honest. But that's the way of the world, and one success, as it seems I made with you, compensates for all the other failures."

"I have always gratefully remembered your kindness," murmured Jim.

"Oh, we'll forget that. But you did take kindly to my cream"—the genial Irishman was laughing again. "You lapped it down like a famished kitten."

"Well, I was and am no kitten," grinned Jim. "But famished—that's just how I felt when you took me into your home. And the cream, I guess, was the beginning of my cure. Look at me now," he added, extending his brawny arms in a way that showed the condition of a well-trained athlete.

"It's a miracle, that's just what it is. But altho your case looked pretty bad, I had a kind of half belief that the desert air would save you, just as it had saved me. Your letter with the remittance didn't tell me where you had settled, and you only signed yourself—let me see now—yes, yes—'Jim.' If I remember aright, that was the name."

"Quite right—Jim Marshall. I've been the station agent at Submarine Junction for the past three years."

"By jingo! you got on well—you certainly made good."

"And I was fortunate enough to homestead one of the best quarter sections of land there. Between ourselves, in signing my relinquishment, I made a mighty good deal."

"Yes, I've heard that there is going to be a town there at last. The high-line canal will lead to the development of all the country around Submarine."

"Well, today, Mr. O'Meara, I want to open an account with your bank, but I want it opened in one particular way. The account will be in the name of Jim Marshall, Trustee, and that is how I'll sign if I ever come to check against it. Probably the deposit will remain intact—at least a good proportion of it will. What is your rate of interest under these circumstances?"

"Three and sometimes four per cent. But look here, Marshall, in your special case I'm prepared to allow you five per cent on daily balance. How will that suit you? And the amount of the deposit?"

"Sixteen thousand dollars," answered Jim as he proceeded to unbuckle his money belt.

"Holy smoke!" ejaculated O'Meara, "I had no idea of such a large sum, or I wouldn't have named so high a rate." But the banker was smiling pleasedly all the same—it was not often that such a fat deposit dropped into the bank coffers from the clouds. And money could be profitably employed right then, in these days of vigorous development all around the county town. So O'Meara made no further comment while he watched Jim count out sixteen thousand-dollar bills. He accepted the currency, checked the amount, and touched a buzzer that brought the cashier to his side.

Jim continued:

"I also want a second account in the name simply of Jim Marshall—no word 'trustee' in this case. I'll check against it in the ordinary way—it will be my current account, you understand."

Both O'Meara and the cashier nodded.

"I am only going to put one thousand dollars to the credit of this second account today. Perhaps tomorrow or a little later there will be more to go in. Meanwhile, however, here is the amount—one thousand dollars. Now I'll be glad to get the pass books and my check books—two separate check books, please."

* * *

The cashier departed to his own sanctum, and a few minutes later returned with the books and the card for the new client's specimen signature. Jim had resumed his belt. After glancing at the entries, he placed the pass books together with the check books in his coat pocket.

"So you are going to settle in Yuma?" inquired O'Meara, when Jim and he were alone again. "I remember recommending the place to you as a health resort. And let me tell you now that it is a fine business place for a man with some capital—couldn't be beat in the whole Southwest. What with the government dam at Laguna and other water improvements, things are booming right along. I'll be glad to put you up for membership in the Chamber of Commerce."

"Thanks—after awhile," replied Jim. "My plans are not quite settled yet. Tomorrow, perhaps, I'll know better. Are you acquainted with Mr. Francois Lavigne?"

"The rancher up the river? Oh, yes, I know about him—good solid man. But he doesn't happen to be one of our customers."

"He's a friend of mine—used to come over regularly to Submarine Junction to ship out his wool or fat sheep. Well, in any case I'm going to pay him a little visit. I want to have a look at those river valley lands."

"Rich soil, of course. But I'm told they are shy of irrigation water in some places. You be on your guard, Mr. Marshall. I think I could put you onto better land much nearer to Yuma. Let me ring up the secretary of the Chamber of Commerce."

The banker's hand was reaching for the telephone, but Jim interposed.

"Not yet, Mr. O'Meara. I'll be in town quite likely for a few days. There is just one favor I'm going to ask. Let us step round to the store where I bought this new hat of mine. I want you to accept a 'hat from me for old time's sake."

'Oh, nonsense!" laughed the banker. "You are troubled with a sensitive conscience, eh? You want to pay me back for that old Mexican hat? No, no; that's not to be thought of for a moment."

But Jim insisted. He had risen to his feet, and O'Meara had followed his example. Jim hooked the banker by the elbow, and, both laughing, they left the building arm in arm, like tried and trusted friends.

Chapter XXVI

Turning Cattleman

Reilly and Burke were in town; Jim Marshall had ascertained this, unobtrusively, without inquiring of anyone, simply by examining the registers at different hotels. The hotel where they were quartered he found to be only a block or two away from his own. It was a less pretentious establishment, its charges quite evidently cheaper, and its patronage accordingly of a rougher class. Jim made no move to open up an acquaintance until Lavigne should arrive.

It was almost the dinner hour before the rancher put in an appearance. Jim was reading a newspaper in the hotel lobby, deeply interested over an article about government experiments in acclimating the date palm, when Lavigne laid a hand upon his shoulder.

"Jim."

"Francois, old fellow."

It was the first time the two men had met away from Submarine Junction, and there was extra cordiality in the hand-grip exchanged.

"Glad to see you here," said Francois. "I drove over in my buckboard. That will be more comfortable than the wagon to take you back with me to my home. Hortense is all eagerness to welcome you. We are going to have a grand old time."

"You're mighty kind," responded Jim. "Sit down for a few minutes. I see that Reilly and Burke are both in Yuma."

"Oh, yes. As I told you, they invariably come in around the first of the month. I spoke to Burke the day before yesterday. He is all primed up to sell; wants to go back to Ireland, and hopes Reilly will take the opposite direction—to Japan. He never wants to see his ugly mug again—that's how he put it." Francois went on, laughing. "I took the chance to drop a hint that I thought I knew a possible buyer who might be in Yuma this week. He rose to the fly like a rainbow trout, wanted to know more, but I let it rest at that. You'll have no difficulty with him; I think that's sure."

"And Reilly?"

"Well, Reilly drunk and Reilly sober are two different men. When he has a load aboard, he is as snarly as a mountain cat and as obstinate as a mule. At other times he is not half a bad fellow, provided Burke don't happen to be around. He's shrewd, too, and long-headed; knows quite well that two quarrelsome partners can never make money; and I fancy he also will be only too glad to quit if the price you are prepared to pay is about right. I have had another chat, since I saw you, with Miguel, the Indian cowboy. There are certainly close on four hundred head of stock, all told, nearly all on the range. For there's mighty little feed around the ranch house just now. There hasn't been a drop of rain for close on six months."

"Irrigation will put that all right," commented Jim. Then, "When are you going to tackle those fellows?"

"Tomorrow morning, bright and early, when Reilly will be at his best, and easiest to handle. I've put up at their hotel this time, so that we can't help running against each other without any appearance of my chasing them. You just sit around here during the forenoon. When I bring 'em along, you'll know they are ready to consider a proposal."

"All right. And now, Francois, you'll dine with me. The best hotel table in Yuma is yours by right, my friend. Or perhaps I should say *mon ami* now. You'll have to teach me French in my old age." Jim had an arm around his comrade's shoulders as, laughing, they moved along toward the dining room.

* * *

Next day, in the other hotel, Reilly and Burke were getting ready to enjoy their morning meal seated at the opposite ends of the long dining room, with morning papers held in front of them so as to shut out the view of each other's countenance. Lavigne entered, surveyed the scene, smiled, and, as there were no other guests present, called out:

"Look here, boys, you are both going to breakfast with me this morning. It's not often that neighbors meet away from home. Come along. We'll take this table, my dear"—this to a pretty little waitress who had just entered with the day's bill-of-fare in her hand.

Awkwardly, half reluctantly, the two partners moved up from their frigid poles toward the equatorial belt of the room.

"Good morning to you," said Reilly gruffly, eyeing Burke, as much as to say that there must be some show of politeness before company.

"Same to you," growled Burke, with a glowering glance that further discounted the display of unwonted courtesy.

* * *

But they took their seats all the same, one on each side of Lavigne, and, under the Frenchman's genial guiding influence, the meal proceeded pleasantly enough. Mexico was the principal subject discussed—faction-torn and bandit-ridden Mexico. Both the cattlemen knew the border country well, and had interesting comments on the situation. Burke was very gloomy as to the final outcome of events, but Reilly was inclined to be optimistic.

"I tell you, Mr. Lavigne," he declared toward the close of the discussion, "if I had the capital right now, I could make a barrel of money by buying cattle for spot cash across the line."

"You'd have a slim chance of getting out of the country with your spot cash or any cattle either," commented Burke. "They are nothing but a lot of d—— thieves."

"I'm accustomed to take care of myself," retorted Reilly.

"Oh, the men who really know the people," interposed Lavigne with a genial right and left smile; "and who can speak their lingo, can handle the business all right. It's only the tenderfoot that gets stung."

"Some pretty old and tough tenderfeet have lost their lives this time," observed Burke.

"Well, I ain't old, and I ain't tough, nor am I particularly tender," laughed Reilly, with a half snarl and a snap in his voice. "All the same, I'd bet to make two dollars for each one at the game."

"Why don't you have a try at it, then?" asked Lavigne.

"Where's the money, I'd like to know, in these hard times?"

"Oh, you might get a loan on the ranch, couldn't you? I myself might even spare a couple of thousand dollars and go in on the deal."

"What! And leave Burke in possession? Not on your blamed life! The whole place would go to the dogs in a week."

He spoke frankly—in complete disregard of his partner's presence. But Lavigne had often enough heard similar remarks, and Burke by his indifference showed that he was quite accustomed to personalities of the kind. At present he was too busy over a succulent T-bone steak to have his irascibility aroused.

So the conversation proceeded without disturbance.

* * *

"I was telling your partner the other day," said Lavigne, still addressing Reilly, "that I happen to know a man who is looking for some cattle country handy to Yuma."

"A buyer?" came the eager query.

"Spot cash, I was informed."

"At what figure?"

"How should I know? I guess you've got to give him a price."

"Where's he to be found?" asked Burke, relinquishing his knife and fork. "And what's his name?"

"Mr. Marshall is his name. I fancy he is likely to be registered at the Pacific if he's in town. Perhaps we might stroll around."

"Right you are!" Both partners drew back their chairs from the table.

"But he doesn't know much about your place," continued Lavigne. "He has just picked up a few facts, from hearsay, about different ranches in the neighborhood. I believe he is ready to make an offer on mine. But he knows I'm not on the market—unless, of course, I happen to change my mind."

Reilly looked uneasy; he rose to his feet.

"We had better see him right away, then," he proposed.

"Well, I was going to ask whether you haven't a map of some kind to show him—your acreage, boundary lines, and all that sort of thing."

"We've got a map with our abstracts of title, of course."

"In the safe deposit vaults at the First National Bank," added Burke, "just around the corner."

It might be well, then, to have the map with you. Of course you know your stock figures?"

"If we can agree on a price per head," repeated Reilly, "we can have a muster in double-quick time."

"All right, if that comes to be necessary," concurred Lavigne. "Well, if you like, gentlemen, we'll make a move. We can visit the Safe Deposit in passing. No, no; these breakfasts are on me"—he was paying the pretty waitress, and with his tip was bestowing on her the true Frenchman's gallant smile. "The dinners tonight may be yours, if by any chance we can put thru a deal."

"Now, don't be too d—— bull-headed!" said Burke, in an aside to his partner.

"You keep your greedy mouth shut!" retorted Reilly, also in a low tone. "If you don't put your foot in it, I may get rid of you at last, d—— your eyes."

"Come along, brothers," exclaimed Francois, extending an arm over the shoulders of each of the "heavenly twins."

* * *

Jim was seated in the lobby of his hotel smoking a cigar, while he scanned the morning newspaper. Francois saw him from the corner of his eye, but went thru the formality of inquiring of the desk clerk whether Mr. James Marshall happened to be registered.

"That's him—right over there," was the clerk's reply.

Francois glanced in the indicated direction.

"So it is. Come along, then, boys. I'll introduce you. Of course, if you want me to clear out, I'll leave you alone."

"No, no!"—the negative came from both the partners.

"In fact, we'd rather you put the business points for us," suggested Reilly. "If Burke tries to handle the gentleman, there's not one chance in a hundred of a deal being put thru."

"And God help us if you had to do the talking!" retorted Burke amiably.

"All right, boys. No quarreling. I'll try to help you out, both of you. Come on."

Jim Marshall rose with quite stately dignity when Lavigne accosted him by name.

"Oh, yes, I remember you, Mr. Lavigne. Glad to meet you again. And your friends?"

"Mr. Reilly—Mr. Burke. They are the owners of a cattle ranch up the river—near neighbors of mine, in fact. The last time we met you remarked that you were on the outlook for just such a property."

"Well, I'm not quite sure—I'm half thinking now of sheep."

"Oh, sheep can't touch cows," interjected Burke.

"Shut your d—— mouth!" growled Reilly, under his breath and with a savage glare at the offender.

Mr. Marshall was too polite to see or overhear.

* * *

"Well, I'm a sheep man, as you know," continued Lavigne, "first, last, and all the time. But sheep and wool need a good deal more experience in handling than range-running cattle. These gentlemen have a map of their property with them and can give you a close estimate of the number of stock. Their ranch has the great advantage of having the foothills right behind it—government land, and likely to be government land for the next hundred years, and the best grazing country ever."

"Oh, I'm not a buyer of blue sky," laughed Jim.

"But wouldn't you like to look at the map? They have got their abstracts, too, right here in Yuma. Not one dollar of encumbrance on property or stock. Twelve hundred and eighty acres of land, and about three hundred and fifty head of stock of all ages. That's the figure you gave me, Mr. Burke, isn't it?"

"Yes; three hundred and fifty, more or less—probably more."

Reilly was about to get in some reply,

too, but Lavigne discreetly squeezed his arm.

"You'll look over the papers, won't you?" Lavigne continued to urge. "At least there can be no harm done, and you'll be adding to your knowledge of the country."

* * *

Reilly produced from his pocket a little red-taped bundle of papers, among which showed the glazed linen fabric of a survey tracing. He proffered the packet to Jim, but the latter waved it aside.

"Well, we can't talk business here. Suppose we go up to my room. I happen to have a private parlor on the second floor."

The cattlemen almost tumbled over each other as they crowded up the stairs.

Among the papers were the certificates of title for the two sections of land, one of which stood in the name of Reilly, the other in the name of Burke. Besides the map of the two adjacent holdings, there was an agreement of partnership, executed twelve years before, under which the livestock were run on the land and on the range as joint property.

Jim examined the documents with leisurely care. He had handed round a box of cigars, and left the others to go ahead with their smoking. Burke kept an eye on Reilly, Reilly an eye on Burke. But Lavigne, at the opposite side of the table to Jim, separated them, and it was to him that Jim addressed an occasional query about this mark or that mark, the special features of the land, the average rainfall, and so on. Finally, first jotting down the figure 350 as representing the likely number of stock, Jim did a little ciphering on a sheet of paper, the two Irishmen watching his facile pencil intently. When he had finished his notations, Jim folded the paper and rested a hand on it.

"Well, what is your price, gentlemen?" he asked, glancing from the one partner to the other.

This was a poser; the two sellers looked at each other across the table, with the sullen ferocity of a couple of strange bulls.

Lavigne interposed.

"Couldn't you make an offer, Mr. Marshall?"

"I can't be both seller and buyer," objected Jim.

"There are special circumstances in this case," Lavigne continued to urge. "If you name your figure, these gentlemen will at least consider it."

"Well, I reckon that the ranch may be worth ten thousand dollars—land and stock."

"Twelve thousand!" roared Burke.

"Fifteen thousand, you idiot!" Reilly almost screamed.

It looked as if a fight were on. But Jim quietly readjusted the tape round the bundle of papers, then proceeded to select a cigar. Lavigne was gripping each partner by a wrist.

"Then we are not agreed, gentlemen," resumed Jim, after his cigar was alight. "I was prepared to pay cash—ten thousand dollars in currency."

* * *

As he spoke, he reached a hand to his money belt and produced a wad of bills. He opened the roll, spreading the bills a trifle apart.

"Ten one-thousand-dollar bills," he went on, as he rustled the crisp currency.

Burke's eyes fairly popped; Francois could feel Reilly's arm trembling.

"That would fix you up for your Mexican venture," observed Lavigne, with a glance at Reilly.

"Ireland for me!" gurgled Burke, in a low tone.

Jim was now rolling up the notes.

"I'll sell my half interest for five thousand dollars," exclaimed Burke, extending a hand across the table. "If Reilly sells too," he added, by way of afterthought, as he shot a vengeful glance at his partner.

"By God! I'll take the five thousand dollars, if only to be rid of you, you derned hydrophobia skunk."

Lavigne held the two men apart. Reilly continued, addressing the buyer again:

"It's a mighty good bargain for you, Mr. Marshall. But spot cash is spot cash, and it enables me at last to break that agreement of partnership with the lowest-down mongrel"—

Burke would have sprung at Reilly's throat but for Lavigne's firm, detaining grip.

"Now, now, boys! Why quarrel, when

you are going to part tomorrow, perhaps forever? It appears to me the deal is thru. Ten thousand dollars goes."

"All right," growled Reilly, and Burke, too, uttered a grumbling assent.

"Very well, gentlemen," said Jim. "We'll telephone for an attorney and draw up the necessary papers here and now—transfer deeds for the land and a bill of sale for all the stock. The brand, double XL on a bar, with an underclip out of the left ear, of course goes with the cattle. Your usual attorney will be good enough for me, but before paying over the money, I reserve the right to submit the documents to my banker here. If that's agreed, we may count the deal as closed."

* * *

Two hours later Mike O'Meara had scrutinized, passed and approved the documents, Reilly and Burke had departed, each with his own particular wad of currency, Lavigne had said good-bye for the present to attend to some business affairs on his own account, and Jim and he banker were alone.

"I guess it's a pretty good buy, Marshall," remarked the latter, after a final glance at the map of the ranch.

"I hope so," replied Jim quietly. "It is both a speculation and an investment. But I'm taking my chance, and have paid a fair price, I think. Now I want to rent a safe deposit box for my papers, O'Meara. And you'll please put this extra four thousand dollars to the credit of my current account. These men have three days to surrender possession. But tonight, after the moon is up, Lavigne, and I start north. You'll be seeing me pretty frequently from time to time, my good friend. You hold my bank account; now just you watch it grow."

Jim laughed gaily, and a little later shook hands and went his way.

"Looks as if he had added another two inches to his chest measurement," smiled O'Meara to himself as thru the plate-glass window he watched the tall, straight figure swinging down the street. "Some way I believe in Jim Marshall, and best of all, I believe he believes in himself. It is said a man others believe in is a power, but if he believes in himself, he is doubly powerful."

Chapter XXVII

Stock-taking

Jim Marshall had taken possession of his newly-acquired property. Reilly and Burke had sorted out their personal belongings, and after a final frank expression of opinion as to how each regarded the other, had left by different routes, the one south for Yuma and the Mexican border, the other north for Needles on his way to New York and thence to Ireland. With the departure of the quarrelsome couple, peace at last reigned on the ranch; there was nothing more serious than the occasional angry bellowing of a bull to break the harmony of the scene. But in Jim's case the lowing, even the bellowing, of cattle was as music to the soul, for as a boy he had been bred on a farm, and, altho he had not realized it before, it was farm life, the daily contact with Nature, the soil itself and its abounding productivity, that appealed most strongly to his heart.

So everything was eager joy and happiness, high hopes and meanwhile supreme contentment in the hard work which each day demanded. Even the names of the former proprietors were consigned to oblivion. The place was to be known as the Marshall Rancho; Jim having already sent out an order for letter-heads bearing the name, also his cattle brand by way of heraldic adornment.

He continued to board for the present with his good friends and neighbors, the Lavignes, to whose home he had been welcomed with such cordial hospitality that he knew his presence, far from being an intrusion, was a pleasure to his hosts by varying the monotony of their somewhat lonely lives. Of an evening Lavigne had already initiated Jim into the mysteries of cribbage, Hortense being well content to retire from over twenty years' tournament with flying colors. Francois, moreover, having found a new opponent, was diligently searching for some stray pieces of a set of chessmen with a view to teaching "the game of games," as he called it, to a less reluctant and more redoubtable pupil than his good wife had proved to be in the long ago, when attempts had been made, only to be despairingly abandoned.

To Jim, this new taste of home life was delightful. But that was not the only reason why he delayed for a time to start housekeeping on his own account. He was already beginning to convert the long log cabin into a bunk house and dining room for the farm hands and cowboys he was going to employ with the least delay possible. For himself he would build a modest little cottage on the plan of his old home at Submarine.

* * *

On the very first day of his arrival, Jim, guided by Francois, had inspected the abandoned water channel, also the canyon among the hills whence a tiny but permanent stream descended, only to lose its unconserved waters in the desert sands. Francois was, in his own way, quite an engineer, altho his only school had been that of practical experience. Jim, during recent years, had not merely mastered the law of water rights, but had studied with his accustomed scholarly thoroness numerous textbooks on water conservation and irrigation.

He had a fine eye, too, for what might be termed "the lay of the land," and had immediately decided on a dam across the canyon to secure the necessary reserve supply, and a reservoir on his own property to fill up a depression that might have been designed by Nature for the utilitarian purpose to which it was now at last to be applied. Jim foresaw that this reservoir would become the main watering place for his herds, and could not fail to prove an invaluable adjunct to the stock-feeding plans he had in view.

Meanwhile, a couple of able-bodied tramps who chanced to pass and had proved amenable to the lure of a few weeks of well-paid work, were set to the task of repairing the abandoned channel and digging the lateral ditch which would eventually provide an ample supply of irrigation water for the entire acreage owned by himself and Lavigne. Nor had he neglected to send to the Land Office at San Bernardino the documentary filings on the water necessary to secure undisputed possession.

It had been a very busy and a very useful ten days. And now had arrived the momentous occasion of the cattle muster and count. During the interval, the two cowboys who had been in the employment of Reilly and Burke for a number of years, had brought in the vagrant herds. They had reported that the last maverick had been accounted for—the round-up was complete.

The result of the count exceeded Lavigne's estimate and Jim's most sanguine expectations: 90 calves, 85 yearlings, 78 two-year-olds, 65 three-year-olds, 101 breeding cows and 10 bulls—429 head of stock in all, besides the half-dozen riding ponies.

It had been a somwhat dry summer, the former owners had made no attempt to grow any feed additional to that which the back country provided, and the beasts, altho healthy, were on the whole in lean condition. Jim's immediate decision was to cut out all the steers and drive them to Imperial for sale, there being a steady demand and sure market there for stock for fattening. Before nightfall the sorting had been completed, eighty-one steers yarded, two-year-olds and three-year-olds, and the rest of the herd, heifers and cows, dispersed once again to their accustomed natural pasturages and waterholes.

* * *

By daylight on the following morning Jim, accompanied by the two cowboys, hit the southerly trail. He was riding a really fine pony, which had been the one living thing on which Reilly had lavished what remnant of natural affections had survived the cantankerous years of partnership with his brother Hibernian. The pony was quiet and well-trained, and Jim rode it with the true air of the horseman who has acquired the art of equestrianship in the days of his youth. Those days might now be remote; in the intervening years Jim might have bestrode nothing more formidable than a cobbler's bench, but to his delight he now found himself still quite at home in the saddle, ready to subdue a bucking broncho should the occasion ever offer.

At Imperial, after some spirited competition among the buyers, Jim was fortunate in securing an offer of forty dollars per head, thereby realizing $3,240 in all. At such a price he was thankful to be rid of young male stock which for the present he himself could not fatten. The heifers he had kept; they were different—they would be the breeders on the ranch and the future source of all his profits.

Jim lost no time in starting the cowboys homeward, giving them instructions that, until his own return, they were to visit the ranchers all around and purchase on his behalf every available calf at a maximum price named. Already he had made arrangements with Lavigne for the temporary feeding of this young stock on one of the Frenchman's fields of alfalfa. He sent a message to his friend that he might not be home again for a week or ten days.

* * *

The first part of that period Jim put in by inspecting the finest ranches in the valley. Everywhere he was made welcome, and the fullest facilities were afforded him to look over the irrigation ditches, watch the cultivation work in progress, and gather all the information he desired about stock, crops, returns, clearing, grading, fencing, and so on. He also visited the intake from the Colorado River, and studied the structure of dams and gates. It was a profitable time—profitable mainly because a trained student's mind was being brought to bear on the questions under investigation.

This task performed, he started for Yuma, taking that route home for sundry reasons. His first visit was to O'Meara at the bank. He drew from his money belt the certified check he had received at Imperial in payment for his steers.

"Three thousand, two hundred and forty dollars!" exclaimed O'Meara in some surprise, as he examined the strip of paper. "You have certainly started pretty quick to get your investment back."

"I told you to watch my account grow," responded Jim, quietly. "Now I warn you that you may for a time see it rapidly diminish," he added, with a smile.

Then he proceeded to explain to his friend how he was going to improve his property, how the water supply had been secured, how the lateral ditch had already been started, and how within a year at latest he would have his entire holding of 1,280 acres subdivided into fenced fields of forty or eighty acres apiece, producing crops of alfalfa, sorghum, millet, Kaffir corn, and other foodstuffs which would enable him to multiply his herds and sell steers in numbers ready fattened for the market, and therefore at top-notch prices all the time.

* * *

O'Meara eyed the keen, intellectual face of the man outlining this project. At the close, he made no attempt to conceal his enthusiastic admiration.

"By guns! you're sure a winner, Marshall," he declared emphatically. "That's what I call fertilizing land with brains—the greatest fertilizer of all. But your wire fencing will run you into a big outlay."

"I know it," replied Jim, "for it has got to be hog-tight fencing, too. I bought two hundred of the finest Berkshire brood sows down in Imperial, and ten of the best-blooded boars in the valley, regardless of price, O'Meara, for it is the parent stock that makes the ranch. You see, I have tumbled to the fact that hogs are the economical feeders to follow cattle—they eat up all the waste and stray feed, and become a by-product that costs little or nothing after the first capital expenditure on the necessary fencing. So you see the outlay is most fully justified. I hope you'll enjoy some day a rasher of Jim Marshall's home-cured bacon."

"Well, you'll be the making of that country up the river. It was just such a man as you who was needed to leaven the whole sleepy bunch of fellows."

"Not Lavigne. Francois Lavigne is right in the front in his own particular line."

"That's so—there is no one to beat Lavigne for either wool or mutton. But most of the others in your neighborhood seem to have been born in Sleepy Hollow. But I guess you'll waken them up. When they see your prosperity, they'll want to follow your lead."

"And I'll be delighted to help them. The prosperity of all never fails to increase the prosperity of each individual."

"The true doctrine of modern enlightenment," concurred the banker. "Now I'll hand this check of yours to the cashier, and then you'll lunch with me. I always eat at home—my little bungalow is just around the corner. Didn't know I was married, eh?—Sure! I not only found a banker's job in Yuma, but the prettiest little woman in all Arizona. She'll be glad to make your acquaintance, Marshall. So, come along."

A pleasant hour was passed in the O'Meara home, where, as O'Meara had predicted, Jim received the most cordial of welcomes from his truly attractive hostess. After he had bidden her good-bye and the two men had descended the steps of the front porch, the banker laid a hand on his friend's shoulder.

"Come around the house," he said. "I want to show you something in my barn."

Wondering a little, Jim complied. O'Meara threw open the door of the barn and pointed to a fine Jersey cow.

"An old friend of yours," he laughed. "The lady whose warm bed you appropriated that night on the desert. I'll never forget, old chap, the extraordinary picture you presented when you tumbled out of the hay."

"I have always remembered bossie with gratitude," smiled Jim in return. "Her rich cream was like nectar of the gods to a famished man."

"The greatest milker I ever had," said O'Meara, as he patted the gentle animal's neck. "That's why I brought her along. There's nothing like sticking to a tried friend, eh?"

"But I suppose you don't keep open house for tramps any longer?" quizzed Jim.

"Not in Yuma, thank you!" replied O'Meara, with dry emphasis. He glanced at his watch and went on, "Gee! I must be getting back to the bank. But I've enjoyed your visit to my home. You must come again."

During the remainder of the afternoon Jim turned his attention to the other business matters that had brought him to the town. He gave a cash order at the leading hardware store that fairly took the owner's breath away, and entered into a contract for future delivery of hog-tight wire fencing by the mile, to be paid for partly in cash and partly on time. For Jim Marshall was already too shrewd a business man to deplete his capital reserves unduly until returns were steadily coming in. Then there was lumber to be bought, also provisions and supplies of various kinds. Finally Jim visited an employment agency, and left instructions that every likely man of the type he required and described was to be sent along to the Marshall Rancho.

He had been in the saddle part of the night before. He had accomplished a hard day's work. But after just a few hours of sleep, he was once more astride his pony, riding in the moonlight on the northerly trail. Such was the restless energy of the man whose strength and endurance had been renewed as if he had drunk at the fabled well whose waters are an elixir of perennial youth.

(*To be continued*)

THE HARP

I WOULD be the harp whereon your fancy plays,
Giving back the heavenly sweetnesses of harmony:
Tones too sweet and high for mortal ear to hear,
And with each soft caressing of your fingers on the strings,
Give, quivering from the soul of me,
The whole round world of music, caught and held awhile,
That you might take and fling it o'er the earth again.

—*Annette Hurr Crosby.*

The German Efficiency Myth

by Myrle Wright

WHAT is coming to the United States after the war, if we continue to write and talk of German super-efficiency? Is it not time to stop dinning this myth into the ears of our own people, and instead to study where *real* efficiency exists? Why should we so stupidly overlook the achievements of America, when it is American and not German efficiency which is the real source of present-day civilization?

Efficiency, concisely defined, is economic productivity, the most important item of which is creation, with development and practical use as close seconds.

Stop and consider for a moment the vast amount of evidence we could offer in a court of equity, to combat the legend of German efficiency. Supposing a man wanted to argue with you about it. Could you *prove* to him that German efficiency is largely the result of American prowess? Could you give him facts? Well, then:

In the invention of the steamboat, America opened the seas of the world to wider use of mankind. Germany didn't do that. In the invention of the cotton gin, which made cotton clothing the common garb of the world on account of its cheapness, America didn't depend on German efficiency. Spend a little time in looking into the subject, and you will be amazed to find how few really great things that can be classed as "efficiency" have been conceived in Germany. Think of the telegraph, the telephone, the sewing machine—who was it invented these? Ask any school boy. He'll tell you the whole story.

The submarine, the torpedo, the airplane, the bicycle and pneumatic tire—were these German inventions? No, they were American. Who invented harvesting machinery, binders, disc plows, threshers, washing machines? Again you must answer—you who a moment before had, perhaps, been thoughtlessly conceding "German efficiency"—it was American genius and brains that first invented these things. German efficiency indeed! Electricity, from Franklin to Edison, has been the child of America; we have nursed and developed it in every way into power, into light, into service as a conveyor of traffic in the streets of our cities. German efficiency has had nothing to do with this. American brains first hitched up electricity with water power out of which has come the greatest efficiency in the world—hydro-electric power. Where was Germany when one of our own people was solving this problem?

And if this isn't enough—if you haven't already decided to eat all the words you have ever said in advertising *German* efficiency, what think you of *these* inventions—the moving-picture machines, the great modern printing presses, the linotype, the monotype, and the piano player? What a power these things have been in the education of the world! Did German efficiency invent them? No, they are American to the core.

And if that isn't enough—if you aren't

yet fully chastened over the thought of repeating the parrot phrase of "German efficiency" to the discredit of your own land, consider this fact: Every step in the direction of sanitation as expressed in the modern bathroom and toilet facilities has been taken in America. What has this meant to the health of our cities? Look into the practice of medicine and find who discovered and used the first anesthetic, which has been the basis of all surgery and relief of pain. It was not a German efficiency expert—it was the American, Dr. Wells, who did this for the world, and first demonstrated it in an American hospital.

Another American, Dr. Trudeau, showed that pure cold air, proper food and all sane, common-sense ways of living, form the most efficacious treatment of consumption. Dr. Murphy, whose intestinal button has saved thousands of lives; Dr. Lazear, who died in proving that mosquitoes carry yellow fever and malaria; Dr. Carel (with the French Dr. Dakin), whose wonderful antiseptic treatment of wounds has shown marvelous results in France, and Dr. Abbott, discoverer of the hot wax treatment for burns—all these men are Americans. The most important discoveries in the medical realm are not attributable to Germans. Dr. Jenner, an Englishman, gave vaccine to the world; Dr. Lister, also English, was the father of antiseptics; France has given the Pasteur serums; the Roux antitoxin for diphtheria; the Curie radium and radio-activity discoveries, and the bacterial action of white corpuscles of the blood was the theory advanced by Dr. Metchnikoff, a Russian.

Where, now, is Germany's vaunted supremacy in the world of chemical science? Even here, it was English and French chemists who made the fundamental discoveries in chemical theory.

* * *

Reverting to war machinery for a moment, who invented the modern machine guns?—the Hotchkiss guns?—Colt automatic extracting pistol?—the Lewis guns?—the Maxim guns?—and the Gatling guns? Harveyized steel, so necessary in naval armament, was an American product. Who invented the glycerine cylinder for loading the high-powered guns of the Krupps? It was an American! Who invented high explosives, anyway? Look it up in your encyclopedia and you will find that America, like Abou Ben Adhem, "leads all the rest." Where's that German efficiency now? But wait—

Think of the great business life, the constructive life of today. Who invented the typewriter, the adding machine, the phonograph, the dictaphone, the detectaphone? Who thought of a plan to build skyscrapers, using structural steel and brick or stone, and then put elevators in them so the upper floors would be as useful as the lower ones? It was not a German, misguided Americans; it was your own people who gave those things to the world.

* * *

In manufacturing circles do we have to bend the knee to German efficiency? Hardly! America practicalized steam railroad for long-distance runs, invented the first Corliss engine and electric storage batteries. We were the first to make gasoline and electric boats. The art of vulcanizing rubber as a basis for thousands of useful articles in everyday use was made practical by the American, Goodyear, and our efficiency here has led the world since the beginning of the industry. We were the first to use alcohol commercially and make alcohol engines and boilers. Why, the Germans along with the rest of the world laughed at us as we worked over rotten cabbage and garbage waste to make alcohol. Yet today their exploitation of this idea is regarded as the great sign of Germany's much-vaunted efficiency.

It was a Yankee who made the first shoe machinery. Drilling machines, glass-blowing machinery, carpet-weaving machinery, automatic machinery—all came first from America. Look over the records of our steel companies for comparative efficiency. The tin can is an American idea of efficiency, food-box making machinery another. What have we overlooked? Oh, yes, it was America who taught the world how to use reinforced concrete and build great dams and bridges—how to tunnel mountains and build great suspension and cantilever bridges. Then another important department of our national government that has been copied especially by Germany is our Weather Bureau, organized in 1873. Germany came over and sat at our feet in the study of weather conditions to perfect her dream of the Zeppelins, and is well advanced in the science today. Ocean currents were first charted by Lieutenant Maury before the Civil War. Steamship lanes were established by him, and the charts used today by all the world were prepared under his direction. The Germans came to America to learn, for *they* know where *real efficiency* lies, even if we don't.

If it is scientific efficiency you are looking for, the barograph for measuring the height at which an airplane flies, and the spring thermometer for registering degrees of cold beyond 80, wherein mercury freezes, are two technically scientific inventions of America. Then there is the microphone in use today which warns those on shore of the approach of ships—invented by an American.

We were the first to make alloy steel—whose uses today are beyond comprehension; we invented air brakes, car couplings, and other life-saving appliances, which have been copied the world over. We inaugurated and still lead in the "Safety-first" movement. We invented automatic signals, pneumatic switches, sleeping cars. Say, if you took American inventive genius away from the world and only had German efficiency, where would the world "get off"?

* * *

What are known the world over as "efficiency systems" and scientific business and factory management, including time study, plant arrangement, elimination of lost motion, etc., is strictly an American idea, worked out on American soil by Taylor, Emerson and others. American foresight cheapened the luxuries of one generation and made them the common necessities of the next. American methods enabled Germany to masquerade as a nation of super-efficiency.

Just paste in your hat the following abbreviated list showing American ingenuity and save it for the next thoughtless American you hear speaking of "German efficiency."

Americans invented these things:

Submarines
Airplanes
Harvesting machinery
Gas engines
Torpedoes
Automobiles
High explosives
Machine guns
Telegraph
Telephone
Railroads
Typewriters
Electricity in all its forms
Modern printing presses

Even this is but a partial list. It was only what two well-informed Americans could think of in an hour's time following a chance remark by one of them about "German efficiency." Everywhere about were visible signs: the cigar stand of the hotel suggested the wonderful cigar and cigarette-making machinery; the books on the stand, the wonderful book-making machinery; the brick pavement in the street outside, the wonderful multiple brick-making machinery. We were amazed and self-convicted that in following the crowd in talking about German efficiency, we had been robbing our own land of its rightful heritage. It is a known fact that Germany has stolen every machine and patent she could lay her hands on in all these years—Germany really has been the robber baron of the nations. Germany has the efficiency of "kultur" piracy. If you don't believe this, ask any inventor or manufacturer or machine tool maker who has had reason to suffer from Germany's pillage.

The reason why the United States has led the world in efficiency is simple. We were the first nation to grant an individual the right to profit by his idea—by giving a patent. The first patent in America was issued by our first President, George Washington, and ran for a period of seventeen years. American brains have been "at it" ever since. The American patent law is the father of all patent laws in the world today—in recognition of individual rights. The inventive genius of America has been given full swing, the individual initiative has been encouraged. Think of that, you who have been forgetting American efficiency.

* * *

The German spy system began long before the war. During the last fifty years, the United States has made world-strides in invention, in business management and industrial exportations, and Germany sent her lookouts—ostensibly to observe, but really to appropriate. There have been many instances of young Germans working in American foundries, burning the midnight oil and making drawings so as to utilize the fruits of American inventive genius and efficiency. In Germany they could supply skilled labor at half the cost, and successfully compete with America in her own market—even in the face of a high tariff. To secure the plans and ideas, without cost or loss of time, was the main consideration. Germany did not balk at the moral issue involved in this process of polite larceny.

At the close of the Franco-Prussian war, with its attendant indemnity of a billion dollars, the feeling of "*Deutschland über Alles*" was stimulated to fever heat. And it has been at the boiling point ever since. According to German opinion, the German empire is the one empire of the world, and German "kultur" *the* "kultur." A German may do a thing with perfect propriety which would be criminal in any other man. Is it any wonder, then, that the German should make a veritable religion of his own "efficiency," considering it as an end, rather than as a means to an end? There is no doubt as to German thoroness, neatness and utilization of all waste, but those qualities alone do not constitute efficiency.

* * *

Germany has always looked upon achievements of foreign genius as tribal booty to be carried off to the tribal home. A purse-proud nation, playing with a pocket full of soldiers, trade-supremacy is her gauge of civilization, and the power to buy and jostle to the counter, pushing aside all others, her standard of "efficiency."

Present-day German diplomats, however, have blundered in failing to understand the fundamentals of psychology, just as their positive-minded imponderabilia and elaborate propaganda have failed. A nation of hard workers, no better citizenship ever came to this country—tho it was not German "efficiency," but American environment and opportunity that has made the Germans a stalwart strength in the United States.

Long before the war, German manufacturers had thrown aside as "scraps of paper" private trade agreements, involving the integrity and honor of modern business ethics. The day of purloining American inventions and calling it German efficiency has passed. The American working man at last realizes that his interests lie first in the development of American industry rather than in legislation that leads to the lowering of wages and the standard of living to the European level. With no expenses in initiating inventions, little wonder it was that Germany could compete ruthlessly as long as she indulged in a trade policy like that of the submarine in its underhand and piratical methods.

Our great international expositions gave Germany an opportunity to look us over industrially; and, lulled into a sense of secure supremacy by her flattering "*wunderbar!*" we looked on unseeingly while she quietly took advantage of our hospitality. Of course we are to be blamed for being unduly "easy"—but that does not excuse Germany for her wholesale larceny. We can derive some consolation, however, from the words of Kipling. "Sir Anthony" must have meant the Huns when he said:

They asked me how I did it and I gave 'em
the Scripture text:
"Just keep your light so shinin' a little in
front of the next."
They copied all they could follow, but they
couldn't copy my mind.
And I left 'em sweatin' and stealin', a year
and a half behind.

This wonderful record of achievements does not mean that the United States of America should take any undue advantage of its own benefits of brain and enterprise. On the other hand, she should give generously and unreservedly to help all the peoples of the earth, realizing that the highest efficiency, after all, is that which looks beyond mere selfish advantage into the wider realm of common weal—looking toward a development of pro-humanitarianism in its broadest sense, sharing the advantages and opportunities of our own country with all others, but firmly insisting upon justice and equity to all peoples in trade, and recognition of their rights as national entities.

The Loan for Liberty

by Mitchell Mannering

WITH the campaign for Liberty Loans has come an emphasized appreciation of institutions that help individuals with a loan for liberty. This tersely expresses the helpfulness that The Morris Plan Banks have been giving to the individual, enabling him to cultivate habits of thrift, free from the pressure of small debt and recruiting the ranks of those buying liberty bonds.

To liquidate fixed assets so that they may be utilized actively in industry is the principal function of credit in the economic world. Another function is to stabilize industry. If every merchant in the country had to pay "spot cash" for his goods, the United States would undergo financial convulsions every year in the two great buying seasons—spring and fall. There would not be money enough in the country to make these payments. Merchants are given both long and short credit, and sometimes give their notes for the goods, and the result is that the goods are partly sold before the accounts come due. When the merchant pays for his notes, the financial structure of the nation is not disturbed by heavy purchases.

W. G. MAROT
Secretary of The Morris Plan Bank, Syracuse, New York

The average person not actively in touch with banking operations does not realize that the granting of credit is an accommodation as much to the bank and to the financial community as it is to the borrower. The idea dates back to the dark ages that associates credit with the thought of poverty and extravagance, and that people borrow only as the result of profligacy.

Now this is all changed—commercial borrowing is a legitimate part of any business, and there is no stigma attached to it. Any going business concern can borrow money, and the bank is glad to lend it—that is their goods to sell.

In these enlightened days it is realized that the skilled mechanic, or the honest street car conductor, or the salesman in the shop are all *going business concerns.* They are selling their services, and their resources consist of experience, ability, good health and good character. Until comparatively recent times, this class of people, comprising seventy-five per cent of the population of the United States, had no borrowing facilities whatever, except those offered by the loan shark, with his dubious and fake contracts and his exorbitant interest; or the pawn shop or the lender on chattel mortgages. If he did not turn to these sources, he had to rely on the generosity of a friend or his employer.

Such a condition is distinctly bad for civilization, for

Photo by Bosworth's Studio

RAYMOND A. JACOBS
Assistant treasurer and manager of The Morris Plan Company of Springfield, Massachusetts

FRANK J. BRAUN
Secretary-treasurer of The Morris Plan Bank of Springfield, Ohio

FREDERICK H. MAUSS
President of The Morris Plan Bank of San Francisco, California

Photo by Thuss, Nashville

H. L. SPERRY
President of The Morris Plan Bank of Nashville, Tennessee

democracy, and for the economic well-being of all the people, particularly the industrial class. If a man in business can borrow on his endorsed note, which means nothing more or less than that he is borrowing on his character, there is no sound reason why a workman should not borrow some sum on his character also. This conception underlies the operation of The Morris Plan banking system—and its growth from one bank several years ago to ninety-two at the present time proves the vitality of this idea and its necessity to the nation.

In its relation to the individual borrower, The Morris Plan is an active agency for the development of character and thrift. It develops character, because its loans are made on the character basis—on a man's honor. When you lend a man money with no security behind his loan except his sense of obligation, you will find that if he is a decent fellow—and most men are—he will feel this obligation and will make every effort to meet his loan payments. There are thousands of honest, respectable and hard-working people in every community who have never been trusted with anything in their lives. They have never had any credit, and to them it is an unknown factor.

When a man like this comes into a Morris Plan Bank, he is frequently astonished to find that he can secure his loan if he can prove that he is steady and temperate, and honest and capable of making a living. In many cases he has dealt with loan sharks, or has given a chattel mortgage on his furniture, or has assigned his wages in return for some meager financial accommodation. The result of these back-alley practices is a breaking down of a man's moral fiber. He feels that as he is not trusted, he is actually not worthy of trust. The Morris Plan, after it is once thoroly established in

THOMAS JORDAN LATHAM, Jr.
Secretary-treasurer of the Fidelity Savings and Trust Company, Norfolk, Virginia

JULIAN T. WINFREE
Secretary-treasurer of the Fidelity Loan and Savings Company, Inc. (The Morris Plan Bank), Richmond, Virginia

R. B. UMBERGER
Secretary of the Chicago Morris Plan Bank

a community, gives him a new idea of the value of moral worth. He realizes after a while that he has a bank of his own, just as the merchant or the manufacturer has his commercial bank. This is an aid to the development of good citizenship.

Another useful function of The Morris Plan is its co-operation with the merchants in aiding overdue debtors to square up accounts. The Morris Plan Bank gets in touch with the merchants and obtains a list of delinquent accounts. Then a letter is sent to each man on the list, explaining how he may pay his account in full by making a Morris Plan loan. The merchant endorses this loan and receives his money, and after that the debtor takes a full year to pay at The Morris Plan Bank, making his payments each week. Every Morris Plan borrower must give a reason for wanting a loan, and the loan is not made unless it is for a useful purpose.

The largest number of loans are made to meet expenses of sickness and births. Next come loans made for the purpose of satisfying miscellaneous debts, and the third largest class are loans made to small tradesmen for the purpose of business expansion. Another numerous class of borrowers are those who wish to set up housekeeping, and instead of buying furniture on the instalment plan, they pay cash for it and get the money at a Morris Plan Bank. Newly-married couples figure largely in this class. Many loans are made to young men and women who wish to take correspondence courses, or for taking a vacation, as vacations are placed in the category of "useful purposes."

Perhaps the oddest loan that was ever made by a Morris Plan Bank was to a young man who wanted seventy-five dollars to buy a wooden leg for his mother. Needless to say, the loan was granted, and a spirit of devotion is developed and made hopeful.

The Morris Plan encourages foresight, because it spreads its payments in a systematic and regular manner over a definite period of time. While repaying his loan,

WILLIS WOLFF
Secretary of The Morris Plan Company of
Denver, Colorado

a man becomes accustomed to setting aside a certain sum each week, and it is natural to continue this saving. That is the psychology of the thing, and it is good psychology. A minister can raise funds easier in the pulpit for his church if he has money in his pockets—altho it may be borrowed—he feels the stimulus.

At The Morris Plan Banks all over the country tales of misery, need, and privation are told. These people do not ask for charity—they want only to be helped to help themselves. Some of the experiences of bank managers make interesting reading.

"As a result of having made over six thousand loans averaging $114, and interviews with fully as many more prospective applicants, two matters of human interest stand out prominently in my mind," declared Mr. Willis Wolff, manager of the Denver Morris Plan Bank. "First, the percentage of elemental dishonesty is so small as to be almost negligible. My experience has been that it is confined almost exclusively to the perpetual customers of the high interest rate personal credit concerns.

"The principal trouble in such cases is to get full and complete information as to their affairs. They are either reluctant to disclose the full facts or wilfully conceal them. A loan under such circumstances accomplishes no result and is apt to cause trouble.

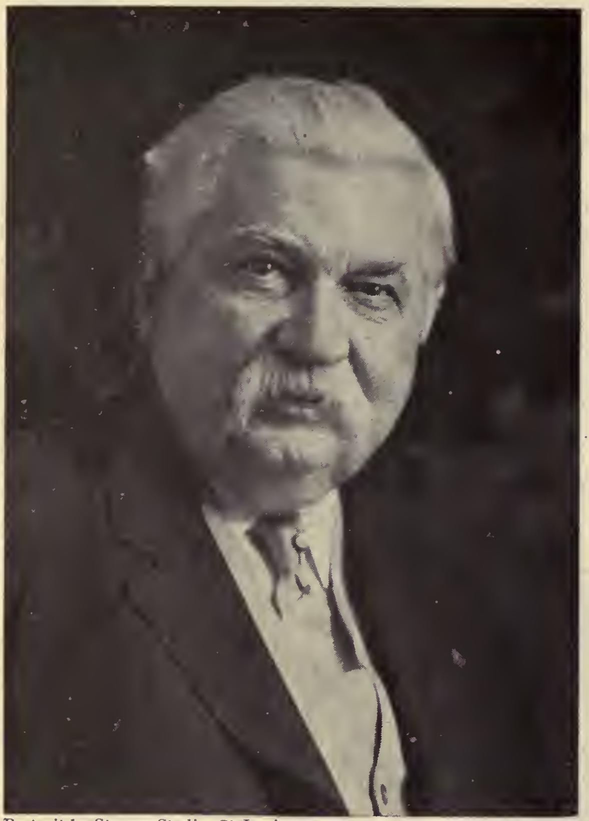
W. T. RAINEY
Secretary-treasurer of the Salisbury (North Carolina) Morris Plan Bank

DANA A. EMERY
Manager of The Morris Plan Bank of Manchester, New Hampshire

"Second, a gross total liability, produced by a succession of calamitous circumstances, too large to be handled in the ordinary manner. These are of two classes, one where the applicant can pay within the year, out of his income, but the amount is so large that satisfactory endorsements cannot be secured. By an arrangement with the Retail Credit Association, the individual members guarantee the amount disbursed to them direct as part of the proceeds of such loan, the applicant's credit is curtailed, and he is compelled to pay his debt.

"The other class is where the total liability is too large to be paid within the year. These are handled thru the appointment of a trustee to receive and disburse, *pro rata*, an agreed percentage of income, and an assignment of all claims to that trustee to prevent suit and attachment.

"In all such cases credit character is either built up or solidified, and the man conceives a different viewpoint of life, and is altogether and in every respect a different man to meet."



Portrait by Strauss Studio, St. Louis

THE LATE COLONEL JAMES G. BUTLER

Organizer of the Industrial Loan Company of St. Louis, known as the "Poor Man's Bank. Colonel Butler, after his retirement from active business, had devoted his time and large sums of money to the promotion of measures of public welfare and was considered one of St. Louis' most useful citizens

Mr. R. B. Umberger, the secretary of the Chicago, Illinois, Morris Plan Company, relates the following incident:

"A woman borrowed one hundred dollars from us to pay doctor bills. Unfortunately, we did not get the inside information at the time the loan was made. After paying out on the loan for five months, the woman came to me with a look of distress and wondered if I could advise her as to just how she could make her meager earnings as a scrub-woman cover the ground. She had gotten into the jaws of three loan-sharks. I was about to pass quick judgment upon her for borrowing from the loan companies without asking us for further credit. She explained that inasmuch as she had borrowed from us, that she didn't think we would let her have any more. The reasons for the triple obligation were: "Her grandmother, who had been afflicted with rheumatism, died. She borrowed seventy-five dollars to cover funeral expenses.

"Her brother had been a dope fiend. She had been spending from fifty cents to a dollar a day for dope to keep him from killing the family. He died (good riddance of bad rubbish). She borrowed seventy-five dollars to cover the expense of burial.

"Her sister had a withered limb. An operation was necessary, also an artificial limb. In all it cost the woman about seventy-five dollars—the doctor didn't charge for his services.

"These three loans had been reduced to one hundred and twenty-six dollars. There was a balance with The Morris Plan of about sixty dollars.

"We had taken the signature of a carpenter and a plumber on the first note. It looked like a very large credit to extend to these people in the circumstances. I asked the lady to bring the co-makers into the office, that I might lay the situation before them. They called. Clear-eyed, clean of habits, and a whole soul was the possession of each of them. Well, I suggested that their spirit was admirable, but that it would be advisable to get an additional endorser for the larger amount. Another was secured. The loan of two hundred dollars was made, and we have received payments for four months without a lapse."

* * *

The Morris Plan Bank in every city is regarded as a clearing house for human interest stories. In the files of each bank are seemingly countless sheets of legal-appearing paper, filled with questions of a rather daunting nature. These are the applications of persons seeking loans, and each paper has its own individual and distinct tale to tell. A single day's grist at the Poor Man's Bank—as it has been called by some—presents phases of the seamy side of life. "How I got in debt" is the general subject around which these scores of little tragedies revolve.

In the Industrial Loan Company, The Morris Plan organization of St. Louis, they tell the story of a clerk forty-six years old, who had worked in a foundry for sixteen years and who earned eighty-five dollars a month. Prior to his marriage two years before, he was a thrifty soul, and was the unofficial "lender" in his office. Every pay day a dozen other clerks thronged about him to repay the advances he had made to them during the fortnight. He was the banker of the "pinch club." Now their place is taken by six or seven urgent collectors, for he complained that after he was married his wife's entire family of six able-bodied persons moved in, stopped working, and looked to him for support. He had maintained them for two years and had fallen two hundred dollars in debt. He listed eleven creditors, including the butcher, grocer and doctor. The loan was made to him after he had assured the directors, in his own eloquent phrase, that he was "off the family for good."

Then there was the repentant traveling salesman, whose employers advanced him money for a trip to Alton. He got into a crap game and lost it. He must get to Alton at once or lose his job. All he wanted was fifteen dollars—and brought a real estate man along as his endorser. The money was forthcoming, and he went on his way rejoicing.

INDUSTRIAL LOAN COMPANY
The Morris Plan Bank of St. Louis, Missouri

The Boston Morris Plan Company, under the direction of Preston S. Cotten, in its first year of business, just closed, loaned $1,096,164 to 7,992 customers, by far the largest number of loans made by any other company in its initial twelve months of existence. The nearest competitor was the Cleveland Morris Plan Company, which made 5,179 loans in its first year.

Manager Cotten says that on June 1, 1916, there were one hundred and twenty-seven local companies licensed to do business in the city of Boston, and only eighty-seven on June 1, 1917—a decrease of forty. This indicates where the axe is striking.

There is a school teacher in New York who earns about nine hundred dollars a year. She lives with her mother, and her mother also worked. Misfortune came to these two women thru the illness of the mother. She was ill a long time and needed much attention—finally it was necessary to send her to an expensive hospital for an operation. By this time their savings had been exhausted. The teacher borrowed one hundred and fifty dollars from a loan shark. Her arrangement with him was so complicated with fines and fees of various kinds that at the end of six months, altho she had paid three dollars a week, she still owed him about one hundred dollars. According to his statement she had missed several payments, and he threatened to expose her to the Board of Education if she did not pay the whole thing up. To pay the entire loan at once did not seem possible to her, but this loan shark referred her to another loan shark.

Photo by Frank Scott Clark

R. B. NETTLETON
President of The Morris Plan Bank at Syracuse, New York

It may be said, in passing, that this is a common practice among loan sharks. You get overwhelmingly in debt to one, and in a general row with him about fines and fees and delinquencies, he then suggests that you can settle the whole thing by going to another one, and gives you the name of another one.

You borrow enough from the second loan shark to square your account with the first one, and of course you start off on good terms with the second lender. In this case the second lender suggested that she borrow two hundred dollars from him in order to square up the first loan and have some money left over to pay some outside debts. She borrowed the two hundred dollars, and that was only the beginning of a series of experiences of this kind. About a year and a half after she began to borrow, she came to The Morris Plan Bank, and at that time she owed seven hundred and fifty dollars—with no possibility of paying it back. She was thoroly frightened, because she thought the next thing would be her being brought up before the Board of Education, and possibly the loss of her position for having borrowed from these people.

As a first-class example of the unsoundness of these various loans, and as an indication of how much she must have paid on them, the attorney for the Morris Plan Company had all the loan sharks come before him, and finally got this seven-hundred-and-fifty-dollar debt scaled down to one hundred and twenty-five dollars. The Morris Plan loaned her one hundred and twenty-five dollars, and she paid off these people, and thru The Morris Plan attorney got a receipt in full from all of them. She then paid on her Morris Plan loan three dollars a week, and it was cleared up in less than a year.

Such cases are typical. If the Morris Plan Banks did little else than successfully combat the loan-shark evil, they would still be of incalculable benefit to humanity.

It is a singular fact that the Bank of North America, the first bank in this country, was organized by Robert Morris, famous as the foremost financier of Revolutionary times—and this new plan, put into active operation just seven years ago in Norfolk, Virginia, was evolved by Arthur J. Morris. The present-day Morris was not a financier. He was a graduate of the University of Virginia, and one of the most successful lawyers in the South. When his plan was first launched, it was considered a doubtful experiment, and many wiseacres shook their heads over the "utopian idea"—but Arthur J. Morris was absolutely confident of its success. "My confidence," he declared, "was not based on any superior knowledge of finance or economics, but on a perception of human nature. I knew that the Morris Plan would satisfy a genuine, downright human need; and when you are building on that foundation, you are always safe."

And indeed his judgment has been more than vindicated.

At the annual conventions held by the managers from the various states, there are discussions that would make one think at times that it was an ethical and philanthropic propaganda—and yet there is always the sound, practical business basis —founded upon the same thing upon which all credit is builded—confidence in the tendency of right impulses in the individual.

The Morris Plan bankers know how to talk—they know conditions among the workers, which are, after all, the warp and woof of all general prosperity. As the comparatively small individual property rights develop among the people of small incomes, the stronger become the bonds that hold the people together in ideals looking toward a common welfare—the essence of enduring democracy.

STRINGTOWN ON THE PIKE

By J. MORRIS WIDDOWS

I WAS born right here in Stringtown, nigh on sixty year ago,
'Tend to stay an' keep on livin' 'till I lay aside my hoe.
Traveled some, but seed no places I kin really say I like,
As I do right here in Stringtown, good ole Stringtown on the pike.

Got a brother out in Kansas, been there thirty year or more,
Gittin' rich, the people tell me; when he left here he was pore.
Wrote a letter to him lately an' in it says I, "Now, Mike,
You air rich enough, jes' move back—back to Stringtown on the pike."

I'm the only one that's livin' in this town since I'se a boy,
One time came pert' nigh movin' way out wes' to Illinoi'.
If I hed I would be wealthy, 'spose, jes' like my brother Mike,
But I stayed, an' still am livin' here in Stringtown on the pike.

Town haint growed much, sure an' sartin; things 'bout like they ust to be,
Hain't no street keers runnin' thru it, still that doesn't wurry me.
Hain't no postman er policemen—everything so quiet like—
It is jest the same ole Stringtown, sweet ole Stringtown on the pike.

I hain't rich, but I'm no beggar—don't hev beggars in this town—
Got enough to keep me runnin' till the Lord shall call me down,
All who live here go to heaven, 'cause they air so common like.
Soon I'll hear the angels sayin', "Yer from Stringtown on the pike."

A Lover of the Earth

by

Paul Nirvanas

Translated from the Greek by Peter K. Constan

THAT evening Zachary Kontotheodoru, whose pen name was Orientus West, returned home a little late. His mother and younger brother, tired of waiting, had begun their dinner and were already at the fruit course when Orientus, pushing violently the door, entered the dining-room.

"Zachary, my boy, why are you so late?" said his mother timidly. "Remember, I am old. I like to have my dinner on time, that I may rest. This is not the first time I have mentioned it to you."

Orientus did not answer. All these trifles—regular hours, home etiquette, blood ties, family superstitions—oppressed him; they appeared to him small, trivial things; "narrow," he used to call them.

He threw his wide, soft, felt hat upon a chair, his overcoat upon a sofa, his thick gloves upon a shelf, put his abundant hair in order with his long, well-groomed fingers and sat down at the table. He ate hurriedly and without appetite, all the while turning over the pages of a magazine he had taken out of his pocket, the contents of which, as he skimmed over its pages with rapid glances, seemed to cause him disappointment and disgust.

"Narrow things, narrow," he mumbled to himself, "soulless." And he threw away the magazine with contempt.

"What did you say, my boy?" asked his mother mildly.

"Nothing, mother, nothing—"

"What did you expect him to say?" put in his younger brother. "Don't you know him? He holds conversation with himself. How can he condescend to talk with such as we?"

"Mind your own business!" snapped Orientus, with a sudden turn toward his brother. "Talk with you? Why, my boy, you were born to be a clerk in a grocery store. See to it that you learn to keep your books straight."

He threw his napkin nervously upon the table and started towards his room.

"Mother, will you please see that my coffee is brought to my study? And tell that fool, *your* maid (he always tried to show by the manner of his speech that he had nothing in common with anything or anybody in the house) to be careful not to put sugar in it again. I have said so a hundred times; I want plain coffee!"

He slammed the door behind him, leaving his mother and brother staring at each other, speechless, shaking their heads.

II

When in his room, Orientus raised the window which overlooked the open field—his beloved window which, as he used to say, gave him a chance for great, free breaths of air. He stood there for a few minutes, his chest exposed to the strong breeze of the north wind, then closed it and sat down by his writing-desk. He pulled out a drawer and drew forth a manuscript.

He began to read aloud:

"Instructions to myself for my great poem (here he had left a space for the title). Be guided by the meaning of Art. Your poem must possess depth, height, wideness, expanse. Let its boundaries be the zenith and the nadir, the east and the west—'from heaven to hades thru earth.' Within it, it must contain infinity, both as a sentimental conception and as a philosophic idea. Its main theme must be the Great Life; life in the heights and depths; the worlds whirling into space with their loves, their hates, their fate—nothing trite, paltry, human. . . . And this you must be careful of, not to allow yourself to drift into commonplace lyrics. Let the planets, the suns, the comets, the Milky Way, with its multitude of souls, be your characters. Dive into their hearts, snatch out their secrets and compose their tragedies. Man is but the slightest atom of matter which will remain unnoticed by your ecstatic gaze. For, do not forget, your sight must expand to such a degree that we might with justification term it supersight. Armed with this supersight, all that is inelegant and mean will be blotted out for you. You will see before you only that which God alone can see from the seven heavens. Anything less than an ocean, a continent, a cataract, will be foreign to you.

"For your poetry, Himalaya must be your smallest measure, a great deluge your plaything; an earthquake but your pulse. The tempest of the Atlantic must be an amatory flirtation for you; and your sigh, the sigh of a Vesuvius! You must forget everything which until now the world has worshipped as Poetry and Art. The humble life of Man (here Orientus crossed out the capital 'M' and made it small) is exiled from your art, his passion, his love, his agony, his woe, everything which was a source of joy to the Philistines of old. Woman (here again Orientus crossed out the capital 'W,' which he had written by mistake), woman, who nurtured all the petty poets, does not exist for your art. Let her be effaced. Woman, for you, remains the Great Mother of Creation, the Eternal Mother, the Earth. Make her, in one sudden, rapturous embrace, fall in love with the Sun with such convulsions of joy as will cause the ruin of entire worlds around. Yes—something of that sort!

"Thus will you mark out the boundaries of your creation. Within these boundaries pour forth your soul, your verse, your rhythm—your verse and rhythm, do not forget, must possess a stately, majestic movement, such as will bring to mind nothing of the old, myriad-trodden path—and produce the great cosmogenic masterpiece."

III

With a motion of reverence, Orientus West placed the manuscript upon the desk, leaned his head between his palms and remained thoughtful for some time. He was endeavoring to grasp firmly the main points of the cosmogenic boundaries within which his inspiration should move. The Empyrean, thought he, for instance, one limit; Atlantis in the depths of the ocean, the other. And, mentally, he drew a perpendicular line connecting the two points. Then he took the two poles, drew a horizontal line from the North Pole to the South and connected these two points also. He was annoyed by certain doubts as to the mathematical and astronomical accuracy of this work of his; and besides, the borders of the two poles seemed to him narrow, for thus his inspiration was forced to confine itself within our planet. On the other hand, the mythological point of the Empyrean, a beautiful boundary in infinity, pleased him; as also pleased him the mythological Atlantis, sunk in oceanic depths. But the connection of a point in our planet with a point in infinity appeared to him in a measure arbitrary. What his imagination desired was to find, if possible, four astronomical points within infinity, and to join them by drawing around them a mathematical circle with our earth as center. However, the few things he remembered from a college course he had taken in cosmography were of no help. He made up his mind to stop his work for the present and to study a little astronomy, altho heavy, scientific studies of this kind vexed and tired him extremely.

He got up and walked towards the window. The stretch of imagination had made him dizzy; he felt his temples throb with a quick rhythm as if his head were pounded on by a hammer. He opened the window—his beloved window which overlooked the open field—and pleaded with the starry night of December to soothe his burning, beating forehead with her cooling breath. He seemed to be suffering!

Midnight was near and a deep, mysterious silence, like a phosphorescent mist, was dripping down from the firmament upon the peaceful sleep of the field below. Suddenly the sounds of a piano, weaving into the solemn mysteries of night the cheerful tune of a popular song, jarred the rhythm of his meditations. When his anger at such a sacrilege had passed away, he felt that, after all, the laughter of the music was not disagreeable. It soothed his wearied senses and it softened something within him, hard as granite; and he felt as tho this piece of granite could be dissolved to tears. By a sudden movement he shook off the shameful humiliation of a certain love-emotion, and, raising his head, he proudly faced the stars.

Yet a certain satanic illusion kept passing persistently before his eyes, dancing in the emptiness of space to the tune of that maddening song.

"Helen!" he whispered to himself, "always she, with her girlish gaiety." And presently he was looking at the delicate, sprightly little figure seated before the piano, her restless little fingers, which once—in a moment of weakness that caused him shame now—he had kissed, running nervously up and down the keyboard. He tried to get rid of this stubborn visual deception, but—no use! The uneasy little head with the bright face and the eyes which laughed merrily all the time, even thru falling tears; that little head with its ever restless motion, like that of little singing-birds, flickered persistently before him, as if waiting for some quick and beautiful answer.

IV

"Do I love her, then?" he exclaimed loudly, to frighten away the thought. "Ah, no! It is unworthy of a poet seeking great inspiration. Love affairs in starlight, sighs, sickening sentimentalities—away from me! Let them be indulged in by the sordid, narrow-hearted versifiers!"

He shook his thick hair out in the cool air of the December night, raised again his eyes towards heaven and shouted, "Sursum corda!"

The echo of the beautiful young voice came back clear thru the stillness of the night: "Sursum corda."

He shut the window and returned to his writing desk. He sat down, pulled out the manuscript of "Instructions to Myself," and began to write on the last page:

"Love . . . It is certainly necessary for the creation of a poet. But what love? The love which governs the dance of the worlds. You will love then, and you will sing your love aloud. You will love the Earth, the Eternal Mother, the Great Mother of Creation! *She* will be your love and your rival will be the great Sun. You will press her in your arms, upon her lips you will kiss the everlasting Spring, and by your will beget the Man-God! The Man-God! . . . That will be the purpose of your great cosmogenic poem, the fruit of your love with the Virgin, Earth. Close in your heart her love, and you will feel springing forth within you all the sources of creation."

He took the large notebook, made especially with strong binding to hold his cosmogenic poem, and on the first page he printed in large letters the definite title: "MAN-GOD." Then with both his hands he pressed his temples, which were hammered on by his inspiration, and enfolding mentally his great love, the Earth, Orientus West, tired, closed his eyes and, with her in his arms, fell asleep upon his manuscript.

* * *

Who Will Cheer Us Up?

by

Nixon Waterman

IN the good old days, before the war, there appeared in London a brilliant novel in which the author narrated the cheerful successes of the hero, who went from one fortunate enterprise to another until at the end he reached the goal of his ambitions. The novel ends with the final and full triumph of the hero, and a friendly critic, who is one of the characters of the story, observes: "After all, what has this man done? With what great cause is he identified?" And the answer given to this carping critic by another friend is, "After all, he has contributed to the great cause of cheering us all up."

The cause of cheering us all up is by no means an insignificant one. Doubtless there has never been a time when the whole world needed cheering up so much as it does just now. Naturally, several of the nations now engaged in the "world war" are in the bloody business too deep to think of being cheered up to a state of real enjoyment. Such an expression of feeling under present conditions would be as incongruous as would laughter at a funeral. But a general cheering up, wherever it can be effected, is the sore need of the peoples of all lands, belligerent or neutral, for the whole world is saddened with the gloom and the weight of warfare.

In spite of—or is it because of?—the sorry blows which are seemingly being dealt against civilization and human brotherhood by the armies of the world, there has never been a time when the man with a cheerful outlook has been more in demand than he is today. If bitter things must come, society is nerving itself to the point of putting up with them as philosophically as possible, but it is not disposed to tolerate persons who deliberately wish or who appear to anticipate with some degree of fondness more and bigger troubles yet to be. And as a matter of fact the world, collectively and individually, has trouble a-plenty. It isn't wanting to borrow more from those whose sorry purpose is to hand around prophetic distress to any who will partake of it.

The pessimist, disturbing at all times, is intolerably so during the time of terrible war. It is then that we prefer to meet, both in life and in literature, the cheerful person. Just now is the time for the author with the cheerful, thought-refreshing story to bring it forth. It is the medicine the world needs to sweeten up its thinking. It may be that were the world to have a thousand years of peace it would then begin to sigh for a touch of war, as a people who have a very long period of brilliant sunshiny days are sometimes ready for a thunder-shower. But now is not the psychological moment for the cloud-bringer to add more gloom to the landscape. The author of, "Oh, the Snow, the Beautiful Snow!" though very popular during the sultry "dog-days," hardly dares to show his head in mid-winter when the streets and lanes are drifted full and the coal-bins are shovelled empty.

Doubtless one of the very greatest

functions which literature can perform is to cheer us up. They sadly err who insist that literature should be life. We have life enough as it is. Literature should be life plus some of the qualities it lacks or of which it has too little. Literature or painting or art that is no more than an actual copy of the thing or theme portrayed is—well, it is only a copy. In times like these there isn't enough of cheerfulness in life to counteract the effect of gloomy, sinister influences of world-wide conflict. We should devour cheerfulness wherever we can find it with the same relish that we welcome the first dandelion greens of spring, and with the same fond belief that it will be good for the toning up of our general state of health.

* * *

Does anybody know of a doctor in the land who would not, and who does not, prescribe cheerfulness as one of the ingredients of whatever medicine he gives his patients? Frequently, where doctors are truly honest—and many of them are—they prescribe nothing else than a cheerful attitude of mind. They would do this much more often only they know that their patients will insist on having something more material and that looks more like real medicine, and that if they do not give it to them the patients will employ doctors who will.

What would a doctor say if he found a patient reading or having read to him or her, a gloomy, morbid, pessimistic book? He'd say, "Away with that slow poison! Get something cheerful to read." No one will attempt to deny that sad things, sorrowful things, terrible things are susceptible of thoroly artistic treatment. The employment of such themes is often to be commended, but only as an artistic means and not as an end—for the purpose of heightening the value and effect of cheerful things, and not for the purpose of blotting them out—just as the villain is introduced to help set forth the hero's splendid qualities. But it is the law, written and unwritten, of all times and all peoples, that vice must be punished and virtue must be rewarded. Would you write a scenario for the motion picture people? Well, then, bear in mind that if you do not give the villain "the worst of it" or if you let him escape, the censors will object to the story and prevent its circulation in whole or in part. And if the censors did not do so, the public would.

Of course, if the pessimistic writer had a sense of humor, he or she would employ the sorry possibilities of life in a different way and for a different purpose. But while we are about it, we may as well go to the logical end and say that if the pessimist in or out of a book had a sense of humor he wouldn't be a pessimist. Pessimism comes from a lack of imagination. The pessimist can see only as far as the clouds. The optimist can see, or imagines he can see, beyond them. The latter seeks to offset the gloom of his clouds by employing borrowed sunshine; the former adds to his clouds the gloom of more borrowed clouds.

The lengths of absurdity to which a pessimistic trend of thinking will lead one who cultivates it has never been more cleverly set forth than in that splendidly characteristic limerick by Finley Ferguson Bush. This apotheosis of "grouching" might, with a generally beneficial effect, be quoted to every cloud-bringer who seeks to spoil the beauty of our blue skies. Mr. Bush thus aptly and graphically portrays the attitude of mind possessed by the pessimist:

> Says the pessimist: "Yea, I will tell
> The truth tho it make you rebel:
> To be man is a curse,
> To be woman is worse;
> To be either is premature hell!"

A well-meaning friend has written me a letter in which he says: "Of course we both understand that 'good cheer' is a fallacy—that optimism fares best where people do the least thinking—that the growing tendency toward what people call 'pessimism' in modern fiction means simply that good fiction is constantly coming nearer to being a perfect reflex of actual conditions."

There may be others who think as this friend thinks, so I will make my reply in the form of an open letter. I will begin by denying the correctness of the whole of the foregoing statement. Surely we cannot put our great philosophers, Benjamin Franklin and Ralph Waldo Emerson, in the class of those who do the least thinking. And were they pessimists? Not by a large, handsome majority! Emerson never felt moved to scold, or to find fault with the world or his neighbors. And Franklin was a "good cheer radiator." He never missed the blue sky portions of the firmament no matter how darkly the clouds may have obscured it in spots. Why, he would even pun! And did anyone ever hear of a real sorry, genuine pessimist punning? All history will be ransacked in vain for a better pun—when all the surrounding circumstances are taken into consideration—than Franklin's most famous bon mot. Of course, dear, patient reader, you know it as well as I, but it is such a good pun, so much better than the average run of puns, I hope you won't mind my telling it, as most punsters do their threadbare offerings, just as tho it had never before been told. The patriots were signing or about to sign the Declaration of Independence, thereby putting into writing evidence of their treason punishable by death. "We must all hang together in this matter," remarked one of them. "Yes," added Franklin, "for unless we all hang together we shall, doubtless, all hang separately."

* * *

And what shall we say of Lincoln with his ever-present fund of humorous stories so often used to illustrate in a most convincing manner some argument of great weight and significance? Did he belong to the class that does but little thinking?

On the printed page or in ordinary conversation it is made evident that a little thinking may incline a man toward pessimism, but much thinking brings him around to optimism. The "groucher," whose near-delight is to wet-blanket every enthusiasm, every hopeful forecast of events, every cheerful endeavor of those about him, with a soggy, "Aw! what's the use?" will, when once he seriously considers his question, be more than likely to ask himself, "Well, anyway, what's the use of grouching?"

The pessimist is sadly disturbed by the discovery that he is on this side of the river and that, apparently, there is no way to get across. The optimist, too, has observed all that, and furthermore he has noted the fact that the country on this side of the river is beautiful and productive, when properly cultivated, and really holds all that is required for his present happiness. The pessimist has just found out that he is in what appears to be a cage and he proceeds at once to beat and bruise himself against the bars. The optimist observes the same general conditions to be in force, but he studies the situation philosophically and very sensibly asks himself: "Which shall it be, song or sigh?"

If you were a bird and shut in a cage,
  Now what would you better do?
Would you grieve your throat with a sorry note
  And mourn the whole day thro;
Or would you swing and chirp and sing,
  Tho the world were warped with wrong,
Till you filled one place with the perfect grace
  And gladness of your song?

If you were a man and shut in a world,
  Now what would you better do,
On a gloomy day when skies were gray
  Would you be gloomy, too?
When crossed with care would you let despair
  Life's happy hope destroy,
Or with a smile work on the while
  You found the path to joy?

There have been wielders of the pen who were as valiant in their lives and in their books as any warrior who ever wielded the sword. Among the greatest of them is that noble personality, Robert Louis Stevenson. All his life was a struggle against disease, which for a time was joined with poverty, and yet in all his voluminous literary work there is never a note of complaint or despair. Always and ever he bravely fulfilled what, in his "Christmas Sermon," he calls "the perfect duties—gentleness and cheerfulness." In the same charming essay he gives us a glimpse of his ideal in the famous paragraph:

"To be honest, to be kind, to earn a little and to spend a little less, to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary and not be embittered, to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation—above all, on the same grim condition, to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy."

Stevenson insisted on cheerfulness not

only in the conduct of life, but also, in art and in literature. Writing to a friend he said: "As I live I feel more and more that literature should be cheerful and brave spirited, even if it cannot be made beautiful and pious and heroic."

And to all of which there is just now a very applicable moral, which is that now is the time to read cheerful literature. Put by the sorry authors till there are fewer clouds in the sky, and until the newspapers cease to headline the "fierce and bloody slaughter." It is a duty you owe to yourself, your family, your country. It will keep your mind more normal, well-balanced and wholesome. With the very air heavy with the odor of gases and burnt gunpowder, you must take some sort of antidote or the first thing you know you will be scrapping with your next-door neighbor or, even worse, with members of your own household.

Ho, ye cheerful merry-makers! Bring on your pleasant books.

THE TWO CROSSES

The Cross of Heaven and the Cross of Hell

By BENNETT CHAPPLE

A HOSPITAL ship,
  Red Cross on its side—
A hospital ship
  Breasting the tide.

Helping the wounded
  And helpless to live;
Laden with mercy,
  All it can give.

Faithful to duty,
  Slowly they go—
Carefully, tenderly,
  Knowing no foe.

* * *

A hospital ship!
  Quick, with the gun!
A hospital ship!—
  Sink every one!

With nurses and wounded
  Her broad deck is filled,
Stab her and sink her!
  They're easily killed!

Laugh at the world!
  Sound out its knell!
An iron cross waits him
  Who sinks her to hell!

Montraville Wood
Scientist and Inventor

by

James Waldemar-Smith

A TORPEDO with "ears," which virtually hunts its own target; actually seeks out the ship that it destroys, and is also possessed of an uncanny power to distinguish friend from foe, is the product of the genius of Montraville M. Wood. The discordant note produced by an enemy propeller unwittingly invites its own destruction by this little hidden nemesis of the deep, for the torpedo is attuned to pacifism toward our own ships, but filled with a riot of havoc for enemy craft.

Demonstrations have been conducted revealing the practical nature of this "human torpedo." Experts who have witnessed its operation declare that it is destined to revolutionize submarine warfare. Equipped with mechanical ears, with microphone attachment, this little death-dealing device is tuned to catch the sound waves of the enemy ship for which it is intended. When this relation is established, the torpedo's propeller starts automatically and darts thru the water at double the speed of the swiftest ocean liner. The two receivers in the torpedo's head carry the sound waves from the pursued vessel to the steering mechanism, and should the ship change its course, the torpedo immediately shifts its direction accordingly and remains on the trail—like a bloodhound on the scent. If the enemy ship sees the approaching destroyer and shuts down its engine in an effort to dodge, the torpedo's propeller, governed, as it is, by the pursued vessel's sound waves, also shuts down and remains inactive until communication of sound is re-established.

Should the pursued vessel send out to pick up the supposedly dead torpedo, it could not be found, for even this contingency is anticipated. The machine is so constructed that when not in motion it dives beneath the surface to a depth of one hundred to two hundred feet. When the ship's propellers move again, the torpedo's ears catch the sound and transmit it to the connected propeller. Then the cork-shaped, nickel-plated chaser rises to within two or three feet of the water's surface and resumes the chase until contact results in explosion.

"Should it by any chance fall into enemy hands—which isn't at all likely," said Professor Wood, in explaining the working of his invention, "no harm would be done. My secret would still be safe. For the torpedo cannot be taken apart without exploding, thus destroying itself and the vivisecting agent. They can't get at the 'brains' of the mechanism without blowing out their own."

The Wood torpedo is constructed in three sections. The head accommodates eighty-five pounds of gun cotton—sufficient to blow a four-foot hole in the most heavily armored vessel. In the body of the torpedo is the delicate mechanism that Professor Wood calls the "brains." The engine is in the small rear section.

"It has human possibilities," he declared. "It isn't bloodthirsty always. Should the submarine commander desire to merely

MONTRAVILLE M. WOOD

cripple and take captive an enemy ship, with those on board, twenty-five instead of eighty-five pounds of high explosive are placed in the torpedo's head. In this way the partially loaded torpedo is attracted by sound waves to the warship's propeller and rudder and these are so damaged by the explosion that the boat is left helpless and susceptible to confiscation."

The first time I saw Montraville Wood he was at a Rotary noon luncheon, demonstrating the workings of the microphone, with which his torpedo is equipped. This device is another of Professor Wood's inventions, and it is being used along the coast to warn lookouts on shore of the approach of unreported ships.

In his hand that day the Professor held a small bulb. The mechanism, he told us, was tuned against his own voice. Speak as loudly as he would, nothing whatever happened. But when one of the boys shouted, "Light up," a light immediately glowed in the bulb. It is in this way, explained Wood, that the "ears" of his torpedo are able to pick up the trail of enemy ships.

With twinkling tho keen blue eyes, a

shock of snow-white hair, his pleasant face a network of wrinkles—which radiate from his eyes like rays of sunshine when he smiles—Montraville Wood is a man who knows how to explain simply and comprehensively the most intricate scientific proposition. He is one scientist the people understand; he doesn't talk "above their heads," or use confusing technical terms without explaining their meaning.

To his credit are nearly a hundred patents, most of them in practical use today. The familiar two-button electric switch was his invention—a device which he sold for four hundred dollars, and which netted the promoters a quarter of a million—also the gyroscope, which made mail-carrying airplanes practicable.

* * *

At his home in Berwyn, a beautiful suburb of Chicago, Montraville Wood has a wonderfully equipped scientific laboratory, where he conducts all his experiments, and where he perfected his "human torpedo." On the Redpath circuit—for Wood is a well-known lecturer as well as scientist and inventor—he is assisted in his demonstrations by his daughter, Miss Alene, who is an inventive genius on her own account, having discovered and proven that a gyroscope can be forced to leave its plane by depriving it of the advantages given by the processional movement of the earth.

In 1904, while perfecting the process of welding copper at the great works of the General Electric Company at Schenectady, New York, Montraville Wood became interested in the gyroscopic actions of large moving bodies developed in the small turbines built by this company. Despite the many vain attempts to harness this enormous force, he continued his experiments, and has now practically solved the problem of gyroscope control.

One of his most sensational and interesting platform demonstrations is a wrestling match with a gyroscope weighing twenty pounds, revolving in its case at a rate of 2,800 revolutions a minute, and maintaining its equilibrium against all efforts to bring it down. "It would not be overturned by a force of less than two thousand pounds," declared the lecturer-inventor. The gyroscope has been of incalculable value in modern inventions, and is now used by the United States government as a stabilizer on its battleships. Professor Wood declared that the journey of the Deutschland across the Atlantic would have been impossible without the gyroscope.

He has made some important discoveries in ultra-violet rays, which are produced by taking alternating current and boosting it to twenty-five thousand volts—requiring, by the way, one of the most dangerous currents yet known—and now used to great advantage in science, mechanics and medicine. The character of these rays, their waves of vibrations, and the fact that they cannot pass thru glass or celluloid, he expounds to interested Chautauqua and Lyceum audiences thruout the country. From Maine to California, all who have heard the lectures of Montraville Wood feel that they have learned something worth while. He is performing a great educative service; doing a work which has an ever-increasing appeal in these days of multiplicity of mechanisms.

He also shows that, by the use of the rays, paper or any other substance coated with a certain mineral composition, can be turned into a storehouse of light that will glow sufficiently brightly to illuminate a room and will last indefinitely. Father and daughter handle this ultra-violet ray as they would an ordinary electric light. For a novice to attempt it would mean certain death.

In the early days of electrical development, Mr. Wood was with Thomas A. Edison. In 1889 he was appointed district engineer of the Edison Company for the Pacific Coast, and in 1890 was in charge of the engineering department of the North Pacific Exposition in Portland, Oregon, where the honor of opening the exposition was bestowed upon his young daughter, Alene.

* * *

Do you know that sugar on raw oysters creates a deadly poison?—or the scientific reason why coffee is not harmful when taken without cream? If you don't, perhaps your Domestic Science daughter can enlighten you, because Montraville Wood said they are given a thoro knowledge of chemistry of foods and their relation to the human mechanism. And this scientist considers a knowledge of chemistry necessary to the maintenance of proper diet.

* * *

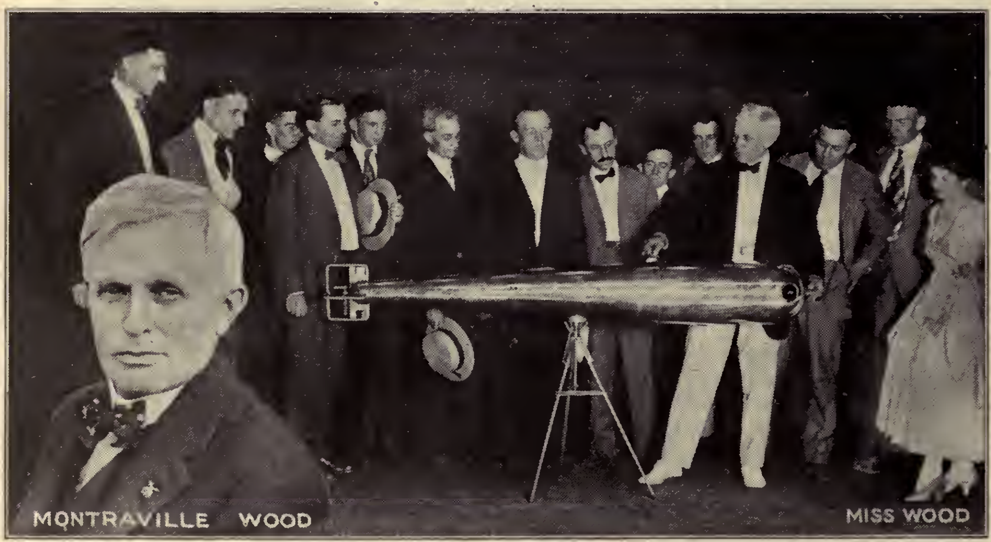
He told us about some of his scientific platform "stunts," such as producing handwriting on the wall with a ray of light acting as the crayon, and sending a monorail car in midair on a slack wire above one of the aisles of the auditorium. He drew a design on a card and passed it around, showing how, with one hammer-blow, a needle can be driven thru a penny without even blunting the point. It sounds impossible—but to men like Montraville Wood, there are few impossibilities. The trick just mentioned is performed by thrusting the needle thru a cork, with the point barely visible; breaking off the top of the needle flush with the cork; placing this contrivance atop a penny mounted on a block of wood, and then striking the center of the cork a fair blow with a hammer.

A brilliant conversationalist is Montraville Wood, as all who know him can testify. A hard worker all his life, he believes that a man should "keep on a-keepin' on." "When a man begins to think he's near to perfection," said this little live-wire scientist, "he may not realize it, but not only has he stopped growing, he is stepping backward."

Someone asked him about his inventions; how he managed to perfect them without becoming discouraged.

"Enthusiasm!" he declared, his eyes aglow. "Enthusiasm—that's what turns the trick. It's easy enough to start a thing with enthusiasm, but all too often this fire burns out of its own intensity, leaving only the charred remains—an uncompleted task. When young fellows come to me for advice—and a good many of them do—I tell them to learn to be a *completer*. There's nothing like being a completer. Why, the patent office today is filled with inventions almost complete, almost a success—but not quite."

With such men as Montraville "on the job," we need not fear that American inventive genius will soon find a way to combat the submarines. An American invention that—isn't it reasonable to think that our country can produce something to put its own creation out of existence? Perhaps Montraville Wood's torpedo may prove the solution—who knows?



A DEMONSTRATION OF THE "HUMAN TORPEDO"

How Much Money Do You Need to be Happy?

by

Charles David Cooper

"NEX' wik I geta t'ree dolla a-day," said Tony to me the other day. Tony is an Italian gardener who has been passing my place every day for some time. We have become great friends. Tony can sing and does so most of the time. My wife considers him a musical artist. I consider him the happiest man of my acquaintance. When I read Mr. Palmer's article in the *American* for February, I decided to question Tony. He tells me that he came to his present place where he is getting two dollars and ten cents a day from another where he got a dollar and a half. He saved money at a dollar and a half, more than he does now, but when he takes his new place "nex' wik" then he will be entirely happy. "Me an' ole woman need litta money, mabbe dolla, dolla t'irty, buta my litta Angeline spika da piece da school, lika da 'Merica children, need nica new dress lika dem, need many nice' Merica tings, taka moche money. Geta new job, and hava moche pleasurement for my leetle girl."

Tony is only one of my pleasant neighbors; there are many others as interesting. I like our choreman, a young fellow going to school, working his way by doing odd jobs. Dan tells me he will be supremely happy when he can get a position as a teacher, and that it would be fine if he could start at eighty dollars a month. While he is talking to me the mailman delivers the mail, and Dan heaves a sigh and says: "That fellow has a soft thing of it; I wish I had his job." I ask the mailman how he likes his job and get the answer that if the government passes the minimum salary bill for carriers it will help a lot; but, after all, there is nothing in delivering mail. He wishes that he had taken the chance he had of going into the bank when his friend, who lives just a few doors below us, went there.

The bank clerk is getting thirteen hundred, and according to the mailman, is to be envied, for he has everything he wants. But when I ask the bank clerk, who is an especial crony of mine, if he is satisfied, telling him that he ought to be, with his nice little home and his pleasant wife, he looks wistfully at me and says that he will not be happy until he has as good a job as Joe Childs, who has just passed in a new little car. Joe manages a department of our only large industry and seems very much in love with everything, even himself. The other night, at the card club, he became very confidential, and asked me to use my influence in securing him a position in a concern in a nearby city. It seems that Joe feels that he needs more money than he is now getting—twenty-two hundred a year. If he could get this new job at twenty-seven hundred, he would be able to do about all he would like to do.

When I was in the dentist's office the other day, the dentist told me that he made a sad mistake when he took up dentistry; there is no peace or comfort in the work, and, while he makes between three and four thousand a year, the life he must lead is becoming more and more a bore to him.

He would be satisfied if he had a nice job like our mutual friend Tommy Atkins. Tommy is president of the Atkins Lumber and Coal Company, worth lots of money, but always complaining. He spends a month in the mountains every year for hay fever, goes south in winter, and yet Tommy is the lonesomest man in town. And so the round goes on; as Tony says, "Nex' wik I geta t'ree dolla a-day, I be content."

It is comparatively easy to answer the question, "How much money do *you* need to be happy?" but to tell how much *I* need—well, that is something else again. The first salary I got was ten dollars a week. I saved five a week from that, and worked with all my might for the raise which made it twelve, and then worked harder to make it fifteen—and then quit, because I was not getting as much as I thought I was worth. Before each raise, I felt that if I could only get this next raise, I should be satisfied. I never was.

My next position—it changed from job to position at this point—was one for fifty a month and all expenses. I immediately got married. This position had possibilities, and my father thought that now I should be satisfied and happy, but here, too, I soon expected a raise, and when I did not get it, was unhappy. When I got over this mood and took an inventory of myself, I found that I should have to demonstrate my ability in my new work, rather than bask in the glory of my past success. You see, my former position kept taking on a new glamor with each succeeding week. I felt that I had been supremely happy in that last job, and, if I could get the job just ahead of me, I should also be happy; but my present state was intolerable.

After I took new heart, I did find some pleasure in my work, but the underlying incentive to effort was still hope of the raise. But tho I worked effectively, I seemed to have been forgotten; and only by the exercise of the greatest control did I save myself from showing the dissatisfaction I felt. One day when I was too much absorbed in something I was doing to feel bad, I was surprised. My surprise came in the form of a call to the office and a notification that I had jumped over the heads of the five men just ahead of me. My salary was doubled. I was happy—very happy—for just a month, and then I had visions of the job ahead. I got it, and then the next, and the next; then I got tired of waiting for another promotion, and feeling that I was not appreciated, I resigned, moved out of the state and took another position, paying me less, but with more possibilities, where merit seemed to make for promotion. As I look back upon my work in that other state, I am sure that I was very happy there; but I know that until I get that promised raise I shall not be happy here.

I have learned in the hard school of experience that happiness for myself is over there, or rather up there. There is no limit to how far up; but the step just ahead is very alluring, and when I get up there I shall not be happy until I get to the next step. It is the old, old story of the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow; when you get there, it is just as far beyond. There is no happiness *here*. On ahead, the crowd is happy, and back there where you were last week, or last year, you know you were happy then. In my present frame of mind, three thousand a year would make me happy; but, taking my lesson from the past, and those who are getting just that sum and more, I am convinced that as far as the matter of money is concerned, there is no sum that will satisfy this elusive and much-sought-after mistress—Happiness.

WHY THE UNITED STATES IS FIGHTING GERMANY

K navery
A utocracy
I mperialism
S erfdom
E gotism
R ancor

The Professor Who Bluffed Himself

by Thomas Dreier

IF you were a reader of the magazines fifteen years ago you must have read editorial notes which accompanied some brilliant essays on philosophy and which told you how fortunate the editor was in securing anything from the pen of the great thinker, Professor James Bertram Updike, head of the Department of Philosophy of Berkshire College.

Turn back to the files of the magazines of that day and you will find those essays. You will also find articles of appreciation written by the associates of the brilliant young professor, setting forth in extravagant terms their praise of the man and his work. Reading those tributes, you would naturally say, "Here is a man who has the world at his feet."

While the world wasn't exactly at the feet of Professor Updike, he had won from it a measure of success which few men are fortunate enough to possess after a lifetime of effort. He was one of those men who, possessed of what is sometimes called "deadly concentration," have the power to cut their way in a straight line to their goal.

There was no question in the mind of the professor himself, or in the minds of those who knew him best, but that he should win a permanent place among the intellectual giants of his age. He was sure that the encyclopedias of the future would tell the story of his achievements.

He worshipped before one altar—the altar of his work.

"Updike wins," said one of his associates, "because he is never guilty of the sin of scatteration."

That told part of the truth. Updike was never known to waste time, as he himself would have said, in play. Every day, rain or shine, he walked his five miles. He got all the exercise he needed in this way, and the time was not really taken from his work because it was on these long walks that he thought out most of the articles which won him popular favor.

He never seemed to care in the least for the society of women. It is true that he did not make any attempt to avoid them. When he met them, as he was occasionally compelled to do, at the homes of his associates, where he sometimes went to talk things over, or at some of the college functions, he won their approval by his courtesy and his wit.

"What a pity it is," said more than one woman to her husband, "that Professor Updike hides himself away off there in his room. He is really delightful."

Some of these women went farther. They plotted to marry the professor to some one of the many young women of the little college town. But all their plots failed. Their chosen victim made no attempt to escape from these young women who were selected with such care to bring him into the fold of the married. He seemed to be protected by an invisible suit of armor which caused all the shafts of the god of love to fall broken at his feet.

It was not until Julia Dane came to town that anything happened. Julia was a young widow whose marriage to Jimmie Dane, spendthrift and waster, had saddened her. Her friends felt like congratulating her when the news came to them that Jimmie had been killed one night by his horse running away with him, because he had, in a drunken rage, lashed the animal savagely with his whip. It was Jimmie's recklessness that had fascinated the girl, and, folks said, it was Jimmie's fortune that had tempted Julia's mother to urge her to marry him.

So Julia Dane came to Berkshire not exactly to mourn, but to get away from the surroundings in which she had known so little happiness. She had lost her girlish illusions and was convinced that for her, at least, marriage was something to be forever avoided. The Bakers, who had been friends of her family for years, welcomed her, and tried to help wipe from her mind the memory of the year she had spent with the late Jimmie. Mrs. Baker did not urge her to go into society, believing that if she were given some time alone she would work out her own salvation, and would soon want to meet young people of her own age.

"Of course it will not do to let her mope around," said Mrs. Baker to her husband. "She must have someone to talk to."

"She isn't ready for any fluffy-minded college students, is she?" asked her husband, whose opinion of college students was not of the highest.

"No. But—" Mrs. Baker had an inspiration—"why don't you ask Professor Updike to drop in some time?"

* * *

The professor and Baker had become friends and spent many hours together discussing things. Baker was the biggest business man in the small town, and Updike liked to try out his theories, as he said, on the mind of a man who was practical and whose thinking had to get results.

"H–m. Might do that," said Baker. "I'll see what I can do."

Two or three nights later, Professor Updike turned in at the Baker gate and walked briskly up the graveled walk.

"Is the Corrupt Capitalist in?" he called out to Mrs. Baker, who was sitting on the steps. "Corrupt Capitalist" was the name he sometimes liked to call Baker, because the latter was inclined to defend the established order of things, whereas Updike was inclined to be radical in his economic views.

"Present, Prof.!" called Baker from behind the screen of vines which hid him from view. "It is like you to come and interrupt me when I am just beginning to enjoy myself in the society of a pretty girl."

Updike had reached the steps by this time and saw that there was a guest. Mrs. Baker introduced them. When Professor Updike went home that evening the god of love chuckled. One of his arrows had found its way thru a crack in the armor that had hitherto withstood all attacks.

Updike discovered in the days that followed that Julia Dane was easy to talk to. He found himself telling her his dreams. She learned all about his youth, about his struggles for an education, and about his hopes for a golden future when he should have saved enough money so that he could devote all his time to the writing of books and the perfecting of his philosophy.

The girl was attracted to this serious young man because he was the exact opposite of Jimmie Dane. This man had a definite purpose. He made his life count for something. He was clean and wholesome. She believed that there was a brilliant future ahead for him. She wondered what sort of woman would share it with him.

The mind of the professor was entertaining thoughts unlike any that had ever entered it before. He was wondering for the first time whether "he travels the fastest who travels alone." "After all," he said to himself, "isn't it true that a man with a well-managed home, whose material wants are cared for, is in a position to do the best work?"

Their friendship ripened. The daily walk wasn't shortened, but it was shared.

"I thought you looked upon that walk of yours as something sacred," said Baker, "something that was too holy to be shared because in the silence you could think things out?"

"It is still," answered the professor, blushing a bit, "but I now think those thoughts out loud."

Baker laughed, winked at his wife, glanced at Julia and saw that she, too, was blushing.

* * *

So it was without surprise that the Bakers received the announcement of the engagement of their young friends. They were married in the fall and took the old Watson place, a fine old mansion surrounded by trees, on the edge of the town. They were ideally happy. They entertained occasionally and were always welcome guests at any home in the town they chose to enter.

"Confound those youngsters!" exclaimed the professor one morning, throwing down his pen. "It seems like a waste of time to try to teach some of them anything." His wife made no reply.

That night, however, as they lingered over their coffee, she said to him: "Do you know, dear, I've been thinking today about what you told me the first week we were together."

"I must have said a lot of silly stuff, didn't I?"

"No. You told me that your ambition was to save enough money so that you might be independent of teaching, and might give all your time to writing. Doesn't it seem foolish for you to continue working with your classes when you might be doing the big work you want to do? What is my money for, if it isn't to be used in some such way?"

He jumped up from the table and ran around and kissed her. "You are a dear, sweet, foolish wife, but you aren't going to rob me of my independence and get me completely under your control." He laughed at her.

But she remained serious. Money to her was something to be used in service. Of course she believed in living well, in having all that was needed for comfort, but she did not believe in living extravagantly. She knew that when she and Jimmie Dane had lived together the money had been worse than wasted. It had been used sinfully. It did not even buy good times. It bought nothing but sorrow and, for Jimmie, death.

She felt that she had little to give the world. Unlike her husband, she had no great mental gifts to share with the people. Her talents were those of a home maker. Her greatest service to the world, she thought, was to give her husband to it. Her faith in him never wavered. In their early days together, long before there was any thought of marriage between them, he had made her see that a man can make himself count greatly only by giving attention to the essentials of life, leaving the non-essentials aside.

He made her see that the success he had achieved had come to him simply because he had concentrated all his time and effort on one line of work. He had given all he had to his task. His was no divided allegiance to an ideal. He knew even then that there were many important things outside of his life, but he also knew that there were other men to look after them. He did not think that his work was the greatest work in the world. He saw clearly. All useful work was to him important. All he had done was to pick out from a great collection of important tasks the one that he loved most and which, therefore, he felt he could do best of all.

* * *

Success had come to him as a teacher simply because he was so interested in his work that he made it interesting to his pupils. He treated his pupils as parts of himself. His task, as he saw it, was not to teach them, but to use them in the development of his own ideas so that he might give them to the world in his books—the books he intended to write some day when he got the time.

He wrote magazine articles as a means to an end. For the average magazine reader he had at times infinite contempt. He wrote only because by writing he clarified his own ideas. Of course it is true that when he began to write he wrote because he felt within him thoughts which demanded expression—thoughts that meant much to those who read them. The editors, anxious to give their readers what pleased them, were eager to buy his manuscripts. In those days it was not necessary for him to enclose return postage.

It was but natural that he should produce less during the months of his courtship and also during his early married life. To have a home was to him a new experience. When he sometimes reproached himself for his laziness, he immediately found himself offering in defense arguments to the effect that he deserved a rest after the years of hard work he had gone thru.

But when his wife suggested that he give up teaching and devote all his time to writing, he tried to laugh away the suggestion. He even refused to discuss it with her. She was a bit hurt by his reception of her offer, but she excused him because she thought his man's pride stood in the way. He did not want to feel that she was supporting him. Well, she would soon convince him that it was his duty to give his best to the world, and that he had no right to deny her the pleasure which spending some of her money in that way would give.

On the following evening she renewed her suggestion. This time he did not try to laugh it away. "I've been thinking about what you said last night," he remarked, "and I am almost persuaded that you are right. The only thing that keeps me back is the sacrifices which you would be asked to make."

"What sacrifices?" she asked. "Don't you know that I am ready to do anything and everything that will help you in your work?"

"Yes, but are you ready to give up your life here in this pleasant, friendly little town, and move away from the friends who mean so much to you?"

"Move away?" she exclaimed.

"Yes; move away—get away from everything which threatens to take time from work. Don't you realize I must be free from interruptions—that I must have nothing to distract my attention? Here we are too popular. We must go out to dinners and we must give dinners in return. Friends are dropping in all the time, without warning, and, while it is all very pleasant, such life militates against the kind of writing I want to do.

"We must get away from the people we know, give up the social life, dedicate ourselves to the work. Are you ready to do all that?"

At the close of the college year the Updikes moved away—dropped out of sight, as it were, without saying a single farewell or telling a person where they were going.

Mrs. Updike had warned her friends that she and her husband would do that very thing, but those friends did not take her seriously. She had told them that Mr. Updike was planning to devote all his time to the writing of his great book, and that it would be necessary for him to give up teaching and concentrate upon the work of production.

* * *

After a month spent at the seashore, the Updikes took an apartment in New York. "The only place in the world where one can be absolutely alone," explained Updike to his wife, urging her to give up the idea of having a home in the suburbs, "is in an apartment in the heart of a big city. It is there that one can know absolute privacy. We shall also be close to the libraries, and you will be able to find all the entertainment you want at the theaters and elsewhere. In the small town you have to make your own fun; in the city, you can find it ready-made."

Many times during their first year in the city did Mrs. Updike look back upon the good times she had had in Berkshire. She wished that she might see her friends when she pleased. But these thoughts were quickly dismissed from her mind. To entertain them, she felt was to be disloyal to her husband. He needed her more than ever.

When he gave up teaching, he had also given up writing articles for the magazines. He said that he had no time for such ephemeral things. "A magazine article offers predigested ideas to the mob," he explained. "Let other men do that—men who need the money. A man in my position need do none of those pot-boilers."

The work progressed slowly. At first he wrote every forenoon, beginning immediately after an early breakfast and continuing without interruption until luncheon. After luncheon he would lie down for an hour, go out for a walk, and when he returned would read the reviews until dinner time. Occasionally they would go to a lecture or to the opera or theater.

Hundreds of pages of manuscripts were filed away. When his wife asked him if he did not have enough for a volume, he answered that what he had done was but the beginning, and that most of what he had produced would have to be re-written in the light of his later thoughts.

* * *

Towards the end of the second year he did not approach his morning work with eagerness. After breakfast he waited patiently until the boy came with the morning paper. If the boy was delayed beyond his usual time, he showed his impatience by walking to the window and looking down the street. Sometimes he would walk down the stairs, thinking that the boy had come and gone and left the paper in the vestibule.

After he had read the paper, he began to look for the mail man. "He may have a review that will give me just the inspiration I need this morning," he said sometimes, excusing himself for his failure to work.

Many a morning he worked for no more than an hour. His sunshiny temper had disappeared long before. His wife excused his growing grouchiness by telling herself that he was thinking too much and not taking recreation enough. Her faith in him was still the greatest thing in her life after her love.

One morning she said, "Don't you think that it would help you if you were to mingle more with men with whom you could discuss your work?"

"What can other men tell me about my work that I don't know already? I would only be wasting my time. No, I must go on alone."

When she suggested that some of the chapters would probably be accepted by the magazines, he reminded her that he was writing, not for the crowd, but for the thinkers of the future. "What do I care about the millions of unthinking human beings? They cannot understand me.

"I long ago gave up any thoughts of winning the cheap fame which the crowd can give. All I work for is the approval which a few great minds will place upon my work when it is finished. My book shall be a mine out of which other thinkers will take ideas and fashion them for the use of the multitude."

With this explanation she tried to be content. But doubt was beginning to creep in.

At a later time she again urged him to send something to the magazines, telling him that it was not well for him to drop out of sight just before his book was ready for the publisher. He agreed that there might be something in that. Anyway he would send off some of the lighter chapters. This he did, accompanying them with a letter requesting that proofs be sent to him for correction before publication.

The manuscripts were returned to him with a printed rejection slip.

"Pearls before swine! Pearls before swine!" he shouted, walking up and down the room.

He then sent the manuscripts to the editor of the magazine that had published many of the articles he had written when he was a professor at Berkshire College. These came back to him accompanied by a letter in which he was thanked for sending them, informed that they did not meet the needs of the magazine at that time, and expressing the hope that the writer would submit other articles. A printed sheet containing a list of the kind of articles for which the magazine was in need was attached.

* * *

Updike, white with anger and hurt pride, and determined to get his articles published, now that the editors seemed to be leagued against him, wrote the editor and reminded him that the name of James Bertram Updike above an article honored the magazine that published it.

The editor must have lost his sense of humor, for he replied to this letter with the question: "Did you ever consider what the words, 'Head of the Department of Philosophy' added to the value of the name of James Bertram Updike?"

That question acted on Updike like a blow between the eyes. Was it indeed true that his early fame was due to the fact that he had been connected with the faculty of a college? If those articles had been sent out by a writer without an official position, would they have been accepted? He wondered. So did his wife.

Of course Updike indignantly denied that the affirmative answers to these questions were the truth. His faith in himself and in his work, which had been jarred by the reception of his articles by the magazines, had been restored by his own suggestion to the effect that his work was too good to be appreciated at its real worth by the average editor. For a time he wrote with feverish enthusiasm, adding hundreds of pages to the pile of manuscripts stored away in the closet.

But the effect of these refusals upon his wife was different. She listened to her husband's explanations and tried to believe that he was speaking the truth. But the real truth would not be hidden. She dared to suggest one day that perhaps it would be better for them both to move back into the world. She even expressed the desire to re-enter college life once more. He treated both suggestions with contempt. He charged her with loss of faith. Fearing the effect upon him of the truth, she lied and said that of course she believed that he knew best.

* * *

The years slipped by. He grew bitter. His speech was a perpetual snarl. He cursed a God that had permitted him to be born before his time. "If I had only been content with the little thoughts," he said, "I'd not have to suffer. My mistake was in thinking that the world wanted the best."

His wife had seen the uselessness of sacrificing herself and had formed friendships with women whom she liked. She even entertained in a small way. To her husband's protests that these entertainments in the apartment interfered with his work she returned the reply that on those days he might go off somewhere else. Love had long since disappeared.

Driven out of his own home, as he said to himself, he joined a dinner club, which consisted of twenty members and which met once a month to discuss a paper read by one of the number. Updike enjoyed these meetings because they gave him an opportunity to express some of the bitterness against the world that was in him. Since his wife had refused to listen to him, he found it necessary to find another outlet. His fellow club members were intensely alive, and their interest in all human activities was intense. They were always helping someone who needed help.

* * *

One of the men had visited at the Updike home many times and had become a personal friend of Mrs. Updike. Knowing that he was interested in her husband, and thinking that he and his associates might be able to do what she had failed to do, she opened her heart.

"He knows so much," she said. "All he needs, I believe, is some opportunities for self-expression. I fear he may become like that character in Ibsen's play who kept studying all his life, but who never gave away any of his knowledge. When he wanted to speak to the people he suddenly discovered that he had nothing to give. If my husband would only share what he knows, he would become happy once more."

Crothers, the friend, promised to do what he could. The next time Updike spoke of the book upon which he had spent the best years of his life, and which no publisher would accept, Crothers and his associates, without saying a word to Updike, went to a publisher and told him about the book.

"Have him send us the manuscript," said the publisher. "It may be just what we want."

"If it isn't what you want," said Crothers, "we want you to make the book anyhow. We'll pay the publishing costs."

Then they went to the manager of a lecture bureau and told him the story of this ex-college professor who had spent his life condensing the wisdom gathered by the philosophers of the ages into one book, and who was now ready to share his discoveries with the world.

"I'll try him out next month at Exham," said the manager. "If he makes good there, I'll keep him busy whenever he wants to talk."

At the next meeting of the club, thinking that they were about to give Updike the finest gift he had ever received, Crothers and his friends told Updike what they had done.

"We've got a publisher for you," said Crothers, "and Harry Newman, who is manager of the Community Lecture Society, is ready to give you a chance to talk your head off. I'm going home with you tonight and get that manuscript of yours, and tomorrow they'll start making it into a book."

* * *

The men gathered around and shook Updike's hand. They noticed that he was trembling and that the perspiration stood out in beads upon his forehead. Assuming that he was overcome by their acts of friendship, after having been neglected by the world for years, they thought they would make it easier for him by giving their attention to other matters.

Updike sat like one in a daze. During the dinner he never spoke a word. He picked at his food and pretended to eat, but his friends noted that he ate almost nothing. They could not understand it. The joy in their hearts died. Their meeting, which had promised to be so successful, ended in failure. Just why it failed no one knew.

As they stood up, just before leaving, Updike put his hand on Crothers' shoulder and whispered that he wanted to say a word. Crothers asked the men to re-seat themselves. Updike raised himself with difficulty to his feet. With his hands on the back of his chair, he turned his white face towards them.

"My friends," he began. "I thank you for your good intentions. You have meant to be kind to me. I can only say good-bye to you." He staggered and would have fallen if Crothers had not caught him.

A physician was called who had him removed to a hospital. The next day Crothers called upon Mrs. Updike.

"We are both murderers," she said, trying to smile so as to soften her words. "I was his greatest enemy because it was I who thought of removing him from the world of useful effort. God knows, my intentions were good. I wanted him to make his dream come true. I did not know that dreams are materialized by workers, not by dreamers. I killed him when I made his life too easy for him. Men who do not have to struggle, who do not have to overcome obstacles, who do not keep in touch with their kind, weaken and die.

"He is in that room there, breathing. But I know that he is dead. He died last night when you told him what you had done. I know what he thought, just as if I had been there to look into his mind. Up to the time you told him that you had a publisher for his book and had made arrangements for him to lecture, he believed that he had a message for the world. When you gave him what you thought was the opportunity of his life, you made him realize that he had nothing to give. At that moment, no matter what the doctors may say, he died."

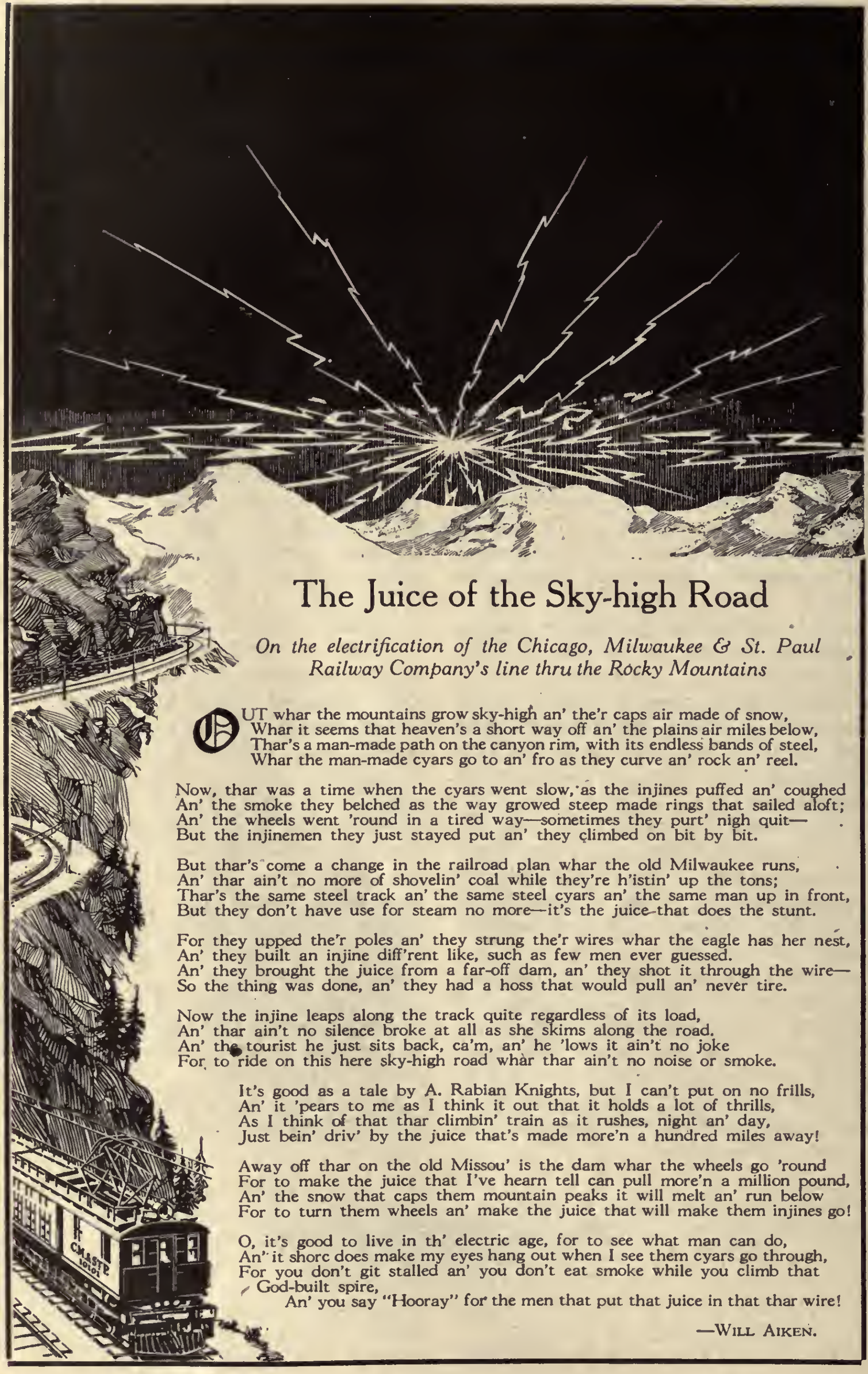
* * *

Crothers, when he met the members of the club, said: "We called his bluff. For years he bluffed his wife and himself. Even when he ceased bluffing her, he continued to bluff himself. He was too green when he was picked. Instead of sweetening, as an apple sweetens when it is stored in a cellar, he soured. He should have been left on the tree of the world a while longer. His wife picked him too soon—before he was ready. When we tried to handle him as we would a sound apple, he fell to pieces. showing us that the inside had rotted away during the years that he lived in that apartment down town.

"Let us be thankful to the God that makes it necessary for each of us to struggle and fight for our lives. Great oaks are not grown in hothouses."

James Bertram Updike died the next day. And no one cared.

* * *



The Juice of the Sky-high Road

On the electrification of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul
Railway Company's line thru the Rocky Mountains

OUT whar the mountains grow sky-high an' the'r caps air made of snow,
Whar it seems that heaven's a short way off an' the plains air miles below,
Thar's a man-made path on the canyon rim, with its endless bands of steel,
Whar the man-made cyars go to an' fro as they curve an' rock an' reel.

Now, thar was a time when the cyars went slow, as the injines puffed an' coughed
An' the smoke they belched as the way growed steep made rings that sailed aloft;
An' the wheels went 'round in a tired way—sometimes they purt' nigh quit—
But the injinemen they just stayed put an' they climbed on bit by bit.

But thar's come a change in the railroad plan whar the old Milwaukee runs,
An' thar ain't no more of shovelin' coal while they're h'istin' up the tons;
Thar's the same steel track an' the same steel cyars an' the same man up in front,
But they don't have use for steam no more—it's the juice that does the stunt.

For they upped the'r poles an' they strung the'r wires whar the eagle has her nest,
An' they built an injine diff'rent like, such as few men ever guessed.
An' they brought the juice from a far-off dam, an' they shot it through the wire—
So the thing was done, an' they had a hoss that would pull an' never tire.

Now the injine leaps along the track quite regardless of its load,
An' thar ain't no silence broke at all as she skims along the road.
An' the tourist he just sits back, ca'm, an' he 'lows it ain't no joke
For to ride on this here sky-high road whar thar ain't no noise or smoke.

It's good as a tale by A. Rabian Knights, but I can't put on no frills,
An' it 'pears to me as I think it out that it holds a lot of thrills,
As I think of that thar climbin' train as it rushes, night an' day,
Just bein' driv' by the juice that's made more'n a hundred miles away!

Away off thar on the old Missou' is the dam whar the wheels go 'round
For to make the juice that I've hearn tell can pull more'n a million pound,
An' the snow that caps them mountain peaks it will melt an' run below
For to turn them wheels an' make the juice that will make them injines go!

O, it's good to live in th' electric age, for to see what man can do,
An' it shore does make my eyes hang out when I see them cyars go through,
For you don't git stalled an' you don't eat smoke while you climb that
God-built spire,
An' you say "Hooray" for the men that put that juice in that thar wire!

—Will Aiken.

Dolgeville

The City Built With Felt

by

William Edward Ross

Author's Note—*For the valuable historic data used in this article, credit must be given the compiler, George I. Smith, editor of the Dolgeville Republican*

CONTRACTORS, and others interested in construction work, have thus far failed to realize, or even consider, the value of felt as a building material. But, this fact to the contrary notwithstanding, one of the livest and most beautiful cities at the base of the Adirondacks was built with felt. It is seldom, if ever, that the growth of a city and the advance of great industries are so closely entwined together in the romantic fashion that the history of Dolgeville depicts.

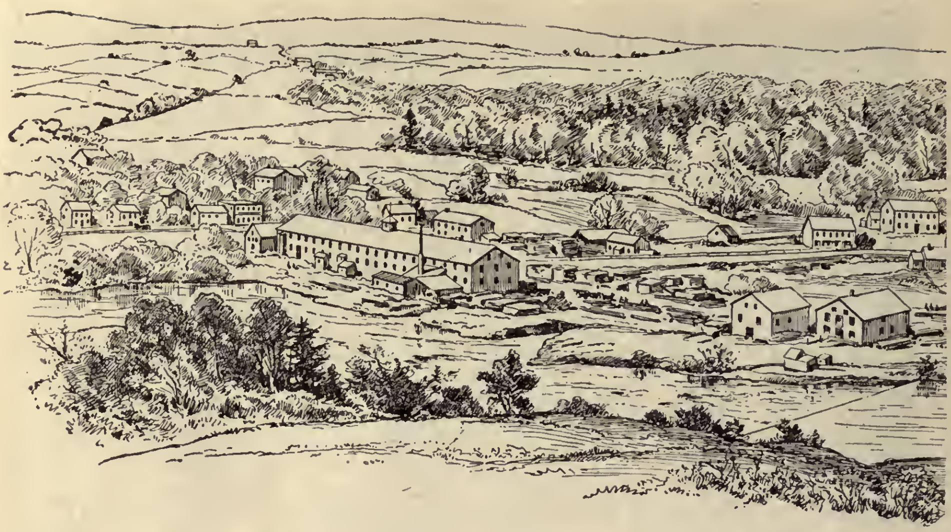
Long years before the foot of white man had ever penetrated the southern wilderness of the Adirondacks, the Mohawk Indians discovered the value of the wild mountain stream which bisected the valley, as a camping and fishing ground, and bestowed on it the euphonious and descriptive title of Auskerada—"Water of Many Fishes." When the white man came, he verified the Indian's choice of camp ground, and, altho he usurped the Indians' right to the land, he could find no more descriptive name for it, and to the present time the valley is known as the valley of the Auskerada.

The Auskerada River is the parent of many turbulent streams, and across one of these, East Canada Creek, Zachary Green built the first permanent bridge in 1805. In honor of this achievement the parent name of Dolgeville became Green's Bridge. Eight years afterwards, Zephi Brockett located on the stream and built a homestead which is still standing as a relic of the achievements of the early American pioneers. In 1828 the first post-office was established at the hamlet. Mr. Brockett was appointed postmaster, and the name of the village was changed to Brockett's Bridge in honor of the original postmaster.

Eight years prior to the changing of the town's name, its first industry, a tannery, was established by Reuben Ransom for the purpose of making upper leather. This tannery, the first of its kind in the valley, was an object of great awe and wonder to the early settlers until, in 1830, Major D. B. Winton, realizing the value of the project, erected a large tannery known as the Herkimer County Tannery, which soon became one of the largest tanning establishments in the United States.

The tanning industry caused an influx of settlers, and Brockett's Bridge soon became noted as a prosperous and booming manufacturing town in embryo. Many pioneer families had located in the valley shortly after the Revolution, and the ancestry of Dolgeville's oldest families is founded on this sturdy old revolutionary stock.

Fifteen years after its commencement, the big tannery burned down, but was immediately rebuilt and continued in



operation until 1872, when the rapidly diminishing supply of tan bark affected the industry, and it was forced to close its doors. This condition not only affected the Herkimer County Tannery, but served to drive out of business the half dozen or so sporadic plants that had sprung up after the parent concern proved to be a success.

Just before the curtain was rung down on the last act of America's greatest drama, the War of the Rebellion, a seventeen-year-old German boy landed at Ellis Island and turned his eyes inland. The vicissitudes of ambitious youth are many, and the early life history of Alfred Dolge reads like a page from *the* great American romance.

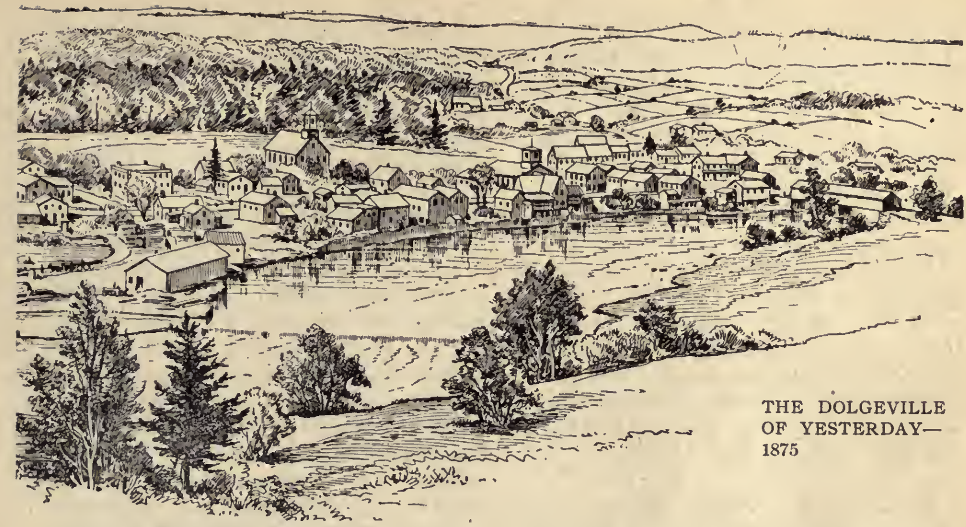
Alfred Dolge was born at Chemnitz, Saxony, December 24, 1848. His father was the senior member of a firm of piano manufacturers and, after his graduation from the local schools, young Dolge served an apprenticeship in his father's factory.

The year 1865 found him in the United States trying to perfect his knowledge of piano-making in the New York factory of Mathusek. Two years later he went back to Germany, severed home ties, and returned to America to work for his former employer as a skilled mechanic.

One of the most important parts of the piano is the hammer. When Mr. Dolge came to America, piano hammers were covered almost exclusively with leather. The leather used was a domestic production, and young Dolge contended that it was far inferior to foreign material. Convinced of this, he imported a quantity of European hammer leather, sold his importation in two days at a profit of several hundred dollars, and ordered more. This, also, was quickly sold.

The upright piano then coming into vogue required a superior variety of wire. The young mechanic ordered a supply from Europe of a better grade than America produced, and again reaped a large profit. For the next two years, altho still pursuing his bench work, Dolge did a profitable business in importing wire and leather. Business depression at this time reduced the wages of all mechanics, and rather than work at less wages than he considered himself worth, Dolge resigned. With his small capital he became a full-fledged importer of piano materials. He had the advantage of starting as the recognized agent of two of the oldest manufacturing concerns of Europe. This fact aroused the enmity of several established American firms, and they did everything in their power to hinder the young importer.

Undaunted by the enmity of his competitors, the young man started a store in New York, but was unable to secure a stock of piano felt, which was then exclusively made in Europe, the importation being controlled by wealthy and influential Americans. Determined to meet this competition in the only way possible,



THE DOLGEVILLE OF YESTERDAY—1875

Dolge organized the Eagle Felt Company, and, in 1871, started to manufacture felt in the state of Connecticut—one bag of wool being his initial stock. The project, however, almost resulted in failure. Dolge's associates became discouraged, and withdrew their support when the first payments on the machinery became due, which left him the alternative of abandoning the business or becoming the sole owner.

Mr. Dolge had abundant confidence in himself and the business, and proved it by investing every cent he possessed in the plant. His experiments succeeded. He convinced manufacturers that his product was superior to that made abroad, but, owing to the cheaper labor cost in Europe, his competitors were able to undersell him, and as a result he was forced to dispose of his product at a loss.

All the while he had been engaged in the manufacturing business, Dolge had retained his importing business as a side line, and this now stood him in good stead. The profits from the import trade enabled him to make up the deficit of his factory, and he continued its operation.

In 1873 Dolge sent several cases of his felt to be exhibited at the Vienna Exhibition. He visited Vienna himself and astonished the exposition judges by slicing a strip of his felt in two and proving that, altho it was nearly twice as thick as any felt made before, it was as firm and elastic in the center as on the outer surfaces. This produced a very favorable impression, which another test clinched. A number of hammers were covered with felt of different manufacturers—no one knowing which hammers were covered with the Dolge felt. The subsequent test of their merits resulted in the judges unanimously selecting the felt of young Dolge, and his exhibit was given the highest award. The success of the felt as demonstrated at the exposition resulted in large orders being placed with the new concern, and the factory was moved from Connecticut to Brooklyn.

This increase in business necessitated enlarged manufacturing facilities. Certain indispensable conditions are required in the manufacture of felt: sufficient water power to operate the heavy machinery; sufficient pure water to wash the wool. To find these facilities, Dolge toured the state, and in 1874 the young manufacturer first stepped upon the primitive footboards of the old bridge, and entered into the life of the Brockett's Bridge community. The necessity of making a living, as well as finding a place for himself in the bitterly-contested felt business, had sharpened Dolge's wits, and he found in the little town the opportunity to display his versatility.

The Auskerada River, with its offshoots, East Canada Creek and Beaver Brook, was an unharnessed giant of unlimited potential horse-power. On its scenic way thru Auskerada Canyon, and on thru the valley, it furnished the motive force for many beautiful falls and their subsequent rapids. The mighty waste engendered thru failure to utilize the powers of the river struck young Dolge very forcibly, and he determined to tame the river for the benefit of the community, and civilization at large.

After an examination of the stream from its source to where it flowed into the river at East Creek, Mr. Dolge was convinced that Brockett's Bridge was the place for which he had been searching. Just below the settlement there were a series of rapids which terminated in what is known as the High Falls—a natural drop of fifty feet.

Midway in the village, on the banks of the creek, was the deserted Herkimer County Tannery, which Mr. Dolge purchased and used as the nucleus of his subsequent industrial activities, moving his Brooklyn factory to the Bridge, but retaining his New York store.

The manufacturers whom Mr. Dolge had forced into second place were striving to produce a better felt than their former product, and Mr. Dolge, not to be outdone, also started a series of experiments. The experiments resulted in a product being made that again outdistanced all competitors, and brought the highest awards at Philadelphia's Centennial Exposition. In 1878, at Paris, he met with the same success, and at the Chicago Fair, in 1893, Dolge Felt received eight awards, and for the first time in the history of piano-making, blue hammer felt was exhibited.

In speaking of the event, a historian writes: "Blue hammer felt is a combination of wool and fur. A layer of felt from the coney rabbit, about one-eighth of an inch in thickness, was 'felted' upon the surface of the piano hammer felts, thereby producing a fine, soft tone in the instrument."

The great popularity of the Dolge hammer was due to four things: great elasticity, purity; correctness of tone and firmness.

The felt factory was the first substantial industry to be established at Brockett's Bridge. The large granite mills erected by Mr. Dolge in 1882 for the manufacture of felt are today used by the Daniel Green Felt Shoe Company for storage and warehousing, and some manufacturing. They occupy the most important position on the main street of the village. Besides building his factories, Mr. Dolge erected large machine shops, which made the heavy machinery necessary in the manufacture of felt. Many of these machines outweighed the locomotives of that day, and were the inventions of Mr. Dolge's employes. In this connection it is well to note here that the employes of the Dolge industries were noted as being the best men in their line in the country. They were absolute masters of their business,

THE DOLGEVILLE

making felt, and were succeeded by the men who are today turning out felt shoes at Dolgeville—the most skillful and highest trained body of felt-shoe workmen in the United States.

Alfred Dolge was never satisfied to be idle. He was continually bent on improving not only his own business, but all side lines connected therewith. The piano felt product solved to his satisfaction, he bent his energies toward improving another important adjunct of the piano, the sounding board. This industry has always remained one of the vital parts of Dolgeville and is closely allied with its prosperity.

In order to produce a creditable sounding board, it was necessary to secure the best grade of lumber possible. While there was a small lumber business connected with the felt plant, it was a poor stick, to use an apt simile, and was not satisfactory to the prospective sounding-board maker.

The firm controlled no forest lands of its own, and confined itself principally to the buying of material that was delivered by different men. These mill men were scattered over a very wide area in the north woods and practically held a monopoly on the products of the forests, inasmuch as the material had to be purchased of them at their own prices.

The sounding board lumber was cut up into the proper lengths and widths at the Dolgeville mill, and in that condition was sold, at the start, principally to European manufacturers, for the making of sounding boards. This was more or less raw material in the condition in which it was sent out.

The keyboard stock for the making of piano keys, and the bar stock, for sounding-board bars, were treated principally in the same manner.

Up to 1876 practically every piano manufacturer in the United States made his own sounding boards, and it was difficult to convince them that these articles could be made in a satisfactory manner outside of their own factories. Manufacturers seemed to think that only in their own plants could the proper material be produced.

Mr. Dolge believed, however, that sounding boards, complete in every respect, could be manufactured in Dolgeville, and sold to the different piano manufacturers thruout the country, and that by devoting particular attention to this department, as a separate industry, boards could be manufactured superior to anything that could be produced in the factories where the making of sounding boards was simply an adjunct. With thoro confidence in this theory, the firm began to make sounding boards, complete, early in the year 1877. During that first year 5,868 boards were made, and all were sold. As Mr. Dolge had predicted, they were found to be of a quality much superior to the old boards,

OF TODAY

and at once there arose a strong demand—which has continued ever since—for the Dolgeville sounding boards.

The demand continued to increase very rapidly, so that by the year 1881, no less than 28,277 sounding boards were produced in the Dolgeville mills. During all this time the sounding boards made in Dolgeville consisted almost exclusively of those used in square pianos.

Up to 1881 there was little demand for boards for upright pianos. So rapid was the development of the business for the first five years that Mr. Dolge deemed it advisable to place the lumber department under entirely separate management. At the same time he decided to transfer to Dolgeville the business of the manufacture of mouldings which had been carried on in New York City for a year previous.

These two branches, the manufacturing of mouldings and sounding boards, constituted the bulk of the lumber business of the firm up to 1881. During that year the business increased so rapidly that Mr. Dolge determined to extend his operations into the lumbering field itself. With this object in view he built large sawmills at Leipsic and Katawaha. He also purchased large areas of forest lands, containing a large proportion of spruce, which is used principally in the making of sounding boards. It was necessary to do this, after the increased demand for sounding boards, owing to the fact that a large stock of seasoned lumber had to be kept on hand from two to three years, to have the material ready for use in the finishing mill.

* * *

After 1881 the development of the lumber industry was almost phenomenal. Many thousands of acres of forest lands were added to Mr. Dolge's possessions, and additional mills were built on the various streams.

Photo by The Mutchler Photographic Art Studio, Dolgeville

HIGH FALLS AND DAM—WHERE NATURE AND MAN WORK HAND IN HAND

A large proportion of this consisted of spruce, a considerable amount of which was hard wood, which was used for various purposes, especially for piano cases.

The entire lumber department of the firm was superintended by Julius Breckwoldt, about whom we will say more later, after it was established as a separate industry. Mr. Breckwoldt became connected with the house in 1877, and was one of the most important members of Mr. Dolge's large staff.

The lumber department made a specialty

of their seasoning branch, and so systematic was their arrangement that, after the lumber had been seasoned, any particular style or quantity could be obtained at a moment's notice. This system, which was originated by Mr. Breckwoldt, is in operation at the Breckwoldt factories today.

The sounding-board lumber was handled very carefully. In order to get a true grain, the log was quartered. This means that the boards were turned as they were sawed, so as to keep the grain in the same relative proportion.

Notwithstanding this precaution, a large amount of waste occurred. Even after the sawing took place, great precautions were necessary in order to preserve the lumber. It was rossed, or, in other words, the bark was taken off to prevent the worms from working their way into the boards. After that the lumber was piled carefully and kept as straight as possible. It remained in the lumber yard at least two years before it was put into the kiln, which was the next process in the manufacture of sounding boards.

There were two methods used in kiln-drying lumber. One was to plane the stuff and cut it up into the different lengths, in whichever way it would work up to the best advantage, and the other way was to put it into the kiln as it came from the piles. After this operation was completed, the lumber was selected, according to the grain and with regard to the various purposes for which it was intended to be used.

The sounding boards are expensive because of the enormous amount of labor required to complete them and the scientific processes made necessary to meet the requirements, but, beyond all this, the greatest expense in their manufacture was the waste, amounting in the early days to as high as one hundred and forty per cent. The waste material was useless, except for burning in the furnaces of the lumber mills.

The moulding department confined itself principally to the manufacture of parts of pianos. There were made sides, arms, tops, top-frames, covers, or, in other words, any and all kinds of plain and sawed mouldings, bridges, etc. The back department made the skeletons for the piano cases, using the best qualities of hard wood. Of this there were at one time twenty or thirty varieties in the forests around Dolgeville, which were then owned by the firm, so that orders could be filled at a moment's notice. The figures of the different woods had to be matched thruout the entire process of manufacture.

In the main, the methods of manufacturing sounding boards which were followed in the early days, prevail today, altho, of course, there have been many improvements. The standard of Dolgeville sounding boards today is the highest in the country.

DOLGEVILLE'S ALADDIN—ALFRED DOLGE

* * *

The year 1890, fifteen years after Dolge's advent on the scene, found Dolgeville in flourishing condition. The Dolge industries were thriving, and the future of the village was assured. The god of promise had looked with favor upon the little community, and the future loomed large with the prospects of industrial and commercial supremacy. The name of the village had been changed from Brockett's Bridge to Dolgeville in 1881 in honor of Mr. Dolge, and in the election of 1891 it was voted to incorporate the village, and on the first ticket ever cast therein Mr. Dolge was unanimously elected president.

The village at this time resembled the new oil city or mining camp of today. All was boom, bustle, and business. People were flocking in by means of every then known method of locomotion: on foot, by stage, in caravans of mules and horses, on horseback—a typical ingress of hardy souls seeking the promised land. The dream of Alfred Dolge had become a reality. The vast water power that he had seen going to waste had been harnessed for the use of man, wonders had been accomplished in industrial development, and business had expanded into almost undreamed-of possibilities. Dolgeville had become the aim of ambitious youth, and was, indeed, a veritable land of milk and honey—its natural resources were rich with promise, and the hardy pioneers that dared the trail to get them were of the sort to bring them to the surface. It was a land for the man who dared, who had the vision to see and the courage to do.

"THE WATERS OF MANY FISHES"

The transportation facilities at this time were in a crude stage, and all commerce between the "River," as Dolgeville was known colloquially, and the village of Little Falls was transported by stage coach and team. The railroad was as yet only a promise. The altitude of Dolgeville was several hundred feet higher than that of Little Falls, the roads were steep and hazardous, and a journey between the two towns during early spring, late fall, and the winter was an extremely dangerous and hazardous undertaking. The mail, passenger, and freight service was an important factor in the commercial life of the village, and was the source of profitable employment to many. The very risk of the trail during inclement weather appealed to the daring spirits of the pioneers, and there never was a dearth of men to fill the positions of stage drivers, teamsters, etc., whose very vocations of necessity promised danger and excitement.

The first passenger train to leave the village on regular schedule marked an epoch in the life of the community—it was an historical event fittingly commemorated with appropriate ceremonies. Mr. Dolge, who was the chief financier of the road, and, naturally, its greatest patron, opened the throttle to start the first train on December 2, 1892, and the opening of the throttle was the opening of the village to the outer world thru the medium of a long, thin ribbon of steel rails, and assured it the necessary communication with the outside world to make success certain.

The rise of the village and the rise of Alfred Dolge are so closely associated in history that it is impossible to chronicle the progress of the one without mentioning the other. Mr. Dolge was a born optimist, and spared no means to bring Dolgeville to the forefront physically, socially, and politically. as well as industrially. Among his first beneficent acts was the installation of a weekly newspaper, the Dolgeville *Herald*. The *Herald* was a typical product of early-day, painstaking journalism, and soon became noted for its high literary merit and unusual typographical perfection. It was one of the first printing establishments of the day to install modern machinery, and the mechanical perfection of the plant went far to aid in the production of a journal of the highest degree of excellence.

Thru the instrumentality of Mr. Dolge, industry after industry was established in Dolgeville, and wide attention was attracted to the village because of its solid and substantial business development. Dolge and Dolgeville soon became noted the world over because many products manufactured in the Dolge factories had been previously unknown to the manufacturer's art. The Dolge factories were not only the only manufacturers of piano felts in the United States, but they also manufactured felt shoes, piano cases, piano sounding boards, piano hammers, and lumber. Woollen goods, piano wire, auto harps, iron and brass castings, and other products were being made by other manufacturers, and Dolgeville became a recognized institution in the industrial world because of the diversity of its industries.

The first electric lights were installed at Dolgeville in 1887, and the village had the distinction of being one of the first cities in New York State to have its streets and dwelling houses thus lighted. It had the enviable distinction of surpassing New York City, pro rata to its population, in lighting facilities at that time. In 1891 the village constructed its own electric light and power plant at High Falls, and was one of the first communities in the state of New York to achieve this distinction.

The nemesis of disaster by fire has been the history of many American cities, and from this fate Dolgeville did not escape. In 1892 almost the entire business section of Dolgeville fell a victim to the flames, and the community faced the hardship of a demolished business center. With the same herculean courage that caused the early pioneers to seize a city from the wilderness, the business men set to work to rebuild, and almost in a night—as the length of time is considered in municipal affairs—the city was rebuilt and a newer and better Dolgeville greeted the approach of another dawn.

Rebuilt Dolgeville progressed rapidly for the next six years; business expanded quickly, and to all appearances the growth of the city was natural and healthy. Then, suddenly, in the spring of 1898, occurred a tragic event that almost paralyzed the industries of the city, and seemed to mark the end of Dolgeville's industrial and commercial career—the bottom dropped out of the Dolge industries and they collapsed. The calamity came as a paralyzing shock, and it seemed that the budding Felt City was doomed. The population of Dolgeville at that time was approximately two thousand, and the blow reduced the lucrative employment of practically every active person in the village to less than one hundred followers of any occupational pursuit. It is hard to realize the effect of this blighting catastrophe when the Dolgeville of today is understood, and all effects of the disastrous depression have passed into history and almost been forgotten.

Alfred Dolge came to Dolgeville with very limited resources. While his business connections were exceedingly large and his prospects very good, his actual capital was extremely small. Immediately after his arrival at Dolgeville, in order that he might expand and increase the size of his industries, it became necessary for him to become an extensive borrower from banks and private individuals to finance his operations.

He practically financed alone the purchase of the large tracts of timber land, consisting of many thousand acres of Adirondack timber; it was his own capital that built the Little Falls and Dolgeville Railway as well as the Dolgeville Light and Power Company. The latter, which is now known as the Utica Gas and Electric Company, has developed, into one of the finest power plants in the State of New York, and at this time is doing much to further the present war, in that it furnishes power to operate the large plant of the Remington Arms Company at Ilion, New York.

THE TRAIL TO HAPPINESS

The panic of 1893 is too vivid in the minds of everyone, even at this late date, to necessitate my giving it more than a passing mention here. The result of the panic was that the country suffered a general business depression for several years thereafter. Mr. Dolge held his business interests together until 1898 and met all of his obligations, but, on April 11 of that year, his assets failed him and he was forced to make a general assignment. Later in the same year all of the corporations that he controlled were placed in the hands of receivers.

There are many reasons given for the collapse of the Dolge industries, but the one most generally accepted is that the large

SECTION OF DOLGEVILLE—DANIEL GREEN FELT SHOE COMPANY IN FOREGROUND

expansion of his business was followed so close by the panic of 1893 that the general business depression resulting thereafter made it impossible for him to meet his obligations, and he did not have the capital to carry him over to the success that his vision assured him was coming.

How great the man was, and how clear his vision, is evidenced by the fact that all of the industries started by Dolge have since shown the foresight of the man, and are proving to be gold mines to the men who succeeded him in the control of the various properties when they were divided. Since the collapse of the Dolge Industries, Dolgeville has progressed rapidly in commercial development and population, and now has a population of over thirty-five hundred inhabitants.

* * *

Discussion of the industrial history of Dolgeville would be lacking if it did not contain some references to the early days of the felt shoe industry there. The manufacture of felt shoes in Dolgeville was begun in 1889. This proved to be the most profitable and most extensive industry ever started in the village. The first factory building was erected in 1894. In the early days the village was proud of its annual record of 400,000 pairs of felt shoes, but this output is negligible when the output of the various felt shoe factories are considered today. In the early days, it was considered a thing of note to turn out annually nearly half a million pairs of shoes.

The felt shoe industry of America originated in Dolgeville, and its phenomenal success places its products in a prominent place in the manufacturing statistics of the United States. The pioneer of the trade was the Daniel Green Felt Shoe Company, this concern being the first to place that form of footwear firmly upon the market.

The firm of Daniel Green and Company was reorganized and incorporated in 1894. W. R. Green was the first president of the firm, and Alfred Dolge was among its original directors. The company employed 140 hands in 1895 and had an output of over 1,000 pairs a day. The late Daniel Green, from whom the firm derived its name, and W. R. Green were at one time salesmen, but they became interested in the felt shoe industry and devoted their energies to improving, marketing, and developing the product.

The growth and development of this industry, which is the mainstay of Dolgeville's industrial prosperity, and population increase, have been phenomenal. The great strides made in late years by the Daniel Green Company are matters of local history. They have established a future for warm footwear that promises to overshadow and obliterate the records of the past.

The local factories of the Daniel Green Company are among the best equipped and most scientifically conducted manufacturing enterprises in the United States. The latest appliances for the health and comfort of their employes have been installed, as well as the most up-to-date machinery for the furthering of the work. The company has felt that it is not a question of expense so much as securing accommodations for its employes that would render their work a joy, and also safeguard their health. Vacuum air shafts carry off all dust arising from the many machines, and the ventilation system automatically clears and changes the air in the work rooms every half hour.

This attention to the comfort of the employes has resulted in a contented organization, and a loyalty that makes for the happiness of the individual employe and a certainty of the production of the best work that he or she is capable of doing.

The Daniel Green Company employs at this time over eleven hundred men and women, and, because of the increased demand for help and the smallness of Dolgeville, has found it necessary to employ help from the surrounding towns. To get this help has required the service of an automobile bus line which brings these outside workers to the factory every morning and takes them home every night. This not only facilitates the company in getting their employes to work on time, but is another evidence of their endeavors to make them as comfortable and contented as possible.

Besides their Dolgeville factories, the Daniel Green Felt Shoe Company also operate a large plant at Worcester, Massachusetts, which also manufactures felt shoes. Their head offices are located at Boston, and it is there that the business future of the firm is planned and promoted. The local factories, however, are under the direct supervision and direction of local superintendents. While the main industry of the company is the production of felt slippers, its Dolgeville Factory Number Two is devoted to a by-product, the making of boudoir slippers, so that the operations of the felt company are more diversified than would at first appear. The company contemplate enlarging the facilities of all their plants, and this will naturally mean an increased pay-roll, which will not only result in a larger output but will increase the size and bank clearances of Dolgeville.

The general superintendent and first vice-president of the company, James A. Green, is the son of the founder of the company, and it is to his remarkable ability in handling men that much of the success of the felt shoe industry, from the manufacturing standpoint, is due. Mr. Green entered the felt mills immediately after leaving school, at the age of eighteen, and started to work learning the business at first hand. His rise was rapid, due not to influence but to his natural adaptation for the work, and his present

The Mutchler Photographic Art Studio, Dolgeville

PLANT OF THE DANIEL GREEN FELT SHOE COMPANY AT DOLGEVILLE, NEW YORK position of responsibility is the inevitable evolution of that adaptation.

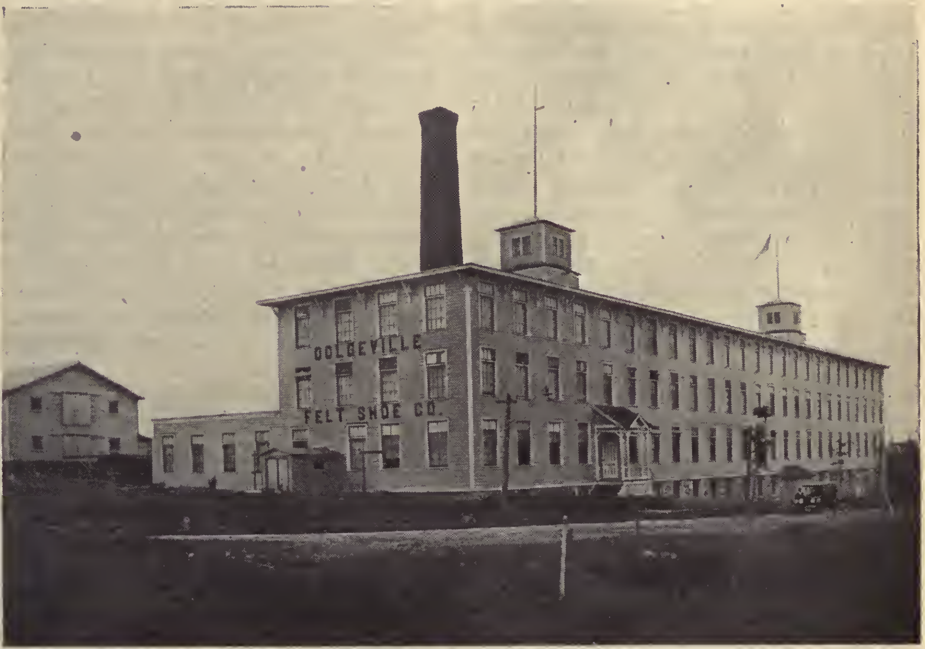
WM. MENGE, JR.

Mr. Green has but one plan in the handling of the workers under him—co-operation. To this end he has developed an organization second to none in the United States, and it is his aim that every man in the company's employ, from the lowest sweeper to the highest executive, be selected for the job for which he is the most naturally fitted, and that he fill his place with the greatest degree of efficiency. Part of the superintendent's success is due to his weekly meeting, where he invites short talks from his various department heads and gets them to unloosen and suggest whatever they think might aid in the company's advancement. This talking-it-over has resulted in a mutual respect, and has cemented the loyalty of the workers to the parent concern.

DOLGEVILLE FELT SHOE COMPANY.
DOLGEVILLE FELT SHOE COMPANY
Factory "A" (*Upper*)
Factory "B" (*Lower*)

Quite an interesting little story is told in connection with the adopting of the word "COMFY" for a trademark. It was realized that if the felt shoe industry was to reach the place in commerce to which it felt itself entitled, a demand must be created for the product, and the product made so desirable that it would be a necessity—in a word, something that the consumer must have. With this end in view, the slipper problem was studied—the reason why people wore them, why they were necessary. This study instantly developed the fact that the slipper's greatest appeal was due to the comfort and relaxation it afforded. From this knowledge the word "COMFY" was coined, and today wherever foot comfort is known, "Comfy" stands for real, solid, good old-fashioned comfort—the kind associated with home—and every slipper or shoe built in the Green factories is made with the understanding that it must contain the last element of comfort possible. It is because of this that the demand for felt shoes is ever increasing.

H. I. PATRIE



FACTORY "C"—DOLGEVILLE FELT SHOE COMPANY

This increased demand for felt shoes soon became so generally known that, in 1899, an independent company, The Dolgeville Felt Shoe Company, was organized. The company commenced operations in a little one-room building, employing a handful of men and women, and soon advanced to one of the most substantial and important factors in the felt shoe business of America. These factories are operated in Dolgeville by this company, and their salesmen are reaching out to every corner of the globe. Their factories furnish employment to a large force of men and women, the earnings of whom go far to swell the bank clearances of Dolgeville and make it the prosperous village it is today. It is a local industry entirely, as the management is in the hands of able men whose homes are at Dolgeville.

The Dolgeville Felt Shoe company use for part of their business the piano factory on Ransom street erected by Alfred Dolge. The shoe company improved the property and today it is one of the handsomest as well as one of the most prosperous factory sites in the village. Under the present regime it is of more value to the village than at any time in its history.

Factory B of the Dolgeville Felt Shoe Company is located upon the site of, and part of it is, the frame work and material composing the modest little building on

Schuyler Street where this great industry embarked upon its successful career.

The developments and extension of the Dolgeville Felt Shoe Company in so comparatively short a space of time is a triumph to the acumen of Dolgeville business men. The concern is entirely a local project and has won its way to the front through sheer force of energy and pluck, backed by intelligent direction and efficient management.

The officers of the company are William Menge, Jr., President, who has been connected with the organization since its inception, and H. I. Patrie, Secretary and Treasurer, who entered into the management in 1905. These two men are now the only owners of stock in the concern, and it is due to their foresight that the Dolgeville Felt Shoe Company is becoming recognized as one of the important factors in the felt shoe industry. Both Mr. Patrie and Mr. Menge are men of the highest character, and possess rare business ability and executive foresight.

The plants of the company are the last word in completeness and embody the latest machinery for the manufacture of felt shoes. A side line of the company is the manufacture of leather shoes, and a paper box department where all of the paper boxes for their products are made. Connected with these two side lines is a large case department which manufactures the wooden packing and shipping cases. At the present time the capacity of the three factories is over 10,000 pairs of felt shoes daily, and there are over 600 employes on the payroll.

It is with a feeling of pride that the citizens of Dolgeville speak of this concern. They feel that it is their plant because it is a local industry. The officers of the company are among the most respected citizens of the village, and to their generosity and civic spirit is due many of the improvements which mark the community's advance. They are typical products of a live-wire industrial town, and Dolgeville recognizes in them a living advertisement of the town's aim, which is *progress*.

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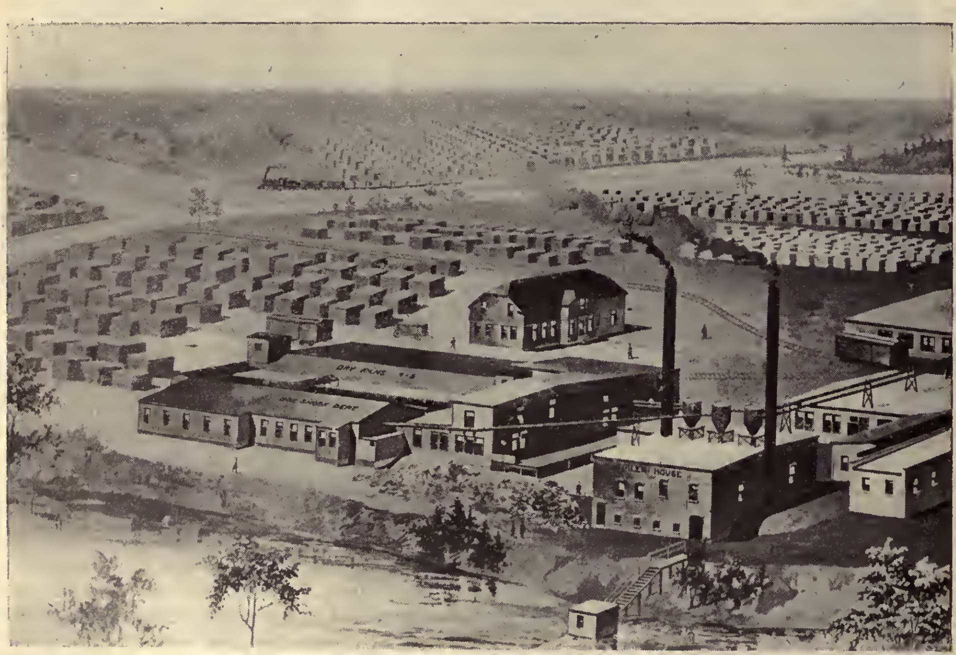
The production of piano sounding boards and by-products as started by Alfred Dolge has developed into one of the most prosperous industries in the village of Dolgeville. Under the direction and management of Dolge's former superintendent, Julius Breckwoldt, the concern, now known



THE JULIUS BRECKWOLDT COMPANY

as Julius Breckwoldt and Company, has extended its tendrils until they cling to trade in every section of the globe. The Breckwoldt company is now doing over a million dollars worth of business yearly.

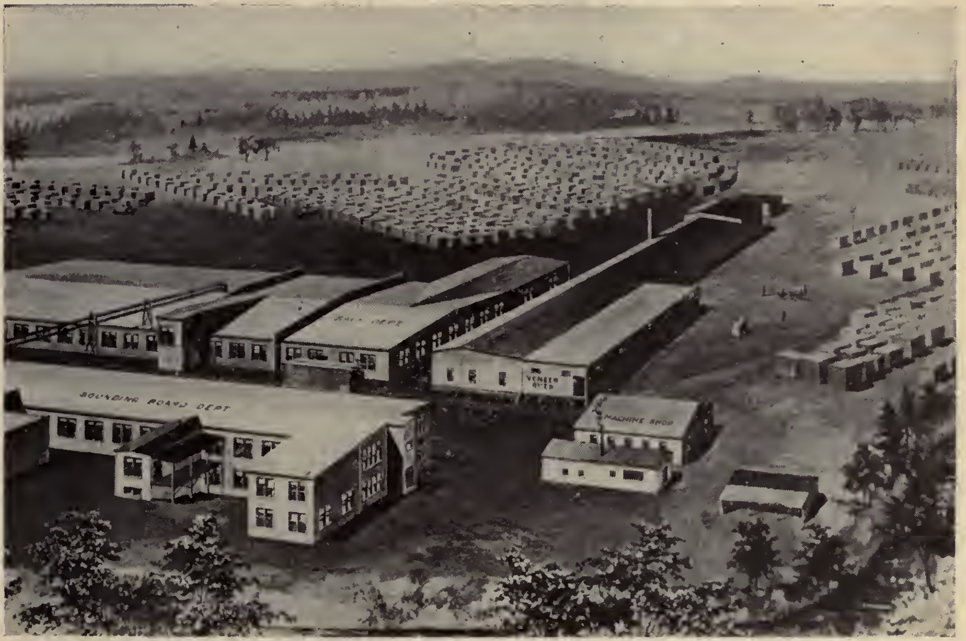
Julius Breckwoldt is a product of the old school. He is a finished and courtly gentleman of the days when a man was judged by his affableness. He was connected with the Dolge Industries until 1896, when he started in business for himself. This was two years before the collapse of the former concern and since that time Mr. Breckwoldt has built up a business whose products total the sum of all of the other similar concerns in the world.

The domestic product of the Breckwoldt Company is marketed largely through Chicago and New York, which cities are the largest piano manufacturing centers in the world. The export trade of the firm is extensive, England, France, and Germany being the principal beneficiaries, and, although the present war interfered with the market, an extensive export business is still carried on.

The factories of the Breckwoldt Company cover fifty acres of ground, which includes their extensive lumber yards, roads, and railroad trackage. As high as twenty million feet of lumber is carried in stock at one time. This consists, principally, of spruce, birch, and maple, which have been found to be the best woods for the piano makers' art.

One of the greatest drawbacks to the business as started by Mr. Dolge, was the enormous waste engendered in lumber. This the Breckwoldts have overcome. From this waste, formerly used as fuel, packing cases for the knit goods trade are manufactured. These cases are shipped out in knocked-down condition. So extensive has this business become that the waste lumber has proved to be insufficient to meet the demands and the firm is compelled to mill a cheaper grade of lumber to fill their orders.

Julius Breckwoldt was one of the organizers of the Dolgeville National Bank, and was its first and only vice-president until 1914, when he was elected president. To this successful banking house Mr. Breckwoldt brought the prestige of his splendid business qualifications and to his untiring efforts are due a great deal of the bank's success.



FACTORIES, DOLGEVILLE, NEW YORK

The Dolgeville National Bank is one of the soundest and most enterprising financial institutions in the state of New York and is the first savings institution in Herkimer County. To encourage thrift in the community, it has always allowed as high a rate of interest as safe banking permits. In this respect its savings department since 1902 has led all other banks in the county. It was the first bank in the county to pay 3 per cent on savings deposits, 1902 to 1917. In 1917 it again out stripped the other Herkimer County banks by increasing this rate to 3½ per cent.

The checking account of the Dolgeville National is extensive. Its facilities for the handling of large accounts is very complete. The bank clearances for this town of 3,500 are very large and the bank handles them in a manner that has earned it the support of the entire business body of the village. Although it is the depository for the largest accounts, it welcomes the smaller depositor, endorses the paying of bills by check, and in this way encourages thrift, and the saving habit. Its officers are representative Dolgeville citizens and their strict probity has brought to the bank the reputation of being one of the strongest and safest financial institutions in the state. The policy of the bank is liberality insofar as it conforms to prudent banking and the safeguarding of the depositors' moneys.

Photo by Mutchler

JULIUS BRECKWOLDT

THE NEW AMERICAN HOTEL

A town is made or marred by its hotels. Good accommodations bring trade. Poor accommodations drive tourists and business folk away. In this regard Dolgeville is extremely fortunate. It has for the convenience of the traveling public a hotel second to none in the state, when the size of the village is considered. Under the personal direction of Lee J. Perkins, the New American Hotel has become noted for the homey character of its rooms, and the excellent table, where the products like mother used to make are served daily. It is the real home of good things to eat.

* * *

On the newspaper devolves the duty of personally representing the community in which it is published. The Dolgeville *Republican* under the editorship of George I. Smith is noted for its terse, accurate presentation of news. The country editor is oft derided as a product of backwoods journalism, but wrongly so. He is the most powerful figure in intercommunity life. The home paper is the one means of keeping regularly in touch with the old town, the folks at home, the friends of other days. In this regard the *Republican* is second to none in its field and the enterprise of the little journal is commensurate with the enterprise of the village and as such does much to carry the latter's possibilities to the far corners of the earth.

Progressiveness is the keynote of business success as well as commercial prosperity. To reach and develop this idea efficient transportation is necessary. The auto bus has solved the problem for Dolgeville, and brought many tears to the local railway management. The closest town to Dolgeville on the main line is Little Falls. Busses connect the two towns and any time a traveller desires to journey from one town to the other he will generally find a bus of the Dolgeville and Little Falls Bus Line about to start. The company maintains a half-hour schedule.

The professional and business directory of Dolgeville is synonymous with progress. The business and professional men are ever ready to support any movement for the advance of the community and their progressiveness has gone far to make their business houses representative establishments. In this line Dolgeville would put many metropolitan merchants to shame. Among the leading merchants of the town —merchants who stand for the best in their line—are Stone, Luke and Fay, Jewelers; E. R. Flanders, Vendor of fancy foods; Clarence E. Smith, Caterer to the candy palates of the ladies, and the smoking appetites of male epicures; and Harry W. Monroe, where the *fair* nightly rendezvous to get their choice ices, and afterwards, perhaps, pills to relieve the after effects of over-indulgence in the delightful confections of the druggist. To sum it all up, the merchants of Dolgeville are alive, and being alive they make the most of their town and their respective businesses.

WHERE JUNIOR DOLGEVILLE STUDIES

* * *

Dolgeville is a model, well-balanced village, beautifully situated, substantially built, and enjoying every advantage the most fastidious city dweller could desire. Her industries are diversified, sound and aggressive, and employment is found for everyone willing and able to work. There is no poverty in the usual sense of the word; no slum district, no dives. Well kept streets, well ordered homes, thrift and good citizenship are the rule.

DOLGEVILLE BOULEVARD

The public school of Dolgeville is an institution in which especial pride is taken, and that spirit is fully justified. The Union Free school on Lamberson street is a fine brick structure moderately equipped and of ample accommodations. The High School building on Dolge avenue is beautifully located and is provided with facilities in keeping with present day educational methods, and the scores of graduates from this modest hall of learning, who have made and are making honored names for themselves in the world, look back with fond affection and gratitude to their alma mater for the training and knowledge they gained there.

Dolgeville is unique in that it has no commercial body—that is, in the regular sense. The civic body of the town is composed of its entire male population. Every citizen is a booster and works for the town's advancement. This does not mean that the town has no social organization. In this respect it is extremely fortunate. The Ongowanda Club, composed of business men, is the real thing when it comes to an organization of men banded together for civic and social betterment. The club has an entire floor in one of Dolgeville's most modern buildings and is the sponsor for every movement where the benefit of the town is concerned. Its members are the most representative citizens of the village, and their prestige goes far in promoting the welfare, not only of the club members, but the entire citizen body.

Photo by The Mutchler Photographic Art Studio, Dolgeville

ALONG THE TRAIL TO DOLGEVILLE

The way to Dolgeville lies in a fairyland of fancy. It is the road of the poet and the artist with a soul. Nature lavished on the scenery the choicest morsels of her creative spirit, and the vista spread out before the wayfarer is a succession of delightful surprises. It is a paradise of natural scenery. A cataract nearly one hundred feet deep; canyons, the walls of which are over one hundred and twenty-five feet high; swift flowing rapids; a deep, narrow lake over three miles long, nestling cosily between canyon walls of slate and partly wooded slopes; the heavenly blue of the Adirondack peaks in the distance: all these, to be found within short distances of the village, are the fount of inspiration, and the restful haven of the tired mortal. Dolgeville and environs are literally nature's panaceas for a jaded spirit.

About four years ago the state designated the highway passing thru Dolgeville for improvement, and that portion of it covering Main street from Beaver Brook bridge to the State street bridge was paved with brick, the additional expense over macadam being borne by the corporation. This splendid improvement has added greatly to the appearance and physical valuation of the village property and

THE HOME OF DR. STROBEL—TYPICAL DOLGEVILLE RESIDENCE forms a portion of one of the most popular and picturesque auto tours in this part of the state. This improved highway penetrates one of the rich and famous agricultural districts of Herkimer county, part of it along the highlands of the Auskerada valley and through the principal business and residence streets of Dolgeville, on north and east, and then—west.

In this short run some of the prettiest scenery of the state may be witnessed; the road as it leaves the town borders the Auskerada canyon and a fine view is secured of this picturesque ravine. Passing over the high iron bridge at Ransom creek just below the village into a short shallow cut, the vista of the Auskerada again breaks into the scene as it flows into, and is backed up by the huge power dam of the East Creek Light and Power Company at Ingham's Mills. This is one of the highest dams in the world and forms a lake of considerable volume, the smooth broad waters of which afford a charming view. After leaving Ingham's Mills the trail takes a winding course westward and southerly, and the beautiful Mohawk valley opens up in a magnificent panoramic view to the eastward. A further short run through verdant fields and luxuriant orchards brings the traveller to the big rocks of Little Falls and another entrancing but wild and rugged bit of scenery rolls into the picture.

Dolgeville is the southern gate to the Adirondacks. It combines the salubriousness of a natural summer resort with the commercial advantages of an industrial center. Lakes, streams, and mountain peaks bring to the sportsman and nature-lover a region of primeval scenic grandeur where the joys of fishing and hunting are a lilt attuned to the strains of nature's harpsichord.

Here, in the realm of natural beauty, desire incarnated lavishes upon man (and earth) his heart's fond wishes and brings that quiet restfulness of soul and body which fits him anew for the struggle for existence, and renders the harsh side of life really beautiful because of the contrast.

The works of man abetted by the blessings of nature are the acme of the Creator's art. Of such is Dolgeville composed. Seldom are two forces so closely linked in a composition of beauty and commercial enterprise as are found at this little mountain city. Dreamers may dream, here is their realization; inventors may plan, there are the products of their inventiveness; industry may progress, here are her children; poets may create, there are the living epics; artists may picture, here they can but copy. In a word, Dolgeville is happily situated in a natural environ that tends to cultivate the soul, the mind, the body of its citizens. It is the absolute exemplification of the best in natural surroundings and its citizens are blessed in that they grasp the blessings at hand. These blessings they extend to the world and the cry of Alfred Dolge is ever on their tongues, "The Best is None Too Good For Dolgeville." It is this spirit and belief that has brought to a mere village the advantages of metropolitan advancement.

Photo by The Mutchler Photographic Art Studio, Dolgeville

REFLECTIONS OF DOLGEVILLE

How a New World Was Found and Lost

by W. S. Birge, M.D.

"WHO discovered America?"—If the question were asked in any average assembly, probably the great majority would unhesitatingly reply, "Christopher Columbus." Nevertheless, the opinion of the majority would hardly be correct; Columbus did not discover the New World—he merely re-discovered it. At the time the bold Genoese planned his scheme of reaching the Indies by a westward route, documents were in existence giving particulars of several visits to the North American continent five hundred years before. Whether Columbus knew of these voyages is a point which can never be determined; but judging from the course he steered and the object of the expedition—to reach the East Indies, the El Dorado of the Middle Ages—it seems very unlikely he had derived any information whatever from this source.

All honor is due to the man who first resolved to penetrate the unknown secrets of the West by boldly steering his bark for the regions of the setting sun, and who carried his attempt to a triumphant termination, despite his many difficulties and discouragements. Still, the fact remains that Columbus only regained a world well known to Europeans five centuries before his day, a world with which a continuous intercourse was maintained for upwards of thee hundred years, and which was then inexplicably abandoned, and its very existence ignored or forgotten for well-night a couple of centuries. How and when the North American continent was discovered, previously to its re-discovery by Columbus, it is the purpose of this paper to relate.

When the Roman galleys circumnavigated Britain, the farthest land they described to the north was named by them Ultima Thule—the end of the world. This has been supposed by some authorities to have been Iceland, by others the Shetland Islands; but it was not until the year 874 A. D. that any settlement was made in Iceland. It seems to have been first visited by Naddoir, a Norse pirate, who was driven thither by a storm in the year 860; and Gardar, a Swedish mariner, sailed round it in 864.

* * *

Not long after the colonization of Iceland, Greenland was reached, and in the year 986, Eric the Red founded a settlement there, named Ericsfiord, after himself. One of his companions was an Icelander named Bardson, who had a son, Biron, then absent in Norway. On the latter's return to Iceland, he, finding his father had gone to Greenland, at once resolved to follow him. Contrary winds drove him far out of his proper course, and for many days his ship was enveloped in dismal fogs, so that he lost all reckoning as to his whereabouts. At last the fog cleared away, and he perceived land a short distance off. The nature of the coast, however, not corresponding with the description he had got of Greenland, Biron concluded he was not on the right track, and steered his ship to the northward. Two days afterwards, land was again sighted; but being flat and covered with trees, it was evidently not the land they sought, and was accordingly left to windward.

Still sailing on before a southwest breeze, in three days' time they came to a mountainous island covered with ice. This also was passed without landing; and in four days more, the coast of Greenland was sighted, and Biron had the satisfaction of rejoining his father. To Biron, therefore, belongs the honor of being the first European to discover the shores of North America.

There is no reason to doubt the truthfulness of the account of this voyage; and it is evident, from the duration of the trip and the description of the lands sighted, that the ship, after departing from Iceland, was carried far to the southward until the coast of America was reached. No landing was made on the continent, and Biron contented himself with making all possible speed to his destination, coasting along the shores of Newfoundland and Labrador on his way thither.

* * *

Several years after this, Biron was again in Norway, and gave Earl Eric an account of his voyage and the new lands he had discovered. The hardy Norsemen, at this time, were the most daring of mariners; and the earl desired that more should be learned about this strange and hitherto unknown country. Accordingly, on Biron's return to Iceland, it was determined to make a voyage of further exploration. Leif, a son of Eric the Red, took command of the expedition; and in the year 1000 he sailed with a crew of twenty-five men. In five days' time they came to the last land discovered by Biron, which they named Hellaland, from the shores being composed of slate, *hella* being the Scandinavian word for that substance. What part of America this was is disputed, some authorities maintaining it to be Newfoundland; but, from the description of the land, it is more likely to have been Labrador. Leaving here, they stood to the southward, and came to a land covered with woods, probably Newfoundland or Nova Scotia. This they christened Woodland; and, still running before a northeast wind, in two days more they again sighted land. Here they sailed between an island and a promontory running northeast and, casting anchor, went ashore. Discovering a large river issuing from a lake, they brought their vessel into it and resolved to winter there and explore the neighboring country. Huts were accordingly erected, and the settlement received the name of Leifsbuthir.

A German named Tyrker was one of the party; and, having reported that, in one of the exploring expeditions, he had come across a great abundance of wild grapes, the country was called Vinland. The whereabouts of this settlement—the first on the American coast—is, of course, a matter of conjecture; but, judging from the description of the climate and products of the soil, it is probable it was somewhere on the coast of Massachusetts or Rhode Island.

* * *

In the spring, Leif returned to Iceland, and the accounts of his discoveries had the result of stimulating others to prosecute the work of exploration. Another expedition sailed in the year 1004, under the care of Thorwald, who seems to have profited by his predecessors' experiences, and steered a more direct course for the American coast. Coming to a peculiarly shaped headland, opposite to another with a fine bay between, he named it Keel Cape. This is supposed to have been Cape Cod. Doubling this, Thorwald continued his course until he arrived at a fine promontory, beautifully wooded, which so charmed him that he resolved to found a settlement there.

On landing, they found three canoes, under each of which were three Indians, or "Skraellings," as they called them, the latter being their name for the Eskimos. This was the first meeting of Europeans and the aboriginal inhabitants of North America, and its result was a foretaste of the many bloody encounters destined to occur in after years between the settler and the savage. The natives, seemingly, were in nowise alarmed at the advent of the white men, and stood their ground manfully. In the fight which ensued, however, the superiority of the white man was soon apparent, and eight out of the nine were slain. The other managed to effect his escape, and soon returned with a considerable company of his tribe. Thorwald and his men were compelled to retreat to their ship; but, unfortunately, the commander of the expedition himself received a mortal wound in the fight. An arrow pierced him under the right arm, and he soon became aware that his end was nigh. His last words were instructions to bury him on the promontory he had thought so fair, and then make their way home as speedily as they conveniently could. After carrying out their leader's instructions as to his burial, the party sailed to Leifsbuthir, where they passed the winter, and in the following spring returned to Greenland.

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The next voyage was a complete failure. Thornstein, third son of Eric the Red, embarked along with his wife; but, after being driven about by tempestuous winds all summer, they quite lost their reckoning. The winter season was already come when they succeeded in reaching the western coast of Greenland, where they were obliged to remain. Here Thornstein died, and in the following spring his widow brought the ship back to Ericsfiord. The object of this expedition was to recover the body of Thorwald and bring it home, but instead of succeeding in his purpose, poor Thornstein, himself, found a grave far from his home and kindred.

In the summer of the following year (1006), a much more important expedition was fitted out for the further investigation of the new continent. The expedition was under the command of Thorfinn, surnamed the Hopeful. He was a man of wealth, and was descended from illustrious ancestors, some being of royal rank. However, if the old manuscripts are correct, his blood must have been anything but pure, as among the more worthy of his "forebears" are said to have been Danish, Norwegian, Swedish, Scottish, and Irish persons of high and powerful station. When the festival of Yule arrived, the customary festivities were observed in true Scandinavian fashion. Thorfinn was captivated by the charms of Gudrida—Thornstein's widow—and she, having evidently forgotten her sorrows, became his wife before the expedition sailed. It consisted of three ships and one hundred and forty men. An attempt was to be made to form a permanent colony, and all sorts of necessaries were taken on board ship, including livestock and domestic animals of every description.

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At last everything was in readiness, and the expedition set sail. Hellaland was first touched at, then Woodland, where abundance of wild animals were met with. At these places, however, they did not delay, but pressed southward to more favored lands. Keel Cape was sighted and passed, after which they coasted along a great tract of sandy beach till they came to where a fiord or firth ran a great way inland. At the mouth of the firth was an island, and both here and farther up the estuary strong currents were encountered, which considerably retarded their progress. The island they called Straumey, or Stream-island; and the firth, Straum-fiord.

The island is conjectured to have been that now known as Martha's Vineyard; and the firth would probably be Buzzard's Bay. Here they remained for some time, exploring the country roundabout, and found it to be of a very fine description. To men accustomed to the bleak shores and unkindly climate of Greenland and Iceland, the magnificent summer climate and luxuriant vegetation of this southerly latitude must have been charming in the extreme.

One of the captains, Thorhall by name, was despatched with the smallest ship to look for the settlement of Leif, in Vinland; but a most untoward fate was in store for him. Westerly gales drove him right across the Atlantic to the coast of Ireland, where he and his crew are said to have been all made slaves. Consequently, if this story be accepted as authentic, Thorhall had the honor—tho against his will—of being the first to sail right across the Atlantic Ocean from shore to shore. And still more remarkable is the fact, that the first voyage from the one continent to the other in a temperate latitude, should have been from west to east, or, in other words, from the New World to the Old.

Meanwhile, Thorfinn, with the rest of

the expedition, prosecuted his explorations by sailing farther to the southward. In due time they came to a land with great tracts of wheat growing wild, and also many wild vines. Here Thorfinn erected huts and passed the winter season. To the Norsemen, however, it would hardly appear to be winter, for no snow fell, and the domestic animals were able to procure their sustenance in the fields without any difficulty. Numerous parties of the natives were seen, and in the beginning of the next spring (1008) they opened communications with the strangers. Their furs and skins, of which they had many, were eagerly bartered for cloth or any trifling article new to them.

* * *

At this time there happened a most interesting event in the history of America. Gudrida, the wife of Thorfinn, became the mother of a son, who had thus the proud distinction of being the first native-born American of European parents. He received the name of Snorre, and among his lineal descendants are included Thorwaldsen, the famous sculptor, and Magnussen, the well-known Danish savant.

After some further exploring expeditions, in which he experienced various adventures, including several fights with the natives, Thorfinn and his party sailed back to Greenland. Neither he nor his American-born son seems ever to have returned to the New World. They both settled in Iceland, and the grandson of Snorre, who adopted a clerical profession and was made a bishop, was a man of great learning. He it is who is supposed to have been the writer of the Sagas, or accounts of the voyages and adventures from which we derive our information of the Norse discoveries in America.

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The next account we have is of a voyage in the year 1011; after that there is a great gap of about a hundred years before we find any other expedition mentioned. Altho there are no written accounts of any visits to the American coast during this period, we must not hastily conclude that no communication was kept up There is an account of another voyage to Vinland in 1121, and doubtless many other visits were paid in the intervening years, altho no written particulars are now extant. After this period, the intercourse with the New World seems to have been suspended, and its existence even forgotten, as we are told a new land to the west of Greenland was discovered in 1285 by some Icelandic missionaries. This was probably Newfoundland; and the last voyage we have any account of is one from Greenland to Woodland in the year 1347.

Such is a condensed account of the contents of the Icelandic manuscripts; and there seems no reasonable ground for contesting the truth of the documents. When we consider the character of the hardy Norse mariners, and their other distant maritime expeditions, we need not wonder at their venturing so far to the westward. The distance from the southern point of Greenland to the coast of Labrador is only some six hundred miles—little more than the distance from Norway to England. The daring spirits of the North, with whom adventurous expeditions were a passion, and who carried their plundering raids into the Mediterranean and ravaged its coasts even to the walls of Constantinople, would consider it mere child's play to run a few hundred miles southwest from their settlements in Greenland. In fact, a greater wonder would have been had they failed to run their long keels somewhere upon the American continent.

* * *

The most extraordinary circumstances in the whole affair is not their finding, but their losing the New World. Their reason for abandoning such a magnificent heritage cannot be fathomed. Possibly, the occurrence of some striking event in Europe—such as the conquest by the Norsemen of that portion of France since called Normandy, and which formed a rich and convenient colony—distracted the attention of the home authorities and drew their energies into different spheres of action. The absence of sufficient attraction in the shape of plunder would also deter the wild Norse rovers from troubling themselves much about the new countries.

Had the Icelandic explorers only continued their efforts and penetrated a little farther to the south, in all probability the result would have been different. There they would have found a nobler and more civilized race of men. Gold, silver, and precious stones would have been met with in abundance; and a country producing such commodities would certainly not have been so neglected and forgotten.

* * *

What might have been the results in shaping the destinies of both the Old World and the New, had the discovery of the vast extent and unbounded wealth of the Americas been made five centuries before Columbus lifted the veil, it is impossible to tell. One cannot help thinking, however, that had the subjugation of the native races been then attempted; the gallant warriors of Mexico would not have succumbed so easily as they did before Cortez and his handful of Spaniards. There would have been more of an equality in the contest, as firearms were not then known, and there is no doubt it was this advantage which gave the merciless conquerors their easy victory. The native empires of America would have had ample time to prepare for the struggle, and in the meantime the intercourse opened up with European nations would have accustomed them to other modes of warfare, and enabled them to profit in various ways from the more advanced civilization of the East. Then, possibly, instead of being deprived of their lands by strangers, and they themselves doomed to practical extinction as a people, the native races of America might have retained the greater portion of their vast territories in their own hands, and founded native empires in the New World unsurpassed in wealth and power by those of the Old.

GRAVE OF THORWALD ON CAPE COD

In the western part of Provincetown, Cape Cod, there is an elevation of land called Chip Hill. Over eighty years ago this was graded down some thirty feet, for the purpose of building salt works. After a lapse of half a century these works ceased to be remunerative, the business was abandoned, and the land sold for building lots. While digging the cellar for a house, which is now owned by Mr. Frank Paine, at the depth of seven feet, a wall of masonry was found about four feet in height and two feet wide at the base. These stones were nicely laid in shell-lime mortar, and after clearing off a space from the bottom of the wall, there was found a hard earthen floor composed of peat, clay and fine sand. hammered and pounded together, making a hard, level floor. Upon digging further, there was found the remains of a fireplace, where the stones of which it was made were partly calcined by the fire; nearby was a broken cooking utensil, shaped something after the style of an ordinary iron kettle, tho not more than half as high. A short distance from this was a round, flat stone about one inch in thickness and fourteen in diameter; in the middle were two small holes thru which some kind of a cord might have been passed for a handle. This stone undoubtedly served as a cover for the pot in which food of some kind was cooked.

* * *

It is a great pity that the excavations were not carried further, as it might have brought to light other things that would have established historical facts, but only work enough was done to make room for a small cellar. The stones of which the wall and fireplace were constructed must have been brought from some foreign country. There are none like them to be found on the Cape; the only place in this country where there are any having even the slightest resemblance is near Rondout on the Hudson River. A plausible theory advanced is that this was the camping place of old Thorwald and his crew, while repairing their ship. The stones were the ballast taken from the vessel to enable them to haul her further up on the shore, and were built up in the form of a habitation, and also to serve as a place of defense against the savages. The top was covered with the ship's sails to protect the crew from the weather, and when the vessel was repaired, the sails were taken aboard; but sand, being more easily handled, was taken for ballast, leaving the stone wall behind to be buried some thirty feet by the ever-shifting sands of the Cape during the lapse of eight hundred years.

There is a close resemblance in the work to that displayed in building the Old Mill at Newport, Rhode Island, and there is little doubt that both structures were devised and constructed by the same race of men, which race scientists generally agree was the ancient Norsemen.

In another account of Thorwald's last voyage, it states that in rounding Cape Cod his vessel was stranded on the extreme end of the Cape. With much difficulty the vessel was hauled ashore for repairs, and to replace the keel which was broken, and he named the place Kilar Ness, or Keel Cape. After completing his repairs he sailed away to the northwest, and in a bay full of islands, presumably Boston Bay, was wounded in the side by an arrow in an encounter with the savages.

After receiving this wound, which he felt sure must cause his death, Thorwald charged his followers to return home as speedily as possible. "But me," said the old voyager, "you shall carry to the place where we repaired our ship, which I thought would be such a goodly place to dwell in; perhaps the words that fell from me there will prove true and I shall, indeed, abide there for a season. There bury me and place a cross at my head, another at my feet, and call the place Kross-a-Ness, or Cape of the Crosses." His instructions were carried out, and there on the end of the Cape, where Provincetown now stands, his companions laid away in mother earth the body of that hardy old Norse Viking, Thorwald.

HOME MEMORIES

SUGGESTED BY THE CHENANGO RIVER AT GREENE, NEW YORK

THERE'S a place where the river blossoms,
  Where lilies grow white and sweet,
And little boats they drift and float
  Where the shore and the waters meet.

'Tis a place where wild birds come to drink,
  And sing their songs in a cool retreat,
And trees look down with bending boughs
  Where the shore and the waters meet.

Whenever the days of the long ago
  Come back—so full and sweet,
There comes a thought of this quiet spot
  Where the shore and the waters meet.

—*Bertha L. Clinton.*

Good Fellow

by

Harry A. Earnshaw

IT was plain to be seen that he was a good fellow. None in the brilliant cafe was more open-handed than he. The Grand Order of Hilarians had evidently elected him High Chief. He was well fitted for the position; you couldn't help liking him. He was clean-cut, well-groomed, clear-eyed; his laugh was merry and infectious. His complexion was ruddy, his face boyish, and his hair at the sides was prematurely silvered, which gave him a distinction that was almost fascinating. He was one of those people whom you can't help watching.

The thing that grated on me was the way he drank. Good Fellow liked the stuff, and I hated to see that. Whenever I observe a business man fighting with booze, my sympathies are always with the under dog—the man. Good Fellow was no tight-wad, his only concern, apparently, being to buy twice to every other man's once. When I left the cafe he was still there, the life of a big and very gay party. Good Fellow surely had not a care, and life to him was music, laughter, song.

Three hours later I alighted from a trolley near the end of the Marlboro road line. I was following one of the thin threads of an assignment the city editor had given me. I hoped it might lead me to a big story for the eight o'clock edition.

It was a night in late autumn. The air was crisp and a full moon flooded the trees along the walk with silvery light.

I had walked but a couple of blocks down a side street toward my destination—a certain number in Greysolon boulevard—when I stopped suddenly. A little boy was sitting on the inside edge of the walk. His small hands were resting upon his knees. He turned his face up to me, and I looked down at him. In the moonlight he appeared to be five or six years old, but he was so very, very little that he seemed a mere baby.

"I am waiting for my papa," he said calmly.

It was one o'clock in the morning.

"Where is your papa, little man?" I asked.

"Oh, he's lyin' down there, sleepin'," was the reply. "I waited—oh, *such* a long time, and then he came. He didn't pick me up in his arms like he most always does, but he just fell down there, and he's sleepin'. I guess he's tired."

There were no houses at this particular place in the block, and the ground sloped quite sharply away from the walk. Near some bushes at the foot of the slope I found the man and roused him up. It was Good Fellow. His coat was muddy, and there was a cut on his chin from which the blood had run down and stained his collar. The man was maudlin drunk, and as he looked at me, there was no intelligence in his fishy eyes. I urged him to his feet, and he cursed me roundly. It hurt me to have the little boy hear such words. At first I had difficulty in inducing Good Fellow to come with me, but finally he allowed me to lead him away by the arm. His little boy trudged at my side, a chubby hand clasping tightly one of my fingers.

In a low voice, Good Fellow's wife thanked me when I led the man into the house, and caught up her little boy and kissed him. Good Fellow staggered to a sofa, and, falling heavily upon it, went instantly to sleep. I prepared to go.

"The little boy went away just at dinner-time. He always goes down the street to meet his father," explained the woman. "I couldn't leave baby. There was no one I could call, and I've been worried to distraction. I don't know how to thank you, sir. It's terrible to have a stranger know."

Her voice trembled. She had once been very beautiful. I wanted to spare her as much as I could, and hurried in silence to the door. She accompanied me.

"It doesn't happen often, sir," she said earnestly. She seemed to think that some explanation was due me. "Frank isn't a bad man. He means all right. But he gets out with other men sometimes, and —this is what happens. He's good to me. But he's such a good fellow that he goes too far."

Very gently and respectfully I pressed her hand and bade her good-night.

But I cannot forget. Whenever I am in a crowded, brilliant cafe a mist passes between me and the lights, and my ears become deaf to the music and laughter. Then I see a lonely street, with an autumn moon shining down upon a little boy sitting patiently at the edge of the sidewalk, his small hands upon his knees—waiting.

ONE

A THOUSAND trees of different leaf,
A thousand plants of different bloom,
The pathway shade, the earth illume—
Yet bow they all to one great chief.

The modest lily, saintly one,
The vivid orchard, gorgeous rose—
Each tree that breathes, each flower grows,
Turns daily to a common sun.

Around me rise perplexing creeds,
As varied as the forest trees;
And each declares with bended knees
This is the dogma for my needs.

To stray, they tell me, means the rod;
Yet, as the forest greets the sun,
I find them prostrate every one—
All kneeling to the selfsame God.

—Douglas Malloch, in "In Forest Land"

The Devereux Collection of Souvenirs

by Ella F. Cornelius

TO have lived in the stirring times of the eighteenth century's noontide, when there was felt the throb of the world's pulse beating in time to its own music and history making, is something one might well be proud of; but to also have been connected in so many ways with the real makers of a history which goes back, back, and still back, is something of which one might be doubly proud. And in beautiful Atascadero, California, lives one who has all this, and more—Miss M. S. Devereux.

Coming of a long line of sturdy pioneer New England stock, she has implanted in her the knowledge that into her hands has been given a great and wonderful legacy, a foretelling of what had—for a purpose—been intrusted to her.

Her father, George H. Devereux, was Adjutant-General of Massachusetts, and member of the Legislature in the days when it was an honor to be so chosen, and when only men of sterling worth were thought fit to guide the "ship of state." He was a lawyer, a member of the famous class of 1829 of Harvard, all of whom were more or less distinguished, and many of them famous.

Among Miss Devereux' most cherished possessions are the autographs of thirty members of this class, including those of Oliver Wendell Holmes, F. S. Smith, the author of "America," and Benjamin Pierce.

Her mother was a cousin of Nathaniel Hawthorne, and she is the fortunate possessor of many relics of him and his time. Nor does she selfishly keep her many wonderful possessions for her own exclusive use, but kindly opens her home, and gives of her time to those who are as much, if not as personally interested, to show and explain their history, and, like Nathaniel Hawthorne, "I sat down by the wayside of life like one enchanted," while she told me story after story of the "glory days."

* * *

A few months ago, when the Upper Salinas Fair was held in Paso Robles, she loaned a most interesting collection of relics which attracted an unlimited amount of attention.

In the front of the Atascadero booth, on a dais draped with the Republic colors, purple and white, was a beautifully carved chair, a replica of the old Swedish throne chair, in which their "Vikings" were crowned. This was made in the South End Industrial School in Boston, of which Miss Devereux was one of the founders. This was established for the benefit of the poor children of Roxbury, in the face of great opposition, and at a time before the need of such was at all recognized. She was also one of the incorporators of the Boston Cooking School, the work of which has broadened and reached out into all parts of the world, until its results are incalculable.

In close proximity to the chair was an old fire bucket of 1806, used as late as 1845, in connection with the hand engine. Two or more of these were always kept in every house in some conspicuously convenient place, where they could be seized at a moment's notice, if the fire alarm sounded.

* * *

Miss Devereux' father, who was marshal of the Salem Fire Brigade, owned several of these. A pair of old, old andirons, used in the latter part of the seventeenth century, and so much older than that, the time of their making has been forgotten, were articles of interest. A chair that came over in the Mayflower claimed its share of interest and inspection.

Among a group of framed photos was the house, built in Salem in the early sixteenth century, where Nathaniel Hawthorne was born on July 4, 1804. As the years rolled on, he and "Little Annie," —Miss Devereux' aunt, who was Hawthorne's favorite cousin, and whose name suggested his stories of "Little Annie's Rambles"—used to take long walks about the town so full of historic interest, and he would tell her stories of the different houses and the dwellers of them still living, or those who were quietly sleeping in the old cemetery, whose moss-grown slate slabs told volumes.

In the same frame was a picture of the old Roger Williams house, afterwards the house in which the "Salem witches" were tried, and condemned to be either hanged or pressed to death. Old Judge Hawthorne, uncle of Nathaniel, was the one whose mandate condemned the supposed "witches"; but after a time he tired of his position, and absolutely refused to hold it longer.

She is also connected by marriage with Daniel Webster, and is the fortunate possessor of the old brass-bound mahogany writing desk used by him in his library at Marshfield, and always carried with him in his travels about the country. It was saved from the fire which destroyed his home in 1870. From this fire a single cup and a saucer of a set given by Mr. Webster to his wife as a wedding present, were the only pieces of china saved, and are doubly prized by Miss Devereux. She also has an envelope—a bit of paper folded in a curious three-cornered way, and used before those of the present day were made; and it was Daniel Webster who "franked" the wrapper, which was then named "envelope."

The autographs she has would make a collector "green with envy," for she has them galore: Lord Ashburton, with whom Daniel Webster settled the boundary line between the United States and Canada, many of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, Edward Everett Hale, Emma Eames Story—with whom she is connected by marriage; General Miller, the hero of the battle of Chippewa, in the War of 1812, after which he was always called "I'll try, sir," from his reply to Zachary Taylor's question as to whether he could dislodge the British from a particularly advantageous position, and many others too numerous to mention.

One of the articles which every school boy or girl eyed with awe was a telescope, old and well preserved, which had been used on the privateer Exchange, in the Revolution, by Captain Simon Forrester, who was Miss Devereux' great-grandfather.

* * *

Many articles too precious for any but the most watchful care reposed in a large case, over which a special guardian held sway. Among these were many pieces of Sheffield plate, the art of making which is no longer used for the work. It was discovered by the accidental blending of plates of copper and silver, but the old process of hammering these together is no longer used. One of the most beautiful and interesting things is a tortoise-shell comb from India, the exquisite hand carving of which is a real work of art. It had been brought from India by Miss Devereux' grandfather, whose vessels always returned laden with all sorts of things to delight the hearts of those who awaited these return trips with what patience they might, always being sure of some delightful surprise. It was worn on state occasions by her grandmother and afterwards by her mother, and lent an added dignity to the little mother, who was very small of stature, but who presided with such graciousness at the dinners when the state dignitaries were entertained, and the beautiful dining-room was brilliantly lighted with the many prism-hung chandeliers, and the tables shone with cut-glass, silver and lovely dishes. Only a few of these remain, just enough to show the wonderful blending of greens and gold, in the Chinese ware of the Fitz Hugh pattern, which is no longer made. There were twelve dozen of each dish in the set that Captain Forrester had made in China for his wedding gift to his daughter, Miss Devereux' mother. On the trips to and from India, when he and his brothers were East India merchants, and their ships brought wonderful things from that far-away country, the children were always sure to realize their expectations, and shawls whose daintily intermingled colors of softest hues are a delight to look at and even touch, toys galore, and toothsome confections, were among the things they were sure to find.

In this case was a Chinese Buddha, carved in agate, whose round little figure, in spite of the effort at sobriety in the funny, squinty eyes, looks as if it might at any minute burst into laughter. One of the most exquisite pieces of the collection was an old Chinese writing desk, lacquered and inlaid with hundreds of tiny bits of mother-of-pearl, in a most intricate pattern, and made in the seventeenth century.

* * *

A decided curiosity was a Fiji Island pillow, a straight round of wood set up on two forked legs, and not at all inviting looking as an aid to comfortable repose; an old Roman lamp of the time of the Caesars, which had been dug up in a Roman camp in France, was a little hollowed-out piece of brass, in which was set a cup of oil, with a wick floating in it, which when lighted, gave out a smoky intimation of the purpose for which it was intended; squat little Dutch pitchers; a beautiful Chinese teapot safely ensconsed in a crimson silk-lined cozy; candlesticks of all kinds, sizes, patterns and materials—brass, iron, prism-hung glass, wood and stone.

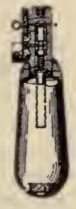
Miss Devereux' collection of willow ware, full of the old story of the lovers and the cruel father, must be seen to be appreciated; trays of all descriptions, from all parts of the world; carved thread-winders from China, used before the invention of spools; a hand-stitched leather cigar case from India, the work an almost perfect imitation of machine stitching, so fine and even were the stitches; a miniature of Sidar Sheer Sing, a merchant of Calcutta, who had the work done by a native artist, and presented it to Miss Devereux' uncle, with whom he traded. It is an exquisite piece of work—the wonderful blending of flesh tints, the brilliant coloring of the native costume and the nicety with which each one harmonizes is a veritable work of art; a sandalwood box from India, covered with deer's horn and intricately carved; an old French miniature frame, silver-plated on copper and backed with enamel; a Japanese tea-kettle of oxidized brass that cozily swings on a carved brass standard; silhouettes of two famous doctors of Salem, showing the masculine costume of the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries; chocolate bowl and saucer of blue Fitz Hugh ware that is no longer made; old Japanese cloissone vases, enameled on silver; a Swedish regalia given by the king in 1795 to the women of one of the villages, to be worn only by them and their female descendants in commemoration of their having defeated and slain an invading force of Russians while the men were away at the front; old Persian brass vases, of the engraved repousse work; Indian Benares ware, hand-fashioned and carved; this ware is named from the town of Benares in North India where it was made; copper powder measure, used in the United States navy before the invention of cartridges; an old Japanese iron kettle, the carved handle inlaid with silver flowers; a bowl turned and incised from lava from Mt. Aetna, Italy. In a piece of Persian embroidery, the blending of the most striking as well as the most delicate colors on the coarse linen is incongruous when compared with the dainty gold and silver embroidered India linen.

* * *

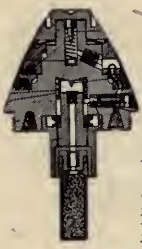
Miss Devereux' collection also includes a portrait of Colonel Ellsworth, the first victim of the Civil War, who was shot while pulling down a Rebel flag at Baltimore, Maryland, as he was on his way to the front in 1861. This picture was taken with her brother, A. F. Devereux, who was in command of a brigade at the battle of Gettysburg.

Inventions Inspired by the War

INVENTIVE genius seems to run in the direction of destructiveness—the more ruthless the better—that is, if registration at the patent office may be taken as an indication. The great preponderance of destructive implements, as compared with those designed for defense, seems to prove the significance of that old query: "If you place a brick and a bottle side by side on a wall, which will you shoot at?" The patent office has recently given patent rights to a large number of inventors of shells, bombs, and grenades, some of which are here briefly described.



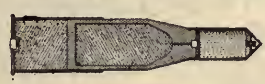
William H. McCandish, of England, designed a grenade which is timed for explosion by means operated by the draft of air caused by its flight toward the enemy.

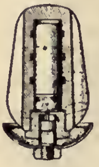


A double-acting fuse for timing the firing of a shell an exact interval after impact is the product of a French inventor, Eugene Schneider.

This small explosive shell, especially effective for use against aircraft, has been patented by Jacques S. DeMesquita of New York.

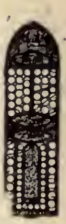
Scattering and igniting inflammable liquid in its path is the diabolical job of this shell, originated by Alois P. Swoboda of New York.





Herbert C. Williamson, of Chicago, reduces the liability of non explosion of a grenade on impact by the simple means of attaching a cup-shaped member to the firing pin.

A triple-action shrapnel shell designed to scatter destruction in all directions and at intervals in its career, is backed to win by Joseph Pail, Jr., of Canada.



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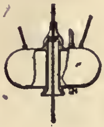
DON'T give up the ship" must have been the idea of George Giem, of Colorado, inventor of a device for submarine salvage. It is a float attached to the craft by a cable, and in case of disaster it may be released, and floating on the surface of the water, signifies the location of the submarine. The invention also provides for the raising of the sunken craft. While the submarine crew may not be saved, still the vessel itself is valuable and well worth the labor of bringing to the surface.



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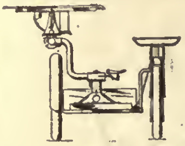
PERHAPS this idea was inspired by a picture or the actual memory of the Indians on the western plains firing at their enemies while galloping at a furious pace. At any rate, this machine gun attached to a motorcycle has great possibilities for striking terror into the hearts of men. Even now people run to cover upon hearing the approach of a rushing, snorting motorcycle. So imagine the effect on an opposing army of a battalion of speeding motorcycles all equipped with machine guns scattering swift destruction in their path. The machine gun mount is the invention of Stanley T. Kellogg.



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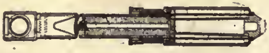
THE thousands of airplanes which the government contemplates constructing will be greatly improved if equipped with this shock-absorbing device, devised by Thomas Smith Duncan, an Englishman. It is a resilient attachment, employing hydraulic means and compressed gas, in place of the present rigid landing gear.



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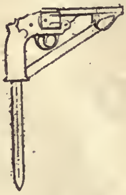
A WEAPON with clever possibilities in hand-to-hand combat has been designed by Andrea G. M. Pansa of Rhode Island. The illustration speaks for itself. It is a pistol with bayonet attachment, the butt forming also the handle of the bayonet. The blade may be folded back out of the way while the pistol performs its own functional work.



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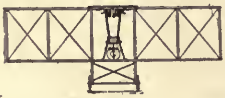
WHEN the idea evolved by Lafayette Pace of Tennessee is put into operation every airplane will provide its own parachute for the safety of its operator. It is built into the top wing, and is detachable by the operator at will, with automatically lengthening cables attached to operator's seat. When convinced that his machine is disabled, the airman may remain in his seat and release the section of the plane above him, which will then become the parachute, to ease him to the ground more gently than would otherwise be the case.



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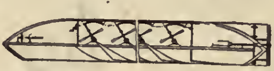
THE sight of this indescribable apparatus would unquestionably make us sit up and take notice. It is recorded in the patent office by George Albert Chaddock of England, as a mechanical air and water-borne ship, equipped with propellers and rudder, the propeller not only operating the vessel longitudinally, but also serving as a supporting agent.



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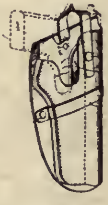
A PISTOL holster is not primarily an article of personal adornment, but in many instances it conduces greatly to the safety of its wearer. This one accommodates an automatic pistol, holds its handle away from contact with the body, and keeps it in handy position for a sudden need. It is designed especially for automatic pistols of the new army type. Its inventor is Walter H. Shelton, of the Lone Star, quick-on-the-trigger state.



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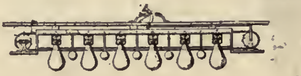
MEANS for multiplying man-power and simplifying equipment are quite necessary in warfare. By the use of this bomb-dropping device patented by Joseph H. F. LaFlamme and Omer Gravel of Canada, an airplane driver may release bombs with a simple foot pressure. The bombs are arranged on a chain and are released one at a time.



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MUNITION makers who are enjoying their profits will perhaps not favor the use of this invention in which fluid pressure is used as a firing agent of large projectiles. The idea has been patented by Frances P. Allwin of England, and its adoption would doubtless effect conservation of gunpowder as well as economy, for nature makes no direct dollars-and-cents charge for the water used. Moreover, the noiselessness of the scheme would doubtless make conditions more endurable for the boys following a barrage.

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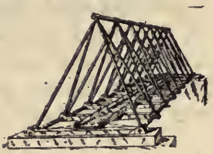
WHAT is perhaps the latest development of the "knocked-down" idea has been advanced by Charles E. L. Inglis of England.



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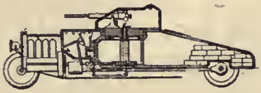
MEMORIES of Civil War days and the victory of the "Yankee cheese box" are evoked by this land "Monitor," with turret movable from power of auto engine by gun operator, invented by John H. Allen of New York.



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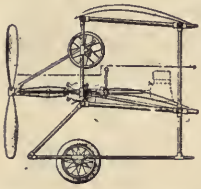
EACH day seems to bring forth its new type of flying machine. Here is one with a movable propeller equipment calculated probably to eliminate the necessity of a rudder, thus simplifying the construction of the machine, and making one part do double service. The device was patented by John W. Caurick of Michigan, and should prove of value.



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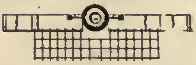
EVERY danger must be guarded against. Here is a buoyant projectile carrying a net guard hanging below the water's surface, intended to intercept a torpedo in its path toward the target. This "ounce of prevention" device is suggested by Edwin S. Stanton of New York, as a protection for ships.



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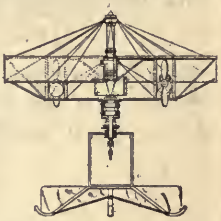
AN Englishman, Isaac Francis Taylor, whose wits have doubtless been sharpened by the repeated raids on his homeland by marauding German air fleets, has patented a means for defence against hostile airplanes. This formidable war device flies upward, automatically releasing and rotating cables, on the ends of which are explosives. An airplane becoming entangled with such a machine would have no chance of survival whatever.



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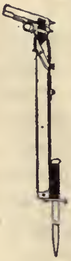
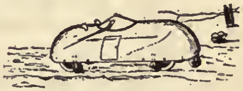


ANOTHER outfit designed to win close-up arguments. This weapon for trench warfare has been invented by Charles John Cooke. It is a firearm with magazine chamber, capable of carrying a large supply of ammunition, and equipped with a bayonet attachment. From China comes this idea which gives greater scope and opportunity for the exercise of man's destructive instincts.

* * *

THE automobile has been adapted to the uses of modern warfare in many and various ways. By the adoption of this steel armor, equipped with revolving turret, you may turn your own car into an engine of war. The idea has been patented by Erasmus M. Blacksher of Alabama.



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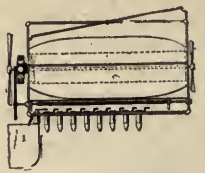
TORPEDOES again! Super-efficiency in destruction is the aim of a new torpedo invented by Cleland Davis, U.S.N. The device is so constructed that the shell within the torpedo does not explode until after tearing a hole in a ship's sides, thus counteracting the simple ideas of protection nets, etc. When the outer shell strikes the object at which it is aimed, it sets in action a trigger which explodes a shell-propelling charge and drives the shell with force into the ship.

* * *

THIS boomerang shell-firing flying machine is an improvement over the device which commits suicide when its work is done, for this one is willing to keep on working. After discharging all the shells it carries, its rudder automatically deflects sufficiently to reverse the machine, which returns directly to its starting point to take on a new cargo. It is without question a machine that spells efficiency all the way through, and is the invention of Frank Clark of Pennsylvania.



'TWAS JUST A FAIRY TALE

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

ONCE on a time there lived a little maid,
'Twas just a fairy tale.
And when she went to heaven, so 'tis told,
She never could play on a harp of gold
Or sing like nightingale,
So she asked at once for needle and thread,
And she sewed and stitched and she hummed instead—
'Twas just a fairy tale!

And she never could wear a flowing robe,
'Twas just a fairy tale.
But she wore an apron and homespun gown
A dusting cap (but never burnished crown)!
And when the stars grew pale
She brushed them bright again; she dusted things,
And helped the cherubim on with their wings—
'Twas just a fairy tale!

And she never could dance the time away,
'Twas just a fairy tale.
She tended the lilies and asphodels,
She fed the birds of paradise; the bells
She rang without a fail.
She set the angels to washing dishes,
And throwing crumbs to the golden fishes—
'Twas just a fairy tale!

Such a pleasant thing might happen indeed,
'Twas just a fairy tale.
But well, it didn't, I'm sorry to say,
For every little maiden loves to play
And wear a flowing trail.
But wouldn't this earth be a heaven, too,
If such a lovely dream might just be true
And not a fairy tale?

Buried Treasure

by

Robert Oliver Walters

THIS is a story of love and finance and tragedy; of a blonde woman and a brunette woman, and a tall dark man and a short light man; of buried treasures; of a good man yielding to temptation and finding the taste of dishonesty bitter in his mouth. With all that, it ought to be interesting.

The short light man was Bill O'Hara, recently appointed traveling auditor for one of the great commercial telegraph companies. Bill lit a stogie, picked up his satchel from beside his desk, waved good-bye across the office to the chief clerk, and started on a ten-day auditing trip thru the field. On his way to the P. & A. station he stopped in at the Second National Bank, wrote a check payable to himself for one hundred dollars, and presented it at a window.

"How do you want it?" inquired the paying teller.

"Tommy," said Bill, "all my life I've wanted to see a one hundred dollar bank note. If your bank is what it claims to be, now is my opportunity."

Tommy pushed forward a bright, new, clean century note—so named because most of us see one about that often. "Bill," he said, "you are a fortunate young man. I know of but two more of these in the world, and both are in private collections."

Enter here the blonde woman. She appeared as a beautiful, shimmering vision, floating along in the air just above Bill's head, smiling back at him as he hurried out of the bank and down State Street toward the P. & A. station. The hundred dollars was for her; that is, Bill planned to purchase a one-hundred-dollar diamond ring, Tiffany setting, in about four days, or just as soon as he reached Charlesville, where a jeweler uncle would not only help in the selection, but—more important—shade the price.

When Bill climbed into the Punk & Awful smoking car, the blonde woman wrinkled her pretty nose and vanished. Bill seated himself, resurrected his bank book and noted that his balance remaining in the Second National Bank amounted to $204.50. This was a bitter disappointment to him, for, thru some strange trickery of imagination he had firmly believed the balance to be $204.75. The money was to pay for a nice wedding, a nice wedding trip, and furnish a four-room flat. Thank God for the installment houses!

You may have surmised that Bill had determined to retire from single blessedness. He and the blonde woman were preparing to marry and begin to really live, as poets and other good losers say. Bill's bank balance was not large when marriage and two weeks at Conneaut Lake and an empty four-room flat are contemplated, but this cannot be helped. I would like to make it six or seven hundred dollars, and Bill would say the same, but it can't be done because Bill's salary was small and before his recent promotion from the bookkeeping department it had been smaller still—almost entirely still, in fact, for after he had paid board at home, helped his younger brother with medical school expenses, given sister five for music lessons, made a payment on the piano, bought his mother a box of candy (ever try it, fellows?), put aside sufficient for carfare, stogie manufacturer's dividend, lunch money, *ad infinitum*, there remained an amount each day after pay-day sufficient only to escort the blonde woman to one show, without flowers, taxi, or after-theater supper.

* * *

Because short stories positively must have action and lots of it, we will leave Bill in the Punk and Awful smoking car while we hurry along and find out what's happened on ahead.

In the little town of Adrian, Pennsylvania—a town on Bill O'Hara's auditing itinerary—lay a brunette woman near unto death. At her bedside knelt a tall dark man, chafing her hands and babbling to her of hope and love. The tall dark man was Henry Newell, manager of the Adrian telegraph office, sometimes called "Hen" for short. The brunette woman was his wife.

Troubles often come in waves, one after another, in seemingly endless succession—a tide. Troubles were upon Hen Newell. His two children had died recently of scarlet fever, and on the afternoon that Hen and a laborer who was inclined to whistle at his work had placed stone markers above the two little clay mounds, Mrs. Newell complained of feeling ill. For several weeks she suffered, growing slowly worse, while Hen saw his savings disappear and his debts accumulate. He borrowed from friends and from the bank, and every night went home and whispered to his wife that everything was all right and that he was glad to see her looking so much better.

She journeyed into the vast Valley while her husband knelt beside her, stroking her chilled hands and whispering to her. The doctor lifted him, unbelieving, away from the bedside, walked him into another room and told him to drink something from a glass. After that came the neighbor women and the neighbor men; came the crepe and the candles and the casket and the flowers, the whisperings and the kindly bungling.

Thru it all Hen bore himself quite respectably because he couldn't quite realize what it was all about. He was driven with the others to the cemetery, saw the burial, returned to his home and sat down with his pipe for a quiet, comforting smoke. Then, suddenly, he heard his wife in the next room talking to the children. He began to cry.

Next morning at 8:30, Hen went back to work, thereby closing a very pretty little transaction in frenzied labor and the evasion of the eight-hour law. Six telegraph operators living in Adrian—three railroad men, two pipe-line men and one bucket-shop man—had taken care of Hen's office during his absence, each working part or all of the spare time from his own job, one relieving another at odd times during the day. This so that poor old Hen Newell, who was having a perfect heck of a time at home, would lose no salary thru having to pay a relief manager.

* * *

Bill O'Hara stepped into the Adrian office at one-thirty that afternoon. Hen Newell advanced to the counter with impersonal gaze, then his eyes dilated and he reached out and clutched Bill by the shoulders.

"Bill!" he exclaimed. "Good old Bill O'Hara! I'm glad to see you. Stand away. Yes, sir, you're just as young as you were five years ago. Come on in and sit down and tell me things."

"Six years," corrected Bill. "I counted it up on the train. Six years ago you and I shook hands and promised to see each other once every year if we had to go around the whole world to do it. Remember that? Never saw you again until right this minute, you old salty frog. You're looking pretty good yourself."

Which was hardly truth, for the manager's hair had grayed liberally, his face was wrinkled, pasty, and his eyes held the look of the wandering Jew.

"Are you on vacation, Bill? Come down to see me?"

"What is a vacation?" asked Bill. "Never heard of one. I'm on an official trip. Been made traveling auditor for the district, Hen, and this is one of my stops.

And say, boy, I certainly am glad to see you again. What's the matter?"

"Matter? Why, nothing. You say you're going to audit the accounts? Well, well! Congratulations on your promotion. I knew you'd go up the ladder one of these days."

"Well, I'm not third vice-president yet, Hen, especially in salary. Sometimes I think you made a mighty good move when you left the superintendent's office and came to take the Adrian managership. You don't have to spend a third of your life looking blank in street cars. I heard later that you were all married and settled down, with a front yard and shade trees and gardens and things. How about it?"

"I buried my wife yesterday," said Hen.

"What? Aw, no—"

"Yes. And my two children three months ago."

"Oh, say! Hen, old friend, I didn't know that. I—"

"So you're going to audit the accounts. Well, well! Some way I had got to thinking the company had stopped sending auditors around. There hasn't been one here for seven or eight months."

"Short of men. I'll be around often now, Hen. Suppose you hand me your books and cash. I'll hurry thru this—it won't take more than a couple of hours—and then we'll have a long confab."

* * *

Henry sighed. "Sure," he said. He got up wearily from his chair and went to the safe. "Here they are." He tossed a bank book, a check book, a pad of bills and a leather sack of change to the auditor. O'Hara sorted the money on the desk, counted it carefully, counted it again, and jotted down his total. "Two hundred ninety-eight, seventy-two. Right?"

"I guess that's all right, Bill," said Hen.

The auditor, a rapid, accurate worker, removed his coat, lit a stogie, and splashed into the audit. Henry became busy at his instruments and with customers at the counter. During the next two hours the men said hardly a word to each other. Then Henry found an idle moment, swallowed several times and approached with this:

"I suppose you come across a shortage now and then, do you, Bill?"

"Not yet, thank goodness. This is only my second trip out. Probably I shall see the day. I dread it. I don't want to get like Finch and Thomas. They're cynics. They go around looking slant-eyed, believing everybody is trying to put something over on them. Not me! If this work makes me lose my faith, Hen, I'll ask the Old Man for something else."

"What would you do, Bill, if you found a shortage?—just suppose."

"Why, of course I'd have to turn it in—report it. Then the fellow who was short would have his bond cancelled, and good-night for him!"

Henry leaned forward tensely. "What do you mean by 'good-night for him'?"

"He couldn't get a job anywhere with any responsibility attached to it, if they found him out. It is a good deal, in business, like having a prison record. That is the way it is looked at."

"The company discharges him, of course. Sends him to jail?"

"Well, I wouldn't want to say anything like that, Hen. That's for the Old Man to say. I don't know. I have to report what I find—that is my duty—but that is as far as I go without instructions. Hen, you certainly do make a horrible figure 3. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. I can't tell half your 3's from your 5's to save my neck."

"Always did," said Hen. "I never heard of any of our men getting arrested for being short, did you, Bill?"

"Nope. Never want to. Let me have your old check book, Hen—the one you used before this."

* * *

At 5.15 p. m. the traveling auditor pencilled two neat columns of figures side by side, totalled them, leaned back in his chair and lit a stogie. "O, Hen," he said. "Let me have your cash again, will you? Little mistake somewhere. Can't locate it. Thanks. Bound to get it, but some mistakes are as slippery as eels, especially even amounts. The longer a man works with figures, the more respect he has for them. I'd rather hunt for seventeen cents any day than for a hundred dollars."

An hour later the traveling auditor again penciled two neat columns of figures side by side, totalled them, leaned back in his chair and lit a stogie. He whistled softly from "Memories." He looked into a desk mirror in front of him and saw Hen open a desk drawer, take a revolver from it and place it in his coat pocket. He stopped whistling and called: "Oh, Hen."

Henry started. "Yes?" he said sharply. "Yes?"

"I'm thru with your cash, old man. Everything is all right. You can put it away."

Henry leaned against a filing case. "Everything is all right?" His voice was dull, thick.

"Sure. Put your cash away." The traveling auditor rose, stretched, put on his coat and handed Henry a stogie. "Hen," he said, "I've been thinking. The manager at Neville office has resigned—leaves next month. I'm going to recommend you to the Old Man for that job. You can do the work. It pays twenty dollars more than this. That's what I wanted to talk with you about. I'm sorry we won't have time—I thought we would, but I'll have to catch the seven-ten. When I get round again—to Neville—we'll pow-wow. I'm mighty sorry for your trouble, Hen, but that is life as we have it. We all get ours one way or another. Good-bye, old man, and good luck. Glad I came."

"Bill," said Henry stupidly, "you're a good friend, a good friend."

When the traveling auditor had gone, Henry went to the safe and fumbled at the cash drawer. "My God!" he whispered. "How did he miss it? How *could* he miss it?" He took up the pad of bills and shuffled them rapidly thru his fingers. Seventy-five, eighty—he stopped and stared dazedly. In the middle of the pad reposed a bright, clean, new one hundred-dollar bank note.

SONG OF THE ENGINEER

By MAURICE SWITZER

PRAISE, if you will, his dizzy flights,
And the birdman's daring deeds;
Sing, if you will, of your visored knights
On their sturdy, armored steeds;
Applaud the skill—and you'll not be wrong—
Of the Roman charioteer,
But I shall celebrate in my song
The deeds of him unsung too long—
The valorous Engineer,
Besmeared and drab in his engine cab—
The valiant Engineer.

Oh, he drives his steed of a hundred tons
With the speed of a hurricane,
As he splits the night in his hurtling flight
To his siren's shrill refrain.
When grim Disaster stalks the track
In his thundering engine's van,
With resolute heart he plays his part,
And dies at the throttle—a man!
Aye, the Engineer is a man!

The Stranger

by L. D. Childs

NOTE—*During the winter of 1915 the body of an unknown hunchback was found in a palm grove in the suburbs of the city of St. Petersburg, Florida, and the following appeared in the "St. Petersburg Daily Times"*

AT dawn they found him, with eager welcome, still clutching in his stiffened fingers the messenger of death. The dew of night was upon him, as if in kindness, to bathe a fevered, tortured brow. From the pulseless temple, now stained a crimson red, a tender hand, sometime, brushed the baby curls and love had soothed it with a mother's kiss; and, as he lay there under open sky and waving palms, a faint smile lingered upon the cold dead lips. If that old mother lives, it would be sweet to think—and who can tell?—that in the final moment, in that dark night of agony and despair, there came a memory of that wrinkled mother and her love that fixed a smile in death.

Who was he? Of those who have looked upon him, no one knows. But he was a man of like loves and hates, of like frailties and virtues, of like joys and sorrows, as others of his kind; and who can tell or comprehend the agony of that night that rang down the curtain of the final tragedy of life?

'Twas not the torment of hunger for bread, nor the lack of a bed whereon to lay his weary frame; his purse was filled with plenty. What tempest swept his soul no tongue can tell.

Perhaps he had not learned the secret of the soul to vault above the tortuous twistings of a human frame bent under pain and earthly grief; perhaps it may have been the cankering memory of blighted love. Perhaps neglect of men, like you and me, to show the milk of human kindness—a word, a nod, a friendly howdy-do—not much, but just enough to cause a burden such as his to, day by day, grow heavier, till he who would be kind was shunned, and earth, for him, became a barren place.

Perhaps neglect of men like you and me, who fill our pews and sing God's praise on holy days, and fail at other times to point men's souls by deeds of kindly love to Him who heals a soul and lifts its thoughts above the ill-shapen, aching frame, had made him doubt there was a God.

* * *

And yet, perhaps—we cannot tell—he may have wrestled there in prayer; blind, agonizing prayer, 'twixt hope and fear, till reason broke and left the hand unguided by a mind. Perhaps—we cannot tell—the Eye that looks down deep in every soul and knows the hidden ways of life and death—perhaps that He in mercy and in love has soothed this weary soul and given rest.

We do not know; we must not judge. We only know a human heart has hushed its beat; and if 'tis right to pray for this poor lonely, unknown, weary man when he is dead—Father, hear our prayer; and if a mother, wife, or child is left to mourn his end, where'er they be, show kindness and compassion.

To us who live, give courage, strength and purpose that from today, by kindly words and loving deeds, it may be ours to lift the sordid, hungry soul from out its shadows, pain and grief, to light and love and peace.

A RAMBLE *in* BOOKLAND

ITS setting in a quiet English village, far removed from the rumble of ordnance and shriek of shell, "The Red Planet,"* William J. Locke's latest novel, is a story of war time, tho not of battle. Used to expecting much from this author, readers will not be disappointed in "The Red Planet." On the contrary, they will find it is written in his most sympathetic vein, which has been more or less submerged since "The Beloved Vagabond."

The story is one of love, mystery, unassuming courage, and a heroic struggle against cowardice. Redolent of war-time atmosphere, it is a "lump-in-the-throat" tale, tho not once does Mr. Locke stoop to the style of writing which is aptly designated "sob stuff." He makes no plays to the gallery. His story is told with a simplicity which impresses while it charms. Altho primarily a story of England in the throes of war, some of its incidents will ere long be repeated in our own country.

No solution is given to the main problem in the story—it is left to the individual reader to condemn or to condone. The narrator, a paralytic from injuries received in the Boer War, places all the evidence before the jury of the reading public. He hands in no verdict on his own account.

Leonard Boyce is the victim of sudden spells of paralyzing fear—like epilepsy, he describes them to the narrator—and several times this condition is nearly discovered by his companions in arms. To counteract any such impression, he performs spectacular feats of real bravery and heroism, and finally wins his V. C., altho blinding himself in the attempt. The entire action of the story revolves about a decision as to whether he is to be considered a cowardly and villainous fellow, or a victim of circumstances over which he exercised no control.

The title of the book is explained in a verse carried on the title page:

Not only over death-strewn plains,
  Fierce 'mid the cold white stars,
But over sheltered vales of home,
  Rides the Red Planet Mars.

* * *

A story easily visualized as a serial thriller in "the movies" is "The Hand of Fu Manchu,"* by Sax Rohmer, the third book in the series dealing with the wily Chinese witch-doctor. At the end of each book the narrator and his friend presumably do away with him, but Fu Manchu, who must have as many lives as the proverbial cat, simply won't stay dead. At any rate, he is the "villain" in some very interesting and entertaining tales, which Mr. Rohmer first gave us as short stories in *Collier's*. It's much more satisfactory to read them in book form, and "The Hand of Fu Manchu" should find great demand among the vast number of detective yarn readers. When a man claims he doesn't enjoy them, it's dollars to doughnuts he reads them under cover of his paper, like we used to hide "Nick Carter" stories inside the large covers of our geography in school.

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*"The Red Planet." By William J. Locke. New York: John Lane Company. Price, $1.50.

*"The Hand of Fu Manchu." By Sax Rohmer. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, $1.35.

* * *

Love and mystery, an irresistible combination, are given full play in B. M. Bowers' new story of the West, "Starr of the Desert."* In this tale, Mr. Bowers deserts his old-time characters, the "Flying U" boys, also "Luck" and his charming movie-land associates; but Starr, in his dilemma between love and loyalty to his country, proves a worthy successor of these old favorites. Helen is also refreshingly real, and as plucky a little girl as a Texas ranger could wish for. Starr thought so, at least.

The story deals with the experience of a girl whose father has made the supreme sacrifice in order to get money wherewith to purchase a claim in the Arizona desert so that she may have a chance to overcome the dread disease with which she is afflicted and not "go the way her mother did." Helen, with her young brother, the irrepressible Vic, with leanings toward a "movie" career, take up their residence on the claim and there they start to raise goats, an occupation which does not particularly appeal to the young boy. Here to their two-room cabin comes Starr, a Secret Service officer. He becomes deeply interested in Helen and does many friendly things to help her out of some of the difficulties which beset her. All the time Starr is looking out for evidences of trouble being stirred up by the Mexicans in the section. Some of the evidence, he finds, points strongly to Helen, who, unknown to herself, is doing some copying work for the leader of the revolutionists. In clearing up this unpleasant situation, another most interesting one is settled at the same time.

* * *

A complete treatise on the laws of naturalization is John Sanjean's volume on "How to Become a Citizen."* Mr. Sanjean, as instructor of the law of naturalization, realizing that the books intended to aid applicants for citizenship were inadequate, has compiled a book of nearly one hundred pages, setting forth not only the naturalization laws, but also information regarding the United States, which is valuable to present as well as prospective citizens. The formation of the government, the Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution are included, as well as the much-discussed Monroe Doctrine, Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, and Flag etiquette.

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* "Starr of the Desert." By B. M. Bowers. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Price, $1.35 net.

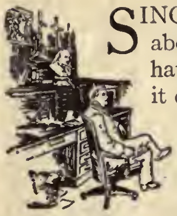
* "How to Become a Citizen." By John Sanjean. Boston: John Sanjean, 649 Tremont Street. Price, 50 cents.

SEPTEMBER

NUT-BROWN September is live with the witchery
  Autumn has cast over valley and hill,
Smell of the forests sets me all twitchery,
  Makes me re-echo to boyhood's keen thrill;
Russet and scarlet and golden and yellow,
  Blended as one in harmonious whole,
Seem like the strains of a heavenly cello
  Which plays on my heartstrings and nurses my soul.

—*William Edward Ross.*

LET'S TALK IT OVER



SINCE everybody is talking about gardens, just let us have our say. I remember—it does not seem so long ago either—that in the springtime we spaded and planted the lawn. What a thrill there was in just planting things and watching them grow. Lo and behold, when I went away, news about the garden was of more interest than anything else.

When the beans began to come up there was general rejoicing—for of course the Boston garden would be incomplete without beans. The scene grows more interesting each week, for the circular row of bantam sweet corn, when it tasseled out, lining the walk, seemed to us more beautiful than any palms. Some claim that we must have planted cabbages for the worms to feed upon. I don't know about that, but I do know the plants are almost denuded of leaves.

Somebody planted zinnias where we thought to have some peas. Lettuce and radishes were washed out in the deluge off the eaves in a rainstorm. The Kentucky Wonder beans are certainly wonders. The parsnips did not parse, and we can't understand it. Standing sentinel, guarding this wonderful garden, are the flower beds, including two towering banana trees. Yes, we have the banana of the tropics and the corn of the north, both product and foliage joining in the triumphal Ceres chorus.

It was a garden that "just growed," like Topsy. The vacuum weed puller, which is not yet invented, was needed now and then, but we managed to get them pulled somehow. We had to restrain each one to wait for his turn to weed the garden. The straggling elm and the stray poplar, which no one was able to kill in early youth, add to the farm-like picture.

* * *

IT seemed as if the spirit of the gentle Stevenson was over me when I stood on the veranda at Saranac, about which he wrote in "The Genesis of 'The Master of Ballantrae.' " "I was walking in the veranda of a small house outside the hamlet of Saranac," he wrote. "It was winter, the night was very dark, the air clear and cold and sweet with the purity of forests. For the making of a story here were fine conditions. 'Come,' said I to my engine, 'let us make a tale.' " This simple sentence tells so much. I sat at the desk where he wrote "The Master of Ballantrae"—a simple desk of yellow wood with a slanting top. Nearby was the sofa where he used to lie dreaming the tales that are now a priceless heritage of English literature. He was sent to Saranac to be in the open air, but instead, stayed indoors nearly all the time, smoking cigarettes and reading. I saw the pen he used last in Samoa; the basket-wood shroud which the loving island folk made for him; and a painting of how he appeared as a royal personage in a private theatrical. Even the plaid of the clan to which he belonged was preserved. On the veranda was the bronze tablet, the work of the famous sculptor Borglum, presented as a memorial by loving friends.

During the winter of 1887–88, Stevenson spent six months at Saranac. They thought he had tubercular trouble, but the doctor was mistaken. He died of apoplexy, and altho he lived in the shadow of fear of the great white plague, he escaped. To this little cottage on the hill at Saranac came many pilgrims even during those days, but they did not notice the somewhat squalid surroundings. It is said that he wrote "Treasure Island" for the amusement of his stepson, little dreaming that it would become one of childhood's classics.

All about beautiful Saranac are the seekers for health. It has its pathetic and its humorous side, for even those looking the grave squarely in the face must have their jokes and enjoy the days of sunshine allotted to them, one by one. Saranac, in the heart of the Adirondacks, with air swept from the spruce, cedar and pine—a new and bustling city, it looks like a town of twenty thousand, tho it really boasts of about five or six thousand inhabitants. It was the location of a sawmill, and the streets are narrow and winding. A physician, Dr. Trudeau, went there expecting to die, and instead, lived many years to build up a great sanitarium, prolong the lives of thousands, and cure many hundreds. The point made at Saranac is that doctors over the country do not understand tuberculosis. At Saranac is provided a laboratory which will develop a science that will probably save many thousands of lives, for Saranacians believe that if taken in time, the magic worked by the Adirondack air will cure.

* * *

DARK until eleven P. M., at that hour the lights blaze forth over the entrance to the 44th Street Theater, New York, heralding the nightly opening of "Justine Johnstone's Little Club."

Altogether novel and attractive, it riveted at once the attention of the social special leaders of the metropolis. And what a relief it was indeed from the noisy cabaret and "jazz" bands of Broadway. So here, after the theater, crowds gather for a bite, a drink, a smoke and a dance. Every night Miss Johnstone lends her charming presence to the scene, making a most gracious hostess. During the hot summer months the dancing space at the little club will be converted into a tank with a few inches of water, and the guests will go in barefoot, again enjoying the delights of the nymphs and the sprites experienced in childhood. Dressing rooms are provided

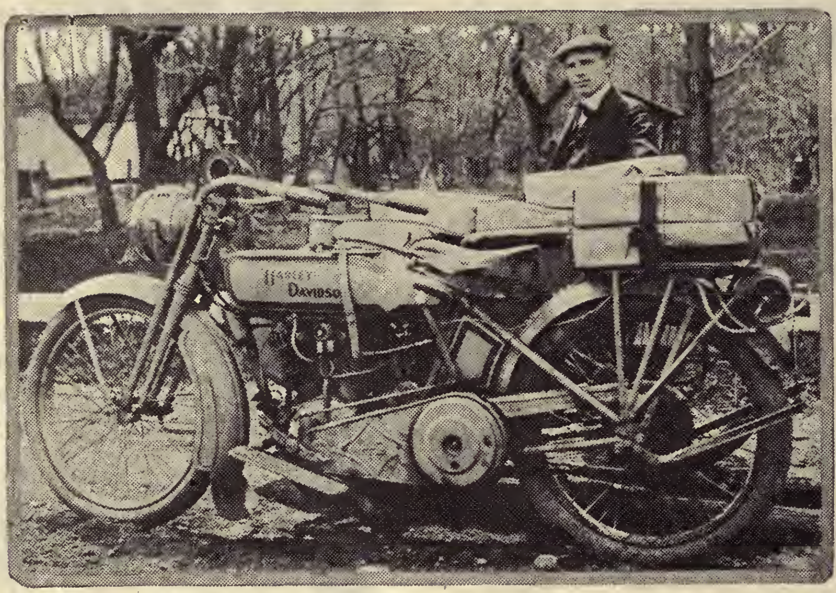
JUSTINE JOHNSTONE
Popular hostess of the Little Club at the 44th Street Theater

for the guests to prepare for their aquatic terpsichorean delights.

Miss Johnstone, who was the first to recognize that people were tired of the racket and clang of the cabaret, confines her appearance in public exclusively to this club. Among the guests are numbered some of the most noted society people in New York, for they feel that "Justine Johnstone's Little Club" covers that golden mean between the Bohemian and the delights of special functions, which the large transient population of New York are unable to enjoy under other circumstances. As the Homeburg newspaper would say: "It fills a want and need particularly adapted to the times."

* * *

NEWSPAPER men, and more particularly the country publishers, have established records for uniqueness in getting their wares before and to the public. George I. Smith, editor of the *Dolgeville Republican*, utilizes a specially contrived motorcycle with side car as a helpful adjunct to his newspaper publishing and job-printing business. Since the establishment of his unique delivery service, Mr. Smith has been overwhelmed with letters from brother publishers asking for details. This indicates that a new era has dawned for the village newspaper man. The picture shows Editor Smith en route by motorcycle for the delivery of some parcels of printing. This method does away with the old plan of sending the generally unreliable and always procrastinating "devil" out to deliver the goods. Mr. Smith finds the new plan a practical one and is using it regularly. Incidentally, his newspaper, the *Dolgeville Republican*, one of Herkimer County's most progressive weeklies, is working overtime for the advancement and boosting of Dolgeville.



HOW GEORGE I. SMITH USES HIS MOTORCYCLE TO GOOD ADVANTAGE

* * *

OVER three and a half million motor cars are registered in the United States. In 1916 there were 1,067,332 over the registration of the year previous—an increase of forty-three per cent. Eleven years ago the total number of cars was forty-eight thousand, and during the last three years the average increase was forty per cent. The state of Iowa led the United States last year in the number of motor cars registered in proportion to population, with one car for every eleven persons. California was a close second, with one to every twelve. Arkansas was way back in the list, with but one for every 116. The average for the United States is one car for every twenty-nine persons; the New England States being more uniformly supplied with cars than any other section, with one car to about every twenty-seven.

Think of it—scarcely one automobile in this country twenty years ago when war was declared with Spain. Since then a new generation has come—a generation that knows all about carburetors, whether they own a car or not. The mechanical genius of young America has developed a race of young fellows fearless and unafraid of speed. From these ranks are recruited the aviation corps. The automobile, with its dash and speed, has developed a daring that no other vehicle could have inspired—also a love for mechanics and engines. As space is annihilated and speed is increased, the peoples of the earth are brought closer together—whether in the processes of war or peace.

* * *

THE delightful experience of being a guest at the Dawes Hotel in Chicago made it seem like a home-coming to drop in at the the new Dawes Hotel in Boston, on Pine Street in the South End, which was opened on January 7, 1916. The idea of these hotels was conceived by the late Rufus Fearing Dawes, who met an untimely end in the waters of Lake Geneva. His father, Charles G. Dawes, late comptroller of the currency, and at the present time president of the Central Trust Company in Chicago, carried out the ideas of the young man, in the maintenance of the hotel in Chicago, and this work has later been extended to other cities.

In this hotel no lodger is able to enter the place until after five o'clock P. M., and strict sanitary rules are observed. Here a man can secure a well-cooked meal and a bed for twenty cents. The hotel in Chicago, while it is, in a way, a philanthropic enterprise, carries out the idea of making every guest feel that he is indeed paying his own way.

There is nothing of the lodging-house atmosphere about the Dawes establishment—it is spacious, homelike and clean as the best of hotels. The great fireplace in the main lobby on the first floor is an impressive feature of the interior of the Boston building, the same as in Chicago. The whole of the huge living room is flooded with light, and here men who are strangers, and men who are temporarily out of work, gather together in harmony.

While the normal capacity of the building is five hundred men, more could be accommodated if occasion required. The hotel has been able to avoid the attendance of "bums," and is intended for men who are seeking to get on their feet again after some misforune. The lodger may register for a single night, or may return for several nights, but must register anew each time. Upon advance payment of his fee, he receives a numbered check which entitles him to the use of a bed and locker. In this locker is found a clean night shirt, a cake of soap, a towel and a pair of slippers. Each guest must take a bath before retiring, and leave his clothing in the locker assigned to him. He may even borrow a safety razor for a shave, if he so desires. While the men are asleep, the lockers are fumigated, and every precaution taken to secure perfect sanitation. No one is admitted or allowed to go out after 11 P. M., and at 10.30, the baths are in order.

A glance at the menu card would not seem to indicate a high cost of living, for here is offered a varied choice of fare. Meat, hash or beans can be procured for three cents each; coffee, with milk and sugar, two cents; mutton stew and bread, three cents; soup with bread, two cents; baked beans and bread, three cents; pie, three cents, and so on down the list. It must be remembered that these prices and advantages are given only to the men who most need them, and that the hotel is intended to carry on a regular business solely for those who may require, temporarily, a reduced living cost.

In my various travels, I have met many a man who, through this institution, had received that little boost of encouragement and helpfulness that enabled him to go right ahead and get on his feet again.

Regular boarders are frowned upon, and the men who have secured positions must make way for their less fortunate brothers.

Not only is board and lodging provided, but naturally, those desiring extra help know that the quality of help secured from a Dawes hotel is far superior to that obtained from the average employment agency, because the lodgers must, of necessity, be men who are willing to work, and earnest in the desire to help themselves.

The hotel is also an object lesson in what a man can do when necessity requires, in adjusting living conditions to a reduced income, or meager savings. It reveals, too, a wholesome desire on the part of not only those who carried out the plan, but everyone enjoying the comforts of life; to help others in a way that will not have the aspect or humiliation of charity. The new hotel was a most welcome institution in Boston, and has received the hearty commendation of the people and the newspapers, indicating that the Chicago idea of the Dawes ideals has had enthusiastic endorsement in the New England city. The time is not far distant when these hotels, scattered over the country in the large cities, will successfully solve some of the problems of giving the right kind of assistance to the unemployed.

* * *

AMONG numerous efforts toward intensive cultivation of land and increased productivity of crops in England, perhaps none is more interesting than the subsidized experiment in growing cereals and other field crops with the assistance of overhead electric current. Experiments with electrical discharge as affecting agriculture are being carried out at Huntington Court Farm, near Hereford, with a view to putting on a larger scale the successful work done during the last few years near Dumfries. There, in 1916, an increase of about fifty per cent in grain and 85 per cent in straw was obtained on oats as a result from overhead electrical discharge. This was on a small scale—one acre only.

From all reports, Hereford is a mighty progressive city, for some of the farmers in the neighborhood already use electricity for driving their machines, one milking his cows by means of an electric device. The experiments in artificial sunshine are being watched with intense interest by agriculturists all over the world.

THE markets of ancient Bagdad and the caravans of the Orient were recalled when American buyers were bidding for carpets at an auction recently held by Alexander Smith & Co. in New York in a room especially provided for the purpose. Their auctions attract purchasers from all parts of the United States. The same buyers, with a few recruits, assemble each year, but they have not yet assumed a formal organization. Over one hundred thousand bales were on sale.

The rugs are displayed like blackboards, and there is bidding for so many bales of this pattern or that, and then one man raises a card on which appears the name of his firm and calls "balance"—that is, he takes all that is left of the lot.

The carpet men have a language all their own, and the vernacular is weird at times. In the hotel lobbies and corridors they gather of an evening to talk over the events of the day and the lots listed in the catalogue to be sold the following day. These lists they sit up nights in their rooms to mark and study, like college students cramming for an "exam," far into the night.

These auctions are indeed strenuous affairs, for upon the degree of keenness in buying in the flash of a moment and in grasping a bargain as it passes, depends the fate of the buyer. If he overbuys or underbuys he misses an opportunity that may have much to do with his life career. He must buy intuitively as well as scientifically. The proceedings of the carpet auction must be watched keenly, as the events sweep by at a twentieth century pace. There is no stopping for excuses or explanations. It is "go" from start to finish—and the Carpet Knight, with his little book, well annotated, in his hand, is ready to raise his lance and throw down the gauntlet as the joust proceeds. The auction rooms of Alexander Smith & Co., which is one of the oldest and largest carpet manufacturing companies in the country, and makes a large proportion of the carpets and rugs in the United States, is indeed a Mecca for the buyers, which carries out the simile complete of the transition from Orient to Occident in the different methods and manner of barter and trade.

Quick French

For Soldiers and Sailors

A Word to the Wise

GET busy and learn French.

Now is the time, if you ever intend to. Soldier boys and sailor boys, it's going to be a big help to you to be able to say some simple things in French when you "get across."

Wives and sweethearts, you'll want to know what your men are talking about when they write home.

So plunge in and learn five French sentences by heart the first day. Then learn five more the second day; five the third, and so on. Keep reviewing those you already know, and it won't be two months before you'll be chattering French.

Keep it up, fellows. It's worth it!

* * * * *

Don't let the pronunciation bother you. You'll get the foreign accent in time. Only remember to say each syllable distinctly, and accent the last syllable in each word and sentence. For instance, Paris is pronounced Pah REE, not PAH ree.

The *ng* sound is not pronounced distinctly, being chopped off in the middle and said thru the nose.

The long *i* sound, as in *dime*, is indicated by a syllable ending in *i*, the short *i* sound, as in *dim*, being represented by an *i* followed by some consonant.

The long *u* sound, as in *fuse*, is represented by *eu*.

* * * * *

Remember the French are a courteous nation. Always add *s'il vous plait* (see voo play) after asking a question, and *merci* (mair see) upon receiving an answer.

When addressing a superior officer, always preface his rank with *mon* (mong), meaning my, even tho he may not be the officer over you. As "Lieutenant," *mon* lieutenant (mong leut nong).

The first line represents the English, the second line shows the French equivalent, and the third the way the French sounds.

Now, once more, go to it—and good luck.

QUICK FRENCH
for Soldiers and Sailors

Compiled by
FRANCES WOOD

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Every Day Sentences

Des Phrases Ordinaires

Day Fraz Or Dee Nair

Do you speak French?
Parlez-vous francais?
Par lay voo fron say?

Yes. No. I speak a little.
Oui. Non. Je le parle un peu.
Wee. Nong. Juh luh parl ong perr.

What is your name?
Comment vous appelez-vous?
Kom mong voo zap pel lay voo?

I don't understand.
Je ne comprends pas.
Juh nuh kom prong pah.

Write it down here.
L'ecrivez ici.
Lay kree vay zee see.

What is your nationality?
Quelle est votre nationalite?
Kel ay votr nat see on al ee tay?

I am an American soldier.
Je suis soldat americain.
Juh swee sol dah tah may ree cang.

I belong to the ninth regiment.
Je suis du regiment neuvieme.
Juh swee deu ray jee mong ner vee aim.

Where are you going?
Ou allez-vous?
Oo al lay voo?

I am entrained for Paris.
Je suis en route pour Paris.
Juh swee zong root poor Pah ree.

We made port last night.
Nous avons pris porte hier soir.
Noo zah vong pree port ee air swahr.

We have a stop over of several hours.
Nous avons un arret de plusieures heures.
Noo zah vong ong ar ret duh pleu zee err zerr.

Can you direct me to this address?
Pouvez vous me diriger vers cette addresse?
Poo vay voo muh deer ee jay vair set ad dres?

I am not sure, ask a policeman.
Je n'en suis pas sure, demandez un sergeant de ville.
Juh nong suee pah seur, duh man day zong san jong duh veel.

Thank you very much, sir.
Je vous remercie tres bien, monsieur.
Juh voo ruh mair see tray bee ang, mes s(y)err.

Where is the baggage room?
Ou est la salle des bagages?
Oo ay lah sal day bah gaj?

I wish to have my baggage sent on.
Je voudrais faire envoyer en avances mes bagages.
Juh voo dray fair ong vwah (y)ay ong ah vans may bah gaj.

Enquire at the ticket office.
Demandez au guichet.
Duh man day oh gee shay.

Where will you meet your friends?
Ou rencontrez-vous vos amis?
Oo rong kon tray voo voh zah mee?

In the waiting room, probably.
Dans la salle d'attante, probablement.
Dong lah sal dat tont, pro babl mong.

Is everything ready to go?
Tout, est-il pret aller?
Too, ay teel pray tal lay?

We leave at five o'clock.
Nous partirons a cinq heures.
Noo par tee rong ah sank err.

We are already a little late.
Nous sommes deja un peu tard.
Noo som day jah ong perr tar.

Where is the train for Paris?
Ou est le train pour Paris?
Oo ay luh tran poor Pah ree?

All aboard for Paris!
En voiture les voyageurs pour Paris!
Ong vwah teur lay vwah yah jerr poor Pah ree!

This compartment is full.
Ce compartiment est complet.
Suh kom par tee mong ay kom play.

Here is a seat.
Voici une place.
Vwah see eun plass.

The traffic is very heavy.
Le mouvement est intense.
Luh moov mong ay ong tans.

How much of a stop have we here?
Combien d'arret avons nous ici?
Kon bee ang dar ret ah vong noo zee see?

I want to walk on the platform.
Je voudrais bien me promener sur la platforme.
Juh voo dray bee ang muh pro men ay seur luh plat form.

When shall we get something to eat?
Quand mangerons nous un morceau?
Kan mon jer ong noo ong mor soh?

We will eat at the food halt station.
On va manger a la station halte repas.
Ong vah mon jay ah lah sta see ong alt reh pah.

I am hungry. I am thirsty.
J'ai faim. J'ai soif.
Jay fam. Jay swaf.

I have had nothing to eat for ten hours.
Je n'en ai mange pas du tout il y a dix heures.
Juh non ay mon jay pah deu too eel ee ah dee zerr.

I am very tired also.
Je suis aussi las.
Juh swee zoh see lah.

Are you cold?
Avez-vous froid?
Ah vay voo frwah?

No, I am hot, but I have a cold.
Non, j'ai chaud, mais je suis enrheume.
Nong, jay show, may juh swee zong room.

Is this an express train?
Ce train, est-il express?
Suh tran, ay teel ex pres?

What is the name of that town?
Cette ville, comment s'appele-t-elle?
Set veel, kom mong sah pel tel?

All change here.
Tout le monde descend de voiture.
Too luh mond day son duh vwah teur.

That is not a passenger train.
Ca n'est pas un train de voyageurs.
Sah nay pah zong tran duh voi ah jerr.

It is a cattle car.
C'est un wagon a bestiaux.
Say tong vah gon ah bes tee oh.

Must I pay extra?
Ai-je un supplement a payer?
Aij ong seupl mong ah pay ay?

End of the route.
La gare terminale.
Lah gar tair mee nal.

Where is the exit?
Ou est la sortie?
Oo ay lah sor tee?

What do you want?
Que desirez-vous, monsieur?
Kuh day zee ray voo, mes s(y)er?

Have you some matches?
Avez-vous des allumettes?
Ah vay voo day zal eu met?

I think so.
Je pense que oui.
Juh pons kuh wee.

Thanks. These are plenty.
Merci bien. C'est assez.
Mair see bee ang. Say tas say.

Don't mention it.
Il n'y a pas de quoi.
Eel nee ah pah duh kwah.

Where can I get a package of tobacco?
Ou peut-on acheter un paquet de tabac?
Oo perr tong ash tay ong pah kay duh tah bak?

Here is a package for fifty centimes.
Voici un paquet de cinquante centimes.
Vwah see ong pah ket duh san kant son teem.

Give me that, please.
Donnez moi cela, s'il vous plait
Don nay mwah suh lah, see voo play.

Have you any good cigars?
Avez-vous de bons cigarres?
Ah vay voo duh bong see gar?

How much do they cost?
Combien coutent-ils.
Kom bee ang koot teel?

Give me some cigars at thirty centimes.
Donnez-moi des cigarres a trente centimes.
Don nay mwah day see gar ah tront son teem.

I have lost my pipe.
J'ai perdu ma pipe.
Jay pair deu mah peep.

What do you drink?
Que buvez-vous?
Kuh beu vay voo?

A glass of beer, waiter.
Un bock, garcon.
Ong bok, gar son.

Some red wine, some white wine.
Du vin rouge, du vin, blanc.
Deu van rooj, deu van blonk.

A glass of ice water, waiter.
Un verre de l'eau frappee, garcon.
Ong vair duh loh frap pay, gar son.

A black coffee.
Un cafe noir.
Ong kah fay nwahr.

Give me a cup of coffee with cream in it.
Donnez-moi une tasse de cafe au lait.
Don nay mwah eun tas duh kah fay oh lay.

How much will you charge me for that?
Com bien me prendrez-vous pour cela?
Kom bee ang muh pron dray voo poor suh lah?

Give me ten stamps.
Donnez-moi dix timbre-postes.
Don nay mwah dee tambr post.

Have you a letter for me?
Avez-vous une lettre pour moi?
Ah vay voo zeun letr poor mwah?

There is only a post card for you.
Il n'y a qu'une carte postale pour vous.
Eel nee ah keun kart pos tahl poor voo.

Where are your papers?
Ou sont vos papiers?
Oo song voh pah pee ay?

Have you any American newspapers?
Avez-vous des journaux americains?
Ah vay voo day joor noh ah may ree kang?

We have a money order addressed to you.
Nous avons une lettre chargee pour vous.
Noo zah vong zeun letr shar jay poor voo.

Good, pass it over!
C'est bien! Donnez-le-moi!
Say bee ang! Don nay luh mwah!

What time is it now?
Quelle heure est-il maintenant?
Kel err ay teel mant nong?

What time must you be there?
Quelle heure faut-il arriver?
Kel err foh teel ar ree vay?

You will have to hurry very fast.
Il vous faut vous depecher bien vite.
Eel voo foh voo day pesh ay bee ang veet.

It is three o'clock.
Il est trois heures.
Eel ay trwah zerr.

It is ten minutes past three.
Il est trois heures et dix minutes.
Eel ay trwah zerr ay dee min eut.

It is a quarter past three.
Il est trois heures et un quart.
Eel ay trwah zerr ay ong kar.

It is half past three.
Il est trois heures est demi.
Eel ay trwah zerr ay day mee.

It is twenty-five minutes of four.
Il est quatre heures moins vingt cinq (minutes).
Eel ay katr err mwang vant sank min eut.

I have enough.
J'en assez.
Jon as say.

I need more.
Il m'en faut plus.
Eel mong foh pleu.

Have you more (of it)?
En avez-vous plus?
On ah vay voo pleu?

If you please.
S'il vous plait.
See voo play.

Thank you, sir. Madam. Ladies. Miss.
Merci, Monsieur. Madame. Mesdames. Mad'moiselle.
Mair see mes s(y) err. Mah dahm. May dahm. Mam zel.

How many sisters have you?
Combien de soeurs avez-vous?
Kom bee ang duh soor ah vay voo?

How many brothers?
Combien de freres?
Kom bee ang duh frair?

Are you married?
Etes-vous marie?
Et voo mah ree ay?

How long ago?
Combien de temps?
Kom bee ang duh tom?

Ten years ago.
Il y a dix ans.
Eel ee ah dee zong.

How is your wife?
Votre femme, comment s'apporte-elle?
Votr fam, kom mong sap por tel?

Well, thank you. And you?
Bien, merci. Et vous?
Bee ang, mair see. Ay voo?

Oh, I am very well.
O, je m'apporte tres bien.
Oh, juh mah port tray bee ang.

Are your father and mother here?
Votre pere et votre mere, sont-ils ici?
Votr pair ay votr mair, song teel zee see?

My mother is here, but my father is dead.
Ma mere est ici, mais mon pere est mort.
Mah mair ay ee see, may mong pair ay mor.

How many children have you?
Combien des enfants avez-vous?
Kom bee ang day zong fong zah vay voo?

Three, a boy and two girls.
J'en ai trois. Un fils et deux filles.
Jon ay trwah. Ong fees ay derr feel.

The infantry is the most important branch of the service in the present war.

True, the artillery with its powerful machine prepares the way for the infantry. The cavalry does scout work in advance on the ground, while the airplanes are circling in the air doing advance work up above the worm-like tracings of the trenches.

But it is the infantryman who in the last instance stands face to face with the foe in the battle for civilization. For this reason, the infantry has been put first in this book, and has been given considerable attention. In addition to military commands and phrases useful before, during, and after the conflict, phrases relating to the field works, and the new means of attack and defence brought into being by this war have been included.

A page or two is also devoted to the names of tools that are used in trench work.

MILITARY COMMANDS (Infantry)

Commandements (L'infantrie)
Kom mand mong (lang fant ree)

Stand to! Fall in! · Shun! (Attention!)
Aux armes! Rassemblement! Garde a vous!
Oh zarm! Ras sombl mong! Gard ah voo!

Brown, fall out! As you were!
Brown, sortez des rangs! Revenez!
Brown, sor tay day rong! Ruh vuh nay!

Right dress! Eyes front!
Alignement! Fixe!
Ah leen (y) mong! Feex ay!

Correct your dressing! Dismiss!
Rectifiez l'alignement! Rompez les rangs!
Rek tee fee ay lah leen (y) mong! Rom pay lay rong!

Form twos! Form fours!
Formez-vous par deux! Par quatre!
Form ay voo par derr! Par katr!

Forward march! Quick march, march!
En avant, marche! Pas accelere, marche!
Ong ah vong, marsh! Pah zak sel ay ray, marsh!

Close upon! Change step!
Suivez! Changez le pas!
Swee vay! Shon jay luh pah!

Quick march! March at ease!
Pas de route!
Pah duh root!

Men may smoke and talk.
On peut fumer et parler.
Ong per feu may ay parl ay.

Break step!
Rompez le pas!
Rom pay luh pah!

Form fours to the right!
A droite par quatre, droite!
Ah drawt par katr, drwat!

Form fours to the left!
A gauche par quatre, gauche!
Ah goash par katr, goash!

Stand at ease!
Repos!
Ruh poh!

Present arms!
Presentez armes!
Pray zont ay zarm!

Secure arms!
L'arme sous le bras!
Larm soo luh brah!

Shoulder arms!
Portez armes!
Port ay zarm.

Sling arms!
A la bretelle!
Ah lah bret el!

Under arms!
Sous les armes!
Soo lay zarm!

Pile arms!
Formez les faiceaux!
Form ay lay fay soh!

Unpile arms!
Rompez les faiceaux!
Rom pay lay fay soh!

Order arms!
Reposez armes!
Ruh poh zay zarm!

Inspection arms!
Inspection du fusil!
Ang spek see ong deu feu zeel!

Fix bayonets!
Baionnette au canon!
Bah ee on net oh cah nong!

Unfix bayonets!
Remettez la baionnette!
Ruh met tay lah bah ee on net!

Charge!
Chargez!
Shar jay!

Right turn!
Par file a droite!
Par feel ah drwat!

Left turn!
Par file a gauche!
Par feel ah goash!

About turn!
Demi-tour a droite!
Day mee toor ah drwat!

On the knee!
A genou!
Ah jen oo!

Lie down!
Couchez-vous!
Koo shay voo!

Charge magazines!
Approvisionnez!
Ap proh vee zee on nay!

Fire!
Feu!
Fer!

Independent fire!
Feu a volonte!
Fer ah vo lon tay!

Rapid fire!
Feu rapide!
Fer rah peed!

Cease fire!
Cessez le feu!
Ses say luh fer!

Unload!
Dechargez!
Day shar jay!

Halt!
Halte!
Alt!

INFANTRY

L'infantrie
Lang fant ree

Did you hear the call to arms?
Avez-vous ecoute l'alarme?
Ah vay voo zay koo tay lah larm?

That was the alarm which sounded.
C'etait l'alerte quie sonnait.
Say tay lah lert kee son nay.

You are told off for picket duty.
Vous etes designe un petit poste.
Voo zet deh zeen(y) ay ong peh tee post.

Let no one pass without giving the counterword.
Ne laissez passer personne sans qu'il donne le mot d'ordre.
Nuh les say pas say pair son san keel don luh moh dordr.

You will be relieved at midnight.
Vous aurez releve a douze heures.
Voo zoh ray ruh lave ah dooz err.

Get under cover.
Defilez-vous!
Day feel ay voo!

I was on my night rounds.
J'etais de ronde de nuit.
Jet ay duh rond duh neu ee.

Have you made your rounds?
Avez-vous fait la ronde?
Ah vay voo fay lah rond?

I make my rounds every hour.
Je fais la ronde toutes les heures.
Juh fay lah rond toot lay zerr.

Halt! Who goes there?
Halte-la! Qui vive?
Alt la! Kee veev?

Advance one and give the counterword!
Avance a l'ordre!
Ah vans ah lordr!

This is the assembling ground.
Ici est le lieu de rassemblement.
Ee see ay luh lee err duh ras sombl mong.

We shall very likely have a night march.
Nous aurons une marche de nuit bien probablement.
Noo zoh rong zeun marsh duh neu ee bee ong pro babl mong.

There are few guide posts along the way.
Il n'y a qu'un de poteau indicateur en route.
Eel nee ah kong perr duh pot oh an deek ah terr ong root.

There will be a guide to lead the way.
Il y aura un guide qui guidera.
Eel ee oh rah ong geed kee geed uh rah.

Another will bring up the rear.
Un autre fermera la marche.
Ong ohtr fair muh rah lah marsh.

That troop must have lost its way.
Cette troupe a du s'egarer.
Set troop ah deu say gah ray.

They were picked troops.
Elles etaient troupes d'elite.
El zay tay troop day leet.

Get your bearings. Here's a match.
Orientez-vous. Voici une allumette.
Oh ree on tay voo. Vwah see eun al leu met.

Follow the road to the north.
Suivez le chemin vers le nord.
Swee vay luh sheh mang vair luh nor.

Can you keep up with them?
Pouvez-vous les suivre?
Poo vay voo lay sweevr?

You must conform to instructions.
Il vous faut suivre les indications.
Eel voo foh sweevr lay zang dee kah see ong.

March four abreast!
Marchez de front par quatre!
Mar shay duh fron par katr!

The troops have marched off.
Les troupes se sont mises en marche.
Lay troop suh song mees zong marsh.

Troops will go reconnoitering.
Des troupes iront en reconnaissance.
Day troop zee rong ong ruh kon nays sons.

We will take the enemy by surprise by a forced march.
Nous surprendrons l'ennemi par une marche forcee.
Noo ser prong drong len nay mee par eun marsh for say.

Now lay them out!
Maintenant, les abattez!
Mant nong, lay zah bah tay!

Shell the trench to pieces.
Abattez a coups de canon la tranchee.
Ab at tay ah koo duh cah nong lah trong shay.

They have annihilated a regiment.
Ils ont aneanti un regiment.
Eel zong ah nay ong tee ong ray jee mong.

Stop the charge.
Arretez la charge.
Ar ret ay lah sharj.

Spray them with a machine gun.
Les arrosez avec une mittrailleuse.
Lay zar roh zay zah vek eun mit ri errz.

That was a false attack.
C'etait une attaque fausse.
Say tay eun at tak fohse.

We had an easy job of it.
Nous avions beau jeu de ca.
Noo zav ee ong boh joo duh sah.

The Canadian regiment renewed the attack.
Le regiment Canadien renouvelait l'attaque.
Luh ray jee mong Kah nah dee ong ruh noo vel ay lat tak.

He is covering the bridge with a machine gun.
Il bat le pont avec une mitrailleuse.
Eel bat luh pong ah vek eun mit ri errz.

That is the objective.
Ceci est le but.
Seh see ay luh beu.

It was a fight to death.
C'etait combat a mort.
Say tay kom bah tah mor.

From time to time there was hand-to-hand fighting.
De temps en temps c'etait combat corps-a-corps.
Duh tong zong tong say tay kom bah kor zah kor.

We riddled the Boches with bullets.
Nous avons crible les Boches de balles.
Noo zah vong kree blay lay Boash duh bal.

The French soldiers were very courageous.
Les poilus etait bien courageux.
Lay pwah leu zay tay bee ong koo rah jerr.

Clear the ground.
Deblayez le terrain.
Day bla(y)ay luh ter ran.

We broke through their lines and surrounded them.
Nous avons enfonce leur alignements et les encercles.
Noo zah vong zong fong say lerr ah leen (y) mong ay lay zong sair klay.

Carry them by storm.
Les emportez d'assaut.
Lay zom por tay das soh.

The enemy did not carry out their attack.
L'ennemi n'ont pas execute leur attaque.
Len nay mee nong pah zek zek eu tay lerr at tak.

Take them at the point of the steel.
Les enlevez a la baionnette.
Lay zong luh vay ah lah bah ee on net.

The guns will mow them down.
Les mitrailleuses les faucherent.
Lay mit ri errz lay foh sher ay.

Spike your guns.
Enclouez les canons.
Ong kloo ay lay cah nong.

They fell before the volley of fire.
Ils sont tombes devant le feu de salve.
Eel song tom bay duh vong luh fer duh salv.

The Germans have superior forces.
Les Allemands ont forces superieures.
Lay zal mond zong fors seu pay ree err.

Fight your way through to the other side.
Frayez-vous un chemin.
Fray ay voo zong sheh mang.

See them running away.
Regardez qu'ils fuissent!
Ruh gar day keel feu ees!

The leader scrambled to the top of the hill.
Le guide grampit la hauteur.
Luh geed gram pee lah hoh terr.

The main body of the army advanced in disorder.
Le gros de l'armee marchait a la debandade.
Luh groh duh lar may mar shay ah lah day ban dahd.

They hurled masses of the infantry without effect.
Ils ont jete des masses d'infantrie sans effet.
Eel zong juh tay day mass dan fant ree song zef fay.

That aim was accurate.
C'etait justesse de tir.
Say tay jus tess duh teer.

We have crippled their attack.
Nous avons mis hors de combat leur attaque.
Noo zah vong mee zorr duh kom bah lerr at tak.

That is only a sham fight.
Ceci n'est qu'une petite guerre.
Seh see nay keun pet eet gair.

Is the target within rifle range?
La cible, est-il portee de fusil?
Lah seebl, ay teel por tay duh feu zeel?

It is within gun range.
Elle est portee de canon.
El ay por tay duh cah nong.

It is entirely out of range.
Elle est bien hors de portee.
El ay bee ang orr duh por tay.

We are gaining ground fast.
Nous progressons rapidement.
Noo pro gres song rah peed mong.

Summon him here.
Le sommez ici.
Luh som may ee see.

Did you hear that summons?
Avez-vous ecoute cette sommation?
Ah vay voo ay koo tay set som mah see ong?

It is only a ruse.
Elle n'est qu'une ruse de guerre.
El nay keun reus duh gair.

We must make a firm stand.
Il nous faut tenir bon.
Eel noo foh ten eer bong.

They will come on in a storming wave.
Ila s'approcheront dans une vague d'assaut.
Eel sap prosh rong dong zeun vahg das soh.

Don't straggle in the rear.
Ne trainez pas en arriere.
Nuh tren ay pah zong ah ree air.

The bugles blow retire.
Les clairons sonnent retraite.
Lay klair ong son ruh trait.

That was an act of conspicuous gallantry.
C'etait une action d'eclat.
Say tay eun ak see ong day klah.

He will doubtless receive a medal.
Il prendra sans doute une medaille.
Eel prong drah song doot eun may die.

What are the casualties?
Combien sont les pertes?
Kong bee ang song lay pairt?

Show me the return of the casualties.
Montrez moi l'etat des pertes.
Mong tray mwah lay tat day pairt.

The enemy have lost heavily.
L'ennemi ont eprouve de grosses pertes.
Len nay mee ong ay proo vay duh groas pairt.

They are removing the wounded.
Ils enlevent les blesses.
Eel zong laiv lay bles say.

They are burying their dead.
Ils enterrent leurs morts.
Eel zong tair lerr mort.

Fill up the gaps.
Comblez les vides.
Kom blay lay veed.

We are holding conquered ground.
Nous conservons le terrain conquis.
Noo kon sair vong luh ter ran kon kee.

He received mention in the despatches.
Il a recu citation a l'ordre de l'armee.
Eel ah ruh seu see tah see ong ah lordr duh lar may.

Cartel exchange of prisoners.
Cartel d'exchange.
Kar tel dex shanj.

They are evacuating the towns.
Ils evacuennent les villes.
Eelz eh vak eu an lay veel.

They are among the missing.
Ils sont entre les manquant.
Eel song ontr lay mong kong.

He died bravely.
Il est mort bravement.
Eel ay mor brav mong.

That is in the order of the day.
C'est de l'ordre de jour.
Say duh lordr duh joor.

Here is a deserter.
Voici un deserteur.
Vwah see ong day zair terr.

Do not let him rejoin his comrades.
Ne le permettez pas rejoindre ses camarades.
Nuh luh pair met tay pah ruh jwandr say cam ah rad.

He has received the honors of war.
Il a recu les honneurs de la guerre.
Eel ah ray seoo lay zon nerr duh lah gair.

When did they surrender?
A quelle heure se sont-ils rendu?
Ah kel err suh song teel ron deu?

They must have been killed outright.
Il faut qu'ils ont ete tues raide.
Eel foh keel zong ay tay teu ay raid.

Here is a list of reprisals.
Voici l'etat de les represailles.
Vwah see lay tat duh lay ruh pray zi.

EXAMINATION OF A SUSPECT

L'examen d'un suspect
Lex ah men dong sus pekt

Halt! Stand still! Come here!
Arretez-vous! Restez immobile! Venez ici!
Ar ret ay voo! Res tay zam moh beel! Vuh nay zee see!

Where do you come from?
D'ou venez-vous?
Doo vuh nay voo?

What were you doing over there?
Que faisiez-vous la bas?
Kuh fez ee ay voo lah bah?

Where did you intend to go?
Ou vouliez-vous aller?
Oo vool (y)ay voo zal lay?

How long have you been in this neighborhood?
Depuis quand etes-vous dans cette region?
Duh pwee kant et voo dong set ray jee ong?

Which way did you take?
Quel chemin aviez-vous pris?
Kel shuh mang ah vee ay voo pree?

Why did you try to hide when we approached?
Pourquoi cherchiez-vous a vous dissimuler a notre approche?
Poor kwah shair shee ay voo zah voo dis sim eu lay ah notr ap prosh?

What is your trade?
Quel est votre metier?
Kel ay votr may tee ay?

Where do you live?
Ou demerrez-vous?
Oo duh mer ray voo?

Where are your people?
Ou est votre famille?
Oo ay votr fah meel?

Are they in this neighborhood?
Est-elle dans cette region?
Ay tel dong set ray jee ong?

What is your nationality?
Quelle est votre nationalite?
Kel ay votr nah see oh nah lee tay?

How old are you?
Quel age avez-vous?
Kel ahj ah vay voo?

Are you liable to military service?
Etes-vous mobilisable?
Et voo moh bee lee zabl?

When were you declared unfit?
Quand avez-vous ete reforme?
Kant ah vay voo ay tay ray for may?

Have you any acquaintances in this district?
Avez-vous des relations avec des personnes de cette region?
Ah vay voo day ruh lah see ong ah vek day pair son duh set ray jee ong?

I place you under arrest!
Je vous arrete!
Juh voo za ret!

Have you any weapons about you?
Avez-vous des armes?
Ah vay voo day zarm?

You will be searched.
On va vous fouiller.
Ong vah voo fwee (y) ay.

If you try to run away, I shall shoot you.
Si vous essayer de fuir, je ferai usage de mes armes.
See voo zes say ay duh foo eer, juh fer ay oo saj duh may zarm.

Come along to the police station.
Allons au bureau de police.
Al long oh beu roh duh poh lees.

You are accused of being in the pay of the Germans.
On vous accuse d'etre a la solde d'Allemande.
Ong voo zak keus detr ah lah sohld dal mond.

Are you in secret touch with the enemy?
Avez-vous des intelligences avec l'ennemi?
Ah vay voo day zang tel lee jons ah vek len nay mee?

If so, you had better confess at once.
Si oui, il va mieux pour vous si vous l'avouiez toute de suite.
See wee, eel vah mee err poor voo see voo lah voo ee ay toot sweet.

You have implicated yourself seriously.
Vous vous etes compromis serieusement.
Voo voo zet kom pro mee say ree errz mong.

These people will serve as witnesses against you.
Ces gens deposeront contre vous.
Say jon day poh zer ong kontr voo.

They say you were caught in the very act.
Ils disent que vous etes pris en flagrant delit.
Eel deez kuh voo zet pree zong flah grong day lee.

Will you swear to these facts?
Voulez-vous donner votre parole a ces faits?
Voo lay voo don nay votr pah rol ah say fay?

We will take your finger print.
Nous prendrons vos empreinte digitale.
Noo prong drong voh zam prant dee jee tahl.

You will be plied with questions.
Vous serez presse de questions.
Voo suh ray pres say duh kes tee ong.

You will not be let out of sight of the officer.
Vous garderez a vue a l'officier.
Voo gar der ay ah veu ah lof fee see ay.

Have you been passing through the lines?
Avez-vous franchi les lignes?
Ah vay voo fran shee lay leen?

Give the particulars.
Renseignez les faits.
Rong say n(y)ay lay fay.

Do you wish to retract your statement?
Voulez-vous vous retracter?
Voo lay voo voo ray trak tay?

Remember you are on oath.
Souvenez vous bien, vous etes sous la foi du serment.
Soo vuh nay voo bee ong, voo zet soo lah fwah deu sair mong.

Have you used forged documents?
Avez-vous fait usage de faux?
Ah vay voo fay oo saj duh foh?

That is a different version.
C'est une version differente.
Say teun vair zee ong deef fair ont.

INFANTRY (Field Works)

L'infantrie. (Fortifications passageres de compagne)
Lang fant ree for tee fee kah see ong pas saj air duh kom pan (y)

Here is the communication trench.
Voici un boyau de communication.
Vwah see ong bwah yoh duh com meu nee kah see ong.

We were located in individual shelters.
Nous etions dans les abris individuels.
Noo zet ee ong dong lay zah bree zang dee vee deu el.

The bottom of the trench is covered with water.
Le fond de tranchee est rempli de l'eau.
Luh fong duh tron shay ay rom plee duh loh.

They have started digging a trench.
Ils sont mises a creuser une tranchee.
Eel song meez ah krew say eun tron shay.

Look out for the steps.
Prenez garde de les gradins.
Pruh nay gar duh lay grah dang.

On the left is an elbow rest.
Au gauche il y a un gradin appui-coude.
Oh goash eel ee ah ong grah dang ap pwee cood.

It is a listening post.
C'est un poste d'ecoute.
Say tong post day koot.

The trench is strongly reinforced.
La tranchee est bien renforcee.
Lah tron shay ay bee ong rong for say.

They are laying out more trenches.
Ils organizent encore des tranchees.
Eels zor gah neez ong kor day tron shay

That is a rifle pit.
Cela est un trou de tirailleur.
Seh lah ay tong troo duh teer i err.

The concrete mixer is here, but the trench digger is out of commission.
La betonniere est ici, mais l'excavateur est hors d'usage.
Lah bay ton nee air ay ee see, may lex kah vah terr ay orr deu saj.

They are filling sand bags for defences.
Ils remplissent des sacs de sable pour les travaux de defense.
Eel rom plees day sak duh sabl poor lay trav oh duh day fons.

There is an opening in the covered communication trench.
Il y a une ouverture dans le boyau couvert.
Eel ee ah eun oo vair teur dong luh bwah yoh koo vair.

On the other side of the stockade.
Sur l'autre cote de la palissade renforce.
Seur lotr koh tay duh lah pah lis sad rong for say.

Look out for the wire entanglements.
Prenez garde de les reseaux de fil de fer.
Pruh nay gard duh lay ray zoh duh feel duh fair.

That is an electric wire.
Ceci est un fil electrique.
Seh see ay tong feel ay lek treek.

There is also barbed wire.
Il y a aussi de fil de fer barbele.
Eel ee ah oh see duh feel duh fair bar bel ay.

They will loophole the wall.
Ils crenelerons le mur.
Eel kray nay lair ong luh meur.

The defence system is complete.
Le systeme defensif est complet.
Luh sis taim day fon seef ay kom play.

The first trench, the middle trench, and the falling back trench.
La tranchee de depart, la tranchee doublement, la tranchee repli.
Lah tron shay duh day par, lah tron shay doobl mong, la tron shay reh plee.

Behind that, the support trench and the fire trench.
Derriere cela, la tranchee soutien, et la tranchee tir.
Der ree air seh lah, lah tron shay soo tee ong, ay lah tron shay teer.

He has just filled that spying post.
Il vient de remplir cet abri de guetteur.
Eel vee ang duh rom plee set ah bree duh get terr.

To the right you see the machine gun shelter.
Au droite vous voyez l'abri pour mitrailleuse.
Oh drwat voo voi ay lah bree poor mit ri errz.

This is a screened communication.
Cela est une communication defilee.
Seh lah ay teun kom meu nee kah see ong day fee lay.

Man the trench.
Garnissez la tranchee.
Gar nee say lah tron shay.

Here is the fire control post.
Voici l'observatoire.
Vwah see lob zair vah twahr.

It is the principal line of resistance.
C'est la ligne principale de resistance.
Say lah leen preen see pal duh ray sees tons.

We will soon be in the first line.
Nous serons bientot dans la premiere position.
Noo ser ong bee ang toh dong lah pree mee air poh zee see ong.

They are making preparations for defense.
Ils font l'orginisation defensive.
Eel fong lor gah nee zah see ong day fon seev.

Throw up entrenchments.
Retranchez-vous.
Ruh tron shay voo.

They are works to strengthen the defense of our position.
Ils sont travaux pour augmenter la defense de notre position.
Eel song trah voh poor awg mon tay lah day fons duh notr poh zee see ong.

They are approaching by the covered trench for supplies.
Ils s'approchent par les voies de ravitaillement.
Eel sap prosh par lay voi duh rah vee ti mang.

This is a protected sentry beat.
C'est un chemin couvert.
Say tong shee mang koo ver.

It is only a ventilating shaft.
Elle n'est qu'une gaine d'aeration.
El nay keun gain dah ay rah see ong.

Behind us is the fortified town of X——.
Derriere nous est la ville fortifice.
Der ee air noo ay lah veel for tee fee ay.

The charging of the mines is done by picked soldiers.
Le chargement des mines est par des soldats d'elites.
Luh sharj mong day meen ay par day sol dat day leet.

This is a slow fuse; that, an instantaneous.
Ceci est un cordon Bickford; cela, un cordon porte-feu.
Seh see ay tong kor dong beek for; seh lah ong kor dong port fer.

They have blown up a wall.
Ils ont fait sauter un mur.
Eel zong fay soh tay ong mer.

Fire the mine.
Faites sauter la mine.
Fet soh tay lah meen.

Drain the other mine.
Assechez l'autre mine.
As saik ay lotr meen.

We will blow up that railway with petards.
Nous ferons sauter ce chemin de fer petardment.
Noo fer ong soh tay suh shee mang duh fair pay tard mong.

Set fire to those charges.
Mettez de feu ces charges.
Met tay duh fer say sharj.

This is the main branch, with listening branches between.
Ceci est le grand rameau avec des rameau d'ecoute.
Suh see ay luh grong rah moh ah vek rah moh day koot.

Dismantle the stone bridge.
Demantelez le pont de pierre.
Day man tel ay luh pong duh pee air.

They are building a wooden bridge over there.
Ils batirent un pont en bois la bas.
Eel bah tee rong ong pong tong bwah lah bah.

That looks to me like an aqueduct.
Cela me semble d'etre un pont aqueduc.
Suh lah muh sombl detr ong pong tak wee dook.

We are nearing the approach to the suspension bridge.
Nous nous approchons vers la rampe du pont suspendu.
Noo noo zap prosh ong vair lah romp deu pong seus pong deu.

Keep to the sidewalk.
Allez en le trottoir.
Al lay zong luh trot terr.

They have bridged the river.
Ils ont jete un pont sur la riviere.
Eel zong juh tay ong pong seur lah ree vee air.

NEW MEANS OF ATTACK AND DEFENSE

Nouveaux moyens d'attaque et de defense.
Noo voh mwoi en dat tak ay duh day fons.

Take your knuckle duster (trench bayonet).
Prenez votre baionnette courte de tranchee.
Pruh nay votr bah ee on net koort duh tron shay.

The Boches are using gas bombs.
Les Boches emploient des bombes asphyxiantes.
Lay Boash om plwah day bom zas feex ee ant.

Put on this smoke helmet.
Mettez cette cagoule.
Met tay set kah gool.

It will protect you from suffocating gas.
Elle vous gardera du gaz suffocant.
El voo gar der ah deu gaz seuf foh kan.

These are their appliances for asphyxiating gas.
Ceux sont leurs engins asphyxiants.
See err song lerr zong jan zas feex ee ant.

These pilot lights are a combined flare and parachute.
Ces feux pilotes sont fusee eclairante et parachute, tous les deux.
Say ferr pee loat song feu say ay clair ant ay pah rah shoot, too lay derr.

They are dropped to illuminate the ground.
Ils sont laisses tomber pour eclairer le terrain.
Eel song lez zay tom bay poor ay klair ay luh ter ran.

There goes an illuminating rocket.
Voila qu'elle part une fusee eclairante.
Vwah lah kel par teun feu say ay klair ant.

You will need goggles and a respirator.
Vous aurez soin de lunettes et d'un masque respirateur.
Voo zoh ray swong duh leu net ay dong mask res pee rah terr.

Look out for that gas shell.
Prenez garde de cet obus asphyxiant.
Pruh nay gar duh set oh beu zas feex ee an.

Watch the clouds of gas over there.
Regardez les nuages de gaz la.
Ruh gar day lay neu aj duh gaz lah.

Is this thing a liquid fire projector?
Cette chose, est-elle une pompe a jet de petrole enflamme?
Set shoz, ay tel eun pomp ah jet duh pay trol ong flam?

No, it is a flame projector.
Non, c'est un projecteur de flammes.
Nong, say tong pro jek terr duh flam.

He will fix the lead and cone of your rocket.
Il garnira votre fusee.
Eel gar neer ah votr feu zay.

That is incendiary gas.
Cela est gaz incendiaire.
Suh lah ay gaz ang son dee air.

They are using steel darts.
Ils emploient des fleches d'aero.
Eel zom plwah day flaysh dah air oh.

They are incendiary tablets.
Elles sont pastiles incendiaires.
El song pas teel zang son dee air.

What is your elevation point?
Quel est le point de pointage?
Kel ay luh pwan duh pwan taj?

Time that fuse.
Reglez cette-la fusee a temps.
Reg lay set lah feu say ah tom.

What does it register?
Combien repere-t-elle?
Kom bee ang ruh pair tel?

He has disabled that gun.
Il a mis cette piece hors de combat.
Eel ah mee set pee ace orr duh kom bah.

Put the gun out of sight.
Defilez la piece.
Day feel ay lah pee ace.

At what range did you hit that crest?
Avec quelle hausse battiez-vous cette crete?
Ah vek kel ohs bah tee ay voo set cret?

Find the range of that bomb.
Trouvez la distance de cette bombe.
Troo vay lah dees tons duh set bom.

What is the rate of fire?
Qu'est-ce que la cadence du tir?
Kes kuh lah kah dons deu teer?

What is the speed of fire?
Qu'est ce que la vitesse du tir?
Kes kuh lah vee tess deu teer?

TOOLS

Outils

Oo teel

In the trenches you will need these tools.
Dans les tranchees vous aurez besoin de ces outils.
Dan lay tron shay voo zoh ray buh zwan duh say zoo teel.

A pick and a shovel for digging trenches.
Un pic et une pelle pour se retrancher.
Ong peek ay eun pel poor suh ruh tron shay.

Here is a combination of the two.
La voici tout les deux, une "pelle-pioche."
Lah vwah see too lay der, eun pel pee osh.

Here is an axe for felling trees.
Voici une hache.
Vwah see eun hash.

These nippers are used to cut wire.
Ces pinces coupantes on emploie a couper un fils de fer
Say panss koo pant zong om plwah ah koo pay ong feel duh fair.

You'll find them useful for wire entanglements.
Vous les trouverez utiles pour fils de fer barbele.
Voo lay troo ver ay zeu teel poor feel duh fair bar be lay.

Here is a saw.
Voici une scie.
Vwah see eun see.

Look at this spade.
Regardez cette beche.
Ruh gar day set baysh.

BILLETING THE TROOPS

Logement des troupes

Loj mong day troop

There are billets with and without subsistence.
Il y a des billets de logement avec nourriture, et sans nourriture.
Eel ee ah day bil let duh loj mong ah vek noor it eur, ay song noor it eur.

Have you billets with partial subsistence only?
Avez-vous des billets avec nourriture partielle?
Ah vay voo day bil let zah vek noor it eur par tee al?

Last night we went into our billets.
Hier soir nous avons prit possession du cantonnement.
Ee air swar noo zah vong pree pos ses see ong deu kan ton mong.

When shall they evacuate their billets?
Quand quitteront-ils le cantonnement?
Kant keet er on teel luh kan ton mong?

This is the billeting area which has been allotted.
C'est les lieux de cantonnement qu'on a repartis.
Say lay lee err duh kan ton mong kon ah ruh par tee.

Where is the list showing the billeting accommodations?
Ou est les etats de cantonnement?
Oo ay lay zay tat duh kan ton mong?

This pond has been allotted as a watering place.
On a assigne cet etang un abreuvoir.
Ong ah as see n(y)ay set ay tang eun ah brerr vwah.

Is this water good to drink?
L'eau, est-elle potable?
Loh, ay tel poh tabl?

You will have lodging allowance and horse allowance.
Vous aurez indemnite de logement, et de monture.
Voo zoh ray ang daim nee tay duh loj mong ay duh mong teur.

How many soldiers were billeted here last time?
Combien y a-t-il de soldats qui ont loge ici la derniere fois?
Kong bee ang ee ah teel duh sol dat kee ong loh jay ee see lah dair nee air fwah?

Where are the officers billeted?
Ou sont cantonnes les officiers?
Oo song can ton nay lay zof fis ee ay?

Have you any stables for the horses?
Avez-vous des ecuries pour les chevaux?
Ah vay voo day zay kew ree poor lay shev oh?

Have you any sick?
Y a-t-il des malades?
Ee ah teel day mahl ad?

Where can we establish the kitchens?
Ou peut-on etablir les cuisines?
Oo perr tong ay tab leer lay kwee zeen?

It is an act of war.
C'est un fait de guerre.
Say tong fay duh gerr.

Your claims will have to be investigated.
Il y aura une enquete sur vos reclamations.
Eel ee oh rah eun ong ket seur voh rek lam ah see ong.

They will pay you an indemnity for that.
On vous payera l'indemnite.
Ong voo pay err ah lang daim nee tay.

Are these private premises?
Est-que c'est immeuble particulier?
Es kuh say ang merbl par tih kew l(y)ay?

You must see the claims officer.
Il vous faut voyer l'officier charge des reclamations.
Eel voo foh vwah yay lof fee see a yshar jay day ray klah mah see ong.

He attends to all adjustments of claims.
Il fait tous les reglements des reclamations.
Eel fay too lay raigl mong day ray klah may see ong.

We will purchase these supplies on contract.
Nous acheterons ces marches de gre a gre.
Noo zash tay rong say mar shay duh gray ah gray.

It is your duty to examine all supplies.
C'est votre devoir examiner des marches.
Say votr duh vwah ex ah mee nay day mar shay.

What are the modifications to the contract?
Quelles sont les modifications au traite?
Kel song lay mod if ee kah see ong zoh tray tay?

The last delivery was too late.
La derniere livraison etait trop tard.
Lah dair nee air lee vri song ay tay troh tar.

Here is the central requisition office.
Voici le bureau de reglement des requisitions.
Vwah see luh beu roh duh raigl mong day rek wee zee see ong.

Can you fodder a hundred horses?
Pouvez-vous donner du forrage aux cent chevaux?
Poo vay voo don nay deu for raj oh sont shev oh?

The artillery is without question the deadliest force in the present conflict of nations. It represents not the struggle between great companies of men, as does the infantry; not the pitting of a single man's skill against another man's prowess, as in the case of the one-man battles in the air.

It represents the force of one man, or at the most, of a few men—if the observers and the scouting balloonists and mathematicians are to be reckoned in—directed against whole regiments of men—hundreds, maybe thousands.

Science has wrought wondrous changes. The artillery of the present war is to that used in all preceding wars what a giant would be to a pigmy.

It is, indeed, a world battle between iron giants.

COMMANDS (ARTILLERY)

Commandements (L'artillerie)
Kom mand mong (Lar teel air ee)

Form line!
Formez-vous par groupes!
For may voo par groop!

Advance in battery column, from the center, walk, march!
Alignement sur le centre et en avant!
Ah leen(y) mong serr luh sontr ay ong ah vong!

Advance in column!
Avancez par colonne!
Ah vong say par kol lon!

Right, take ground!
Obliquez!
Oh blee kay.

Action front!
Feu en avant!
Ferr ong ah vong!

Action rear!
Feu en arriere!
Ferr ong ah ree air!

Stand fast! Halt!
Halte au feu! Halte-la!
Alt oh ferr! Alt lah!

Who goes there?
Qui vive?
Kee veev?

Advance one and give the countersign!
Halte-la, avance au railliement!
Alt lah, ah vong soh ral ee mong!

ARTILLERY

L'artillerie
Lar teel air ee

The ammunition wagons are in the rear.
Les caissons sont en arriere.
Lay ki song song tong ah ree air.

Cover the trenches of the enemy with falling projectiles.
Garnissez les tranchees de l'ennemi.
Gar nee say lay tron shay duh len nay mee.

That is the error of the day.
Ceci est la hausse du jour.
Seh see ay lah hoas deu joor.

Give us the elevation.
Donnez nous la hausse.
Don nay noo lah hoas.

What was the height of the burst of that shell?
Quelle etait la hauteur d'eclatement de cet obus?
Kel ay tay lah hoh terr day klat mong duh set oh beu?

That is the target.
Cela est le point de pointage.
Suh lah ay luh pwan duk pwan taj.

The control of the fire is way off.
Le reglage du tir est bien mal.
Luh ray glaj deu teer ay bee ong mal.

Time the fuse.
Reglez la fusee a temps.
Ray glay lah feu zay ah tong.

Their fire is sweeping our trenches.
C'est un tir fauchant notres tranchees.
Say tong teer foh shong notr tron shay.

Find the distance.
Trouvez la distance.
Troo vay lah dis tons.

We have disabled the guns.
Nous avons mis les pieces hors de combat.
Noo zah vong mee lay pee ace orr duh kom bah.

Put the gun out of sight.
Defilez la piece.
Day fee lay lah pee ace.

At what range did you hit this crest?
Avec quelle hausse battez-vous cette crete?
Ah vek kel hoas bat tay voo set krait?

Did they skim the parapet?
Ont-ils ecrete le parapet.
Ong teel ay crait ay luh par ah pet?

Now set the sight.
Maintenant, determinez la hausse.
Mant nong, day tair meen ay lah hoas.

There is an error in the direction (lateral deviation).
Il y a un ecart.
Eel ee ah ong ay kar.

There is an error in the range (longitudinal).
Il y a un ecart en portee.
Eel ee ah ong ay kar tong por tay.

We are moving a battery.
Nous deplacons une batterie.
Noo day plah song zeun bat tair ee.

What is the distribution of the fire?
Quelle est la dispersion du tir?
Kel ay lah diz pair see ong deu teer?

That was a hit.
Cela etait un coup au but.
Sul lah ay tay tong koo oh beu.

Is that the mounted brigade?
Cela, est-il le groupe monte?
Suh lah, ay teel luh groop mon tay?

We are under direct fire.
Nous sommes sous le tir direct.
Noo som soo luh teer dee rek.

That one registered short.
C'etait tir de reglage court.
Say tay teer duh ray glaj koor.

That registered over.
C'etait tir de reglage court.
Say tay teer duh ray glaj koor.

That shot was straddling.
C'etait tir de reglage encadrant.
Say tay teer duh ray glaj ong kah dron.

That one hit!
Cela etait tir de reglage au but!
Suh lah ay tay teer duh ray glaj oh beu.

Fire without alteration of elevation.
Tir sur hausse unique.
Teer seu hoas eu neek.

Fire by salvos at varying ranges.
Tir par salves echelonnes.
Teer par salv ay kel on nay.

That is only time fuse practice.
Cela n'est que le tir fusant.
Suh lah nay kuh luh teer feu san.

That is searching fire.
C'est un tir fouillant un terrain.
Say tong teer fwee lon tong ter ran.

Cavalry is being less used in the present campaign probably than it has been in all previous warfare. That is largely because in a war fought under ground and in the air and under the water, there is comparatively little chance for the equestrian of the past.

All the heavy trucking and the moving of the wounded from the field of battle to base hospitals, once performed by heavy draft horses or fleet carriage horses, is now entirely taken over by powerful motor trucks.

The chief way in which the cavalry is used, when it is employed at all, is in the scouting service.

COMMANDS (CAVALRY)

Commandements (Cavalrie)
Kom mand mong (Kah val ree)

Prepare to mount, mount!
A cheval!
Ah shuh val!

In motion!
En marche!
Ong marsh!

Left wheel!
A gauche!
Ah goash!

Right wheel!
A droite!
Ah drwat!

Right about wheel!
Demi-tour a droite!
Day mee toor ah drwat!

On the haunches, left turn!
Cavaliers, a gauche!
Kah vah l(y)ay, ah goash!

On the haunches, right turn!
Cavaliers, a droite!
Kah vah l(y)ay ah drwat!

At rest!
Sur place!
Serr plas!

Draw swords!
Sabre, main!
Sahbr, man!

Carry swords!
Presentez sabre!
Pray song tay sahbr!

Return swords!
Remettez sabre!
Ruh met tay sahbr!

Slope swords!
Portez sabre!
Por tay sahbr!

Advance by sections, from the right, march!
Par la droite par quatre!
Par lah drwat par katr!

The regiment will advance, march!
Regiment en avant!
Ray jee mong tong ah van!

Pace! Trot! Canter!
Au pas! Au trot! Au galop!
Oh pah! Oh troh! Oh gah loh!

Gallop! Charge!
Au galop allonge! Charge!
Oh gah loh al long jay! Sharj!

Leading section, right wheel, march!
Premier peleton, oblique a droite!
Preh mee ay peh loh tong, oh bleek ah drwah!

Reform squadrons!
Rassemblement!
Ras sombl mong!

Dismount!
Pied a terre!
Pee ay ah tair!

CAVALRY

La Cavalrie
Lah kah val ree

Have you stables for the horses?
Avez-vous des ecuries pour les chevaux?
Ah vay voo day zay keu ree poor lay shev oh?

Is there any grazing place?
Y a-t-il un pasturage?
Ee ah teel ong pas teur aj?

My horse is lame.
Mon cheval est boiteux.
Mong shev al ay bwah toh.

He has a strained tendon.
Il a un effort de tendon.
Eel ah ong ef for duh ton dong.

Is there a veterinary in the village?
Y a-t-il un veterinaire dans le village?
Ee ah teel ong vay tay ree nair dong luh veel aj?

Boy, bring a watering bucket.
Garcon, enportez un seau d'abreuvoir.
Gar song, om por toh zong soh dah brer vwar.

Have you some saddle soap?
Avez-vous de savon pour harnachement?
Ay vay voo duh sah vong poor har nash mong?

I have lost mine.
J'ai perdu le mien.
Jay pair deu luh mee ang.

Look in my wallets.
Cherchez dans mes sacoches d'arcon.
Shair shay dong may sah kosh dar song.

We saw a hay rack in your stable.
Nous avons vu un ratelier dans votre ecurie.
Noo zah vong veu ong rah tal(y)ay dong votr ay keu ree.

We also passed some hay ricks on the way.
Nous avons passe des meules de foin aussi en route.
Noo zah vong pas say day merl duh fwan oh see ong root.

Have you poultry also?
Avez-vous des volaille aussi?
Ah vay voo day voh li oh see?

What is the matter with his bit?
Le mors, qu'a-t-il?
Luh mor, kah teel?

There is some fodder in his nose-bag.
Il y a de fourrage dans la musette-mangeoire.
Eel ee ah duh foo raj dong lah meu zet mong jwar.

Tighten the saddle.
Bandez la selle.
Bon day lah sel.

Give him a good rub down.
Le bouchonnez bien.
Luh boo shon nay bee ang.

Put a bridle on him.
Lui mettez la bride.
Leu ee met tay lah breed.

Is this a shy horse?
Ceci, est-il un cheval ombrageux?
Suh see, ay teel ong shev al om brah jerr?

Hand over the back cover.
Donnez-moi la couverture.
Don nay mwah lah koo vair teur.

Where are the stirrup leathers?
Les etrivieres, ou sont-elles?
Lay zay tree vee air, oo song tel?

He is a picked charger.
Il est cheval d'armes d'elit.
Eel ay chev al darm day leet.

That one is a pack horse.
Cela est un cheval de bat.
Suh lah ay tong shev al duh bat.

I want to get my horse shod.
Je voudrais bien faire ferrer cheval.
Juh voo dray bee ang fair fer ray luh shev al.

Have him rough shod.
Faites le ferrer a glace.
Fet luh fer ray ah glas.

Hold the stirrup.
Tenez l'etrier.
Ten ay lay tree ay.

Look for the horseshoe nail.
Cherchez le clou a ferrer.
Shair shay luh kloo ah fer ray.

THE NAVY

La Marine
Lah mah reen

Fire!
Au feu!
Oh ferr!

A leak!
Une voie d'eau!
Eun vwah doh!

To the pumps!
Aux pompes!
Oh pomp!

A rope.
Une corde.
Eun kord.

To the rescue!
Au secours!
Oh suh koor!

The sea is calm.
La mer est calme.
Lah mair ay kahm.

There is a heavy sea.
La mer est houleuse.
Lah mair ay oo lerrz.

There is a rough sea.
La mer est agitee.
Lah mair ay ah jee tay.

There is a stormy sea.
La mer est furieuse.
Lah mair ay ferr ee errz.

A tremendous sea running.
La mer est demontee.
Lah mair ay day mong tay.

Here comes the storm.
Voila la tempete.
Vwah lah lah tom pait.

Do you think there is any danger?
Pensez-vous qu'il a du danger?
Pon say voo keel ee ah deu dong jay?

Of what?
De quoi?
Duh kwah?

Of a German submarine?
D'un torpilleur sous marin allemand.
Dong tor pee err soo mah rang al man?

That depends.
Ca depend.
Sah day pon.

The trip across will be long.
La traversee sera longue.
Lah tra vair say suh rah long.

There is a sailing ship.
Voila un navire a voile.
Vwah lah ong nah veer oh vwahl.

She is wooden.
Il est en bois.
Eel ay tong bwah.

No steel.
Non en acier.
Nong ong ah see ay.

There is land.
Voila la terre.
Vwah lah lah tair.

We approach the port of.
Nous nous approchons du port de.
Noo noo zah pro shong deu por duh.

We will land.
On va debarquer.
Ong vah day bar kay.

We have arrived.
Nous voila arrives.
Noo vwah lah ar ree vay.

Are you seasick?
Avez-vous le mal de mer?
Ah vay voo luh mal duh mair?

I am over it now.
Je ne l'ai plus maintenent.
Juh nuh lay pleu mant nong.

It is gloomy weather.
Il fait un temps gris.
Eel fay tong tom gree.

I see smoke.
Je vois de la fumee.
Juh vwah duh lah feu may.

It is from a torpedo boat or a destroyer.
C'est d'un torpilleur ou contre-torpilleur.
Say dong tor pee err oo kontr tor pee err.

It is an American or English one.
Il est un american ou anglais.
Eel ay tong ah may ree kang oo ong glay.

It is a hospital ship.
C'est un vaisseau hopital.
Say tong vais soh oh pee tal.

No, it is a tramp steamer.
Non, c'est un navire marchand d'aventure.
Nong, say tong nah veer mar shan dah vong teur.

Making the harbor.
Entree au port.
Ong tray oh por.

They lower the gangway.
On fait decendre la passerelle de debarquement.
Ong fay day sondr lah pas suh rel duh day bark mong.

We are entering port.
Nous prendrons port.
Noo prong drong por.

Cast off!
Rejetez!
Ruh jet ay!

Look out for floating mines.
Prenez garde de les mines flottantes.
Pruh nay gar duh lay meen flot tant.

That is a troop ship.
Cela est un transport de guerre.
Suh lah ay tong tranz por duh gair.

We are Jack Tars.
Nous sommes des marins de l'Etat.
Noo som day mah rang duh lay tah.

AIRPLANE SERVICE

Le service d'aeroplane
Luh sair vees dah air oh plan

The airplane service is the most modern aspect of the war. The service is, generally speaking, divided into three branches:

That of scouting, for which the *avion de reconnaissance* is employed.

The bombarding, which is done by heavy, unwieldy machines called *avions de bombardement.*

And the fighting planes, most of them of the Newport model, called *les avions de chasse or de combat.*

Start up the engine.
Mettez en marche la machine.
Met tay ong marsh lah mah sheen.

Put on your goggles.
Mettez vos lunettes.
Met tay voh leu net.

Now take your seat and grasp the wheel.
Maintenant, asseyez-vous et tenez le volant.
Mant nong, as say ay voo ay ten ay luh voh lan.

Have you a repair outfit?
Avez-vous le necessaire de reparation?
Ah vay voo luh nay ses sair duh rep ar ah see ong?

You'll need it if you land within the enemy's lines.
Vous en aurez soin si vous faissiez un atterissage dans les lignes de l'ennemi.
Voo zong oh ray swong see voo fez see ay zong at tair ee saj dong lay leen duh len nay mee.

I have everything but some oil.
Je ne manque que l'huile.
Juh nuh mank kuh lweel.

Put in the oil can.
Mettez le bidon dans le pacquet.
Met tay luh bee dong dong luh pah ket.

Keep your eye on the recording altimeter.
Suivez des yeux l'altimetare enregistrer.
Swee vay day z(y)err lal tee maitr ong rej ees tray.

Keep hold of the joy stick (control).
Tenez bon du palonnier.
Ten ay bong deu pah lon n(y) ay.

My speed indicator won't work.
Mon enregistreur de vitesse est hors de combat.
Mong ong rej ees trerr duh vee tess ay or duh kom bah.

What is the matter with the shock absorber?
L'amortisseur, qu'a-t-il?
Lah mor tis serr, kah teel?

We start at daybreak.
Nous partons a la pointe du jour.
Noo par tong ah lah pwant deu joor.

It is time to start, monsieur.
C'est l'heure, monsieur.
Say lerr, mes s(y)err.

Here comes the boss.
Mon patron arrive.
Mong pah trong ah reev.

I'm going inside the plane shed.
Je vais dans le hangar.
Juh vay dong luh han gar.

I want to make a record trip today.
Je voudrais bien etablir un record aujour d'hui.
Juh voo dray bee ong ay tab leer ong ruh cor oh joor dwee.

Are you taking passengers?
Prenez-vous des passagers?
Pruh nay voo day pas sah jair?

Only the observer goes along with the pilot.
Personne que l'observateur ne s'en va avec le pilote.
Pair son kuh lob sair vah terr nuh song vah ah vek luh pee loat.

Those chaps are just learning to fly.
Ces garcons la sont students pilotes.
Say gar song lah song steu dont pee loat.

He'll be a crackerjack pilot, all right!
Il sera un ace en effet!
Eel ser ah ong ahs ong ef fay!

There she goes in full flight across country.
Voila qu'elle part en plein vol a travers champ.
Vwah lah kel par ong plen vol ah trah vair sham.

Don't fly too high.
Ne montez pas trop haut.
Nuh mong tay pah troh ho.

You'll get the anti-aircraft guns.
Vous vous exposerez au canons contre-avions.
Voo voo zex pos er ay oh kah nong kontr ah vee ong.

The shrapnel burst to the right far below.
L'obus a balles a tombe a droite bien au-dessous.
Loh beu zah bal zah tom bay ah drwah bee ang ohd soo.

The fog is too heavy, we'll be able to see nothing.
Le brouillard est trop, nous ne verrons rien.
Luh broo ee ar ay troh, noo nuh ver rong ree ang.

Through a break in the clouds I saw their lines.
Dans un eclairci des nuages, j'ai vu leurs lignes.
Dong zong ay klair see day neu aj, jay veu lerr leen.

Make for the aviation station.
Volez vers le port d'attache.
Vol ay vair luh por dat tash.

My gas is almost gone.
J' n'ai presque plus de petrol.
Juh nay presk pleu duh pet rol.

He must have had a breakdown.
Il faut qu'il a fait panne.
Eel foh keel ah fay pan.

That machine is hopelessly damaged.
Ce plan n'est plus reparable.
Suh plan nay pleu rep ar abl.

She is riddled with holes.
Il est rempli de balles.
Eel ay rom plee duh bal.

He looped the loop, turning turtle.
Il a boucle la boucle, en capotant.
Eel ah boo klay lah bookl, ong kah pee tong.

Then he righted himself.
Puis il a regagne l'equilibre.
Pwee eel ah ruh gan (y)ay lay kwee leebr.

He made a perfect landing.
Il a fait un atterrissage exactement.
Eel ah fay tong at tair ee saj ex act mong.

We pierced both top and lower planes.
Nous avons ajoure les plans superieurs et inferieurs.
Noo zah vong zah joor ay lay plan seu pay ree err ay ang fay ree err.

We have damaged her framework.
Nous avons fait hors de combat le fuselage.
Noo zah vong fay orr duh kom bah luh feu sel aj.

She fell rapidly and burst into flames.
Il est tombe rapidement, est eclate toute en flammes.
Eel ay tom bay rah peed mong, ay ak lah tee toot ong flam.

He executed a nose dive.
Il a pique du nez.
Eel ah pee kay deu nez.

That hydro airplane is volplaning down.
Ce hydroplan atterri en vol plane.
Suh hy dro plan at tair ree ong vol plah nay.

We have brought down a Boche airplane (Fokker).
Nous avons fait decendu un Fokker.
Noo zah vong fay day son deu ong fok ker.

That hydro airplane is skimming along the water.
Ce hydroplan effleure l'eau.
Suh hy-dro plan ef flerr loh.

Keep in the rear of the line of flight.
Restez a l'arriere de la ligne.
Ruh stay ah lah ree air duh lah leen.

Is he a member of an airplane squadron?
Est-il aviateur d'une escadrille d'aeroplanes?
Ay teel ah vee ah terr deun es kah dril dah air oh plan?

That chap holds the speed record.
Cet homme a etabli le record.
Set om ah ay tab lee luh rek kor.

He went half an hour ago.
Il est deja parti, il y a une demie heure.
Eel ay day jah par tee, eel ee ah eun day mee err.

Which way did he go?
Par ou passait-il?
Par oo pas ay teel?

He passed over the town.
Il passait par dessus la ville.
Eel pas say par des soo lah veel.

He went very high.
Il est monte bien haut.
Eel ay mon tay bee ang oh.

He is going to drop bombs on the railway.
Il va lancer des bombes sur le chemin de fer.
Eel vah long say day bomb seur luh she mang duh fair.

He brought down two machines yesterday.
Il a fait decendu deux machines hier.
Eel ah fay day son deu derr mah sheen ee air.

He is coming down.
Il descend.
Eel day son.

He is going to make a landing down there.
Il va faire un atterrissage la bas.
Eel vah fair ong at tair ree saj lah bah.

It is good ground, well cleared.
C'est un bon terrain, bien denude.
Say tong bong ter ran, bee ang day neu day.

He was killed by falling.
Il est broye sur le sol.
Eel ay broi yay seur le sol.

When shall we make a flight? Tomorrow.
Quand ferrons nous une ascension? Demain.
Kan fer rong noo zeun ak son see ong? Duh mang.

It was not a fatal fall.
Ce n'est pas une chute mortelle.
Suh nay pah eun shoot mor tel.

The machine was badly wrecked.
La machine est bien avariee.
Lah mah seen ay bee ang ah vah ree ay.

What is the power of suspension of the machine?
Quel est le pouvoir de suspension de la machine?
Kel ay luh poo vwahr duh sus pon see ong duh lah mah sheen?

Yes, I am going now.
Oui, je vais partir.
Wee, juh vay par teer.

He is landing on the water.
Il descend sur l'eau.
Eel day son seur loh.

It is a dirigible of the rigid type.
C'est un dirigeable rigide.
Say tong deer ee geebl ree jeed.

What is the atmospheric pressure?
Quelle est la pression atmospherique?
Kel ay lah pres see ong at mos fay reek?

There are three sorts of planes.
Il y a trois sortes de plans.
Eel ee ah trwah sort duh plan.

The reconnoitering plane, which goes scouting.
L'avion-de reconnaissance, qui va en eclaireur.
Lah vee ong duh ruk kon nay songs, kee vah ong ay klair err.

The bombing plane.
L'avion de bombardement.
Lah vee ong duh bom bard mong.

And the Newport, a fighting plane.
Et le Nieuport, avion de chasse.
Ay luh neu por, ah vee ong duh shass.

One hundred meters high.
Un centain de metres.
Ong son tain duh maitr.

That is a different sort.
Cela est d'une sorte differente.
Suh lah ay deun sort dee fay ront.

It is a range registering plane.
C'est un avion de reglage de tir d'artillerie.
Say tong ah vee ong duh ray glaj duh teer dar til lair ee.

It was driven by that man.
Il est actionne par cet homme.
Eel ay ak see on nay par set om.

It is fitted with a stabilizer.
Il est monte avec un stabilisateur de queue.
Eel est mon tay ah vek ong stah bee lee zah terr duh keu.

They are filling the balloon now.
Ils gonflent le ballon maintenant.
Eel gonfl luh bal long mant nong.

Let her go! Keep her aloft.
Lachez-tout! Tenez l'air.
Lah shay too! Ten nay lair.

This is only a feeler (trial balloon).
C'est un ballon d'essai, seulement.
Say tong bal long des say, serl mong.

They are also sending up a sausage (captive balloon).
Ils font ascendu aussi un ballon captif.
Eel fong tas son deu oh see ong bal long kap teef.

We saw some homing pigeons.
Nous avons vu des pigeons voyageurs.
Noo zah vong veu day pee j(y)ong vwah yah jerr.

Which way were they going?
Par ou passaient-ils?
Par oo pas say teel?

Towards the north, south, east, west.
Vers le nord, le sud, l'est, l'ouest.
Vair luh nor, luh soo, lest, lwest.

What is the matter with the hydrogen tube?
Le tube d'hydrogene, qu'a-t-il?
Luh teub di dro jain, kah teel?

What is the lifting capacity of that one?
Quel est le pouvoir acsensionnel de cela?
Kel ay luh poo vwah ak son see oh nal duh suh lah?

What is the line of flight?
Quelle est la ligne de vol?
Kel ay lah leen duh vol?

He is drifting in the air.
Il derape dans l'air.
Eel day rap dong lair.

We are nearing the balloon grounds.
Nous nous aprochons la section d'aerostiers.
Noo noo zah pro shong lah sek see ong dah ree os tee ay.

They have dropped bombs on the bridge.
Ils ont jete des bombes sur le pont.
Eel zong jüh tay day bom seur luh pong.

AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHY

La photographie aerienne
Lah foh tog rah fee ah ay ree en

Here is the speed indicator.
Voici le marqueur automatique.
Vwah see luh mar kerr aw toh mah teek.

You can't give a time exposure.
Il n'est pas possible une cliche pose.
Eel nay pah pos seebl eun klee kay poh say.

They are all snapshots.
Ils sont tous cliquets.
Eel song too klee kay.

Was the shutter closed or open?
Le volet, etait-il ferme ou ouverte?
Luh voh lay, ay tay teel fair may oo oo vairt?

This one is under-exposed.
Ceci est sous expose.
Seh see ay soo zek spoh zay.

This is over-exposed.
Ceci est sur expose.
Seh see ay serr ek spoh zay.

Take them to the dark room.
Les apportez au laboratoire.
Lay zap por tay oh lah bor rah twar.

Have them developed and prints made.
Faites les etre developper, et des impressions faits.
Fet lay zetr day vel loh pay ay day zam pres see ong fay.

Give me an enlargement of this.
Donnez-moi an agrandissement de ceci.
Don nay mwah ong ag gron dees mong duh suh see.

Make it four times the original size.
Faites cela quatres fois plus grand.
Fet suh lah katr fwah pleu gron.

Let me see your lens.
Me permittez de voir votre objectif.
Muh pair met tay duh vwar votr ob jek teef.

Where are the negatives?
Ou est les cliches?
Oo ay lay klee shay?

Try to fade it out.
Essayez de le jaunir.
Ess ay ay duh luh joh neer.

VOCABULARY

Vocabulaire
Voh kab eu lair

English	French	Pronunciation
Absence (leave of)	un conge	ong kong jay
Accuracy of fire	la justesse du tir	lab jeus tess deu teer
Accusation	une accusation	eun ak keu zah see ong
An act (heroic)	une action d'eclat	eun ak see ong day klab
Action (an)	un combat, un engagement	ong kom bah, ong ong gaj mong
Advance	une marche en avant	ong marsb ong ah vong
(Advance in) close order	ordre serre	ordr ser ray
(Advance in) extended order	ordre disperse	ordr dees palr say
Advanced depot	depot avance (m)	day po ab von say
Aerial torpedo	une torpille aerienne	eun tor peel ah ay ree en
Alarm	une alerte	eun ah lairt
Allowance	une indemnite	eun ang dem nee tay
Ambuscade	une embuscade	eun am beus kahd
Ammunition	munitions	meu nee see ong
Angle	l'angle	longe
Angle of a slope	la pente	lah pahnt
Aperture	l'ouverture (f)	loo vair teur
Apparatus	l'appareil (m)	lap par ay
Approach	l'approche (f)	lap prosh
Area of the ground	l' etendue du terrain (f)	lay tong deudeuter ran
Arm	une arme	eun arm
Arm (breech loading)	arme se chargeant par la culasse	arm suh shar jong par lah keu lass
Armament	l'armement (m)	lar mub mong
Armor plated	blinde	blang day
Armory	une caserne (infantry) un quartier (Art. Cav.)	eun kah zairn ong kar tee ay
Arms	les armes	lay zarm
Army	l'armee (f)	lar may
Army standing	l'armee permanente	lar may palr may nont
An arrest	une arrestation	eun ah res tah see ong
Angle of site	l'angle de site	longl duh seet
Artilleryman	un artilleur	ong ar tee err
Asphyxiating shell	obus asphyxiant	oh beu zabs feex ee an
Assembly	le rassemblement	lub ras sombl mong
Attack	l'attaque (f)	lat tak
Axe	une bache	eun ash
Back sight	la hausse	la hoas
Bag	un sac	ong sak
Sand bag	un sac de terre	ong sak duh tair
Bakery	une boulangerie	eun boo long jay ree
Ball	une balle	eun bahl
Balloon	un ballon	ong bah long
Balloon captive	un ballon captif	ong bab long kap teef
Band	la musique	lah meu zeek
Bandsman	un musicien	ong meu zee see ong
Bar	un levier	ong leb vee ay
Barbed wire	fils de fer barbeles (m)	fees dub fair bar bel ay
Barracks	une caserne	eun kah zairn
Barrel (rifle)	un canon	ong kab nong
Base	une base	eun bass
Battalion	un bataillon	ong bat ti ong
Battery	une batterie	eun bat tair ee
Battle	une bataille	eun bab tab ee
Bayonet	une baionnette	ong bah ee oh net

English	French	Pronunciation
Bayonet drill	l'escrime a la balonnette	les kreem ah lab bab ee ob net
Birth certificate	un acte de naissance	ong akt du nay sonss
Bit	un mors	ong mor
Blade	une lame	eun lam
Blind alley	un cul-de-sac	ong keul duh sak
Body	le corps	luh kor
Bombard (to)	bombarder	bom bar day
Booty	le butin	luh beu tang
Bore	l'ame (f)	lahm
Boring machine	la perceuse	lab pair serrz
Bottle (water)	un bidon	ong bee dong
Breech	une culasse	eun keu las
Bridge	un pont	ong pong
Bridle	une bride	une breed
Bugle	un clairon	ong klair ong
Bugle call	un appel	ong ap pel
Bullet	une balle	eun bahl
Bull's eye	un rigodon	ong ree goh dong
Button	un bouton	ong boo tong
Bush	un buisson	ong bwee song
Camp	un camp	ong kom
Camp kettle, pot	la marmite	lah mar meet
Camp-oven	le four de campagne	luh foor du kom pan
Camp streets	les ruelles (f)	lay reu el
Cannon shot	un coup de canon	ong koo du kah nong
Canteen	la cantine	lah kan teen
Cartridge	une cartouche	eun kar toosh
Casualties	les pertes (f)	lay pairt
Cavalry man	un soldat de cavalerie	ong sol dah duh kahval ree
Chaplain	un aumonier	ong oh mon yay
Charge	une charge	eun shaj
Chin strap	une jugulaire	eun jeu geu lair
In civilian clothes	en civil	ong see veel
Clearing station	station-magasin	stat see ong mah gah zang
Coat (skin of horse)	la robe	lah roab
Column	une colonne	eun koh lon
Command	un commandement	ong kom mand mong
Committee	un comite	ong kom ee tay
Company	une compagnie	eun kom pab nee
Compliments	rendre les honneurs	rondr lay zon nerr
Contractor	un fournisseur	ong foor nee serr
Cook	un cuisinier	ong kwee zeen yay
Copper	le cuivre	leh kweevr
Cot	un chalit	ong sbah lee
Counter attack	une contre-attaque	eun kontr at tak
Court martial	un conseil de guerre	ong kon say dub gair
Cover	un couvert	ong koo vair
Cross	une croix	eun krwah
Red Cross	la Croix de Geneve	lah krwah duh jen aiv
Croup (horse)	la croupe	lab kroop
Crow bar	un levier	ong lee vee ay
Cuirass	une cuirasse	eun kwee rass
Currycomb	une etrille	eun et ree
Defence works	les travaux de defense	lay trah voh duh dayfongs
Defeat	une defaite	eun day fet
Demolition fire	le tir de demolition	luh teer duh day mohlee see ong
Department	le service	luh sair vees
Departmental	administratif	ad mee nee strah teef

English	French	Pronunciation
Deploy	deployer	day plwah yay
Despatch	une depeche	eun day pesh
Detonator	un detonateur	ong day ton ah terr
Dike	une digue	eun deeg.
Dirk	poignard (m)	pwon yar
Dismount!	pied a terre!	pee ay ah tair!
Ditch	un fosse	ong foss say
Division	une division	eun dee vee see ong
Dragoon	un dragon	ong drah gong
Dress	la tenue	lah ten eu
Drill	l'exercice (m)	lex air sees
Drum	un tambour	ong tam boor
Dug out	un abri enterre	ong ah bree ong tair ay
Edge	le tranchant	luh tron shong
Emergency brake	le frein de secours	luh fran duh suh koor
Engine (steam)	une machine a vapeur	eun mah sheen ah vah perr
Evacuate	evacuer	ay vak eu ay
Factory (gun)	fonderie des canons (f)	fong dair ee day kahnong
False alarm	une fausse alerte	eun foas ah lairt
Fatigue duty	la corvee (f)	lah kor vay
Fencing	l'escrime (f)	les kreem
Field	le champ	luh sham
Fight	le combat	luh kom bah
File	la file	lah feel
Finger print	empreinte digitale (f)	on prant dee jee tahl
Fire	le feu, le tir	luh ferr, luh teer
Flag	la drapeau	luh drah poh
Fodder	fourrage (m)	foo raj
Forces	les troupes (f)	lay troop
Fork (of roads)	bifurcation (f)	bee foor kah see ong
Fort	un fort	ong for
Forward	en avant	ong ah vong
Front	le front	luh frong
Fuel	combustible (m)	kom boos teebl
Furlough	un conge	ong kong jay
Fuze	une fusee	eun feu zay
Garrison	une garnison	eun gar nee zong
Gate	la porte	lah port
Goggles	lunettes (f)	leu net
Governor	le gouverneur	luh goo vair nerr
Grain	un grain	ong gran
Guard	la garde, le poste	lah gard, luh post
Gunner	un canonnier	ong kah nong nee ay
Gun pit	emplacement de piece (m)	omplas mong duh pee ace
Halter	un licol	ong lee kol
Hammer (gun)	le chien	luh shee en
Hammer (trip)	un marteau pilon	ong mar toh pee long
Hammer	le marteau	luh mar toh
Helmet	un casque	ong kask
Horse	un cheval	ong shee val
Horsehair	le crin	luh krang
Hospital	l'hopital (m)	loh pee tal
Hut	une baraque	eun bah rak
Ignite	mettre le feu	metr luh ferr
Induction coil	une bobine d'induction	eun boh been dang deuk see ong

English	French	Pronunciation
Inspection	une inspection, une revue	eun ang spek see ong, eun reh veu
Joint	un articulation	ong ar teek eu lah see ong
Judge	un advocate	ong ad voh kat
Key	une clef	eun klef
Kind (style or make)	une espece	eun es pess
Knot	un noeud	ong neud
Ladder	une echelle	eun es shel
Leakage (gas)	une fuite	eun foo eet
Lubricator	un lubrificateur	ong leu bree fee kah terr
Machine gun	une mitrailleuse	eun mee tri errz
Magazine	un magasin	ong mag ah zang
Map	une carte	eun kart
March	une marche	eun marsh
Medical kit	cantine medicale (f)	kan teen may dee kal
Metal jacket (machine gun)	le manchon metallique	luh mong shong met ahl eek
Mine	une mine	eun meen
Missile	un projectile	ong pro jek teel
Misdemeanor	un delit	ong day lee
Missing (unaccounted for)	manquant	mong kong
Mortar	un mortier	ong mor t(y)ay
Mouth or muzzle (big gun)	la bouche	lah boosh
Muster	une revue	eun ruh veu
Nails	les clous (m)	lay kloo
Net	un filet	ong fee lay
Nurse	une infirmiere	eun ang fair mee air
Officer	un officier	ong of fee see ay
On oath	sous la foi du serment	soo lah fwah deu sairmong
Opening	une ouverture	eun oo vair teur
Outpost	un avant-poste	ong ah vong post
Pace	le pas	luh pah
Pack (for horse)	le bat	luh bat
Parade	une revue	eun ruh veu
Parole	le mot d'ordre	luh moh dordr
Pass	un billet	ong bee ay
Password	le mot d'ordre	luh moh dordr
Pay	la solde	lah sold
Picked	choisi	shwah zee
Picket	un petit poste	ong peh tee post
Pouch	une cartouchiere	eun kar too shee air
Powder	la poudre a canon	lah poodr ah kah nong
Practice (shooting)	une ecole a feu (artillery) un exercise de tir (infantry)	eun ay kol ah ferr ong ek sair sees duh teer
Prison	la prison	lah pree zong
Prisoner	un prisonnier	ong pree zon ee ay
Private	un simple soldat	ong sampl sol dah
Promotion	l'avancement	lah vons mong
Proof	une epreuve	eun ay preuv
Quarter	un quartier	ong kar tee ay
Quartermaster General	le Sous-Chef d'Etat-Major	luh soo shef day tah mah joor

English	French	Pronunciation
Rank	rang, grade (m)	rong, grahd
Rapid fire gun	un canon a tir rapide	ong kah nong ah teer rah peed
Ration	une ration	eun rah see ong
Rear	les derrieres (m)	lay dair ee air
	l'arriere	lah ree air
Rear guard	l'arriere garde (f)	lah ree air gard
Re-enlist	rengager	rong gah jay
Regiment	un regiment	ong ray jee mong
Regular	les hommes de l'armie activ	lay zom duh lar may ak teev
Recruit	une recrue	ong ruh kreu
Reinforcements	les renforts (m)	lay rong fort
Relief (sentry)	releve	ruh laiv
Report	un rapport	ong rah por
Repulsed	repousse	ruh poos say
Requisition officer	officier charge des requisitions	of fees ee ay shar jay day ray kee see see ong
Reserve	une reserve	eun ray zairv see ong
Resign	donner sa demission	don nay sah day mees see ong
Respirator	une masque respiratoire	eun mask res peer ah twar
Retreat	une retraite	eun ruh trait
Revolver	un revolver	ong ray vol vair
Rifle	un fusil	ong feu see
Rifleman	un tireur	ong tee rerr
Right	la droite	lah drwat
Riot	une emeute	eun ay meut
Road	la route	lah root
Rocket	une fusee	eun feu zay
Rod	une tige	eun teeg
Roll call	l'appel (m)	lap pel
Rounds	la ronde	lah rond
Saddle	une selle	eun sel
Safe-conduct	un sauf conduit	ong sof kon dwee
Sally	une sortie	eun sor tee
Salute	un salut	ong sah leu
Scout	un eclaireur	ong ay klair err
Screen	un rideau	ong ree doh
Search-light	un projecteur electrique	ong prob jek terr ay lek treek
Secret service	le service d'espionnage	luh sair vees des pee oh naj
Sentry	la sentinelle	lah song tee nel
Sergeant	un sergent	ong sair jong
Service	le service	luh sair vees
Shell (shrapnel)	obus a balles	oh beaus ah bal
Shop	un atelier	ong ah tel yay
Shot	un coup de fusil	ong koo duh feu zee
Sidewalk	le trottoir	luh trot wahr
Snare	un guet-apens	ong get ah pong
Spying post	un abri de guetteur	ong ah bree duh get terr
Signal	un signal	ong seeg nal
Smoke	la fumee	lah feu may
Spade	une beche	eun besh
Spring	un ressort	ong res sort
Spy	un espion	ong es pee ong
Squad	une escouade	eun es kwad
Squadron	un escadron	ong es kah drong
Staff	l'etat-major	lay tah mah joor

English	French	Pronunciation
Steam	la vapeur	lah vah perr
Surrender	une reddition	eun red dee see ong
Sword	une epee, sabre (m)	eun eh pay, sabr
System of works	une groupe d'ouvrages	ong groop doo vraj
Target	une cible	eun seebl
Telegraph	le telegraphe	lah tay lay graf
Telephone	un telephone	ong tay lay foan
Tent	une tente	eun tont
Transport	convoi (m)	kon vwah
Trench	une tranchee	eun trong shay
Trigger	une detente	eun day tont
Uniform	un uniforme	ong eu nee form
Unload	dechargez	day shar jay
Up stream	en amont	ong ah mong
Volley	une decharge	eun day sharj
Wad	un bouchon	ong boo shong
Wagon	un fourgon	ong foor gong
Wall	un mur	ong meur
War	la guerre	lah gair
A whistle	un sifflet	ong seef flay
Wing	une aile	eun al
Wire	le fil de fer	luh feel duh fair
Wound	une blessure	eun bles seur
Work	l'ouvrage (m)	loo vraj
Zone	une zone	eun zohn

NUMERALS

Les numereaux

Lay neu mair oh

English	French	Pronunciation
1	un	ong
2	deux	derr
3	trois	trwah
4	quatre	katr
5	cinq	sank
6	six	see
7	sept	set
8	huit	weet
9	neuf	nerf
10	dix	dees
11	onze	onz
12	douze	dooz
13	treize	traiz
14	quatorze	kah torz
15	quinze	kanz
16	seize	saiz
17	dix-sept	dees set
18	dix-huit	dees zweet
19	dix-neuf	dees nerf
20	vingt	vant
21	vingt et un	van tay ong
22	vingt-deux	vant derr
23	vingt-trois	vant trwah
30	trente	tront
40	quarante	kah ront
50	cinquante	san kant
60	soixante	swah zont
70	soixante-dix	swah zont dees
80	quatre-vingts	katr vant
90	quatre-vingt-dix	katr vant dees
100	cent	sont
1,000	mille	meel
10,000	dix-mille	dees meel
100,000	cent mille	sont meel
The dozen	la douzaine	lah doo zain
The 100	la centaine	lah son tain
The 1,000	le mille	luh meel
The half	la moitie	lah mawh ee tay
The double	le double	luh doobl
The triple	le triple	luh treepl
The first	le premier	luh preem yay
The last	le dernier	luh dairn yay
The second	le second	luh suh gong
The third	le troisieme	luh trwah zee aim
The fourth	le quatrieme	luh kat ree aim
The fifth	le cinquieme	luh sonk yaim
The sixth	le sixieme	luh seez yaim
The twentieth	le vingtieme	luh vant yaim

THE DAYS

Les jours

Lay joor

English	French	Pronunciation
Monday	lundi	lun dee
Tuesday	mardi	mar dee
Wednesday	mercredi	mair kruh dee
Thursday	jeudi	jerr dee
Friday	vendredi	vong druh dee
Saturday	samedi	sah mee dee
Sunday	dimanche	dee mongsh

English	French	Pronunciation
It is Sunday	C'est dimanche.	say dee mongsh
Come on Monday.	Venez lundi.	vuh nay lun dee
I leave on Tuesday.	Je pars mardi.	juh par mar dee
Every Thursday	Tous les jeudis.	too lay jerr dee

THE MONTHS

Les Mois

Lay mwah

English	French	Pronunciation
January	janvier	jon vee ay
February	fevrier	fay vree ay
March	mars	mar
April	avril	ah vree
May	mai	may
June	juin	jwan
July	juillet	jwee lay
August	aout	ah oo
September	septembre	set ahmbr
October	octobre	ok tobr
November	novembre	noh vombr
December	decembre	day sombr
In January	en janvier	ong jon vee ay

TRADES AND PROFESSIONS

Des metiers

Day may t(y) ay

English	French	Pronunciation
A carpenter	un menuisier	ong men wee zyay
A saddler	un sellier	ong sel yay
A smith	un forgeron	ong for juh rong
A shoemaker	un cordonnier	ong kor don yay
A tailor	un tailleur	ong ti yerr
A butcher	un boucher	ong boo shay
A baker	un boulanger	ong boo long jay

PARTS OF THE BODY

Les membres du corps

Lay mombr deu kor

English	French	Pronunciation
The body	le corps	luh kor
The head	la tete	lah tait
The face	le visage	luh vee zaj
The forehead	le front	luh frong
The eye	l'oeil	leel
The eyes	les yeux	lay zyerr
The nose	le nez	luh nez
The ears	les oreilles	lay zor ay
The chin	le menton	luh mong tong
The beard	la barbe	lah barb
The mouth	la bouche	lah boosh
The lips	les levres	lay laivr
The tooth	la dent	lah don
The tongue	la langue	lah lang
The neck	le cou	luh koo
The shoulders	les epaules	lay zay pole
The arm	le bras	luh brah
The hand	la main	lah mang
The fingers	les doigts	lay dwat
The nails	les ongles	lay zongl
The chest	la poitrine	lah pwah treen
The heart	le coeur	luh koor
The knee	le genou	luh juh noo

English	French	Pronunciation
The leg	la jambe	lah jam
The foot	le pied	luh pee ay
The bones	les os	lay zoh

FAMILY RELATIONSHIPS

Les relations de la famille

Lay ray lah see ong duh lah fah meel

English	French	Pronunciation
The father	le pere	luh pair
The mother	la mere	lah mair
The cousin	le cousin	luh koo zang (m)
	lah cousine	lah koo zeen (f)
The marriage	le mariage	luh mah ree aj
The aunt	la tante	lah tant
The uncle	l'oncle	lonkl
The brother	le frere	luh frair
The sister	la soeur	lah serr
The daughter	la fille	lah feel
The son	le fils	luh fees
The child	l'enfant	long fong
Husband	le mari	luh mah ree
Wife	la femme	lah fohm
Lady	une dame	eun dahm
Girl	une fille	eun feel
Boy	un garcon	ong gar song
Widow	une veuve	eun verrv
Sir, Mr.	Monsieur	mes s(y) err
Madam, Mrs.	Madame	mah dahm
Miss	Mademoiselle	ma'm zel

NECESSITIES OF LIFE

Les neccessaires de la vie

Lay nes say sair duh lah vee

English	French	Pronunciation
A drinking glass	un verre	ong vair
The towel	un essuie-main	ong es swee man
The tea-pot	la theiere	lah ti yair
A cup	une tasse	eun tass
A saucer	la soucoupe	lah soo koop
A knife	un couteau	ong koo toh
A fork	une fourchette	eun foor shet
A spoon	une cuiller	eun kwee ay
The lamp	une lampe	eun lamp
The plate	l'assiette	las syet
The mattress	le matelas	luh mat lah
The sheets	les draps de lit	lay drah duh lee
A pillow	un oreiller	ong oh ray yay
The bed	le lit	luh lee
A box	une boite	eun bwa
A clock	une horloge	eun or loaj
A looking glass	un miroir	ong meer wah
A chair	une chaise	eun shayz
A table	une table	eun tahbl

KIT

Equipement

Ay keep mong

English	French	Pronunciation
Slings and belt	Buffleterie	buefl tair ee
Mess-box	cantine de mess d'officiers	kan teen duh mess dof fee syay
Pouch	cartouchiere	kat toosh yair
Belt, waist belt	ceinturon	song teu ree ong

English	French	Pronunciation
"Sam Browne" belt	ceinture et accessoires	son teur ay ak sess swahr
Shoulder chains	chainettes d'epaule	shay net day poal
Hawser	cordage	kor daj
Rope	corde	kor
Kit-bag	grand sac pour soldats	gran sak poor sol dat
Field glasses, spy glasses	jumelles	jeu mel
Pay book	livret individuel	lee vret ang dee vee deu el
Cooking pot (kettle)	marmite	mar meet
Piece of soap	morceau de savon	mor soh duh sah vong
Coffee grinder	moulin a cafe	moulin a kah fay
Haversack	musette	meu zet
First-aid medical packet	paquet de pansement	pah kay duh pans mong
Clasp	agrafe de medaille	ag raf duh may di
Poles, pegs and tent ropes	batons, piquets, et cordes de tente	bah tong, pee kay, ay kord du tont
Iron-shod stick, spiked stick	baton ferre	bah tong fair ray
Sword belt sling	bellere	bail yair
Water bottle	bidon	bee dong
Biscuit	biscuit	bees kwee
Tin of grease, dubbin	boite de graisse	bwat duh graiss
Compass	boussole	boo soal
Brush	brosse	bross
Sheath	etui	ay twee
Revolver case	etui de revolver	ay twee duh ray vol-vay
String, cord	ficelle	fee sel
Scabbard	fourreau de sabre	foor roh duh sabr
Canteen, mess tin	gamelle	gah mel
Sun shade of a telescope or field-glass	garde-soleil	gard soh lay
Water bottle sling	courroie de bidon	koo rwah duh bee don
Spur strap	courroie d'eperon	koo rwah day pair ong
Jackknife or clasp knife	couteau reglementaire	koo toh raygl mon tair
Blanket	couverture	koo vair teur
Quilt	couvre-pieds	koovr pee ed
Sword-knot	dragonne	drah gon
Waterproof sheet	drap impermeable	drah ang pair mee abl
Spur	eperon	ay pair ong
Jack spur (held by straps)	eperon a la chevaliere	ay pair ong ah lah she val yair
Screw spur	eperon fixe	ay pair ong feex ay
Identity disk	plaque d'identite	plak dee don tee tay
Bayonet frog	porte-baionnette	port bah ee oh net
Map case	porte-carte	port kart
Lance bucket	porte-lance	port lans
Frog	port-sabre	port sahbr
Soup tablet	potage condense	pot aj kon dong say
Ear defender	protege-oreilles	proh taij oh rayl
Drinking cup	quart	kar
Emergency rations	vivres de reserve	veevr duh ray sairv
Sewing kit	trousse	troos
Range finder	telemetre	tall ay maitr
Valise	sac-lit d'officier	sak lee dof fee s(y)ay
Sleeping bag	sac de couchage	sak duh koo saj
section bag	sac de distribution	sak duh dees tree beu see ong
Canvas bucket	seau en toile	soh ong twal
Ground sheet	toile impermeable	twahl ang pair mee abl
Rations	vivres	veevr

NATIONALITIES

Les Nationalites

Lay nah see oh nal ee tay

English	French	Pronunciation
United States	les Etats-Unis	lay zay tah-zeu nee
America	l'Amerique	lah may reek
An American	un Americain	ong ah may re cang
France	la France	lah frongs
A Frenchman	un Francais	ong frong say
Canada	le Canada	luh kah nah dah
A Canadian	le Canadien	luh kah nah dee ong
A French Canadian	un Canadien-Francais	ong kah nah dee ong-frong say
England	l'Angleterre	longl tair
An Englishman	un Anglais	ong ong glay
Scotland	l'Ecosse	lek oss
A Scotchman	un Ecossais	ong ec os say
Holland	la'Hollande	lah ol land
A Dutchman	un Hollandais	ong ol lan day
Denmark	le Danemark	luh dan mark
A Dane	un Danois	ong dan wah
Germany	l'Allemange	lal mang
A German	un Allemand	ong ahl mang
Spain	l'Espagne	les pann
A Spaniard	un Espagnol	ong es pan yoal
Ireland	l'Irlande	leer land
An Irishman	un Irlandais	ong er lan day
Russia	la Russie	la roo see
A Russian	un Russe	ong roos
Japan	la Japon	la jah pong
The Japanese	le Japonais	luh jah pon ay
Italy	l'Italie	leet ah lee
An Italian	un Italien	ong ee tahl yen
Jew	un Juif	ong jeuf
Portugal	Portugal	port eu gal
A Portuguese	un Portugais	ong port eu gay

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES

Poids et mesures

Pwad ay may zeur

Measures of Length

Mesures de longeur

May zeur duh lon gerr

English	French
1 inch equal to	2.5399 centimetres
1 foot (12 in.) equal to	30 centimetres
1 yard (3 feet) equal to	91 centimetres
1 furlong (220 yds.) equal to	201 metres
1 mile (1,760 yds.) equal to	1 kil., 610 m.
5 miles equal to	8 kilometres

French	English
1 centimetre equal to	0.394 in
30 centimetre equal to	1 foot
1 metre equal to	1.093 yds.; 3 ft., 3 in.; 39.37 in.
1 hectometre equal to	109 yds., 1 ft.
1 kilometre equal to	1,093 yds., 2 ft.
5 kilometres equal to	3 miles, 220 yds.

Weights
Poids
Pwad

English	French
1 ounce equal to	28 grammes
8 oz. (½ lb.) equal to	227 grammes
1 lb. (16 oz.) equal to	453 grammes
1 qr. (28 lbs.) equal to	12 kil., 690 grammes
1 cwt. (112 lbs.) equal to	50 kil., 750 grammes
1 ton (20 cwt.) equal to	1,015 kilos.

French	English
1 gramme equal to	0.0357 oz.
100 grammes equal to	3½ ozs.
1 livre (½ kilo.) equal to	1.1 lbs.
1 kilo (1,000 gms.) equal to	2.2046 lbs.
5 kilogrammes equal to	11 lbs.
1,000 kilos equal to	19 cwt., 2 qrs., 23 lbs.

Liquids
Liquides
Lee kweed

English	French
1 pint equal to	0.57 litre
1 quart (2 pts.) equal to	1.14 litre
1 gallon (4 qts.) equal to	4.5434 litres
1 peck (2 gals.) equal to	9 litres
1 bushel (8 gals.) equal to	36 litres

French	English
1 litre equal to	1.76 pints; 0.220 gal.
5 litres equal to	1 gallon, 1 pint
100 litres equal to	22 gallons
1 hectolitre equal to	2.751 bushels
100 hectolitres equal to	34 qrs., 3.121 bushels

COMPARATIVE MONEY TABLES
Table comparative des monnaies
Tabl kom par ah teev day mon nay

French	American
40 francs piece equal to	$8.00
20 francs piece equal to	4.00
25 francs piece, Belgium, equal to	5.00
5 francs piece equal to	1.00
1 franc piece equal to	.20
100 centimes are 20 sous, or 1 franc	
1 sous piece equal to	.01
2 sous piece equal to	.02
10 sous (50 centimes) equal to	.10

French	English
1 centime equal to	0.4 farthing
5 centimes (0 fr. 05) equal to	½ penny
10 centimes (0 fr. 10) equal to	1 penny
50 centimes (0 fr. 50) equal to	5 pence
1 franc (100 centimes) equal to	10 pence
2 francs equal to	1 shilling 7½ pence
5 francs equal to	4 shillings
10 francs equal to	8 shillings
20 francs equal to	16 shillings
25 francs equal to	1 pound
100 francs equal to	4 pounds

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COMPARATIVE TABLE OF MONEY VALUES
Tableau comparatif des valeurs monetaires
Tab loh kom pah rah teef day vah lerr mon ee tair

France		Great Britain			Germany	
Fr.	C.	£	Sh.	D.	M.	Pf.
	01			0.4 farthing		⁴⁄₅
	05			½ d.		04
	10			1 d.		08
	20			2 d.		16
	25			2½ d.		20
	50			5 d.		40
	75			7½		60
1				10 d.		80
1	25		1		1	
2			1	7½	1	60
2	50		2		2	
3			2	4¾	2	40
4			3	2½	3	20
5			4		4	
6			4	9¾	4	80
7			5	7¼	5	60
8			6	4¾	6	40
9			7	2½	7	20
10			8		8	
11			8	9¾	8	80
12			9	7¼	9	60
13			10	4¾	10	40
14			11	2½	11	20
15			12		12	
16			12	9¾	12	80
17			13	7¼	13	60
18			14	4¾	14	40
19			15	2½	15	20
20			16		16	20
25		1			20	
100		4			80	

COMPARATIVE TABLE OF DISTANCES
Table comparative des distances
Tabl kom pah rah teev day dees tongs

1 kilometre equal to 1,093 yards, or nearly 5 furlongs, or ⅝ of a mile.

Kil.		*Miles*	*Kil.*		*Miles*
1	equal to about	⅝	40	equal to about	25
2	" " "	1¼	45	" "	28⅛
3	" " "	1⅞	50	" " "	31¼
4	" " "	2½	55	" " "	34⅜
5	" " "	3	60	" " "	38
6	" " "	3¾	65	" " "	41
7	" " "	4⅜	70	" " "	44
8	" " "	5	75	" " "	46⅞
9	" " "	5⅝	80	" " "	48
10	" " "	6¼	85	" " "	53⅛
11	" " "	6⅞	90	" " "	56¼
12	" " "	7½	95	" " "	59⅜
13	" " "	8	100	" " "	62⅛
14	" " "	8¾	200	" " "	124¼
15	" " "	9⅜	300	" " "	185
16	" " "	10	400	" " "	248½
17	" " "	11	500	" " "	310⅝
18	" " "	11¼	600	" " "	372¾
19	" " "	11⅞	700	" " "	435
20	" " "	12⅜	800	" " "	497
25	" " "	15⅝	900	" " "	559
30	" " "	18¾	1,000	" " "	621⅜
35	" " "	21¾			

FEET—METRES
1,000 feet equal to 304.79 metres

ft.	m.	ft.	m.	ft.	m.	ft.	m.
1	0.305	10	3.05	100	30.5	1,000	304.8
3	0.61	20	6.10	200	61	2,000	610
3	0.914	30	9.14	300	91	3,000	914
4	1.219	40	12.19	400	122	4,000	1219
5	1.524	50	15.24	500	152	5,000	1524
6	1.829	60	18.29	600	183	6,000	1829
7	2.134	70	21.34	700	213	7,000	2134
8	2.438	80	24.38	800	244	8,000	2438
9	2.743	90	27.43	900	274	9,000	2743

MILES—KILOMETRES

m.	k.	mt.	m.	k.	mt.	m.	k.	mt.	m.	k.	mt.
¼	0	402	4	6	437	10	16	093	40	64	373
½	0	804	5	8	047	12	19	312	50	80	466
¾	1	206	6¼	10	058	15	24	140	m.	k.	
1	1	609	7	11	265	20	32	186	100	161	
2	3	219	8	12	874	25	40	233	200	322	
3	4	828	9	14	484	30	48	279	300	483	

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